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# HISTORY OF THE SINN FEIN MOVEMENT AND THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1916

BY

FRANCIS P. JONES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HON. JOHN W. GOFF

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TO MY WIFE

MAIRE HASTINGS

## INTRODUCTION

NOT within the confines of human knowledge has it been known that any one nation has wielded such power or exercised such arbitrary control over international communications as England does to-day. The ships on the water that carry the mails, the ocean cables beneath the water, and the wireless telegraphy above the water are each and all completely in her hands. Every avenue of intelligence is guarded by her police and picketed by her agents. Service to her interests is the rule applied to the suppression or the dissemination of news.

In the titanic struggle for existence in which she is engaged, this, from her point of view, may be justifiable; but from the point of view of history, founded upon truth, it is a malforming of facts and a poisoning of the wells of knowledge. In none of the fields of her worldwide activities is her censorship so complete or so drastic as it is in matters relating to Ireland or Ireland's interests at home or abroad. Not that there is anything new in her misrepresentation of Ireland and the Irish. That she has done for centuries in the forum, on the stage, and through the influences of her literature and drama. But never has there been such wholesale suppression of realities and falsification of truth as since the great war. Commencement was made by the false acclaim of Ireland's loyalty, and the climax was reached by the perversion of the rebellion of Easter week into an inconsequential street riot. As time recedes from that tragic event, the larger will it loom in the memory

of the Irish race; and whatever tends to penetrate and clarify the fog in which English misrepresentation has sought to enshroud it, is a distinctive and lasting service to historical truth. To everyone whose mental vision is not distorted by prejudice, the opportunity of learning the truth and of forming impartial judgment of the actions and motives of the men who have been maligned, or at most misunderstood, must be welcomed.

Fortunately for the cause of truth, this opportunity is now presented by the timely publication of "History of the Sinn Fein Movement and the Irish Rebellion of 1916," written by an author whose facilities for acquiring first-hand knowledge were unsurpassed, and whose capacity for imparting it will be appreciated by those who read the book.

To write intelligently and convincingly of Irish affairs requires familiarity with a tangled subject and a keenness of vision that will perceive the genuine from the counterfeit. These qualifications spring from sympathy for and with the people, without which the writer (as in many cases exemplified) plunges into a morass of generalization, and becomes as detached from his subject as Ireland is in spirit from England. That the author of this book is thoroughly imbued with that sympathy is manifest on every page; yet, withal, his sympathy does not cloud his perception or warp his judgment. He maintains throughout a fine sense of proportion, and his shadings but make more emphatic his work in relief. What is called the impartial pinnacle is in Ireland almost impossible of attainment. The rancor of party politics reaches an intensity unknown in America. Here political disputations generally center on domestic material questions and very rarely affect the personal relations of the citizens. There, there

are involved social distinctions and ambitions, traditional prejudices, racial and not infrequently religious antipathies, and above all the ever present, though slumbering, hostility to English rule. Through this maze the author guides a well-tempered steady pen that at no time is dipped in gall, though the opportunities for invective are not few. Conspicuous in this regard is his treatment of the Parliamentarians, the Home Rule Bill, and the recruiting propaganda, subjects to which strong and vivid expressions might well be applied. Yet, notwithstanding the provoking inducements to "let the gall'd jade wince," he pursues a course of moderation that enhances the value of the clear and simple, but dignified, narrative.

A most valued part of the book is that which deals with the Sinn Fein movement. Fostered by misrepresentation, and aided by lack of correct information, ignorance regarding it has assumed amazing sway. Even men of a high order of intelligence have been misled by rumor and "cable hearsay" to form the most grotesque opinions concerning its nature and purpose. The prevailing view is that it was a secret oathbound society with revolution as its object and dark deeds its means. No doubt it will surprise many to learn from the clear definitions given in this book that it was not a secret oathbound society, and had no relation to plans or schemes for revolution. No doubt but that many Sinn Feiners were revolutionists in spirit and act, and equally so there were many Sinn Feiners opposed to revolution by force. Of itself, the movement might be termed patriotic political economy, and for unselfish aims coupled with patriotic purpose has not had its equal in modern times. Indeed, it was more. It was altruistic in its projected service to country and human-

ity, and its spirit is expressed in a free translation of its title: For Ourselves. It was born of the terrible condition of Ireland: a fertile country, always on the verge of famine; an island favorably situated on the world's great water lanes, its coast line indented with capacious harbors, without shipping or commerce; a land with fine water facilities and rich mineral deposits, without trade or industry; and a vigorous, fecund population, decaying so rapidly as to bring into view the vanishing point of the race. Said the Sinn Feiners: Nature has blessed our country; it has been cursed by man. We eat English bread, we wear English clothes. Industrial enterprise depends on English capital, and the best products of our land are taken to English markets. We are taught to think and speak in English and fashion our morals on English lines. Let us encourage, as far as we can, home industry, by refusing to buy or consume articles of foreign manufacture or product; let us stimulate Irish trade by the aid of Irish capital being applied to Irish enterprise; let us retain and employ our men by cultivating the soil, reaping the harvest, and feeding our people, instead of raising sheep and cattle for the Englishman's table; let us have a system of national education that will instill into the heart of youth love of country, reverence for its historic past, and hope for its future welfare, instead of the present system that denationalizes and degrades and fosters contempt for everything Irish. These and kindred objects constituted its program, and they were capable of attainment by means of association only. Surely fault should not be found with a people who by peaceable means endeavor by coöperation to elevate themselves to a plane of dignified national existence and intellectual progress. This is the Infinite design, and for a time

at least it has been frustrated by man. It is noticeable that even under the extraordinary powers conferred by the Defense of the Realm Act Sinn Fein has not been proclaimed, nor has there been one public trial or prosecution for espousal of its principles. The reason is plain: its principles do not violate even a clause of English law, and while the society has not been placed under legal ban, its members have been persecuted upon the vicious, but oft-applied, principle that he who seeks to benefit Ireland thereby becomes the enemy of England. If the author did no more than give the instructive outline of this most interesting chapter of Irish History, and rescue it from possible oblivion or certain derision, he has made a valuable contribution to what has been termed the dismal science, and furnished a text for elaboration as to how an impoverished, disarmed, and powerless people, acting in unison, may thwart the schemes of the powerful.

But it is in his treatment of the rebellion of Easter week that he reaches the climax of interest. Naturally is this so, for it contains all the dramatic elements which stir the imagination and is saddened by the somber fringe of tragedy. His narrative is an etching. Its clear cut lines are unembellished by flower or figure, and in their strength and simplicity lie their historical value. Philosophic reflections and deductions are left to other minds and times, but the living facts are presented so vividly that they cannot be minimized or distorted. Some features are so prominent that they are calculated to engross the attention to the exclusion of others equally important. First among these is the established determination of the "Castle" to disarm the volunteers and arrest the leaders. By this act of aggression it was intended to accomplish three things:

first, to strike terror into the people by the moral advantage of dealing the first blow; secondly, to coerce the men arrested into enlistment in the army; and thirdly, to still in the silence of the prison cell the voices of the men who had agitated against and made recruiting a failure.

A sinister sidelight is thrown upon the "Castle" council when it was urged that the contemplated assault upon the people would produce a bad effect in America. General Friend, the commander of the forces, declared that he did not care about America, and that at all events, if the Irish there became troublesome, the American government would deport them. The second feature is the unfortunate countermand of Eoin MacNeill to the volunteers. Had this not been issued — well, it is idle to speculate on "what might have been." One thing may be reasonably assumed, that even though the end were not different, the cost of reaching it would have been. Many of the circumstances surrounding that fatal order may never be known. Casement, the pure and chivalrous, is dead, and MacNeill, the scholar and kindly gentleman, is immured for life. Notwithstanding that in the bitterness of defeat men may rashly express themselves as to causes, it is creditable to the Irish race that not one word had been uttered impugning the honor or the motives of either of those splendid patriots. And in harmony with that tribute, it may here be mentioned that, so far as is known, there has not figured in this rebellion that tool of England and shame of Ireland, — the informer.

Worthy of the classic lines which have immortalized the Greek heroes are those men, who, with knowledge of their plans having been disordered and of the overwhelming power of the enemy they challenged, went intrepidly to sacrifice for their principles. The timid

and prudent calculator may say that they were rash and wildly impractical and wholly devoid of comfortable worldly sense. While from a selfish and superficial point of view this may be partially true, yet the fact should not be overlooked that but for such men in all ages humanity could not have broken the shackles with which tyranny and power had frequently bound it. But these men were not blind fatalists. They were Christian men, of blameless lives, with tender ties of blood and affection, endowed with intellectual gifts of a high order, and a fine moral fiber that gives grace and beauty to human existence, and that vibrates in sympathy with every aspiration for truth and justice. All that makes life's journey pleasant and attractive was held in promise for them, had they but pursued the smooth and beaten path of self-interest and sterile egoism. For their bravery and courtly conduct generous words of praise have been extended even by their English enemies. It is only from the servile Irish "Herodians" that bitter words have come. What must be the remorse of Mr. Redmond, their chief, when he reflects on the language he used in a cablegram to New York a short time after the outbreak and before the truth escaped the censor. He said: "The whole disgraceful plot is viewed with execration by the Irish people. It was almost entirely a Dublin movement; partly the creation of the Sinn Fein cranks and German agents there, partly of the remnants of that mass of discontent and anarchy which was left by the disastrous Larkinite strike. . . . I have received communication from all parts of the world declaring vehement condemnation by Irishmen of this insane and wicked attempt to destroy all Ireland's hopes, just at the moment when, after centuries of vain struggle, they were about

to be fully realized." For his sin "Vathek" was condemned to eternal exposure of his scorched heart in a transparent body.

So numerous were acts of heroism and devotion to duty that to single any one of them would appear invidious. One, however, may be mentioned as presenting incidents of romantic adventure worthy of being enshrined in poetry. Longfellow enshrined "Paul Revere's Ride" from Charlestown to Lexington in graceful verse, and Buchanan Reed sculptured "Sheridan's Ride" to Winchester on Homeric lines. In "The O'Rahilly's" ride to Limerick, vividly described by the author, there is rich material and inspiration for the poet's genius.

A true perspective of the acts and motives of the men who organized and led the rebellion of Easter week can only be had through sympathy with heroic endeavor. It would be as unjust to their memory as it would be misleading to the student of history to measure them by the gross materialism of the day. Granted that they were idealists, but they were idealists with a very practical turn of mind, that had a clear conception of their rights as well as their duties. They knew that God alone fixed Ireland's place on this planet, that He gave its people a language and implanted in them an instinct for racial and national existence, that He conferred upon them the right to make their own laws for Ireland and in Ireland, and that He had never abrogated that right by transferring it to England. They knew they had been deprived of that right by force, and that it could never be regained except by a duty fulfilled, and the fulfillment of that duty was life's highest law. They were convinced that a nation that has lost its freedom does not deserve it, unless to regain it it is ready to march to victory through constancy in sacrifice.

In sadness the written and spoken history of their country told them that the path of the patriot led to poverty, exile, imprisonment, or death, and that his only ladder to fame were the steps leading to the scaffold. With that grim record before them, every man of them staked his life against desperate odds. They knew that the chances of victory were remote, but they determined to leave an enduring example. Why this sublime courage and splendid fortitude? Because they had absorbed the spiritual meaning of *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, so that it had permeated their soul. To them patriotism meant more than calculating for opportunity and balancing for expediency. It was to them a religion that, when needs be, required sacrifice — and sacrifice of life and liberty they made for conscience and for Ireland, that her much troubled and tried but immutable spirit may live.

JOHN W. GOFF

NEW YORK,
March 4, 1917.

## PREFACE

DURING the last week of May, 1916, I received a letter from Dublin stating that my friend, Arthur Griffith, the founder of the Sinn Fein movement, had been arrested and his house ransacked by the British military authorities.

As it happened, I had in my possession, and still have, a copy of THE SINN FEIN POLICY, as written by Griffith. I was aware, before I left Dublin, that very few copies of the pamphlet were in existence. On realizing that Griffith was silenced in an English prison, and out of a feeling of comradeship to him and a desire to preserve his work, I decided to set down the truth regarding that policy and movement of which the world then was, and still is, thinking.

The men whose names have since been immortalized in the hearts of men and women of the Irish race the world over were my personal friends. For years it had been my privilege to work with them, to know them intimately, and to share a little in that work of preparation which later led to the reawakening of the soul of Ireland. Many of them were intimate and particular friends and comrades of mine — for example, Michael O'Hanrahan and The O'Rahilly — and I felt also that the time had come to set upon record the truth regarding them and the ideals for which they worked and died. Since April, 1916, many articles about these men have appeared in American periodicals, often by writers whose knowledge could not be other than second-hand. Even when written with the best intentions, these articles gave rise to false impressions. In order, therefore, to portray these men as I knew them, to set down some of the facts of the case for Ireland, to show the manner in which this nation, one of the small nations of which we hear so much in these days of war, has been plundered and

robbed of her industries, her rights and liberties — of all, in short, save her honor — I set about the compilation of this work, if for no other purpose than that my own two little sons might know the truth.

It has been said, and truly, that England has erected paper walls around Ireland. On the inside of these walls she writes that which she wants the Irish people to believe about the rest of the world, and on the outside that which she hopes the world will believe about Ireland. For months before the rebellion the Irish people were told that the men of Ireland were joining the British army by so many thousands per week, the truth being, as was later demonstrated, that the men of Ireland, and the women, too, were preparing to strike for their freedom. In spite of political intrigues, base bargains made by traitors, and appalling economic conditions, there were many in Ireland with red blood in their veins and the old dream in their hearts, who worked and prayed that their dream might come true and who called deep in their hearts to the Ireland of their love:

*O! Dear Dark Head, though but the curlew's screaming,*
*Wakens the echoes of the hill and glen;*
*Yet shalt thou see once more the bright steel gleaming,*
*Yet shalt thou hear again the tramp of men;*
*And though their fathers' fate be theirs, shall others*
*With hearts as faithful still that pathway tread,*
*Till we have set, oh! mother dear of mothers,*
*A nation's crown upon thy Dear Dark Head.*

The bright steel gleaming was their hope, as it has ever been of an unconquerable and martial people, for who can conquer a race that breeds men who went smilingly to death for freedom, and men who, with the guns of the usurpers around them and their city in ashes behind them, went singing into exile, young men whose unconquerable spirit was so evident in their erect bearing as they marched on their way to English prisons that tears streamed down the cheeks of women and old men took off their hats as they passed?

While it will thus be seen that the subject has been approached frankly from an Irish point of view, at the same time no effort has been spared to keep the record in strict accordance with the facts available, even when these facts are such as I would willingly see erased from the record of Irish history. At the same time the mass of material has been so great that the chief difficulty has been to compress it within the compass of a single volume.

Regarding these omissions, it may be well to mention that I had originally intended to devote one chapter to the record of English atrocities committed both during and after the actual fighting, of which ample proof is available. This record, however, has grown to such an extent that even the barest enumeration would fill many pages, and I had, therefore, to leave its publication for another occasion. The manner in which the English acted in the execution of their prisoners of war and their treatment of the three thousand men and women who were deported to England, Wales and Scotland, is in itself sufficient indication of what took place after the surrender of the Republican leaders. It requires no stretch of the imagination to conjure up the picture of what the English soldiery would do in a helpless city when we see the official heads of the British Government acting in a manner that is now a matter of authentic history.

In this connection nothing could better illustrate the feeling throughout Ireland following the executions and deportations than the letter addressed by the Bishop of Limerick to General Maxwell. This letter was written in reply to one from General Maxwell demanding that the Bishop take action against two of his priests alleged by the British Government to have acted in sympathy with the Republicans. The letter follows:

ASHFORD, CHARLEVILLE,
May 17, 1916.

Sir: — I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 12th inst., which has been forwarded to me here. I have read carefully your allegations against Rev. —— and Rev. —— , but do not see in them any justification for disciplinary action on my part. They are both

excellent priests who hold strong national views, but I do not know that they have violated any law, civil or ecclesiastical. In your letter of 6th inst. you appeal to me to help you in the furtherance of your work as military dictator of Ireland. Even if action of that kind was not outside my province, the events of the past few weeks would make it impossible for me to have any part in proceedings which I regard as wantonly cruel and oppressive. You remember the Jameson Raid, when a number of buccaneers invaded a friendly State and fought the forces of the lawful government. If ever men deserved the supreme punishment, it was they. But officially and unofficially the influence of the British Government was used to save them, and it succeeded. You took care that no plea for mercy should interpose on behalf of the poor young fellows who surrendered to you in Dublin. The first information which we got of their fate was the announcement that they had been shot in cold blood. Personally, I regard your action with horror, and I believe that it has outraged the conscience of the country. Then the deporting by hundreds, and even thousands, of poor fellows without a trial of any kind seems to me an abuse of power as fatuous as it is arbitrary, and altogether your regime has been one of the worst and blackest chapters in the history of the misgovernment of this country. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

✠Edward Thomas O'Dwyer,
*Bishop of Limerick.*

To General Sir J. G. Maxwell,
*Commander-in-Chief,*
The Forces in Ireland.

It was also my intention to devote some little space to the consideration of the means taken by Mr. John E. Redmond and the Parliamentary Party, in conjunction with Mr. Lloyd George, the present British Prime Minister, to force through a scheme of sham Home Rule that would have left Ireland in worse plight than ever. The time may come when this matter will, with its later developments, afford subject matter for another chapter of Irish history. In this place I merely propose to show what two of the most serious-minded Irishmen of their day, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin and the Bishop of Limerick, to whom reference has already been made, wrote and said of the actions of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues.

Writing in a Dublin newspaper under date of July 25, 1916, Archbishop Walsh made the following statement:

Dear Sir: — For years past I have never had a moment's doubt that the Irish Home Rule cause in Parliament was being led along a line that could only bring it to disaster. But it was impossible to shut one's eyes to the lamentable fact that Nationalist Ireland, or, to speak with accuracy, the preponderating majority of those of our people who still retained faith in the efficacy of Constitutional agitation, had become hopelessly possessed of the disastrous idea that "the Party" — or to use the new-fangled term, its "leaders" — could do no wrong. Fair criticism was at an end, and any one, thoroughgoing Nationalist though he might be, who ventured to express an opinion at variance with theirs became at once a fair mark for every political adventurer in the country to assail with the easily handled epithets of "factionist," "wrecker" or "traitor."

Having then a duty to discharge to the ecclesiastical position that I have the honor to hold, I felt that I could most fittingly indicate my strong view of the lamentable position of the Home Rule cause by what seemed to me a sufficiently striking indication of it — absolute abstention from everything that could be regarded as expressing concurrence in the courses that was being pursued.

The country seemed to be satisfied with that course. The Home Rule Act was on the statute book; it could not be displaced or modified without "our" consent; the end of the war would automatically bring with it the reopening of our old Irish Parliament in College Green; and so on.

As the necessary result of the abandonment of the policy of Independent Opposition — the only policy that can be followed with safety by Irish representatives in the British House of Commons — our country is now face to face with a truly awful prospect.

The Home Rule Act is still on the statute book. Will Irish Nationalists be any longer befooled by a repetition of the party cries, that this fact makes them masters of the situation; that the act cannot be modified without Nationalist consent; and that Ireland awaits only the end of the war to find the portals of the Old House in College Green automatically opened for the entry of the members of a Parliament greater than Grattan's? I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,

✠ WILLIAM J. WALSH,
*Archbishop of Dublin.*

Archbishop's House, Dublin,
July 25, 1916.

P.S. — I cannot close this letter without expressing my amazement that the country has so long allowed its attention to be distracted with all sorts of side issues regarding the Irish Parliament that is to be, whilst an effective bar is kept up — for this is what it comes to — against all real consideration of the question whether the Parliament that is to come to us is to be a Parliament in any sense worthy of the name. ✠W. J. W.

On September 14, 1916, for reasons which will be sufficiently obvious to those who have read the letter addressed to General Maxwell, Bishop O'Dwyer was presented with the freedom of the City of Limerick. In the course of his address on that occasion, he dealt at some length with the facts of the situation as he saw it. I quote the following report of his speech from one of the Irish papers:

Since the war began they had heard a good deal about the Empire and their place in its greatness and their duties towards it. That argument did not appeal to him (Dr. O'Dwyer). An empire in any true sense consisted of a number of kingdoms, each of which was a unit, self-contained and self-governed, but all of which came together for their mutual support and benefit. But that was not the case as between England and Ireland. They had been deprived of all the attributes of a kingdom. They were a subject province. They were like Egypt, governed by English Satraps of an inferior kind, but in no sense were they constituents of the British Empire, as Canada and Australia were. Ireland was a nation, and never would be at rest until the center of gravity was within herself.

They might think that prosperity would wean their people from the old cause; that education would turn thoughts into other channels. It was the flattering unction which tyrants were always laying to their souls; but the history of the world was against them. Ireland would never be content as a province. It was that national spirit that would yet vindicate their country, and not the petty intrigues of Parliamentary chicane. And if their representatives in Parliament had relied on it, instead of putting their faith in Asquith and Lloyd George and the Liberals, they would not be where they are to-day.

By way of defense, some of them had been asking recently for an alternative policy. It was a rather cool demand. It was as if the captain of a ship, after running her on the rocks, invited the passengers to give their views of how the vessel should have been navigated. It

would be much more to the purpose for him to tell them how he proposed to get her off the rocks. Although like the mass of the people of this country, on whom the confidence trick had been played so disastrously, he (Dr. O'Dwyer) had no responsibility for the present deplorable condition of things, he would state his alternative to trusting the Party, who trusted the Liberals, and were now reduced to the statesmanship of Micawber — waiting for something to turn up.

When war was being declared he would have said to the English Government: "Give us our National rights; set up a genuine Parliament in Dublin, and we are with you; but, if you will not, then fight your own battles."

Again, that very year, when the English Government played false, he would have said to the Irish members of Parliament: "Come home, shake the dust of the English House of Commons off your feet, and throw yourselves on the Irish Nation."

"These are my alternatives," said his Lordship. "I think they would have been effective; but I fear that they would not be in favor with our present Parliamentarians. O'Connell used to say that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity. Alliance with English politicians is the alliance of the lamb with the wolf; and it is at this point precisely that I differ from the present political leaders, and believe that they have led, and are leading, the national cause to disaster. Some people imagine that, because I condemn the policy of certain politicians, I am their enemy, and even a bitter enemy. In this they are wrong. I entertain no enmity to any living person; but, if I am to speak at all on public questions, I must say the truth, and, if I put my views strongly, it is not for the purpose of offense, but because the matters at issue are of vital importance and touch my deepest feelings."

These are statements which speak for themselves, and it has been my endeavor, wherever possible, to allow the various sides of the case to be stated by those who were themselves taking a leading part in the shaping of events.

I would also like to have dealt more fully with the magnificent work done by the women of Dublin during the rising. Their deeds, however, speak louder and more eloquently than any words of mine. The chapter entitled THE WOMEN OF THE NATION was written by my wife, Maire Hastings, who was more intimately acquainted with those of whom she writes

than I was. With this exception the responsibility for every statement rests upon myself.

The chapters dealing with the actual fighting during the rebellion are compiled from the statements of many of the men who took an active part in the rising and who have since escaped to this country. It is not at this time considered wise to give their names to the public, but I wish in this place to express to them my gratitude for their invaluable assistance in making this portion of the work as complete as I trust the reader will find it.

There is just one more point. There have been many statements made to the effect that the rising was engineered by the German Government or by German officials. The reader will find this aspect of the matter fully dealt with in the chapters that follow. I want to emphasize here that, whatever may be the individual opinion of the wisdom of the Republicans in declaring war on the British Empire, the fact must be admitted that they had no option but to do so or submit to disarmament, defeat, and disgrace and the surrender of all those things they held in sacred trust from their fathers before them.

They took the boldest course because it was the only one possible for them; they had either to fight on their own soil or admit that all the hopes that Ireland held were held in vain. They rose, "the young, the gifted, the gallant and the daring," with pure hearts and clean hands, to kindle anew the sacred fire that shall flare high in Irish hearts until the end of time. With faith and joy unspeakable they went to the sacrifice, for they were girded around with the magic of a great love. They had "bent low and low, and kissed the quiet feet of Kathleen, the Daughter of Houlihan;" and, when they kissed them last, the feet of their love were red, for she was treading the only path that leads to freedom.

But in her glory which is to come she will remember for ever and ever the noble ones who rose at Resurrection time, and fought to save her honor and died to save her soul.

FRANCIS P. JONES

HOBOKEN, N. J.,
March, 1917.

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# HISTORY OF THE SINN FEIN MOVEMENT AND THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1916

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## CHAPTER I

### Sinn Fein and Education

THE bedrock of the Sinn Fein policy, which embraces every phase of Irish national life and activity, may fittingly be summed up in the following words:

National self-development secured through the recognition of the duties and rights of citizenship on the part of the individual, and with the aid and support of all movements originating from within Ireland, which, instinct with national tradition, do not look outside Ireland for the accomplishment of their aims.

This was the policy outlined at the First National Council Convention, held at the Rotunda, in Dublin, on Tuesday, November 28, 1905, under the presidency of Edward Martyn, at which the programme of the men who later became known as the Sinn Feiners was promulgated by Arthur Griffith.

Many volumes might be written if a full and complete exposition of this policy were attempted, and considerable space must be devoted to it in order that its significance may be properly apprehended. It was, and is, a policy unique in its comprehensiveness, and it is also the best possible statement of the case for Ireland, since it embodies the facts of and reasons for Ireland's aspirations for freedom, and at the same time combines the best thought of many ages with the advances made by modern political and national economy.

The first basic principle of the Sinn Fein policy is that the Irish are a free people, and must possess the rights of a free

people until, of their own free will, they renounce them. A glance at the history of Ireland shows conclusively that this renunciation has never yet been made.

If we accept this principle of government only with popular consent, we are forced also to accept its necessary corollary, namely, that any external power that attempts to control, or does actually and by force control, the free actions of a people, is a tyranny. We are also forced to accept the further principle that it is the first duty of the citizen to oppose and seek to end that tyranny. Such may well be termed the Sinn Fein philosophy.

Coming now to the application of this policy to the case of Ireland, the Sinn Feiners pointed out that the tyranny (according to the foregoing definition) that oppressed Ireland was the English Government; and it was their contention that this government, to prevent its real character from being apprehended by the people, forced an educational system upon the people designed to make them oblivious of their rights as men and their duties as citizens.

All departments of education in Ireland—primary, secondary and university,—were directly controlled by the British Government through Boards consisting exclusively of its own nominees. These Boards fixed the courses and text-books, and clung to an educational policy adverse to the best interests of the Irish people in the teeth of the universal criticism and opposition of Irish educationists. The language of Ireland, the history of Ireland, the economics of Ireland, the industrial possibilities of Ireland, the rights of Ireland, found no place in their curricula. The only primary school system in Ireland that recognized Ireland was that of the Irish Christian Brothers, which affected, however, but a comparatively small portion of the people and received no public grant.

The primary school system controlled by Government nominees was, as a system, intended to perpetuate that ignorance of Ireland which the British Penal Laws had once made legally compulsory. The pupil was not taught, as he is in every country elsewhere, to look out upon the world from

his own country, and that his first duty is to his native land. The system in force taught him that he had no country, and therefore no national duty and no national standard of comparison and value. He was forced to accept instead the standard of England.

The secondary system of education, controlled also by a Board of British nominees, was likewise designed to prevent the higher intelligence of Ireland from performing its duty to the Irish race and state. In other countries secondary education supplies the leaders in industry and commerce. Its real object is to fit persons of average ability to play that part in the national economy of their own country for which they have special aptitude. From the national standpoint, education is an investment on which the pupil is later to pay interest by contributing his efforts towards the economic development of his country. But vocational training to fit young Irishmen to play their part in the development of their own country was unknown. Everything that might awaken their interest in Ireland was rigidly barred. British policy demanded that their thoughts be turned towards England, and that their horizon be an English one. In Ireland secondary education was so framed as to cause an aversion from and a contempt for "trade" in the heads of young Irishmen, and to fix their eyes, like the fool's, on the ends of the earth. The system in vogue drew away from industrial pursuits those who were best fitted for them, and sent them to be Civil Servants in England, or to swell the ranks of struggling clerkdom in Ireland. An industrial Ireland might prove a rival of England. Although Ireland was scandalously overtaxed, as was attested by successive English Commissions; although the "equivalent grant" (which entitled Ireland to an increased educational appropriation in the same ratio as English and Scottish appropriations for education were increased) was consistently withheld, England strained every effort to cultivate the fiction that the Irish owed their education to a great act of grace on the part of the English people. The fact was that Ireland was paying an exorbitant price for

an education that rendered her sons useless at home. And, instead of inculcating a sense of loyalty towards her and an appreciation of her sacrifices, this education was deliberately planned to unfit young Irishmen to repay their debt to their own country, which was, however, forced to pay dearly for her own degradation.

When England appointed foreigners (as she invariably did) to important posts in Ireland, her excuse was that no Irishman knew enough of that particular department of the business of his own country to qualify him for the post. Thus, the Department of Agriculture constantly justified its wholesale importations of foreigners on the ground that secondary education in Ireland produced no men qualified for the post. One British Government Department excused itself by casting the blame on another.

It is, therefore, not surprising that university education in Ireland was regarded by the "classes" as a means of washing away the original sin of Irish birth. It was based on the inversion of Aristotle's dictum, as indeed the three systems of education in Ireland were. The young men who went to Trinity College were told by Aristotle that the end of education is to make men patriots, and by the professors of Trinity that Aristotle was not to be taken literally in Ireland. University education in Ireland encumbered the intellect by imparting knowledge which led and pointed nowhere; it chilled the imagination and enthusiasm by cutting the young Irishman away from his traditions; by denying him a country, it debased his soul, while it enervated his body by denying him physical culture. If a comparison be required, imagine what would happen if everything that breathed of American history, of the men and the women who made America the great nation she is to-day, of America's fight for freedom, and of America's men of literature, science, and art, were taken away from the schoolbooks of the American nation, and the heroic tales and deeds of some other nation substituted in its place! If this were done, how many generations would elapse before the extinction of that spirit of patriotism and devotion,

of America first and last and all the time, in short, of Sinn Fein, which is to-day so distinguishing a feature of the people of this country?

Yet the system outlined above is the one on which the education of the children of Ireland has proceeded during the three-quarters of a century that has elapsed since education was a felony. The fact that even this eviscerated system was won only as the result of prolonged and bitter agitation is a sufficient commentary on English rule. This is a system which, as Aristotle says, ruins the individual and eventually the nation. If he had lived in Ireland, Aristotle would have been a seditious person in the eyes of the British Government, which now makes him subserve its aims by standing him on his head. Just as we learn our duty to society around us through the medium of the family, our obligations as citizens teach us our duties as men. Yet the English believe that, by teaching disloyalty and treachery to motherland, they can exact from Ireland a loyalty for an Empire which, in so far as it is not merely mythical for Irishmen, stands in their eyes as the agent of monstrous oppression, unparalleled cruelty, and savage injustice and as the mouthpiece of implacable hatred for everything pertaining to the Gael. Peace between the islands through such a policy can be won only at the price of the entire destruction of Gaelic civilization and all who uphold it. If empires are entitled to wreak such vengeance on opponents of their policy, let it at least be so stated frankly, and let us at least be rid of the hypocrisy with which the policy is now disguised.

The problem before the Sinn Feiners was how to remedy this state of affairs in education. They took the stand that, if the control of primary education was not voluntarily transferred from the British Government to the Irish people, it was the duty of the Irish people to take over the primary education system themselves. It was pointed out that they could do this in the first place by transferring, where possible, the pupils of the misnamed "National" Schools to the schools of the Irish Christian Brothers, and, where this was

not practicable, by founding voluntary schools, sustained in part by the contributions of the parents and in part from a National Education Fund subscribed to annually by the Irish people throughout the world. That this was not impossible, was shown by the fact that Hungary had done it forty years before, and that Poland had followed suit. The result was shown in the manner in which Hungary threw off the Austrian chain, and the manner in which Poland, prior to the outbreak of the war, was fast loosening the hold of the Russian autocracy on its national life.

At the same time it was not forgotten that the Irish people could not afford to withdraw in a body their school children from the "National" Schools, for they would not have had sufficient funds in hand to cope with the educational crisis thus created. The plan that was formulated, and that was carried out in part and would have been carried to a finish had not the war intervened, was more practicable. This plan provided for a period of educating public opinion on the vital importance of the matter, of preparation for coping with the demand for a really national system of education. At the end of this period, should control of the primary system still be withheld, then the Sinn Feiners would order a school strike, as the Nationalists of Poland had done, and replace the old system by one that would teach the Irish child to glory in his country and desire to serve her.

As to the Irishing of the secondary system, the Sinn Feiners depended with confidence on the sympathy and support of the clergy and especially on the Irish Christian Brothers, who were expected to ignore the Intermediate Board and substitute a system devised by themselves in conjunction with the Gaelic League and Irish educationists. The Irish Christian Brothers had been the pioneers in primary education from the moment when teaching in Ireland ceased to be illegal. There was no doubt, therefore, that they would be ready to gain an additional distinction by pioneering a secondary system of education such as Ireland needed. It was equally certain that the Irish nation, coming into the dawn of a new

life, would see to it that they did not suffer as a consequence of their patriotism.

As to the university system two solutions were offered. One was the nationalizing of Trinity College, the other the establishment of a national university by the Irish people. By a national university was meant a democratic university, to whose halls wealth would not be the only passport. The Sinn Feiners recognized the fact that, if they decided on the foundation of an Irish university (as they eventually did decide) on the same lines as that founded by the patriots of Hungary, they would have to do as the Hungarians did, and largely support it out of endowments made by their sympathizers. They believed sufficiently in the patriotism of Irishmen abroad to know that they would help to endow such a university. They knew that within Ireland they would secure endowments from Irishmen and groups of Irishmen. The fact that the Irish National University on the lines suggested was soon after endowed and established, and that it has begun to compete successfully with the best seats of learning in Europe, is the best possible proof of the soundness of this portion of the Sinn Fein policy. It is not perhaps without significance that Professor Eoin MacNeill was a member of the university, and that among his colleagues was Thomas MacDonagh, one of the seven martyred signers of the Irish Declaration of Independence.

The Sinn Fein leaders recognized that the only way of dealing with this problem was through the Irish people themselves, and that the replacing of the denationalizing system of education in Ireland by a nationalizing system rested with the men and women of Ireland, and not with the British Government. If it was worth having, it was worth making sacrifices to obtain, and they were confident that, if the same spirit which prevailed in Hungary, Finland, and Poland — the spirit of self-reliance — were evoked in Ireland, they could not fail.

## CHAPTER II

### Sinn Fein and the Industrial Problem

NEXT in order to the education question in Ireland came the problem of the industries, and the greatest of these was, and still should be, farming. A glance at the economic history of Ireland, however, revealed the fact that farming in Ireland was rapidly resolving itself into the cattle trade — a condition in which most people acquiesced unthinkingly, not apparently being aware that around the industrial situation centers fifty per cent of the Irish "question." While volumes might be written on this phase of the subject alone, it is not the intention here to do more than to enter into a brief exposition of the matter and the manner in which the Sinn Feiners handled it.

The tilled land in Ireland had decreased by one-fourth during the previous generation. This simple statement has a terrible bearing on recent history. Over a million acres that were crop-bearing in 1871 had been converted into grazing ground before 1905, and the cattle trade that had absorbed this was threatened with destruction by the competition of the Argentine and Canada. In this extremity we find, in the period just before the outbreak of the war, County Councils in Ireland devoting some of their funds to the encouragement of cattle raising, and the Royal Dublin Society allocating funds for the same purpose. It was not difficult to understand the actions of the Royal Dublin Society — an institution which, since the extinction of the Irish Parliament, has been one of the agencies through which the British Government works out its will in Ireland. Since the time when Lord Carlisle, on behalf of the British Government, issued an order to discourage tillage in Ireland, the Royal Dublin

Society had done yeoman service in helping to sweep the people from the soil.

The perverted educational system may account for the action of the County Councils. The fact which apparently had been forgotten, but which the Sinn Feiners again forced into the domain of practical politics, was that, if the soil of Ireland was again to be brought under cultivation — and it was vital that this should be done — it was necessary that the County Councils, which were then by premiums encouraging grazing, should withdraw these premiums and devote them to tillage-farming. The Sinn Feiners held that an agricultural and manufacturing union was necessary in the country's interest — a union of manufacturers and farmers, classes which, for some mysterious reason, persisted in being unfriendly to each other and failed to realize their interdependence.

The farmer was indifferent towards the industrial revival, failing to realize the increased market an Ireland with a manufacturing arm meant to the agriculturist; and the manufacturer was indifferent to the agricultural question, failing to see that an extension of agriculture — the extension of tillage — meant the extension of the market for his produce. Their failure to grasp this rudimentary principle of political economy is in itself a sufficiently damning indictment of the Irish educational system. It was and continued to be one of the worst anomalies in Ireland that the manufacturing population should be largely subsisting on foreign food. There is no genuine reason for this state of affairs in a country capable of feeding at least fifteen times its present population. It is due to the ignorance of elementary economics and to the lack of a truly Irish Board of Agriculture to give the necessary guidance and lead. It came as a happy omen at the opening of the Sinn Fein campaign that the industrial conference in Cork had just declared with practical unanimity against the British-made economic policy which had been thrust upon the country to its commercial injury. Lest there be those who are under the impression that this condition of economic

affairs and the evils that arose out of them be laid unjustly at the door of the British Government, it is only necessary to refer them to any history of Ireland, where they will read the many British statutes that were made for the express and declared purpose of crippling and putting out of existence every vestige of industry in Ireland, and turning the entire country into one huge cattle ranch. England's gain from this policy is very evident, since, as a manufacturing country, her chief desire is to crush industrial rivals and to obtain an abundance of cheap food.

The anglicization of the Irish mind is best exhibited in its attitude towards economics. The system of economics which Adam Smith and his successors had invented for the purpose of obtaining control of the world's markets for England was accepted by the Irish people, prior to the advent of Sinn Fein, as the quintessence of wisdom. It mattered not that all Europe had rejected it — that the United States of America, the most progressive country in the world, had also definitely rejected it. England still held on, and does so to the present day, and its application is responsible for much of the current social misery and unrest. And because England held on, Ireland, under the British system of education, perforce accepted the "as-good-and-as-cheap" shibboleth as a gospel. That, said the Sinn Feiners, with the rest of the similar impositions and humbug of the system, would have to be bundled out of the country.

Arthur Griffith, the founder and expounder of the Sinn Fein policy, was, in economics, largely the follower of the man who was responsible for the formation of the mighty confederation which was fast becoming England's serious rival for the trade supremacy of the world —Germany. The name of Frederick List is a famous one throughout the civilized world, and his works are text-books of economic science outside Ireland. In Ireland, before the rise of the Sinn Fein movement, his works were unheard of and his name unknown. Germany had hailed List as the Preserver of the Fatherland, and Louis Kossuth bestowed on him the title of

the Economic Father of the Nations. The Sinn Feiners believed there was room for him also in Ireland and in her educational system.

Following List, the Sinn Feiners held that the Irish people should reject that so-called political economy which neither recognized the principle of nationality nor took into consideration the satisfaction of its interests; which regarded chiefly the mere exchangeable value of things without taking into consideration the mental and political, the present and the future interests and the productive powers of the nation; which ignored the nature and character of social labor and the operation of the union of powers in their higher consequences, and considered private industry only as it would develop itself under a free interchange with the whole human race were it not divided into separate nations. They accepted, with List, the theory that between the individual and humanity stands, and must continue to stand, one great fact. This fact is the Nation, with its special language and literature, with its peculiar origin and history, with its special manners and customs, laws and institutions, with the claims of all these for existence, independence, perfection, and continuance for the future, and with its separate territory; a society which, united by a thousand ties of mind and interests, forms one independent whole, which recognizes the law of right for and within itself, which in its united character is distinct from other societies of a similar kind, and consequently can only, under the existing conditions of the world, maintain self-existence and independence by its own power and resources. As the individual obtains mental culture, power of production, security and prosperity, chiefly by means of the nation and in the nation, so is the civilization of the human race only conceivable and possible by means of the civilization and development of individual nations. But, as there are among men infinite differences in condition and circumstance, so there are in nations. Some are strong, some are weak, some are highly civilized, some are half civilized; but in all states, as in the unit, the impulse of self-preservation

and the desire for improvement exist in a greater or smaller degree.

The Sinn Feiners held it the task of national politics to insure existence and continuance to the nation, to make the weak strong and the civilized more civilized. They held it the task of national economics to accomplish the economic development of the nation, and fit it for admission into the one universal society of the future. They took as their definition of the normal nation, such as they desired to make Ireland, a nation possessing a common language and literature, a territory endowed with manifold natural resources, with convenient frontiers and a numerous population; a nation where agriculture, manufactures, commerce and navigation would all be developed proportionately, and where arts and sciences, educational establishments, and universal culture would have an equal footing with material production. Its constitution, laws, and institutions would afford to its citizens a high degree of security and liberty, and would promote religion, morality, and prosperity. It must possess sufficient power to defend its independence and to promote its foreign commerce. They held that in the economy of Adam Smith, and particularly as it was applied to Ireland, there was no place for the soul of a nation; to him the associations of the past possessed no value. In the economy of List the nation not only possessed a place, but the highest place, and that is why it appealed so powerfully to the leaders of the Sinn Fein movement.

In Ireland, on the other hand, the people had been taught by British Education Boards and British officials that the destiny of Ireland was to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds, and act as a handmaid of England; that it was not necessary for the Irish people to pay attention to their manufacturing arm, since their agricultural arm was all-sufficient. This, said the Sinn Feiners, was a fallacy that dissolved before reflection; but it was a fallacy that had passed for truth in Ireland. They replied that a nation could not promote and further its civilization, its prosperity,

and its social progress by exchanging agricultural products for manufactured goods as efficiently as by establishing a manufacturing power of its own. A merely agricultural nation could never develop to any extent a home or a foreign commerce, with inland means of transport and foreign navigation, increase its population in due proportion to their well-being, or make notable progress in its moral, intellectual, social, and political development: it would never acquire important political power, or be placed in a position to influence the civilization and progress of less advanced nations. A mere agricultural state was infinitely less powerful than an agricultural manufacturing state. The former was always economically and politically dependent on those foreign nations which took from it agricultural products in exchange for manufactured articles. It could not determine how much it should produce, but would have to wait and see how much others would buy from it. The agricultural manufacturing states, on the contrary, could produce for themselves large quantities of raw materials and provisions, and supply merely the deficiency from importation. The purely agricultural nations were thus dependent for the power of effecting sales on the chances of a more or less bountiful harvest in the agricultural manufacturing nations. They had, moreover, to compete in their sales with other purely agricultural nations, whereby the power of sale in itself was rendered uncertain. An agricultural nation was as a man with one arm who made use of an arm belonging to another person, but could not, of course, be sure of having it always available. An agricultural manufacturing nation was a man who had two arms of his own always at his own disposal.

The Sinn Feiners appealed to the Irish people to get rid of the fallacious idea that the agricultural and manufacturing interests were opposed. They declared they were necessary one to the other, and that one could not be injured without the other suffering hurt. They asked the Irish people to clear their minds of the pernicious idea that they were not entitled or called upon to give preferential aid to the manu-

facturing industries of their own country. They declared that, if that idea were not met and combated, there would be an end to all hope of the development of an Irish manufacturing arm, and of the hope of Ireland coming into the birthright of her nationality. They told the people that only in the soil of general prosperity does the national spirit strike its root, produce fine blossoms and rich fruit; that only from the unity of material interests does mental power arise, and again from both of them national power.

Therefore, they made it their declaration that it was the policy of the Sinn Fein National Council to bring about that unity of material interests which produces national strength, to convince the manufacturer that every improvement in agriculture would increase his home market, and the agriculturist that every extension of the manufacturing industry would promote his welfare. In short, to convince both that there could be no permanent prosperity for either unless the nation as a whole was prosperous. The logical outcome of this teaching was that the Irish people must offer their producers protection where protection was necessary.

## CHAPTER III

### Sinn Fein and Protection

PROTECTION, as defined by the Sinn Feiners, did not mean the exclusion of foreign competition; it meant rendering the native manufacturer equal to meeting foreign competition. They did not advise that the Irish people should pay a higher profit to any Irish manufacturer, but that they should not stand by and see him crushed by mere weight of foreign capital. They took the stand that, if an Irish manufacturer could not produce an article as cheaply as an English or other foreign manufacturer only because his foreign competitor had at present larger resources at his disposal, it was the first duty of the Irish nation to accord protection to that Irish manufacturer. If, on the other hand, an Irish manufacturer could produce as cheaply, but charged an enhanced price, that man deserved no support; he was, on the contrary, to be branded as a swindler.

It was held to be the duty of the Irish public bodies, in whose hands the expenditure of $20,000,000 annually was placed, to pay an enhanced price for Irish-manufactured articles, when the manufacturers were able to show that they could not produce them at the lesser price; that was Protection. This was also the duty of the individual. But it was contrary to the principle of Protection, and to the interests of the country, that a manufacturer in Ireland who could produce as cheaply as his foreign competitor should receive an enhanced price. The movement was one designed primarily to give back to Ireland her manufacturing arm, not to make fortunes for dishonest manufacturers. The question as to the manner in which this was to be accomplished was considered very carefully and thoroughly by the

Sinn Fein leaders, and the plan eventually decided on was one that proved to be remarkably fruitful of results, and would, in the fullness of time, have achieved complete success had the war not intervened.

It was decided that the solution of the problem lay primarily with the individual, since the Irish people were powerless to influence the general administration of their country; secondly, through the County, Urban, and District Councils and Poor Law Guardians; thirdly, by endeavoring to secure control of the inefficient bodies known as Harbor Commissioners; fourthly, by stimulating the Irish manufacturers and the Irish people to industrial enterprise; and, fifthly, by inviting Irish-American capital to aid in Irish development, on a purely commercial basis.

In the first place it was pointed out to every individual that, except where fraud was attempted, it was his or her duty to pay, if necessary, an enhanced price for Irish goods, and to use, wherever possible, none but Irish goods. As to the Irish elective bodies, which controlled the expenditure of Irish local taxation, their duty lay along the same lines as that of the individual. The duty of the Irish harbor bodies was to arrange the incidence of port dues so that they should fall most heavily on manufactured goods entering the country, and to keep and publish a table of all goods imported and to whom consigned. In all these respects the Irish Harbor Boards had hitherto failed. These boards were in most cases composed of English shipping representatives and Irish importers of foreign goods, whose interests were diametrically opposed to the general interests of the Irish nation. A short time before the promulgation of the Sinn Fein policy, and only after considerable agitation, the Dublin Port and Docks Board had been driven to publish an annual return of the foreign goods imported into the capital of Ireland by sea, and the return had appalled all who read it. The Cork and other Harbor Boards refused to follow the example of Dublin, thus publicly proclaiming themselves tools of England in her frantic efforts to conceal the true economic condition of

Ireland from the Irish people. The Sinn Feiners submitted the question to the people, and asked them if they were going to tolerate this anti-Irish action of supposedly Irish Boards. They said that the Irish people had a right to know what foreign goods were being imported into every part of Ireland, and who it was that received them. In other words, they wanted to know what it was open to every citizen of a free country to know, but the information was insolently refused them by Boards of English nominees. The Sinn Feiners demanded that the port taxation be removed from raw materials and placed on manufactured goods. They were told that this taxation was so small as to be inappreciable. Small it certainly was, but not inappreciable. This was well demonstrated when it was sought to have the incidence of port taxation altered in Dublin, and the Port and Docks Board, so far from considering the matter inappreciable or insignificant, fought as fiercely as ever it fought to prevent increased dues being placed upon manufactured goods brought into the port of Dublin. This increase would have been small indeed, but it would have given to Ireland the principle of protection, and that was the end sought.

Further, the Sinn Feiners held that the Irish Harbor Boards must be manned for Ireland by men who desired to benefit Ireland, not by shipping agents of English firms and importers; that a general scheme of port taxation would have to be adopted throwing the bulk of the port dues on manufactured goods, and a perfect tally kept at all Irish ports of such goods, whence they came and to whom they were consigned, and that this tally should be published each month. They declared that, once this was done, the least imaginative of the people would be forced to realize what was taking place in the country industrially. This realization would doubtless spur them to support their own industries, and would possibly induce them to invest their earnings in the industrial enterprises of their own country.

Regarding the introduction of foreign capital, it is scarcely necessary to state that the Sinn Feiners did not want British

capital, which would forge a new link in the chain binding them to England. What they did ask for was American and Irish-American capital. They were careful to point out that they did not ask, nor would they accept, charity. They declared that they could show the investor that Ireland was a good field for his money, and that Ireland was something more than a rich and unexploited field. As briefly as possible, the proposal was as follows: That the General Council of the Councils should have the country surveyed with a view to the profitable development of its natural resources, and, having had the cost and return estimated as accurately as possible, should then invite the foreign investor to look into the matter. It was known that Ireland could offer 174,000,000 tons of coal, the finest fuel in Europe and practically untouched, and an inexhaustible supply of peat to operate the factories, and that the investors would have at their disposal all the facilities possessed by the County Councils and Rural Councils of Ireland, and the assistance and goodwill of the Irish people in turning Irish coal and peat into gold. The investors would offer in return profitable employment to a large number of the Irish people, and an enormous increase of strength socially, industrially, and politically.

The Protection plank in the Sinn Fein platform was, needless to say, one that would require many years to work out. It was manifest, on the face of it, that the entire programme was the work for a generation. Yet the manner in which the industrial policy gained root and spread throughout the country soon made it the object of the attention of the powers that were opposed to the manufacturing interests of Ireland. Needless to say, the opposition that developed was not altogether on the surface, but it was not long, nevertheless, in making itself felt.

The duty of the individual, placed first by the Sinn Feiners, was the first that brought results. Throughout the country the policy of asking for and getting goods of Irish manufacture was acted upon by the people. It was suddenly discovered that quite a number of articles manufactured at

home were as good and even better than the foreign-made article. The main difference was that the foreign-made article was as a rule widely advertised, while the Irish product was not, the reason being not far to seek. The Sinn Fein policy had the effect of supplying the advertisement for the Irish product, with the result that there was an immediate increase in the sales of Irish-manufactured goods. This, as a natural consequence, resulted in a decrease in the sale of the foreign article, which, in its turn, had the effect of arousing the opposition of English manufacturers.

As a concrete instance, mention may be made of the Irish tobacco industry. The statement made by the Sinn Feiners that there was room for the establishment of an Irish tobacco industry in Ireland was made the object of a great deal of cheap wit in the British press. Yet, under the inspiration of the Sinn Fein policy, the tobacco industry not only became an established fact, but, in the course of a few years, became a serious rival to the tobacco trust in England — so far, that is, as the sale of cigarettes, pipe tobacco, and cigars in Ireland was concerned. It must be admitted that the smoking of the Irish tobacco at the outset was no slight test of patriotism, but, with increased experience in the preparation and curing of the dried leaf, it was not long before the Irish article became a genuine pleasure. In addition to this, Irish tobacco possesses a flavor that is peculiar to itself, and which soon became a habit with smokers.

Foreign opposition was not slow in developing, with the result that efforts were made to delude the Irish public into purchasing foreign goods as Irish. Irish names were attached to goods that never saw Ireland until they were brought into the country ready for sale. The Sinn Feiners discovered the fraud, and countered by the establishment of the Irish trade-mark. A sign peculiar to Ireland was agreed upon, namely a scroll device representing the legendary Collar of Malachi, surrounded by the words, *Deantha i nEirinn* (Made in Ireland). The use of this sign was permitted to manufacturers who could show that their goods were made in the country,

and every infringement was prosecuted under the British Trades Mark Law, the Irish people being for once able to use British law to their own advantage. The Irish trademark became the standard of value in Ireland, and the policy of the Sinn Feiners was soon on the way to restore to Ireland her lost manufacturing arm.

There was one other thing that this phase of the movement accomplished. It brought home to many young Irish men and women the lesson of practical patriotism and paved the way for a further advance. It taught them to look into the possibilities of Ireland from more than one point of view; it demonstrated the fact that they had a country to call their own, a country that could and should become something more than a cattle ranch or an interesting stopping-off place for the tourist. Little by little it turned their minds to the fact that Ireland possessed vast resources of mineral wealth under the earth and unique facilities for the development of industries over it. It imbued them with the pride that comes from the knowledge that the country of one's nativity is one that has by right a place in the world, and it fired their patriotic imagination in a manner that rendered the soil fertile for the events that were to leave a lasting mark on the history of the days already casting their lengthening shadows over the land.

The lesson that was borne in upon the people of Ireland at this time may well be summed up in the words of List. "Let us only have courage," he wrote, "to believe in a great national future, and, in that belief, march onward. Above all, let us have national spirit enough at once to plant and protect that tree which will yield its richest fruits in the future generation. First, let us gain possession of the home market, so far at least as respects articles of general necessity, and, secondly, let us try to procure the goods of other countries and pay for them with our own manufactured goods."

## CHAPTER IV

### Sinn Fein and Commerce

PRACTICALLY speaking, Ireland had no mercantile marine. A few coasting steamers and cross-channel vessels and three small lines of steamers running to Continental ports were all that was left of the commercial fleet of Ireland, which was at one time among the greatest in the world. Between the end of the sixteenth century and 1777 it dwindled as the consequence of the laws directed against it by England, until at the latter date it was of no importance. The Volunteer movement of 1780, by compelling England to cancel all her restrictive laws on Irish commerce and shipping, brought again into existence a powerful Irish mercantile marine, and its growth was so rapid that within five years (in 1785) Tucker, the well-known Dean of Gloucester, counseled English shipowners to fit out their vessels under the Irish national flag, since the Irish marine was ousting the English from the ports of Europe.

Sixty years prior to 1905 Germany had little or no mercantile marine, and shipped its goods in foreign bottoms. Frederick List urged upon his countrymen that it was vital they should possess a marine of their own, and laid the foundation of the magnificent marine which Germany has to-day. The importance of a mercantile marine cannot be minimized. Without the carrying trade England would not possess a tithe of her present commercial importance, and Norway would be a negligible factor in the economic life of the world. Norway, with a population of less than half of Ireland's, had in 1905 a mercantile marine of 1,500,000 tons. Belgium, with a coast line scarcely as long as that of Dublin, was, prior to the war, building up a great merchant navy. At the present time (1917) the want of a mercantile navy in

the United States is being keenly felt. Through the lack of a mercantile marine, Ireland was debarred from its best markets, deprived of its share in the universal carrying trade, and was out of touch with the commercial centers of the world.

What was Ireland's share? Let us say one per cent, which is very low considering the ideal situation enjoyed by Ireland for foreign trade. The countries from which Ireland imported, outside of England, comprised the Republics of the United States, Argentina, and Chili, and the Dominion of Canada, in America; in the east, India, Australia, and Japan; and within Europe, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Russia. The total annual imports of these countries represented $10,000,000,000. One per cent of that trade would mean an increased revenue for Ireland of $100,000,000 annually.

Was it not then, asked the Sinn Feiners, worth while to start in to build an Irish mercantile marine? Ireland had one of the greatest ship-building plants in the world. She had the best and safest harbors, and enjoyed an ideal situation at the very gate leading to the most progressive countries in Europe. Ireland had an abundance of the material out of which sailors are made, and was the natural terminal of a trans-Atlantic service. Ireland had also $250,000,000 lying idle in its banks. Let Ireland cultivate the spirit and initiative of a free people; she had been content long enough to depend on and look to a foreign Parliament, whereas other nations looked to and trusted in themselves. The great marine of Norway had been built up by its own people. There was scarcely a man in the towns and cities of Norway who was not a part owner of a ship. Through the patriotism of her people, Norway had built up a great commercial navy, whose flag was familiar in every port of the world. Nearer home to Ireland was Scotland, and Scotland also possessed a very fine marine. There were Scottish "tramp" steamers to be met with in all parts of the world, but no one ever saw an

Irish "tramp" steamer. The Sinn Feiners asked if there were any Irish shipowners with enough enterprise to fit out "tramp" steamers, and said that, if there were, they would not benefit themselves alone, but their country also. They pointed out that a "tramp" line between Ireland and South America, for instance, and calling at French, Spanish, and other ports en route, could not fail to pay its owners, whilst it would open up for Ireland a lucrative trade and lower in Ireland itself the prices of goods, non-competing with Irish manufacture, which were being imported through England. "At the present time," said the Sinn Fein leaders, "Ireland has little trade with any outside country, not because she does not produce many things which the other countries want and buy, but because England blocks the way with her middleman's profit." They declared that, so long as Ireland had no mercantile marine of her own and no consular representation abroad, this must of necessity continue to remain the case.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the British Consular Service has always been, and still is, run solely and absolutely in the interests of Britain. Ireland, however, is taxed to pay for its upkeep. The British Consul announces on his brass doorplate that he represents the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The proportion in which he represents Great Britain and Ireland is shown in the export figures for the year 1904, the year previous to the proclamation of the Sinn Fein policy in Dublin. In that year the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" exported over $15,300,000,000 worth of goods; of that total Great Britain exported $15,295,000,000 and Ireland the remaining $5,000,000 worth. In other words, of the exports of the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" Britain claimed $99\frac{67}{100}$ per cent, and Ireland the remaining $\frac{1}{300}$ of one per cent. This result, said the Sinn Feiners, exhibited equally the benefit which Ireland derived from her connection with Great Britain and the efficacy of the consular service — for Great Britain. They stated that the remedy for this state of affairs was for

Ireland to appoint her own consuls, to send Irishmen to act as consuls in foreign countries, instead of sending them to "orate" in the British Parliament. A portion of the $125,000, that Ireland then subscribed annually to keep eighty Irishmen in London, would be better employed in keeping about half that number of Irishmen stationed in the capitals and commercial centers of foreign countries, where a market might be found for Irish products.

It was pointed out that Argentina procured one-third of her total imports from Great Britain; North America one-fifth; Spain, Russia, and Japan one-fifth each; Scandinavia one-fourth; Holland one-fourth; Hungary one-twelfth; Belgium one-twelfth; Australia one-third; and South Africa and India two-thirds. To assist Great Britain in securing so much trade, the Irish people imported from these countries and consumed millions of dollars' worth of their goods; and, as all these goods were procured through the medium of England, Ireland had in every case to pay a middleman's profit. The Sinn Feiners proposed that, in return for Irish consumption of the goods of the countries named, Ireland should have its share in exporting goods to them. For this purpose the Irish people should choose and appoint, from year to year, competent men of business training, character, and linguistic knowledge, to form an Irish Consular Service, and to act in all respects as the consuls of other countries do. The countries in which profitable markets might be expected from the appointment of Irish consular representatives were the United States, Argentina and Chili, Canada, Australia, South Africa, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Russia, Japan, Denmark, Italy, and Austro-Hungary. There were, it was pointed out, possible fields for the Irish producer in every one of the countries named. In addition to the increase of revenue, the increase of trade and commerce would also have the effect of bringing back the population of Ireland to the figure it stood at in 1845. It was stated that the maintenance of a Consular Service of thirty or forty men would cost the country annually about one-half the sum the maintenance of

an Irish Parliamentary party in London at that time cost, and under no circumstances could this service fail to repay the outlay.

Having thus dealt with oversea transit, the Sinn Feiners turned to the problems of their internal system, and declared in the first place that it was about as bad as maladministration could make it. Owing to the attitude of the railroad owners, the development of the country was materially hampered. Controlled by British capital, the Irish railroads had two schedules of freight charges: one extremely high, which regulated the rates between different localities in Ireland; the other excessively low, which regulated the rates between England and Ireland. As a consequence of this topsy-turvy situation, a parallel to which could be found only in musical comedy, it is cheaper to export goods to England and to have them reshipped to their destination in Ireland than to send them direct. The effect of this strangling condition is easy to imagine. The Arigna coal mines, for instance, produced as good a coal as the best that Great Britain could produce, but owing to the railroad rates it was impossible to get it generally on the Irish market. The Sinn Feiners declared that they could not make up for the deficiency of the railroads, but that they might certainly do much to relieve the situation by the proper utilization of the semi-derelict canal system. A well-devised scheme of canal and river service under the control of the Irish County Councils would go a considerable distance in the direction of properly distributing the products of the country, and at the time a scheme was being drafted for the purpose, although some of these canals were controlled, and deliberately left unutilized, by the railroad magnates.

Following the discussion of these problems the Sinn Fein policy took up a number of other equally important matters, not the least among these being the poor law system, afforestation, national civil service, national courts of law, national stock exchange and banking systems, and a number of others that will briefly be touched upon in the following chapters.

It may be well, however, to indicate here one of the reasons why the policies advocated by the Sinn Feiners were not carried out in their entirety from the first. That their arguments were, in the vast majority of instances, sound and logical, was admitted even by those who had personal reasons to be opposed to them. Why then did the Irish people not take them up immediately, and put them into operation? The main reason for postponing the application of the Sinn Fein policy was the fear of hampering the Parliamentary Party, who were sent to Westminster for the purpose of securing the legislative repeal of the Union, or, as it was generally called, Home Rule for Ireland.

## CHAPTER V

### The Poor Law System

THE poverty of Ireland has become almost a byword among the nations. People have become accustomed to thinking of Ireland as a land of hovels, where half-civilized men, women, and children roam barefooted through a wilderness of bog and mire. This ridiculous picture has again and again been painted for the benefit of the unsophisticated foreigner by English writers, whose actual ignorance of Ireland is equaled only by their wealth of imagination. While Ireland is neither a land of hovels, nor of bogs and mire, that poverty exists is nevertheless a fact. That poverty seems more helpless in Ireland than elsewhere, is likewise true, since England is determined that a prosperous Ireland shall not compete with her in the commercial markets of the world. It is also an incontrovertible fact that Ireland was one of the richest countries in the world prior to her complete subjugation by the English in the sixteenth century, and that the introduction of the poorhouse system coincided with the introduction of British law.

The poor law system has been a potent instrument for demoralizing and pauperizing the people. From 1846 to 1849 it was used as a machine for forcing the small farmers of Ireland into the poorhouse or into the emigrant ship by the imposition of a crushing poor rate. Since that period it has served to impoverish the country by spending public money on foreign goods and by subsidizing emigration. It has also served to debase the spirit of the people by stamping pauper on the brow of honest men and women whom circumstances rendered temporarily dependent on the assistance of their fellow-citizens.

In no other country in Europe, except Great Britain itself,

does such a degrading system exist. In France, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, the State recognizes the fact that periods occur when industrious members of the community become impoverished through circumstances for which they are not responsible, and it administers the necessary remedies without undermining the self-respect of the recipients. It does not strike them from the lists of citizens, or imprison them in a poorhouse, as England does, but fits them again to take a place in the industrial ranks. Nor do the poor law systems of the enlightened nations of Europe offer the poorhouse to and place a stigma on those who, after a life of honorable labor, are stricken by sickness or enfeebled by old age. They afford them, not as a charity but as a right, support in liberty. Under the British system alone, the poor are placed in the same class as criminals.

According to the usual system prevailing in other countries of Europe, the poor are divided into three classes: those who can and will work, those who are willing to work but who are unable to do so, and those who can work and will not work. For the first class it finds work; for the second it provides sustenance, not as a charity but as a right; for the third class it provides the proper place, the prison. In Ireland the British poor law system provides the same remedy for all three classes. The position in Ireland is this: There are 159 Unions and 8000 Poor Law Guardians, elected by the people. It is not the fault of these Guardians that the system is what it is, but they are at least at fault in so far as they do not seek to neutralize its intention. The Sinn Feiners told them that, when they voted the money of the Irish people to help on emigration and to purchase foreign goods, they voted to pauperize further their own country. "Is there any land save Ireland," asked the Sinn Feiners, "in which the Poor Law Guardians would dream of expending the poor rate on purchasing foreign cloth to attire those who have been impoverished by lack of employment, and hire foreign tailors in foreign countries to make it up; or who would import from abroad the food on which to feed these people, when their

own country produced abundance of cloth and food?" Nevertheless, that which would be inconceivable in any other country was the fact in Ireland. Above all taxes, the poor tax in other countries is directed to be expended within that country. In Ireland the Guardians in the majority of instances expended it abroad, and thus kept continually adding to the total of pauperism with which they had to contend.

As one of the means of extracting good for Ireland from the poor law system, the Sinn Feiners suggested that the 159 unions in Ireland, controlling the annual expenditure of $7,500,000, should in council draw up an official scale of union requirements, use uniform advertisements for goods of solely Irish material and manufacture, and print a scale of the various quantities necessary yearly for the collective unions. The action of the North Dublin Union in 1881 was pointed to as an illustration of what could be done. In that year the Board decided to reverse the English "as-good-and-as-cheap" policy, and to purchase only goods of Irish manufacture, even though it had to pay an enhanced price. When it could not procure exactly what it required of Irish manufacture, it procured Irish goods that served as a substitute. The result was, of course, that increased employment was provided in Dublin, and in the end the ratepayers gained to the extent of $4000 a year.

The following illustration will afford an insight into the actual condition of affairs that existed at this time in regard to the operation of the poor law. Although nominally created in Ireland's interest, the Local Government Board has always regarded it as its primary duty to push the interests of the British manufacturers in Ireland. In 1905 it attempted to induce the Irish Boards of Guardians to accept tenders for the supply of drugs from an English ring of manufacturers, which was trying to smash the competition of the Irish druggists. In a letter addressed to the Boards of Guardians, the Cork Chemical and Drug Company put the issue clearly. It wrote: "It is a comparatively simple matter for English

capitalists to crush out their Irish competitors, and we know that this has been too often the fate of Irishmen striving to promote the manufactures of the country; for, once the obstacles of competition are removed, it is easy enough for the foreigner to again advance prices, and thus obtain compensation for his preliminary losses. It is to this system we, as Irish manufacturers and large employers of labor, object, but we are always ready to meet the ordinary competition of business, so long as this is conducted on fair lines." Many of the Irish Boards of Guardians responded to this letter, but, unfortunately, the bulk of the unions fell into the net spread by the English ring, and in consequence a very large sum of Irish money made its way that year across the channel. Under the Sinn Fein policy a thing of this kind would be impossible. The action of the Public Boards would be a united one, and no possibility would be left, so far as they were concerned, for a syndicate of foreign capitalists to crush out the home manufacturer and the home trader.

It was also pointed out by the Sinn Fein leaders that if the 159 Unions of Ireland should at any time decide to use no flour but Irish flour, twelve months from that time many of the idle mills of the country would be again in full work, and thousands of Irish people would be provided with employment. Under a national government, said the Sinn Feiners, there would be no room for pauperism in Ireland, because under such a government those unable to work, through no fault of their own, would not be treated as paupers, and those able to work would be provided with plenty in reclaiming the four million acres lying waste throughout the country. It was emphasized that one-half the victims of the Irish poor law system were able-bodied men and women, and the question was asked if any foreign nation had ever been known to pay out millions of dollars to keep in soul-destroying idleness tens of thousands of its able-bodied citizens while one-fourth of its soil awaited reclamation. Yet that is exactly what was being done in Ireland, where twenty-four per cent of the soil awaited the plow or the tree. The central plain of Ireland

awaited only afforestation to raise the mean temperature of the island four degrees, and thus render the soil doubly fruitful; but the Irish people were taxed, not to carry out so noble a work, but to perpetuate pauperism. The Sinn Feiners pointed out that it lay within the powers of the County Councils to devote at least a portion of the local taxation of the country to the purposes of this reclamation, and united action on the part of the Irish County Councils and Poor Law Unions could divert a portion of the poor law taxation to reproductive labor.

In this same connection another question arose, which was also taken very fully into consideration by the framers of the Sinn Fein policy. The Poor Law Boards of Ireland employed about 4000 officials, while the Urban Councils and County Councils employed at least 2000 more. Here, said the Sinn Feiners, we have the foundation for a National Civil Service. Of this army of officials, paid by the ratepayers, the appointment of seventy-five per cent was in the hands of men elected as Nationalists. As is the case in other countries, their appointment was determined more by the amount of personal influence they were able to wield with the members of the Board, under which they sought appointment, than by any other consideration. The question of efficiency was often a secondary matter. Such a state of affairs evidently tended both to the impairment of efficient local administration and to a lowering of the moral standard in the conduct of public bodies. Aware that the public bodies would scarcely tolerate the loss of their "patronage," the Sinn Feiners did not seek to deprive them of it. What they proposed was, that the patronage should be exercised thenceforth, not in the interest of the individual, but in the interest of the nation. They said that thousands of young men in Ireland had joined the British Civil Service, and thus assisted in the running of the British Empire. In principle this was wrong, but, under the then circumstances of the country, it was not expedient to place the same ban on the British Civil Service as on the British armed forces. The Irishman who joined the British

army, the British navy, the "Royal Irish" Constabulary, necessarily became from that moment the enemy of his country, for he had taken up arms against Ireland. The position of the Irishman who had joined the British Civil Service was a passive and not an active one. He was not employed in keeping his own country down, but he was employed to an extent in keeping a hostile country up. It was objectionable and regrettable; but, while the Sinn Feiners would continue to deprecate Irishmen entering the British Civil Service, they would distinguish between the armed oppressor and the passive instrument of an alien administration.

Some of the cleverest and ablest men in the British Civil Service were Irishmen, and the Sinn Feiners argued that, if they deprived England of their services and secured them for Ireland, they would be dealing a double blow against the foreign rule of their country. In the suggested consular service, for instance, the abilities of many Irishmen then in the higher grades of the British Civil Service would find adequate and congenial employment, while for the hosts of young Irishmen who filled the secondary posts in the Civil Service a National Civil Service under the local governing bodies of Ireland would provide scope. For the haphazard method of selecting the local officials in Ireland, the Sinn Feiners suggested the substitution of an ordered one. They proposed that a National Assembly should arrange and classify the positions of officials employed by all the public bodies in Ireland in three grades, and applications for a position would be entertained only from those who had successfully passed a qualifying examination. In the lowest grade candidates would be required to pass an examination showing an elementary acquaintance with the Irish language, a knowledge of Irish history, and an acqaintance with Ireland's resources. In the second grade, the candidate would be required to show himself proficient in Irish history, in the Irish language as a written tongue, and in the knowledge of Ireland's resources and possibilities, political and commercial. For the highest

grade the candidate should not only possess a full knowledge of Irish history, but full acquaintance with her early laws and institutions; he should be proficient in Irish both as a written and a spoken language; he should know Irish literature and understand Irish art; he should be thoroughly acquainted with Ireland, agriculturally, industrially, commercially, and topographically; he should know what Ireland had achieved, and be able to show what she could achieve. In a word, he should be what an educated American, an educated Frenchman, an educated German is — a man who thoroughly knows his own country.

Such a National Civil Service of Ireland would demand no more than the National Civil Service of any country on the continent of Europe — that its members must know their own country. Institute a National Civil Service in Ireland, they said, and the English education system of the country, designed to suppress in the breasts of its people the impulse of patriotism, would be revolutionized. If it was impossible for those ignorant of Ireland to gain a position in an official capacity in Ireland, the schools would have to teach their pupils Irish history, the Irish language, and Irish possibilities. A National Civil Service in Ireland would prove a bulwark to the nation, would save for Ireland thousands of men who had unwillingly left it, and would necessarily give rise to the most Irish-educated generation Ireland had known for centuries. It would mean a truly educated Ireland, and an educated Ireland would be the harbinger of a free Ireland.

## CHAPTER VI

### Sinn Fein and the Law Courts and Army

NOT less important to the nation, in the estimation of the Sinn Fein leaders, than those matters which have already been discussed, were national courts of law. Hungary understood this, and established arbitration courts which superseded the courts which Austria sought to impose on her. Before O'Connell balked at the proposal to erect a *de facto* Irish Parliament in Dublin, Ireland had established such courts. The prestige, the dignity, and the strength such a national legal system would confer upon a movement for national independence is obvious; but the Sinn Feiners argued that, in addition, it would deprive the corrupt bar in Ireland of much of its incentive to corruption, save the pockets of the Irish people, and materially help in bringing about that spirit of brotherhood, of national oneness in Ireland, which all who loved their country desired to see.

The decision of an arbitration court is binding, not only in morals but in law, on those who appeal to it. The Sinn Feiners said to the people what *The Nation* had said to them in 1843: "You have it in your power to resume popular courts and fix laws, and it is your duty to do so. It is the duty of every Irishman to himself, to his family, to his neighbors, and his bounden duty to his country to carry every legal dispute to the arbitrators, and to obey their decision. If you resort in any of your own disputes to any but your own judges, you injure yourself and commit treason to your country." Eighty per cent of the cases heard in the civil courts of Ireland, involving the expenditure of an enormous sum of money which served to keep up a corrupt judicial system, could be equally as legally decided in voluntary arbitration courts at practically no expense at all.

The proposal made by the Sinn Feiners was in the following terms: That the Irish National Assembly should appoint those of its members who by virtue of their position were eligible to act as Justices of the Peace, but who declined to act as such under British law, to act as judges in the National Arbitration Courts, together with such men of character throughout the country, and such Irish barristers who had not "devoted their time to hawking their souls for sale in the Four Courts," as it might be necessary to add as assessors or judges. No barristers or lawyers should be permitted to practice in the National Arbitration Courts without the sanction of the Assembly, and without renouncing their practice in foreign ones; and the Assembly should retain the same power over the Arbitration Judges that the British Parliament retained over the British Judiciary.

In this way, said the Sinn Feiners, Ireland would be able to wrest the judicial system, then used to her detriment, from the hands of the foreigner and use it to her own advancement. The course was legal and feasible; its advantages were great and obvious. Papineau took it to Canada, and Deák followed it in Hungary in the nineteenth century. Ireland could as easily follow it in the twentieth. Its advocates pointed to the fact that, a short while before, Russia was an autocracy that seemed as fixed and immovable as the north star, but was reduced to impotency by a strike. It was not a part of the Sinn Fein policy to reduce England to impotence by a cessation of labor, but it was a serious part of that policy to reduce her strength by strikes of another kind — strikes against using her goods, for instance, and against filling the ranks of her armed forces.

In this latter direction the anti-enlisting movement was undoubtedly one of the strong features of the Sinn Fein policy. It struck home at a vital point of Imperialism; it presented to the British Government something that was real and tangible opposition, and yet was difficult to prevent. It was always a part of the policy of the English Government to use every possible means to induce Irishmen to join its army and

navy. Irish marching airs were favorite ones in the British army, and English writers never tired of telling the Irish people what fine fighters they were, while in the same breath reflecting satirically on the idea of such a quarrelsome people conducting their domestic affairs for themselves. They told the Irishmen — but, of course, not in so many words — that they were fine examples of healthy animals, with abundance of muscle and a minimum of brains — savage fighters with just the requisite amount of intelligence to direct a bayonet thrust or to aim a gun.

At the time when the industries of Ireland were declining under unjust laws that were penalizing them out of existence, many young men took "the king's shilling" and became humble servants of Her or His Britannic Majesty. That industrial conditions were almost entirely responsible for their enlisting is known to everyone acquainted with Irish life. On account of the lack of employment, they had to go to the poorhouse, emigrate to America, or join the army. Many were unable to pay for the passage to America, and for them the choice was still more limited. It is, therefore, not surprising that many an Irishman succumbed to the blandishments of the gaily attired recruiting sergeant, put on the red uniform, and was taught to forget that he had ever had a country.

The reader who knows the part the redcoat has played in the history of Ireland will have no difficulty in understanding why the Irish people hate the British uniform. From the raids of Strongbow and the massacres of Cromwell to the military executions of 1916, the uniform of England has ever spelled bloodshed and sorrow in Ireland — not to mention worse and sometimes more serious things. It is not a statement actuated by malice or ill-feeling, but a plain historical fact, that the conduct of British soldiers in Ireland has scarcely been equaled, and certainly not surpassed, by the atrocities committed upon the Armenians by the Turks or upon the Jews by the Russians. Ireland has had its own Black Hole of Calcutta; has seen years upon years of wanton

bloodshed and nameless outrage. Were it necessary to produce proof, a chapter of horrors could be written that would surpass anything of a similar kind the world has ever read. England's own historians cannot quite conceal this fact, and those who wish to prove the matter have ample opportunity to do so elsewhere.

There were, therefore, abundant reasons why the Sinn Feiners stood firm against the enlistment of Irishmen in the British army. They said that, sentiment apart, it was not a national policy for Irishmen to join the armed forces of a country that was oppressing their own land. At the time of the formulation of the Sinn Fein policy in 1905, the anti-enlisting movement had already accomplished a great deal, but there was a great deal still to be done. There were then fewer Irishmen in the British army than at any other period during the previous hundred years, but there were still proportionately far more Irishmen than there were Englishmen or Scotsmen. Thirty years previously, out of every 1000 men in the British army, 248 (or just one-fourth) were Irish. In 1905, out of every 1000 men in that army, 115 were Irish; but in proportion to its population Ireland supplied many more fighting men to England than England supplied to herself. Out of every 10,000 men between 15 and 40 years of age in England, 276 were soldiers (a large number being of Irish or Scottish parentage or descent); out of every 10,000 men between 15 and 40 years of age in Scotland 248 were soldiers; and out of every 10,000 men between 15 and 40 in Ireland 354 were soldiers.

This striking difference bears a significance peculiarly its own when the figures are examined. Yet it is a fact that the English took particular pride in their army; pointed to the deeds that the "English" army had accomplished, while the actual truth then, as to-day, was that among all the peoples on the face of the globe who least relish fighting the English indubitably hold the first place. In the British Parliament, from the very outbreak of the war, the difficulty in inducing the English people to take up arms in defense of their own

country was one of the greatest assets of the Teutonic allies. When it comes to war, the average Englishman would much rather play the part of spectator and critic. If then the Englishman was so reluctant to fight for his country and Empire, the attempt to force Irishmen into the war was nothing less than an impertinence.

The Sinn Feiners failed to see why the Irish people should be fighting for England, and the English people getting the credit and the profit in any case. This phase of the matter caused so much discussion that during the Boer war, when the Irish and Scottish regiments were being slaughtered along the Modder River and in front of Kimberley, the outcry in Ireland and the questions as to what the English were doing caused the Government to change its tactics somewhat. As a special concession, Queen Victoria then graciously gave permission to the Irish soldiers to wear a sprig of their own national emblem on St. Patrick's Day, in recognition of the blood they had shed for the salvation of the Empire and to bring two independent Republics under the English rule, whose benevolence towards small nationalities they of all men had best reason to know. Up to that time the wearing of shamrock on March 17th was a crime for which an Irishman in the service of the Empire could be flogged. In spite of the gracious act of Queen Victoria, the anti-enlisting campaign gathered strength after the Boer war and right up to the time of the rebellion.

There was one other kind of strike that the Sinn Feiners advocated, and that a very effective one — a strike against taxes. The people of Hungary struck against taxes, and compelled Austria to collect them at the point of the bayonet. They suffered, but they remained true to their principles, and in the end they won. The Sinn Feiners pointed out that Ireland had a means of striking against British taxes which would not call for the exercise of a hundredth part of the spirit of self-sacrifice displayed by Hungary. The gross taxation of Ireland for British purposes represented over $55,000,000 per annum. Of this the only considerable direct

tax was the income tax, which represented about $5,000,000, or one-eleventh of the whole. For obvious reasons, said the Sinn Feiners, a strike against the income tax could not be made general, and, even if it were, could not materially affect England, since, after she had paid all the charges for the maintenance of her government in Ireland, she still had $15,000,000 profit. It was evident that, if the Sinn Feiners were to hit England effectively by a strike against taxation, they must reduce England's revenue from Ireland to a point below her expenditure on it.

Out of the $55,000,000 which England annually took from Ireland, more than one-half was derived from the sale of alcoholic drinks, and especially whisky. However, out of every seven cents paid in Ireland for a glass of whisky, the British Government received three cents. Here, then, said the Sinn Feiners, without anything approaching the sacrifices that other countries had made, Ireland had a means ready at hand for an effective strike against taxes. The same means had been used by the United Irishmen a hundred years before, and it was the duty of the people to use them again. By the simple process of reducing by one-half their expenditure on drink — if the man who drank two glasses of whisky each day would drink only one, and the man who drank two bottles of beer a day would content himself with one — Ireland would be able to decrease the British revenue from Ireland by so many millions per annum that practically the whole of the annual profit that England was making out of the government of Ireland would disappear.

"If there be any man calling himself an Irish Nationalist," said the Sinn Feiners, "who is not prepared to sacrifice a glass of whisky or a bottle of beer for Ireland, then he calls himself by a name to which he is not entitled."

## CHAPTER VII

### Sinn Fein and Irish Finance

THE fiscal system of Ireland is the complement of the land system, and was designed and conducted solely in the interests of England. In England the Stock Exchange, although the most powerful of its buttresses, is uncontrolled by the British Government. In Ireland the position of affairs is different. English statesmen understood that an independent National Stock Exchange in Ireland was incompatible with English financial, if not with English political, interests. They therefore placed the Irish Stock Exchange directly under Government control. Does the reader know just what this means?

A walk along Dame Street (the Wall Street of Dublin) reveals the legend, "Government Stockbroker," written on a dozen windows. There were ninety-three members of the Dublin Stock Exchange in 1905, and these ninety-three had to satisfy the British Lord Lieutenant as to their loyalty to that Government and their devotion to British interests, before they were admitted to the Exchange. The Sinn Feiners contended that the Stock Exchange in Ireland had had no near rival, save the banks, in ruining Irish industries in the interests of British ones, and in transferring to British pockets millions of Irish money. In every country, with the exception of Ireland, the primary function of the Stock Exchange is to create a market for local stocks, particularly the shares in manufacturing industries. In Ireland the primary function of the Stock Exchange was the reverse. Any limited liability company started in Ireland to create and develop industries or develop natural resources was unable to secure a quotation on the Stock Exchange, unless backed by unusual and powerful influences.

One of the results of this condition was to render the small investor unwilling to invest his money in Irish industrial enterprises. To illustrate the reason, let us assume that the townspeople of Trim, anxious to promote the prosperity of their town, anxious to benefit themselves, and anxious to advance the general prosperity of the country, have decided to start a woolen factory in their midst. A company is formed with a capital of $25,000 or $50,000. The workingman subscribes for one $5 share, and the well-to-do storekeeper for one hundred shares. The company may go on prosperously, but a few months hence the workingman may be in need of money and be anxious to dispose of his share, or the storekeeper may find it imperative to turn his $500 stock into cash. If the company possessed a Stock Exchange quotation, the storekeeper would have merely to telegraph to a stockbroker in Dublin to sell, and receive in a few hours his cash for the shares at the price current. But, if the company happened to be a small Irish industrial company, its stock would not be listed on the Stock Exchange, and the storekeeper could not turn his stock into cash unless by private treaty. His need for the money might be urgent; his $500 stock might be worth $750; but the market was closed against him by the Government stockbroker, and his only resource was to sell by private negotiation, involving delay and almost invariably loss. The small Irish capitalist, therefore, refused to invest in companies for the development of Irish industries, but invested in the shares of gold mines eight thousand miles away, which he never saw and never would see. He might know, and generally did know, that the local industry was a sound one; he might suspect that the Calmazu gold mine was anything but sound; but he knew that, if he bought Trim Woolens and needed the money in six months' time, he could not sell his stock in the open market, whereas, if he bought Calmazus, the Government stockbroker would turn them into cash for him at any moment.

Shut out from the natural investment of his money, the

small Irish capitalist had been transformed by the Government stockbrokers into a pure speculator, or in other words a gambler in shares; and, as such, he had been fleeced in turn by every species of financial rascal that the other side of the Channel had been able to produce. "Chartereds," "Tyres," "Volemites," "Fish Oil," and their kindred, had, within a period of twenty years transferred as many millions from the pockets of the small Irish capitalist to the pockets of John Bull as would have sufficed to set the idle mills of Ireland working and to provide a livelihood in their own country for the tens of thousands who during that period streamed out of the Cove of Cork. But, as the Stock Exchange in Ireland would not, as the Stock Exchange in every other country did, make a market for local stocks, the small capitalist was compelled to invest his capital outside Ireland — in ninety-nine per cent of cases in British undertakings, to the immense financial advantage of England and to the financial loss of Ireland.

The Sinn Feiners held that, under the policy they advocated, the abolition of this system was a matter of comparative ease. If the Irish National Assembly, representing the public bodies of Ireland, demanded the creation of a National Stock Exchange, that exchange would immediately come into existence. The National Assembly had but to order the public bodies it represented to transact all their business in the buying and selling of stock through brokers who were prepared to constitute themselves into a National Exchange, and the desired result would necessarily follow. As the National Assembly would control the banking of some millions per annum in Ireland, the banks would not dare to disobey its mandates, and would therefore be forced also to support the National Exchange.

The existence of a National Stock Exchange would entirely alter the financial position of the country, and place the industrial revival on a basis too firm to be overturned. Ninety or nine hundred British Government stockbrokers could not withstand for a year a National Exchange backed

by the public bodies of Ireland and performing the primary function of a Stock Exchange — the commercial development of the country for the benefit of its inhabitants and their children.

Turning to the other side of the financial system, the propounders of the Sinn Fein policy proceeded to show how the banking methods in Ireland also hindered the development of Irish resources and the Irish industrial revival. They produced figures showing that the Irish people had $250,000,000 in the Irish banks; that, having invested the bulk of this big sum in British stocks at 2½ per cent or less, the Irish banks had no money to put into Irish industrial enterprises, but had millions to put into a war against the Boers. During the Boer war the Bank of Ireland lent, free of interest, to the British Government the money of its Irish depositors to assist in the extirpation of the Boer Republics, against which the people of Ireland had no grudge and with whose fight for freedom against a foreign and stronger power the Irish people were in entire sympathy.

At the outbreak of the same war the banks in Ireland bought British Consols at 95, and for every $100 stock so purchased the Irish banks had lost $7 in 1905, British Consols having during the interval fallen to 88. While that loss had to be borne by their stockholders nominally, the ultimate loss fell on the country in general, which could not but be affected adversely in various ways by the impairment of national credit. To the banks in Ireland national credit connotes of course, not Irish credit, but English. Thus, said the Sinn Feiners, the banks of Ireland were willing to lend the money of the Irish people for British purposes, but not for the development of Ireland. The Sinn Feiners pointed to the example of Louis Kossuth, who, seventy-four years previously, when he had successfully inaugurated the National industrial movement in Hungary, found himself face to face with a similar state of affairs. The banks of Hungary were under the thumb of the government in Vienna, and the gold of Hungary was drawn thither to increase the gold reserve

of the Austrian treasury. The banks in Hungary were then acting in precisely the same manner as those in Ireland still did. They lent the money of the Hungarian people to the Austrian Government at a low rate of interest, but they refused to lend money for the internal development of Hungary. Kossuth did not argue with the banks. He secured the support of the local councils and the aid also of patriotic men of wealth, and founded the National Bank of Hungary. This bank lent its funds, not to the Austrian Government, but to the Hungarian nation. With it Kossuth burst up the fiscal conspiracy which oppressed his people, and doubled the wealth of Hungary in five years.

What was possible to Louis Kossuth in Hungary in 1842, said the Sinn Feiners, was possible in Ireland in 1905. If the public bodies in Ireland unitedly demanded that the existing banks should play the part of National banks, should cease to lend money for the benefit of England, and should begin to lend it for the benefit of Ireland, there was little doubt indeed but that they would refuse. But, when they refused, all the Irish public bodies would have to do would be to withdraw their accounts, and a National Bank would come into being. This National Bank, with the united support of the Irish public bodies, would be the premier bank in wealth and influence. With the establishment of a National Stock Exchange and a National Bank, the financial system that had withdrawn from the service of the Irish nation $250,000,000 and turned it over to the British Treasury, would come to an end, and the shriveled veins of Irish commerce would be refilled with the blood of life.

That the scheme was undoubtedly practicable was shown by the widespread attention that it attracted, especially among the politicians in England. Numerous articles were printed in the English magazines and newspapers relative to the scheme, and not one of them could see anything commendable in it. This unanimity of opinion among those who had most reason to fear it deeply impressed the Irish people and encouraged the Sinn Feiners. That the latter made no

mistake when they declared that the Irish banks would refuse to take part in the plan, was soon amply demonstrated. On the other hand, many men of position, wealth, and influence had sufficient patriotic spirit to pledge themselves to the support of the plan, and among these there was none more enthusiastic than The O'Rahilly, whose name was later destined to become historic in an enterprise more thrilling and appealing to the imagination than the establishment of an Irish National Bank. Why the plan was not carried out has already been explained in part in a previous chapter, and will be touched on more fully later. It is sufficient to state here that there was every reason to believe that it could have been carried out, and that it would have justified every claim that was made for it.

Reference has been made to the withdrawal of gold from Ireland. It is not without interest to know that, at the time when there was nominally $250,000,000 in the banks of Ireland, there was not $20,000,000 in gold in the whole of Ireland. The Irish gold deposited in the Irish banks was sent to London, and there exchanged for paper. Nor is this the most significant fact of the situation. When the Irishman presented a Bank of Ireland or any other Irish note as payment in a British Government office in London, he was promptly informed that Irish paper money could not be accepted. The late Edmund Dwyer Gray very sensibly, therefore, refused to accept payment in paper money from the banks in Ireland; and, said the Sinn Feiners, when the people individually and the public bodies in Ireland acted with equal common sense, Ireland would retain her gold within her own shores and permit England to sell paper for gold to some other country.

## CHAPTER VIII

### The Council of Three Hundred

IN the preceding chapters mention has frequently been made of the Irish National Assembly, and it is now time to consider what this meant in the policy of the Sinn Feiners.

The General Council of the County Councils of Ireland afforded the nucleus of the national authority under the leadership of which the Sinn Feiners hoped to achieve the results outlined in their policy. They proposed the formation of a Council of Three Hundred, composed of the members of the General Council of the County Councils, and representatives of the Urban Councils, Rural Councils, Poor Law Boards, and Harbor Boards of the country. This Council was to sit in Dublin and form a *de facto* Irish Parliament. Sitting and voting with this body, which was to assemble in Dublin in the spring and autumn, would be the persons elected for Irish constituencies who declined to confer on purely Irish affairs with foreigners in a foreign city. This latter reference was, of course, to the Irish members of the British Parliament, who discussed Irish interests in the British House of Commons with a overwhelming majority of Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Welshmen.

On its gathering in Dublin this National Assembly was to appoint special committees to consider and report to the general body on all subjects pertaining to the country. The Council would then deliberate on the reports of these committees, and formulate workable schemes, to which, when formulated, it would be the duty of all local Councils and other bodies to give legal effect as far as their powers permitted, and, where these legal powers fell short, to give it the moral force of law by instructing and inducing those whom

they represented to honor and obey the recommendations of the Council of Three Hundred individually and collectively.

Over all the departments of Irish national life to which reference has been made, this Council of Three Hundred was to be the directing authority. The Irish local councils were in a position to levy two cents in the five dollars for technical instruction, and then demand and receive half as much again from the Department of Agriculture. The valuation of Ireland, that is, the rateable valuation, was roughly $60,000,000, which would yield an annual grant for technical instruction of $240,000, plus $120,000 from the Department. The Councils also had the power to raise another two cents in the five dollars for libraries, thus yielding another $240,000. Here, then, was a total annual revenue of $600,000, which could be allocated, inside the limits prescribed by the Act, by direction of the Council of Three Hundred, to objects intended to serve and strengthen the country, and aid in bringing about the triumph of its policy. Under the heading of technical instruction, it would be possible to allocate money to train the people in crafts useful to the country, and to subsidize and offer bounties to new or struggling industries, this latter purpose being of the utmost importance in the view of the Sinn Feiners. Under the heading of libraries, it was possible to allocate money to the formation and foundation of National Libraries throughout the country, to the instruction of adults in national history and national subjects, to the establishment of local museums and gymnasiums, in which they could be trained physically and taught discipline. For example, when the Council of Three Hundred met in Dublin, it might be proposed that a certain fixed sum be devoted in that year in every part of Ireland to the physical training of the people and their instruction in Irish history; whereupon every County Council in Ireland would levy the rate and allocate the portion as directed. Thus, uniformity of action and work would be attained, and, without in one iota infringing the British law, the recommendation — for these resolutions or acts of the Council would go forth as

recommendations — would be given the force and status of law.

At the time that these proposals were placed before the people in 1905, the Irish people were threatened with the withdrawal of the grant for technical instruction, which was paid through the Department of Agriculture. The British Treasury wanted more money for English purposes. One "Irish" Board of British nominees, the "National" Board of Education, had surrendered without protest to the British Treasury a portion of the monies which the Irish people were compelled to pay for their de-Irishing education. Another Castle Board was then contemplating the surrender of the money that had been taken from Irish taxation for technical instruction. The Sinn Feiners brought to light the fact that it was within the power of the County Councils to control the Department of Agriculture, whose jobbery and incompetence were fast becoming a public scandal, and which was at that time attempting to plunder the country for the benefit of the British Exchequer.

The Agricultural Board, which controlled the expenditure of the funds intended for promoting agriculture, fishery, and kindred industries, was composed of twelve persons, the election of two-thirds of whom was in the hands of the County Councils. The Board of Technical Instruction, which controlled the expenditure of the money applied under the heading of technical instruction, was composed of twenty-one persons, the election of fifteen of whom was in the hands of the County and Borough Councils. Owing to the supineness of the County Councils, which had not yet learned their newly given power, the Department of Agriculture had been permitted for years to neglect carrying out its duties. The time had come, said the Sinn Feiners, to use it with all the vigor at their command. The proposal was, therefore, put forward to extend the control of the Council of Three Hundred over the Department of Agriculture. It was proposed to use the $32,500,000, which was annually dealt with by the Irish elective bodies, solely with a view to Ireland's interests.

The Sinn Fein policy was thus to establish in Ireland's capital a National Assembly, endowed with the moral authority of the Irish people. It was essential to the successful working out of this policy that its supporters in Ireland should secure their votes and cast them for men in Rural, Urban, and County Councils, who would apply that policy to their local affairs as well as in the national field. In Dublin and other cities the British Local Government Board, for instance, prevented the Dublin Corporation from providing those facilities for education and recreation which the municipalities in other countries were free to provide, by declining to sanction a rate, if struck for such purposes; but in many of the other cities of Ireland there was a borough fund which, after a payment of certain fixed charges, was freely at the disposal of the people. On investigation, what did the Sinn Feiners find the state of these funds to be? The Dublin Borough Fund, which annually amounted to about $115,000, was found to be overdrawn, because, while the people of Dublin were keeping their eyes fixed steadily on London, burdens were thrown on the fund which it should never have borne. Properly handled, this fund would have prevented much of the distress that prevailed in the poorer parts of the city each recurring winter, would have provided for the people means of rational enjoyment, and would in many other ways have improved living conditions in the capital. The Irish people, said the Sinn Feiners, should bring the policy of Sinn Fein into every department of their social lives, and the citizens of Dublin should make a start by seeing to it that the Borough Fund was again made available for the purposes for which it was intended.

As a statement of the Sinn Fein policy in a nutshell, the following quotation from the speech delivered by Mr. Arthur Griffith at the Rotunda in 1905 will not be inappropriate:

> I shall not dwell on local policy, which must largely be determined by local circumstances, further than to say that I have seen the war vessels of Ireland's enemy welcomed to Dublin and entertained by the head of the municipality, whilst I have seen the war vessels of

friendly nations, Argentina and Holland, enter our harbors unwelcomed and unnoticed by the municipality of Dublin. I pass from the stain upon our soul and the slur upon our character, and ask whether such a proceeding is calculated to advance the commercial interests of Ireland in Argentina and Holland. Whilst I behold British municipalities, in order to further the commercial interests of Great Britain, inviting the German and French municipalities to visit their cities, I can find no instance of an Irish municipal body exhibiting similar business instinct. The policy of Sinn Fein proposes to change all this, to bring Ireland out of the corner and make her assert her existence in the world. The whole basis of this policy is national self-reliance. No law and no series of laws can make a nation out of a people who distrust themselves. If we believe in ourselves, if each individual believes in himself, we shall carry this policy to victory against all the forces that may be arrayed against it. If we realize the duties and responsibilities of the citizen and discharge them, we shall win. It is the duty of a free citizen to live so that his country may be the better for his existence. Let each Irishman do so much, and I have no fear for the ultimate triumph of our policy. I say ultimate, because no man can offer Ireland a speedy and comfortable road to freedom, and, before the goal is attained, many may have fallen and all will have suffered. Hungary, Finland, and Poland, all have trodden or tread the road we seek to bring Ireland along, but none repine for the travail they have undergone. We go to build up the nation from within, and we deny the right of any but our own countrymen to shape its course. This course is not England's, and we shall not justify our course to England. The craven policy that has rotted our nation has been the policy of justifying our existence in our enemy's eyes. Our misfortunes are manifold, but we are still men and women of a common family, and we owe no nation an apology for living in accordance with the laws of our being. In the British Liberal, as in the British Tory, we see our enemy, and in those who talk of ending British misgovernment we see the helots. It is not British misgovernment, but British government in Ireland, good or bad, we stand opposed to, and in that holy opposition we seek to band all our fellow-countrymen. For the Orangeman of the North, ceasing to be the blind instrument of his own as well as his fellow-countrymen's destruction, we have the greeting of brotherhood as for the Nationalist of the South, long taught to measure himself by English standards

and save the face of tyranny by sending Irishmen to sit impotently in a foreign legislature whilst it forges the instruments of its oppression. Following the illustrious thinker of antiquity, I liken a nation to a ship's company, to whom different tasks are allotted, but all of whom are equally concerned in the safety of the vessel. And in a saying of this great predecessor, I find summed up the spirit of Sinn Fein: "It is the part of the citizen not to be anxious about living, but about living well." If we realize this conception of citizenship in Ireland, if we place our duty to our country before our personal interests, and live not each for himself but each for all, the might of England cannot prevent our ultimate victory.

This, then, was the policy advocated by the Sinn Feiners. While it has been dealt with at some length in the preceeding pages, there is not a chapter that might not be expanded indefinitely. It was a policy that appealed strongly to the younger men and women of the country. It had in it the promise of success, and that it would have succeeded — in fact, that it did succeed in so far as it was applied — is certain. In the years between its promulgation and the rebellion of 1916, the work done was widespread and important in its effect. At the same time it was done in a manner that did not attract a great deal of outside attention. But the fact that it was done, and that it bore the fruit it was expected to bear, has since amply been demonstrated. The spirit of the country was educated, and in later days, when one crisis after another came upon the country, the work of the Sinn Feiners was seen in the manner in which the people arose and demanded the rights that were theirs.

Having thus shown exactly what the Sinn Fein policy was and still is (for the Sinn Fein movement is neither dead nor dying), it will not be without interest to examine what the Parliamentarians were disposed to accept as a "final settlement of the Irish demands." This will be much briefer, as its scope was much less comprehensive than the Sinn Fein Policy.

## CHAPTER IX

### The Home Rule Bill

THE Third Home Rule Bill, regarding which much has been said in America and but little understood, was never accepted by the Irish people as a final settlement, but was looked on simply as the basis for that larger measure of freedom that they desired. In the opinion of the Sinn Feiners, it meant nothing more than a bare beginning, and was accepted merely as the foundation stone on which might once again be built that Irish nation which they desired to see. Some people are under the impression that the Third Home Rule Bill gave to Ireland practically complete power to govern herself. How far this was from being true, it is now our purpose to briefly indicate.

In the first place, the power and authority of the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland remains unaffected and undiminished after the establishment of the Irish Parliament. At any time it would remain within the power of the British Parliament to impose a tax on Ireland without reference to the Irish Parliament. No Act of the British Parliament extending to Ireland, passed after the establishment of the Irish Parliament, could be altered or repealed by the Irish Parliament, even though the new Act should infringe on the powers delegated to the Irish Parliament. Furthermore, any Act passed by the Irish Parliament, in pursuance of the powers conferred upon it under Home Rule, could be declared void by the British Parliament, or altered by the British Parliament in any manner that the latter saw fit. It would thus seem that the amount of power that Ireland would have under this Act has been reduced almost to a minimum.

In addition to these provisions, it was provided that any law made by the Irish Parliament at any time, in pursuance

of the powers delegated to it, could become automatically void when the British Parliament passed a general Act in which a different law was made. The only exception to this rule was in the case of Customs and Excise duties, which the Irish Parliament was given power to vary within very narrow and strictly defined limits. Apart from these powers of the British Government to annul or reverse the legislation of the Irish Parliament, the British Lord Lieutenant could be directed by the British Cabinet to postpone for an indefinite period giving assent to any Act passed in Dublin. Even though an Irish Act passed and received the Royal Assent, it could at any time be impugned by any person or corporation as invalid. The question whether an Act of the Irish Parliament, signed in the name of the monarch, which had been for any term of years regarded as settled law, was not and never had been law, was then to be decided by the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, sitting in London. This tribunal was to consist of not fewer than four British lawyers and only one Irish lawyer.

The power of veto and interference thus retained by England bore no analogy to that nominally retained over the British Colonies. These Colonies control their own Customs. If England attempted to exercise a veto on their Acts, they would retort by increasing the Customs duties on British goods. Under the Home Rule Act, Ireland could impose no tariffs. In the event of the British Parliament exercising its powers to annul, alter, amend, suspend, or override Irish legislation, enacted in pursuance of the powers assigned under the Home Rule Act, Ireland was bereft of the powers of resistance possessed by Canada, Australia, and South Africa. She could do nothing but pass a resolution of protest. To say that, because England did not interfere with her Colonial Parliaments, she would not, therefore, interfere with that set up in Ireland, is to assume more than the facts seem to warrant. Her Colonies were thousands of miles away from her center of Government, and had the fiscal strength to oppose a veto. Ireland is but two hours' sea journey from

her shores, and was physically and fiscally naked. It is also folly to think that, even though friendly relations came to exist between the two countries, the legislation of each would not at times conflict, since under the most amicable relations the interests of no two countries can always be identically the same.

At the same time, even the Sinn Feiners admitted that, under Home Rule, some veto power held by England over Ireland (for example, on the question of raising armed forces) was inevitable. The extent and the nature of the veto was the matter for consideration. In his speech on the Home Rule Bill in 1893, John Redmond dwelt on the veto power as the most vital question in connection with Home Rule. It was obvious that, no matter how extensive the powers which a Home Rule measure purported to confer on Ireland, these powers would remain illusory so long as the British held an unrestricted veto. On the occasion mentioned, John Redmond demanded that a guarantee be inserted in the Home Rule Bill that the British Parliament would not exercise its power of legislation for Ireland over the head of the Irish legislature in respect to the questions committed to its charge by the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Redmond pointed out that, so far from the presence of Irish members at Westminster affording protection against unfair use of the veto powers, their presence there would be an invitation to have it regarded as a Court of Appeal from the Irish legislature. "Men would go there for the purpose of wrecking the Irish constitution by initiating debates on every Irish question." Under such a veto power, he said, Ireland's position after Home Rule could be rendered worse than her position without Home Rule. He stated that Ireland could not tolerate the setting-up of the British Parliament as the Court of Appeal over the proceedings of the Irish legislature, and he claimed that no veto should exist over the Irish Parliament within the limits of its charter save the constitutional veto of the Lord Lieutenant exercised on the advice of a responsible Irish Ministry. In this stand Mr. Redmond was supported by the whole of

Ireland, the people recognizing that the position he had taken up was the only correct one.

Nineteen years later the people were amazed when this obnoxious power was inserted in the Third Home Rule Bill, under which every person in Ireland might, within the law, dispute the legality of any Act of the Irish legislature. The Irish people admitted that everyone was entitled to dispute any Bill that was under consideration, but they held that, once it became the law of the land, such a power would lead to nothing but confusion and trouble. They took the same stand as Mr. Redmond had taken in 1893, but Mr. Redmond and his Party retreated from their position and agreed to the veto power as stated in the Act. On this matter he was opposed by the Sinn Feiners, who held that, so long as the Irish Parliament did not exceed the powers conferred on it, its legislation should not be subject to veto, suspense, alteration, or amendment by the British Parliament, save on the advice of the Irish Ministry; that the British Parliament should not at any time legislate for Ireland on any of the matters that had been specifically handed over to the Irish Parliament, and that no Bill of the Irish Parliament, which became an Act by Royal Assent, should have its validity questioned.

Amongst the powers reserved from the Irish Parliament was the collection of taxes, and under no conditions was this to be placed in the hands of the Irish people. The Irish taxes would be collected by officials of the British Government, and the cash paid by them into the British Exchequer. This was also a reversal of the proposal of 1893. The revenue collected in Ireland having been paid into the British Exchequer, a Board of five persons would then decide how much should be paid out of the British Exchequer into the Irish Treasury. With the sum thus paid, the Irish Government would have to defray the expenses of all the departments and services under its control. It was the opinion of the Sinn Feiners that a government that was not able to collect its own taxes was a jest, and a very sorry one for the Irish

people. The final part of the joke was that, should it ever be shown that the Irish Government had, for three successive years, a surplus income over expenditure, it would then be arranged that Ireland would pay a contribution to the British Exchequer.

In addition to this, Ireland, under the Act, would be restricted from making laws respecting the Crown, peace and war, the army and navy, treason, alienage, naturalization; it was expressly forbidden to raise a territorial force, or, should any such force be raised, to exercise any control over it, and also forbidden to make treaties for the purposes of trade with any other countries, including the British Colonies, or to maintain a consular service. She was forbidden to make any legislation with respect to her trade outside her own shores. She was forbidden to make quarantine laws or navigation laws. She was forbidden to exercise any national control over her tidal waters and over her lighthouses, buoys, and beacons. She was forbidden to interfere with the Merchandise Marks and similar Acts, to mint her own money, or to change the standard of weights and measures. It was also provided that the Irish Parliament should not make its own qualifications or disqualifications for membership to its own body, whatever qualified a person to be a member of the British Parliament constituting the rule with regard to the Irish Parliament. Furthermore, whatever form of oath the British Parliament administered at any time to its members, would have also to be the form of oath administered to the members of the Irish legislative body.

In addition to the foregoing, power was also reserved from the Irish Parliament over old-age pensions, national insurance, labor exchanges, post office savings bank, trustee savings banks, friendly societies, public loans made in Ireland before the passing of the Act, and the Royal Irish Constabulary. Provision was made for the ultimate transfer of all of these, with the exception of public loans, at different periods after the establishment of the Irish Parliament.

The Irish Parliament was to consist of a House of Commons

and a Senate, with a total membership of 204. The Senators were to be Government nominees, and the Commoners to be elected on the existing Parliamentary franchise. An Irish Minister might be a member of either House, but could vote only in the House of which he was a member.

The members of the House of Commons were to be elected for a term of not more than five years. The members of the Senate were to hold office for eight years from the time of their appointment, irrespective of changes of government or of general elections. One-fourth of the Senators would retire every second year, and be eligible for reappointment by the Government of the day. Peers were to be eligible for election to the Commons and for nomination to the Senate, but no dual membership was possible. In addition forty-two Irish members were to be elected to the British Parliament in Westminster, and in this case dual membership was possible, for they were to be eligible to sit in the Irish Parliament, either as elected members of the House of Commons or as nominated members of the Senate, while being at the same time members of the British House of Commons. It was permitted the Irish Parliament to admit women to vote for the election of members to the Irish House of Commons, but it had no power to admit women to vote for the election of Irish members to the British House of Commons. Only the British Parliament itself had the right to confer that power on the women of Ireland.

These, in brief, are the proposals that were embodied in the Third Home Rule Bill, which later became known as the Home Rule Act. In addition to the restrictions that were made in the Act itself, other and still more obnoxious provisions were made in order to limit the power of the Irish Parliament. It does not require a very careful examination to discover the wide difference that exists between the Sinn Fein policy and the Home Rule Act. The one aimed at making Ireland a nation of self-reliant people, with their own trade laws and their own representation; the other merely meant that, within certain narrow limits, Ireland was to be

permitted to manage one or two of the minor details of her national life, under the strict supervision of England. Both the Sinn Fein policy and the Home Rule Act, however, played their part in leading up to the events that culminated in the Rebellion of 1916, and they cannot, therefore, be ignored as unimportant factors in the situation. Without a knowledge of both, it would be impossible to comprehend at their true value the events which followed.

## CHAPTER X

### Ireland at Westminster

THE events leading up to the introduction and passage of the Third Irish Home Rule Bill — or, as it was officially called, The Government of Ireland Bill — were full of significance for the Irish people, and were in no small measure responsible for the events that startled the world in 1916. Rebellions are not manufactured in a day or a year, and it is necessary to look back a little in order properly to comprehend the causes that give them birth. That in Ireland in 1916 is no exception to this rule.

For forty-five years Ireland had pursued a policy that was the very negation of the Sinn Fein proposals, a policy of recognition of the right of a foreign assembly to make laws to bind the people of Ireland. This contrary policy consisted in sending 103 men from Ireland to make laws for Ireland in conjunction with 567 Englishmen and Scotsmen — a proportion of one Irishman to five-and-a-half foreigners. It involved the abrogation of the Treaty of 1783, the admission of the validity of the Act of Union, and it extended the color of constitutionalism to every act of the British Government in Ireland, whether that act was in the interests of Ireland or not, and whether or not the Irish members voted for that act. It is a political truism that no country can be governed constitutionally against its will, and, while the people of Ireland, with the exception of a small portion of the Province of Ulster, were practically unanimously opposed to English Government in Ireland, they nevertheless admitted, by sending members to the British Parliament, that Ireland was a constitutionally governed country, and that the laws made in England for her — tax laws or coercion laws — were made by and with the authority of Ireland and with her consent.

The association of the policy of Parliamentarianism with the Home Rule movement in Ireland was the result of accident. The Home Rule movement was inspired by the success of Francis Deák in Hungary; and the decision of John Martin, after his election for Meath in 1870, to take his seat in the British House of Commons (instead of, as he originally intended, remaining at home in Ireland), was the chance which converted the Home Rule movement into one relying on action in the British Parliament for its success. Parliamentarianism, however, could not have continued to secure support, had not the brilliantly obstructive tactics of Charles Stewart Parnell paralyzed the working of the British legislative machine.

When the machine was rendered proof against obstruction, Parnell recognized that the sole remaining hope of achieving anything through Parliamentarianism consisted in securing the balance of power between the two British parties. He secured the balance of power, used it, and lost it again. The General Election of 1892 restored the balance of power to the Irish Parliamentary Party, but the party, divided within itself, owing to the "Parnell Split," did not attempt to make any use of it. In 1906, one year after the introduction of the Sinn Fein policy and after the expiration of eleven years of British Tory Government, the British Liberal Party, whose return to power seemed certain, owing to the nonconformist opposition to the existing school system, was permitted formally to erase Home Rule from its programme, where it had been subscribed since 1886. Nevertheless, the Irish vote in Great Britain, which the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party claimed controlled 140 seats, was directed to be cast for the Liberal candidates. The Liberals were returned with an overwhelming majority over all parties, and the Irish Parliamentary Party, by relinquishing all effort to secure the balance of power, voluntarily accepted a position incomparably weaker than that which it occupied after the General Elections of 1886, 1895, and 1900. As already said, the policy of obstruction had ceased to be effective, and had been definitely

abandoned by Parnell. John Redmond formally inaugurated the policy of wheedling from the strong measures which Parnell would have wrung from the weak.

Following this came revelations in Ireland that caused no little perturbation among the people, revealing, as they did, something in the nature of an intrigue to rob them of what they hoped would be the fruits of their long fight for legislative independence. The details of these revelations were very carefully suppressed at the time, but the facts are now beyond dispute. That the British Liberal Party very deliberately made a deal to relieve themselves of their promises to the Irish people is certain; and that the Irish Parliamentary Party fell into the trap laid for it, if, in fact, it did not acquiesce in the arrangement, is also demonstrated. It is quite certain that the leaders of the Party were aware of what was going on, and that their official newspaper organ in Dublin had in its possession facts which it did not use, but instead presented to the Irish people a version of the situation which was diametrically opposed to the actual facts.

The secret history of the intrigue begins in November, 1905, almost to the day when the Sinn Fein policy was first announced to the Irish people. At that time Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was called on to form an administration composed of British Liberals. In that administration Sir Edward Grey refused to accept a place, unless the Prime Minister gave him assurance and guarantee that Home Rule would be erased from the Liberal programme. The Duke of Devonshire, the leader of the Liberal Unionist Free Traders, proffered his section of the Liberal Unionist vote on condition that Sir Edward Grey's terms were accepted. During the progress of the negotiations between the Duke of Devonshire and the Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Griffith, who had come into possession of the facts, called the attention of the leaders of the Parliamentary Party to what was being done, but both these leaders and their press maintained a rigid silence. In December, 1905, the agreement was concluded, and Mr. John Morley, who had previously been named as Chancellor

of the Exchequer, was compelled to stand down and permit Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey's colleague and nominee, to be appointed in his stead. On December 28, on the eve of the General Election, Arthur Griffith made a final appeal to the Party leaders, but was again ignored.

A few days later the British Premier's private secretary announced at a public meeting of the Liberals, amid cheers: "Home Rule is dead!" And the British Prime Minister, addressing his constituents in Scotland, declared he would never vote for a separate or an independent Parliament for Ireland. On the day following this decision, the Irish Parliamentary leaders issued a statement calling on the Irish voters in Great Britain to support the British Liberal candidates. In Ireland, the people generally, owing to the manipulation of the daily press, remained for a while ignorant of what had taken place. Within forty-eight hours after the public declaration of the Liberal leaders that Home Rule was dead, the chief organ of the Irish Parliamentary Party wrote: "The two great questions raised for decision at the General Election are Home Rule and Free Trade. Every member of the Liberal Government is in favor of Free Trade for England and Home Rule for Ireland." [1] In view of the public declarations of some of the Liberal leaders, this statement can scarcely be interpreted otherwise than as a deliberate attempt of the Irish Parliamentary Party to mislead the people.

Another stage in the intrigue, and one in which the Irish Party was mainly concerned, was reached at the meeting of the Directory of the United Irish League in September, 1906. The United Irish League by this time had become one of the most efficient electoral machines ever seen in Europe, and one that was absolutely at the command of the Irish Party Leaders. Mr. John E. Redmond, who acted as Chairman, moved a resolution empowering the party to accept, on behalf of the Irish people, a lesser measure than Home Rule from the British Liberal Government. The proposal was strongly opposed by the bulk of those members present who

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, editorial article, January 2nd, 1906.

were not members of the British Parliament, but this opposition was almost wholly withdrawn when the Chairman threatened to resign if his resolution were not carried. The resolution undoing the work of Parnell was passed, and the way cleared for the Irish Councils Bill. This Bill, having been drafted, was submitted by the Government to the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary Party and accepted by them. On its being submitted to the Irish people, even the well-oiled machine was unable to conceal the indignation that greeted it. From every corner of the land it was rejected with indignation, and the storm of protest was such that the Liberal Government withdrew the Bill, and, for the time being, the matter was dropped. Mr. Redmond, seeing that the people were not to be fooled altogether, promised that another and a better Bill would soon be forthcoming. Thereupon, the people prepared to possess their souls in patience for a while longer, and sat down for another period of waiting.

During this time the leaders of the Sinn Fein movement were not idle. They not only spread broadcast the truth about the negotiations that had taken place, and which, they declared, had been carried through for the purpose of betraying the people, but they increased and strengthened their hold on the people with their own policy. The leaders of the Parliamentary Party became alarmed at the progress that the Sinn Feiners were making, and did all in their power to strangle the movement. Thus, there again occurred in Ireland one of those internal feuds that have been repeatedly the cause of the disruption of the country. In spite of everything, however, the Sinn Feiners continued to gather strength, and Sir Thomas Esmond and Mr. Charles Dolan, both members of the Irish Party in the British House of Commons, refused to join in the policy of making Ireland subserve the interests of the Liberal Party managers. While this was going on, the taxation of Ireland was further increased, and every month saw a greater number of young men and women leaving the shores of Ireland to settle in foreign countries,

where they would have more opportunity of utilizing their natural talents.

These three years, 1905, 1906, and 1907, may well be regarded as the beginning of the chapter that culminated in the execution of the leaders of the rebellion. The manner in which the Irish Parliamentary Party had been acting in concert with the Liberal Government, had engendered a distrust that became greater and greater as the days passed. Discontent became more and more pronounced, and the manner in which the taxation was going up, and the number of emigrants increasing, made the opposition to the Party the more bitter. It was openly stated that Mr. Redmond and his Party were merely a section of the British Liberal Party, and one event after another seemed to bear out this allegation. There were not wanting many who stated in the public press that the Party had betrayed the country, and this naturally increased the ranks of those who, believing that there was no hope from the actions of the British Parliament, found themselves thrown back on methods less "constitutional" than those advocated by the Parliamentarians.

The Irish Parliamentary Party supported the Liberal Government in voting the increase of taxation. As the best possible explanation of what this meant to the country, already overburdened by British taxes, the following report from the Financial Relations Commission, signed by four Unionists and one Home Ruler, may be quoted. The Commission was appointed by the British Government to make inquiry into the alleged discrepancies that existed between taxation in Ireland and the cost of the government of that country. The report states:

> We believe that a large proportion of the so-called local expenditure is due to her [Ireland's] connection with Great Britain, and, if the latter country ceased to exist, we see no reason for supposing that the revenue for carrying on the government of Ireland need exceed that, for instance, required in Sweden, where the population is about the same, and where the annual expenditure for all purposes is less than the local expenditure in Ireland.

The following table has been constructed from official returns to show the free and better known smaller nations in Europe that were able to maintain themselves in prosperity with a lesser annual revenue each year than Ireland was forced to contribute annually to England for the privilege of being misgoverned:

| *Country* | *Population* | *Taxation Per Head* |
|---|---|---|
| Greece | 2,433,806 | $5.64 |
| Roumania | 5,936,690 | 5.76 |
| Switzerland | 3,315,443 | 6.60 |
| Wurtemberg | 2,169,486 | 6.84 |
| Norway | 2,240,032 | 7.80 |
| Denmark | 2,464,770 | 7.92 |
| Sweden | 5,513,644 | 8.04 |
| Ireland | 4,376,600 | 10.38 |

And, while this scandalous overtaxing proceeded, the country was bleeding to death. Emigration, in the first eleven months of the same year (1907), reached the total of 38,417 persons, as against 35,344 for the preceding twelve months. In the twenty-three months from the time that the British Liberal Party returned to power, nearly 75,000 persons, the great majority of them between 17 and 35 years of age, emigrated from Ireland.

These are facts that cannot be ignored. That they were not ignored, and that the Parliamentary Party and the Liberal Party, whose support they were, were forced to take notice of them, was proven when, in 1911, the Third Home Rule Bill was introduced under circumstances unique in English history and with results that will forever remain engraven in the story of Ireland.

## CHAPTER XI

### The Parliament Act

FROM the time when Gladstone took up the Irish question until the passage of the Parliament Act, the British House of Peers had been the one insurmountable obstacle to the enactment of a measure of Irish legislative independence. It required no study of the situation to know that at no time would the Upper House of the British Parliament willingly agree to the passage of a Home Rule Bill. There were three reasons for this attitude. In the first place, there was existent among the aristocracy in Britain a hatred for everything that was Irish, since Ireland was always challenging them to appear before the bar of humanity and answer for their misdeeds; in the second place, Home Rule threatened their pocket-books, for it would mean a final and equitable settlement of the land question; in the third place, it was the policy of the Gilded Chamber to veto, as a matter of course, every piece of legislation that came from a Liberal Government, which, in English politics, espoused the cause of the masses against the classes. It may be well to deal with these matters a little more fully.

The dislike of the British aristocracy for the people of Ireland is easily understood. A large percentage of the members of the English nobility were landlords over Irish property. They had, therefore, as already said, every reason to believe that a measure of Irish freedom might very seriously interfere with their annual incomes. As it was, all they had to do was to remain at home in London or abroad on the Continent, while their agents in Ireland collected for them the rents from their Irish tenants. The Irish land ownership agitation, which aimed at returning the land to the people, was one that these absentee landlords viewed with a distaste amount-

ing to horror. An Irish land reform would inevitably stir up discontent among the English tenants, who, always treated with a certain amount of humanity by their landlords, had not yet felt the real pinch of dual ownership as the Irish had. The nobility, therefore, had a vision of being forced eventually to do something for their living if anything should happen to reduce their rent-rolls, and they were besides firm believers in the inalienable rights of owners that had inherited landed property from marauding ancestors who had been given miles upon miles of fertile Irish land as a reward for their services in extirpating the Gael. Again, they had inherited, along with their Irish property, a natural abhorrence of all that savored of Ireland. Ireland was a thorn in their flesh, for it was very difficult to find a pretext for English barbarity there. The tradition that the Irish were a semi-civilized, wholly uneducated race of near-barbarians, who were permitted to exist merely as an act of grace on the part of their English conquerors, brought consolation to their souls. That these same Irish were the heirs of a civilization far older and far more advanced than their own; that Ireland was, as their own Dr. Johnson wrote, "the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature," while all the rest of Europe was being overrun by hordes of barbarians, were facts that never presented themselves to their minds. They merely scoffed at all such ideas in that highly superior manner that is peculiarly — and happily — their own. They are, in fact, the same people who consider the citizens of the United States as "those awful Yankee bounders." And yet many Americans, descendants of men who wrung their liberty from the ancestors of these same bigots, accept as true and well founded the statements and sneers of these bigots, whose true worth and credibility are shown incontestably by American, no less than Irish history.

On the other hand, the English nobles were also bitterly opposed to the Liberal Party, owing to the latter's advocacy of measures of reform that, to them, savored of the rankest kind of socialism. That the people of their own country, the

"lower orders," should aspire to something higher than their daily toil, was something that the Tories were unable to understand. When the Liberals were returned to power and proceeded to propose all kinds of novel legislation, such as an Old Age Pension Bill, Workmen's Insurance Bill, and other bills calculated to improve the condition of the "lower orders," the Tories laughed in their sleeves, and howled in their press. They had plentiful reason for their laughter, owing to the fact that the House of Lords was overwhelmingly Tory, and every bill proposed in the Lower Chamber had to be submitted to the Lords for their approval before it could pass into law. The Upper Chamber, being hereditary and not elective, remained always a Tory bulwark of protection against the legislation of the Liberals. When the Tories were returned to power by the country, the House of Lords lapsed ever in a condition of slumber; but, when the Liberals were permitted a brief period of activity, the Lords discovered that they had a function under the Constitution, and amended or vetoed everything the elected house chose to do.

The fact that the Liberal Government which succeeded the Tory Boer War Government was suspected of alliance with the Irish Party, caused so much resentment among the Tories, and the Tories raised so much trouble among the electors, that, as has already been recorded, the Liberals were scared of the Home Rule issue and publicly eliminated it from their platform. For the average Englishman draws the line at extending to Ireland the sympathy he feels for oppressed classes at home. The manner in which the Irish people scorned the Councils Bill and every suggestion to accept a lesser measure than Home Rule warned, however, the Irish Party at Westminster and their Liberal colleagues that something would have to be done, as the Irish voters in England had secured the election of a large number of Liberal members. It was planned to introduce a Home Rule Bill to satisfy the Irish people, in the certain belief that it would receive its quietus in the House of Lords. This plan, however, did not appeal to David Lloyd George, who was anxious for other

reasons to clip the wings of the Upper Chamber, instead of giving them the political prestige of another victory. At the same time the Sinn Fein movement was gaining ground with so much rapidity that Mr. Redmond warned the Government that the situation was serious, and that the only thing left for them to do was to introduce a Home Rule Bill that would have some chance of acceptance by the Irish people.

In the meantime, Chancellor Lloyd George and Premier Asquith had decided on a definite plan of campaign. As it seemed impossible to pass any remedial legislation for England and carry out their election promises to the country, the Liberals decided that the only thing to do was to put it out of the power of the House of Lords to mutilate and destroy Liberal bills. It was thus decided to send as many Bills as possible up to the Lords. Should the Lords reject them, the widespread indignation among the various sections of the electorate interested in the various Bills could be utilized to end once and for all the veto which the Lords placed on all Liberal legislation. As, owing to the vast influence exercised by the Lords through their social and financial standing, a close and bitter election might be expected, the support of the Irish throughout the United Kingdom was necessary for the success of their plans. Hence, it was decided that a new Home Rule Bill should be drafted and included in the scope of the Parliament Bill, which was to deprive the Lords of their veto.

Briefly, the Parliament Act provided that any bill passed in three successive annual sessions by the Lower House in the same form should become the law of the land whether the Upper House approved of it or not. In order that this should be possible, it was, of course, necessary that this amendment to the British Constitution should be passed under the old system, and the Tories were at first jubilant, owing to their belief that such an outrageous piece of legislation would be thrown out of the House of Lords the moment it made its appearance. But David Lloyd George had not

forgotten that contingency, and, with the introduction of the Parliament Bill, it was also made known that its rejection by the House of Lords would be the signal for the creation of a sufficient number of Liberal Peers to override the Tory majority in the Upper Chamber and pass the Bill. Then it was that the Tories began to get really worried. That it was within the power of the Liberal Premier to demand from the Sovereign the creation of the required number of Peers, there was no doubt; and the Tories were faced with the prospect of having their blue blood thinned out by the introduction of a horde of tradesmen peers, and the Bill passed in spite of themselves, or of cheerfully agreeing to pass the measure that meant their own political effacement. After a heart-rending struggle, and a general election in which the people returned the Liberals to power, they chose the latter course.

The passage into law of the measure that made the will of the elected representatives of the country supreme over the hereditary House of Lords was hailed with considerable enthusiasm in Ireland. Under the old régime the question always asked concerning the fate of a measure of relief for Ireland, was: "How will it get past the Lords?" To this question there was never a satisfactory answer. Now, however, the way was clear, and there could be no longer any excuse for a failure to pass a Home Rule Bill. The Liberals had a substantial majority in the House of Commons, with, of course, the Irish vote. Without the support of the Irish vote, they would have been in a very precarious position, and would certainly have been driven from office long before the outbreak of the war. The people in Ireland were well aware of this, and were all the more confident that the Home Rule Bill would be something worth while. The Liberals, they argued, would not fail to deal well with those who had kept them in office, and had made possible the passage of much remedial legislation for the English people.

The defeat of the Unionists threw the latter into consternation for the time being. The Parliament Bill became law on August 18, 1911, in spite of the assertions of the Tories that

the King would not sign it. This, however, George V did, it being one of the first official acts of his reign. On November 8, following a prolonged crisis in the ranks of the Tories, the leader of the opposition, Arthur James Balfour, was forced to resign. The announcement that his leadership had come to an end, even for the time being, was another occasion for rejoicing in Ireland, where the name of Balfour was hated, and not without good reason.

Speculation as to the provisions of the long-expected Home Rule Bill then became the leading topic of the hour. There were rumors that the Tories were planning to defeat the Government, and thus make it impossible for the Liberals to bring in the bill at all. As a matter of fact, they actually succeeded in outvoting the Government by means of a cleverly engineered "snap" division, but the Liberals, having still their Irish majority back of them, refused to resign on account of what was, after all, merely a trick, and went ahead with their proposals.

Every hint as to the scope of the Irish measure was eagerly taken up by the people and discussed again and again. When, in October of 1911, Chief Secretary Birrell stated that the Home Rule Bill would bring into existence in Ireland an Irish Parliament consisting of two chambers, and having full power and control over all purely Irish concerns, the highest hopes were raised in Ireland, and never before had the outlook appeared to be so promising. Even those who were most opposed to the methods of the Parliamentary Party, owing to their conviction that the English would never give Ireland her legislative independence, were forced to remain silent and await the outcome. Many of them even expressed the opinion that it was possible that the English at last meant to do the right thing, and that the Bill would at least be of value as a stepping stone to something better in the future. These hopes were brought to the highest pitch of anticipation when Premier Asquith announced that the Bill would be introduced in the February or March of 1913, and Mr. Redmond, in the course of a public speech, assured the Irish

people that the Bill would be one that would in every way be satisfactory to the Irish Nationalists.

The Bill was introduced in the House of Commons on April 11, 1912, Premier Asquith being its sponsor. Up to the afternoon of its introduction practically nothing of importance regarding its provisions had been permitted to leak out. When its scope became fully known, there was intense disappointment among all classes in Ireland. The pledge given by Mr. Birrell and the assurance of Mr. Redmond, already referred to, were recalled with not a little bitterness, when it was found that neither had been fulfilled. The chief defects of the measure have already been pointed out, and the people, who had had time to imbibe much of the teachings of the Sinn Feiners, were disappointed at the very limited amount of power that the Bill granted to Ireland. The clauses providing that the British Government should hold an absolute veto over every act of the Irish Parliament, whether pertaining to purely Irish affairs or not, and that all the taxes were to be gathered by English officials and turned over to the British treasury, were keenly resented.

At the same time it was agreed that the Bill was better than nothing at all, and that it would mean the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge. Even if, as one Irishman remarked, compared with something it was nothing, compared with nothing it was something. It was realized that there was room in the measure for building up, and that the mere presence of an Irish Parliament in Dublin would put new life and spirit into the people and strengthen them for the securing of the complete independence of the country. While the Sinn Feiners and other kindred organizations held this view, there were others who believed that, with a few improvements that could be secured later, the Bill would confer sufficient power on Ireland to enable her to regain something of her old place in the world, even though remaining an integral portion of the British Empire. It is quite possible that those who were of this opinion were in the majority in the country. What is certain is, that no one believed in the assertion of

Mr. Redmond that the Bill offered a final settlement of Irish claims, and that it was practically the unanimous opinion of Nationalists of every shade of opinion that the Bill should be accepted in spite of its very obvious defects.

There was, however, one section of the British electorate of the contrary opinion, who refused to accept the Bill under any consideration, who declared that, if the Government persisted in passing it, they would declare war on the Empire, would ask the assistance of the German Emperor, and would plunge the entire country into civil war. Needless to add, these were the English Tories and the Irish Protestant Orangemen, both parties under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson.

## CHAPTER XII

### Carson and his Volunteers

IT has been stated that one of the main contributory causes of the Rebellion of 1916 was the action taken by Sir E. Carson when he and his Tory colleagues came to the conclusion that they could no longer repose their confidence in "constitutional" methods to defeat remedial legislation for Ireland. The defeat of the Lords and the apparent determination of the Liberals to proceed with the legislation they had announced, had forced upon the Unionists the conviction that they had been beaten in the Houses of Parliament. Thereupon they determined that they would try other methods.

Some of the reasons why the Tories and their supporters objected to the granting of a measure of freedom to Ireland, however mean and halting it might be, have already been indicated. It is scarcely necessary to add that these were not the reasons which the supporters of the Union advanced in public. They alleged that the Bill would place the Protestant minority in the north of Ulster under the domination of the Catholic majority, and that, as a result of this, all the Protestants would immediately be foully murdered in their beds on some dark night when the police were not looking. While this seems grotesque, it was, nevertheless, the actual main argument that the Unionists had to advance against the Bill, the real truth being, of course, that they feared the passage of Home Rule would mean the end of the reign of privilege in Ireland and the granting of equal rights to both Protestant and Catholic. As a matter of fact, the Bill contained clauses specifically drafted for the purpose of meeting this form of argument and for the absolute safeguarding of

the lives and the property of the Protestants in Ireland — clauses which, in the meanness of their insinuations, were an insult to the fair and generous nature of the Irish people.

In spite of this, and the fact that the Liberals permitted the Bill to be amended in various ways so as to remove further the alleged fears of the Tories, Mr. Bonar Law, who had taken the place of Balfour as Tory leader, announced in the House of Commons that Ulster would prefer civil war to any form of Home Rule, and added the significant statement that, if the bill was persisted in, it would mean the transfer of the Tories' allegiance to "a foreign power." In view of the other statements of Carson, the actual leader of his party, to the effect that they would prefer the government of the Kaiser to that of George V, if Home Rule were enacted, there was little doubt left as to what "foreign power" was meant.

Then, as a last resort and a sop to the Tories, the Government made the indefensible suggestion that Ireland be partitioned, and that those counties of Ulster opposed to the Bill be cut out from its scope. It was only to be expected that this proposal should arouse a storm of protest in Ireland. The people of Ireland very rightly held that every part of the four Provinces was part of Ireland; that there could be no division of Ireland, and that to set up two separate and distinct methods of government in one country was but to make the situation in Ireland more complicated and more dangerous and still further from a settlement. Besides, to call upon the most highly taxed country in Europe to support two distinct governments simultaneously, while contributing also to the Imperial Exchequer, was little less than insanity. Yet Mr. Redmond and his party accepted the proposal, and agreed to the partition of the country. The offer was promptly and scornfully rejected by the Unionists, who again expressed their determination not to permit any part of Ireland to have a Government of its own, whether that part should or should not include those counties of Ulster where the Tories had a majority of the vote. Thus matters were once more at a deadlock.

In the meantime Carson had been busy in another direction. He had made a spectacular descent upon Belfast, the capital of the North, and had there formed his League of Covenanters, fashioned after those who had once figured in the history of Scotland. He immediately began the gathering together of an army to resist by force the designs of the Government. This was the birth of the new Volunteer movement. By an efficient publicity campaign, carried on with enthusiasm by the Northcliffe papers, the movement was bolstered up and subsidized, until it assumed proportions that were actually menacing. A fund of $5,000,000 was subscribed, and Sir E. Carson declared in the Commons, and not without the best of reason, that the entire Unionist party in England and Ireland was at the back of his Volunteers and would support them in armed rebellion in Ulster. This blatant and rampant declaration of treason on the part of Carson and those who followed his flag, was laughed at by the Government and by the Liberal Press.

Yet there was no possible doubt that the situation in Ulster had become serious. While it is very probable that the leaders of the "civil war" movement were merely playing a game of bluff in order to scare the Government and turn the tide of popular opinion in their favor at the next election, their inflammatory speeches and the manner in which they were left unmolested by the Government had a serious effect on those of their followers in Ulster who accepted at its face value all that had been told to them. Over and over again the Tories demanded that the Government appeal to the people, being under the belief that their warlike preparations would lead the people to believe in their threats and vote against the Home Rule Bill. When it was announced by Bonar Law, however, that the Tories would refuse to accept the Bill even in the event of the country deciding in favor of it, the Government decided they would not make an appeal to the country, that they had their duly elected majority, and that they would go ahead with the work. Bonar Law's declaration merits special attention in view of subsequent

events. As leader of the Tory Party, he declared that constitutional government, or government by the majority of the people, was dead in England, in so far as he and his party were concerned. Force, and force alone, was to decide the settlement of the Irish question.

In October, 1913, Bonar Law solemnly declared that the passage of the Home Rule Bill would mean the shedding of blood. He said that they had an army in Ulster that would accept no compromise, that they had all the guns they needed, and that they would be able to secure the services of some of the leading generals in the British army. He also boasted that there was not a regiment in the army that would fire a shot against the rebels of Ulster; that there was not a vessel in the navy that would bombard them, no matter what the orders were that the Government might issue. He also hinted that, if the worst came to the worst with the rebels, they would be able to secure the services of Germany, that the Kaiser would assist them, and that the persecution of the Ulster rebels would be the signal for the downfall of the British Empire. These statements, that would have caused so much sensation and indignation had they been uttered by an Irishman, were laughed at by the Government, and the Liberal newspapers waxed witty at the expense of the Carsonites.

While this was being done, the people of Ireland outside of Ulster were remarkably calm. While there were few who failed to see the danger of the situation, all felt that they were perfectly competent to handle whatever situation might arise after the passage of Home Rule. It is certain that they were not in the least disturbed at the prospect of the British Empire being overthrown by the men of Ulster. The Irish who were able to think outside of the limits prescribed by the United Irish League, the electoral machine of the Parliamentary Party, were of the opinion that, as soon as the Ulster Protestants got rid of the delusions into which their English leaders had beguiled them, they would be on the side of Ireland, and fighting for Ireland as determinedly as

the Nationalists themselves. At the same time they did not ignore the danger of the situation, and it soon became obvious that a crisis was at hand.

The boast of the Tories that they had the army at their back was soon verified in a manner as startling as it was dramatic. The Tory members of Parliament began to absent themselves from the sittings in Westminster, evidently realizing that they had nothing to gain there, and went over to Ulster, where they joined the Volunteers and posed before the moving picture cameras for the benefit of the Northcliffe papers. The fact that the Ulster Volunteers had been drilling for months with broom handles had made them the subject of ridicule in the British Liberal press, but this humor became rather worn when the broom handles were exchanged for actual rifles. These rifles were imported from America and from Germany, while the Birmingham Small Arms Company also supplied the would-be insurgents with arms and ammunition. Gun-running along the Ulster coast became a popular sport, and the newspapers were repeatedly filled with the exploits of the Ulstermen. Rifles were imported by the thousands, machine guns followed, and a most elaborate and highly organized military machine was gradually being perfected under the eyes of the British Government, with its knowledge and tacit consent, and without any interference. There is little room for wonder that the Carsonites were jubilant, and that they became more and more arrogant as the days went by. The Government continued to giggle in its sleeve, and the arms continued to pour in.

Before the end of 1913 there had arisen in Ireland a situation that was fraught with considerable danger. On the one hand was the Parliamentary Party, allied heart and soul with the British Liberals and, like them, affecting to scorn the preparations made by the men who were led by Carson. They had all their faith pinned on the passage of the Home Rule Bill, and affected to believe that all the guns and ammunition imported into Ulster were all for the sole purpose of impressing the British voter. On the other side were the

Unionists, English and Irish, who stated that they had no longer any use for the British Parliament, that they would pin their faith on the doctrine of physical force, and would rise in armed rebellion if the Home Rule Bill was signed by the British monarch. Between the two were the people of Ireland, strangely divided as to what to do, yet trusting that the Ulster Volunteers would come to their senses and join with them in the common task of rebuilding the nation, instead of selling themselves for the sorry purpose of plucking out of the fire the chestnuts of the English nobles and Commoners who had property in Ireland and were afraid that their rent-rolls might be curtailed under a native legislature.

Up to the end of 1913 the work of organizing the Ulster Volunteers continued. Nothing that could be done to inflame the passions of the Orangemen against their fellow-Irishmen was left undone. The threat of Germany was repeated again and again, and there were well-defined and uncontradicted reports to the effect that Carson had his ambassador in Berlin, making the necessary negotiations for assistance from the Germans when the time should come, and had even himself visited the Kaiser. Still the Government remained inactive. Cannons, large and small, were imported; armored automobiles were brought into Ulster; 50,000 men, it was said, were well armed and equipped; all the machinery of a Provisional Government was prepared; tents, baggage, ambulance wagons, regiments of cavalry, corps of motor cycle scouts and dispatch riders — everything, in fact, that could add to the efficiency of the "rebel" forces, was brought into being. Disloyalty was sown broadcast in the British army. The English Tory aristocracy entered with enthusiasm into the treason. Lord Northcliffe, Lord Londonderry, Lord Abercorn, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Roberts, and a score more of the representatives of the titled and privileged class entered with Sir Edward Carson into the plot. At last the situation became such that the Liberals decided it was time to take some action, and they ordered certain of the regiments quartered at the Curragh, in County Kildare, to

proceed to Ulster to uphold the dignity of His Majesty's Government. The officers of the regiments in question promptly mutinied.

The mutiny at the Curragh had a profound effect throughout both Ireland and England. The Liberals were thunderstruck. The Tories were jubilant. They had made good their threats that the army would refuse to take action against them, and that, as soon as they declared their Provisional Government, they would have the support of all the British troops quartered in Ireland. The resignation of General French (who later was eager for Irish soldiers to assist him in Flanders), followed by that of General Ewart, and the threat that many more would follow if the Ulster rebels were molested, caused another sensation. The Government decided that it was not the time to take action, allowed the mutineers and the traitors to have their own way, and settled down once more to their task of trying to kill the Carson Army by quips in their daily and weekly papers.

But, while this was being done and the general muddle was becoming more and more involved, there were some men who were not idle. The men who had never trusted in England's promise of justice to Ireland had been watching the course of events with a keener interest than anyone else. These men had never lost their conviction that well-phrased pleas for justice would never influence English minds. England would grant Ireland only what she feared to refuse. To expect altruism from a foreign government was foolish. In the manner in which the Ulster Volunteers organized, and the manner in which the Government dealt with the situation, they saw the way to the accomplishment of their own plans.

## CHAPTER XIII

### The Irish Volunteers

NOVEMBER, 1913, will mark the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Ireland. Towards the end of that month the Irish Volunteers sprang into being, spread throughout the land with a rapidity that amazed even the most ardent and enthusiastic, and presented the British Government with a new angle to a situation that was fast slipping from its control — if, in fact, it had ever at any time had actual control of the position of affairs in Ireland.

On Wednesday evening, November 26, 1913, the Irish National Volunteers were organized. The inaugural meeting was held in the historic Rotunda, at the corner of Parnell and O'Connell Streets, not in the actual building itself but in the large skating rink just north of it and in the Rotunda Gardens. There had been but little publicity given to the meeting. The *Irish Independent* and the *Freeman's Journal* practically ignored the requests that were made to them to publish notice of the coming meeting in their news columns. The meeting was scheduled to begin at eight o'clock, and at half-past seven a heavy drizzle of rain settled down over the city, accompanied by a thick, chilling fog that hung like a blanket over everything. Yet at half-past six the approach to the Rotunda Rink was packed with a vast crowd of men, waiting in quiet and orderly manner for the doors to be opened. There were a few women there also, but they were there in the rôle of sightseers, and took no active part in the meeting.

Inside the great rink all was bustle and animation for two or more hours before the opening of the doors. The men who had charge of the arrangements, practically every one of whom was a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood,

had brought to the meeting 5000 enlistment blanks for distribution among the men in the audience. These were handed out in books of one hundred each to the stewards, who were directed to return the filled-in blanks to the secretaries after the meeting. The entire hall was brilliantly lighted, and a large platform had been erected on the north side with seats for five thousand people facing it on three sides.

That meeting was one of the most wonderful ever held in the City of Hurdles. From Glasnevin and Drumcondra on the north, from Phibsboro on the west, from Howth and Clontarf and Dollymount on the east, and from Terenure, Rathmines, and Inchicore on the south, thousands of men and lads traveled through the city to the Rotunda. From Finglas and Dalkey and Kingstown and Bray they came, and from every side and corner of the ancient city itself. Young men and boys, old men, men married and single, marched through the fog and the drizzle, singing and laughing, happy as only a Dublin crowd can be happy when it chooses, and one and all animated with the same thought—that after months and years of inaction there was at last going to be something practical done, that the call to arms had been sounded, and that they were there to answer the call.

At seven-thirty the doors were thrown open and the immense crowd surged in, filled with enthusiasm but yet without disorder. As if by magic, the five thousand empty seats were filled, and still the men marched through the doors, not in twos or threes but in a steady and seemingly never-ending stream. When the order to close the doors was carried out, the immense throng that gathered outside in the gardens bore down the doors by sheer weight, the woodwork on both sides being also torn from its place. Despite the inclement weather conditions prevailing outside, those who were unable to gain access to the rink remained in the gardens, striving to gain some indication of what was being done inside and cheering when those inside cheered.

A rather illuminating incident took place some little time before the meeting started. The police authorities, not think-

ing that the matter was one of any importance, detailed two officers to guard the gates. When the proportion of the gathering was borne slowly in on these representatives of an alien law, they telephoned for assistance, with the result that reinforcements were hurried to the scene. One of the new arrivals, who had apparently become possessed of the idea that the meeting was an illegal one and that they had been sent to suppress it, lost no time in asserting himself. He alighted from a trolley car at the moment that a number of men marched up to the gates from O'Connell street. The officer placed his burly form square in the entrance and peremptorily ordered the men to go back. One young lad, who had a hurley[1] on his shoulder, waved the weapon in the air and commanded the policeman to get out of the way. In a second the officer was surrounded by angry men, and it was only the prompt intervention of his comrades on his behalf that saved him the necessity of taking a trip to the nearest hospital. The word was hurriedly whispered to him that there were "thousands more of 'em inside," and he took his place in the gutter with his wiser comrades.

It is unnecessary to state that the utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the meeting. Eoin MacNeill, Professor of the National University and Vice-President of the Gaelic League, presided over the meeting, and made a stirring appeal. A number of other speeches added to the interest, but the real work was done by the stewards who distributed the recruiting blanks among the men in the rink. As has been mentioned, there were 5000 of these on hand, and it was expected that this number would be sufficient for some considerable time to come. The men who planned the meeting would have been well satisfied if they had been able to secure 5000 Volunteers in three months. The actual fact was that within two hours there was not a single unsigned blank to be had in the rink. In that period of time the stewards had disposed of every blank that had been received from the printers, and the men who had not been able to secure blanks

[1] A stick used in hurling.

wrote out their pledges on the backs of envelopes, the margins of newspapers, and anything else on which the words could be inscribed.

The only pledge that was asked of the Volunteers was that they would do everything to secure and establish the peace and prosperity of Ireland. They were not asked to affiliate themselves with any other organization, or in any way to take sides with others than their fellow-Volunteers. The keynote of all the speeches that were made was, that it was not the intention of the Volunteers to band themselves together in opposition to the men of Ulster, or to oppose any party, any section, or any nationality. There was nothing said against Mr. Redmond or the Parliamentary Party. There was no attack on England, either the people of that country or their government. All that they were there to take care of was Ireland — to unite together in arms for the purpose of doing all that lay in their power to further the interests of Ireland, to protect Ireland against any aggressor, and to assist the promised Irish Parliament in the carrying out of its legal acts.

There was, however, one little feature of the meeting that did not escape notice, and which had a significance all its own. Every one of the stewards and officials at the meeting wore on the lapel of his coat a small silken bow, the center of which was white, while on one side was green and on the other side orange. The green, white, and orange had long been recognized as the colors which the Irish Republican Brotherhood had adopted as the Irish national banner, of which more will be said later on. The green, white, and orange prevailed at the Volunteer meeting, and there were few if any present to whom it did not recall the old Fenian motto: "Only the Gael can make laws for the Gael."

A scene remarkable in its intense and unbounded enthusiasm marked the close of the meeting. When it was announced that over 5000 men had that night joined hands once more to take up arms for the defense of Ireland, the cheer that rang out from the seven thousand persons present might almost

literally have rent the roof. It was a cheer that was echoed later throughout the land, that increased in volume with the passing of the days, that burst forth in renewed vigor on that morning of April 24, 1916, when the tricolors of the Irish Republic flew from the flagstaff of the Dublin Post Office.

Two days later, on Friday, November 28, an Arms Act, prohibiting the importation into Ireland of arms and ammunition of all descriptions, was proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land, promulgated by the British Liberal Cabinet and signed with the seal of King George V.

At the risk of recapitulating, we must again state that these facts must be borne carefully in mind by those who wish to gain a clear and unbiased view of the Irish Revolution. For two years the Orangemen, led and financed by English Members of the Imperial Parliament, had been drilling, importing arms, cannon, machine guns, ammunition, and every other engine of war; had openly preached armed defiance of the decrees of the Government; had stated that they would call the German Emperor to their aid; had, in a word, committed the most flagrant treason in every sense of the term, and had been allowed to do so undisturbed. The British Army generals and officers, who were directly and indirectly responsible for the mutiny at the Curragh, had been allowed to go unpunished; one concession after another had been granted by the Liberals to the Carsonites, until the Home Rule Bill had been whittled down to a shadow, and the Irish people had sat idly by, law-abiding and peaceful, waiting for the fulfillment of the many long-deferred promises that had been made to them. All of this time Mr. Redmond and his colleagues had voted with and thereby sustained in power the Liberal Government, until it had become a common taunt in the mouths of the Tories that the Government had been "saved by the Irish."

Yet, within forty-eight hours after the formation of the Irish Volunteers, who expressed no menace to anyone and no word of treason, and who desired only to secure the protection of their own people, that same Liberal Government, still

aided by the Irish Parliamentarians, proclaimed an Arms Act throughout the land, making it legally impossible to obtain arms for these Volunteers. The Carsonites, the avowed and bitter enemies of the Government and of the Irish Party, had been allowed two full years in which to prepare, two years during which there had been no such thing as an Irish Volunteer in the land; but immediately the Nationalists sought to exercise the same right to bear arms, a "friendly" government — which, one might have imagined, would have looked to them for assistance — and the men who claimed to represent them in the British Parliament, combined to take from them those rights which they had tacitly granted to the Volunteers of Ulster. It is scarcely a subject for wonder that the people of Ireland began to ask themselves a few pertinent questions, and to wonder who were their foes and who were their friends.

The immediate effect of the action of the Government was to stimulate recruiting in the Irish Volunteers to such an extent that the movement spread throughout the country like wildfire. North, west and south of Dublin the movement spread until the campaign became nation-wide. With an ardor that few had believed possible, the men of the nation flocked to the banner of the Volunteers, and night after night was spent in drilling and marching and in the teaching of the art of the soldier to the boys and men of the Fighting Race, who had for so many years been forced into acquiescence with a merely political propaganda — a propaganda which had, in its last stage, degenerated into a mild milk-and-water effort to gain for Ireland "freedom" in the shape of a third-rate debating society masquerading as a National Parliament.

Just what were the objects the British Government sought to gain by its actions in regard to the Volunteers, and in which it was supported by the votes of the Irish Party in Westminster, is likely to remain one of the inscrutable mysteries of history. With a total disregard of public opinion, they did not vouchsafe to take the people into their confidence. Even while the Arms Act was in force, the Ulster Volunteers

carried out a number of sensational gun-running exploits under the very eyes of the authorities. The Nationalists were forced to ask themselves why it was that there should be one law for the men of Ulster and another for the rest of Ireland. They wondered if the British Government was sincere about Home Rule, or if it was allowing the Tories to go ahead so as to have an excuse of letting the Bill drop. This, it was argued by some, would explain why they were so anxious to prevent the National Volunteers from securing arms. If the Government were playing a fair game with the Irish people, why, it was asked, did they proclaim the Arms Act only after the Irish Volunteers were organized? Were Mr. Redmond and his followers in the House of Commons working merely in the interests of the British Empire, or were they working to secure legislative freedom for Ireland? If the latter, why was he against the Irish Volunteers? Why had he allowed the Government, which he controlled, to permit the Carsonites to arm, and then allowed that same Government to prevent the rest of the country from doing the same thing? It was well realized that the Government had to depend on him for its existence. Firm action on his part would either throw the Government out of office, wreck all its plans, and consign it to political oblivion for another generation, or would compel that Government to apply the law equally throughout the whole of Ireland. Answers to these questions were not forthcoming, but the Volunteers continued to gain strength, and the unrest and dissatisfaction throughout the country continued to grow until, at the end of 1913, the situation had come to assume all the proportions of a crisis pregnant with disaster for one side or the other.

## CHAPTER XIV

### The Massacre of Bachelor's Walk

EVENTS followed one another with startling rapidity after the formation of the Irish National Volunteers. Both in Ireland and England it was felt that the advent of the year 1914 meant the dawn of vital things for Ireland. The political atmosphere was charged with all the elements of storm, and it was felt that the crisis that had been so long deferred could not be held back for another twelve months. In the first place, the Home Rule Bill was scheduled to pass into law in the fall of the year. That, in itself, was sufficient to render inevitable action of some sort by one of the opposing sides. Then, again, the fact that there were two sets of Volunteers in Ireland, one with a declared purpose of civil war and the other with a temper rapidly rising, did not render the situation any less threatening or complicated.

The year had not far advanced before it became obvious that the dominating factor in the situation promised to be the Irish Volunteers. In spite of the fact that the official Parliamentary Party, which claimed to control ninety per cent of the Nationalists, had first of all frowned upon the Volunteers, had acquiesced in the effort to prevent their securing arms, and had then done everything in its power to suppress the movement without making its hostility too patent to the people, the Volunteers continued to add to their numbers and influence in every part of the country, until it became obvious that they were a force which must be reckoned with and could no longer be ignored. It was thereupon decided to try other tactics.

The actions of the British Government had already clearly shown that the Liberals did not look with favor upon the

Irish Volunteers, however tolerantly they may have been inclined to regard the Volunteers of Sir Edward Carson. In fact, the manner in which the Government had acted lent color to the rumors that were in circulation to the effect that the Government intended at the last moment to destroy the Home Rule Bill, to cite the existence of the Ulster Volunteers as an excuse for their action, and to trust to the fact that these Volunteers were sufficiently well trained and well armed to cow the rest of the Irish people into an acceptance of their fate. That this feeling became stronger with the passing of the days has since been demonstrated in an unmistakable manner, and at the same time there became noticeable a growing feeling of discontent with the Parliamentary Party and with the mean and halting Provisions of the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Redmond, always an astute politician, was not slow to notice that the situation had changed and that his power had weakened. His official newspapers had poured ridicule upon the Volunteers, stating that they were controlled by a party of men who had long been discredited in the eyes of the world and doing everything in their power to prevent the young men of the country from joining them. They seemed to forget that the Irish are naturally a martial people, more prone to action than to secret diplomacy; that the Volunteers' appeal to the oldest traditions of the race was one almost impossible to resist; that the precedent of Grattan's Volunteers was a most powerful argument, and that the possibility of a betrayal at the hands of the Liberals was gradually becoming a matter of serious moment in the eyes of the rank and file of the Irish people.

The newspaper campaign against the Volunteers having failed, still another change of tactics was decided on. When the National Volunteers were organized the previous year, it was publicly stated that the Provisional Committee and the officers of the central organization in Dublin would hold office only until such time as the various branches of the Volunteers could send delegates to a National Convention,

when the delegates would elect their own Committee and their own officers. At the time when the arrangements for the holding of this convention in the Rotunda in Dublin were almost completed, the entire country was thrown into a state of agitation by the sudden demand, made by Mr. Redmond upon the Provisional Committee, that he be permitted to co-opt to that Committee a number of members equal to nearly twice the number of those who at that time composed the committee. In his letter of demand Mr. Redmond stated that the then governing body was unrepresentative of the people, and that, as the leader of the Irish Party, he had the right to the control of the organization.

It is possible that, if Mr. Redmond had confined his demand to an equal representation on the committee, a great deal of unpleasantness might have been avoided. As it was, the fact that nothing less than a clear and overriding majority would satisfy the Parliamentary leader was so very obvious that the men whose efforts had brought the Volunteers into being entered a strong protest against so unreasonable a demand. It must also be said that these men were suspicious of the motives that actuated Mr. Redmond's action. It seemed palpable to them that he was acting in concert with the British Government, and that it was the hope of the British Government to disrupt the National Volunteers. They, therefore, refused the demand, and said that the matter would be best decided at the Convention.

In reply to this Mr. Redmond made a still more insistent demand upon the Committee, and received a reply that it was the intention of the Provisional Committee to resign office immediately the Convention met. They appealed to Mr. Redmond, for the sake of national unity, to withdraw his demands and to leave the election of the Governing Committee and the officers to the election of the delegates at the Convention, assuring him at the same time that he and his party would have an absolutely free hand at that time to do everything they wished to secure the election of men who were supporters of the Parliamentary Party.

Mr. Redmond's reply to this was an ultimatum. Ignoring the appeal, he served notice on the Provisional Committee that they would have at once to agree to his appointing a majority on their committtee, or — and he made the threat positively and in so many words — he would "smash the entire organization." As it was known that he had the ready and willing assistance of the British Government at his command for so patriotic a work as the smashing of the Volunteers, the Provisional Committee considered that there was nothing left for them to do but to permit Mr. Redmond to assume at one and the same time both the command of and the responsibility for the Volunteers. This was done, and was followed by an immediate splitting of the organization into two opposing factions — one consisting of the followers of the men who had formed the Volunteers in the first place, and the other of those who accepted the leadership of Mr. Redmond's nominees on the committee. At the command of Mr. Redmond the proposed Convention was abandoned. It seemed almost as though the official Irish leader was afraid of allowing the rank and file of the Volunteers the exercise of a vote in the selection of their officers.

This split, however, did not manifest itself at the time, the members of the enlarged committee working together in apparent harmony with one another. The actual division of opinion came about owing to a different conception of the scope of the Volunteers. It was apparently the desire of Mr. Redmond, as expressed by his nominees on the committee, that the Volunteers should not arm to any extent, a fact which gave further impetus to the rumors that a betrayal was planned, with the sinister feature added that the Parliamentary Party was aiding and abetting that betrayal. On the other hand, the section of the Volunteers that held to the ideals that gave birth to the movement were determined that the men should be armed, and they set about carrying that determination into effect. This was to be shown in a tragic manner in the middle of the year.

On a cloudless morning in late July some watchers high up

on the Hill of Howth saw a white-winged yacht bending its way to the harbor beside the village. One of them had a telescope to his eye, and, even as he watched, he noticed a small flag waving from the landward side of the vessel. Although the flag was small, the man on the hill saw through his glass the bright colors of the orange, white, and green standing out in bold relief. He said a word to his companions, and together they ran along the steep and stony path that winds down to the village. Within the next few minutes words of vital import were being whispered over the electric wires to Dublin. This was on Sunday morning, July 26th, 1916.

Other early risers remarked that morning that the Volunteers were out for an early march. They passed along the broad road that winds beside the sea all the way from Amiens Street Station in Dublin to the foot of Howth Head. There were not a great many of them, and they carried no weapons, but they marched along singing and whistling and obviously in the best of good humor. The morning was one of those warm, soft Irish mornings that are peculiar to the country, when the sea and the sky seem to blend together in a tender union, and the air is laden with the many perfumes of the gardens and the fields. It was the kind of morning that might appropriately be given up to dreams and the writing of poetry. Yet it was on such a day that stern deeds had been again and again enacted on Irish soil.

As the yacht drew up alongside of the little pier, the contingent of Volunteers swung around the bend, and a rousing cheer broke simultaneously from the marchers and those on the vessel. Without a moment's loss of time, hundreds of rifles and rounds of ammunition were unloaded from the yacht and piled up on the quay. Here willing hands took charge of the rifles, handing them over to waiting lines of men, each of whom slung three or four over his shoulder. The ammunition was also taken care of, and, when the yacht had been relieved of its cargo, the men began their march back to Dublin.

So far the gun-running exploit of the Volunteers had been carried through with brilliant success. The arms had been brought in, and had been placed in the hands of those who most needed them. It is true that one lone policeman at the village had attempted to stop the landing, but his effort had merely added the requisite touch of humor to the proceedings. But the officer of the law, who probably felt that his dignity had been outraged, while powerless to prevent the "lawlessness" of the Volunteers, was not slow to think of a means of preventing the arms being placed in safekeeping. Thus it happened that the same telephone wire that only an hour or two previously had carried one message to Dublin, now carried an urgent message of a very different character.

The return march of the Volunteers was a parade of triumph. They carried their empty guns on their shoulders with all the pride of the tried veteran returning from the field of victory. As they passed the people on the roadside, they were greeted with the cheers of hundreds who realized what had been done. Hundreds turned back from their contemplated trip to Howth, and thus it happened that a numerous and enthusiastic company of men were soon marching towards Dublin with visions of the freedom of Ireland dancing before their eyes.

At the outskirts of the city, within the borough of Fairview, it was seen that there were other marchers out that morning. The telephone message of the lone policeman had done its work, and a company of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, a British regiment which had recently been drafted from England into the capital, had been dispatched to intercept the Volunteers and take the arms from them. When the two bodies of men were close together, the Scottish soldiers came to a halt and spread across the road, holding their loaded rifles at the ready. The Volunteers halted also. The British officer thereupon ordered that the arms be turned over to his men, promising that, if this were done, the Volunteers would be allowed to return to their homes unmolested.

It happened, however, that the Volunteers preferred to take the chance of not returning to their homes at all rather than

surrender the guns. They intimated as much to the captain, who then told his men to take the guns from the Irishmen. In the mélée that followed the Volunteers defended themselves with the butt-ends of their rifles, and were successful in holding their ground. A number of them held the soldiers at bay until their comrades had got a good start along the road leading to Drumcondra, in the northern section of Dublin City. The defenders of the pass then beat a strategic retreat themselves, leaving the baffled soldiery angry and discomfited. Every rifle that had been landed was taken safely into the city by the Volunteers.

There was great rejoicing in Dublin during the day. The news of the exploit spread like wildfire through every quarter of the city, and the greatest jubilation prevailed. The little scrimmage was looked on as an initial victory over the foreign garrison, which, for reasons that are abundantly clear, was always cordially hated by the Irish people. It was obvious, also, that the King's Own Scottish Borderers were smarting under a feeling that they had been defeated, and the fact that the men who had beaten them carried only empty guns did not add to their good humor. Instead of returning to the city after the incident, they decided to remain on the Howth Road for a time and enjoy the sea air. The fact that they seemed afraid to return through the city soon became known in Dublin and but added to the gaiety of the situation.

In the cool of the evening the British warriors came marching back once more. The city was there to meet them. All along their line of march they were watched by the people, and smiles were not infrequent. Knowing the delicate sensibilities of the British redcoat, however, no words were addressed to them, the people being quite content to watch them marching past, minus the guns they had gone out to obtain but failed to bring back. At the corner of Bachelor's Walk and O'Connell Bridge, however, a small boy made a remark that reached the ears of the British officer. That remark was not complimentary, and was also heard by the scores of people close at hand. Within less than thirty

seconds the officer had halted his detachment, faced the men about, and at the word of command a volley of rifle bullets crashed into the crowd. This was twice repeated, while the dazed and defenseless men, women, and children ran wildly for shelter. Then the King's Own Scottish Borderers faced around again and resumed their march to barracks, leaving the street littered with the bleeding bodies of the dead and the dying.

## CHAPTER XV

### The King's Veto

THE killing of four persons and the wounding of sixty others by the British troops at Bachelor's Walk sent a thrill of horror through the four provinces of Ireland. The wantonness of the attack, the ruthless firing of the military upon an unarmed crowd of men, women, and children, did more to stimulate the Volunteer movement than anything else that had happened since its inauguration. It was felt by the men of the nation that the crisis had arrived, that they would have to face the loaded rifles of the British again, and they naturally decided that it would be better for them to have the means of defending themselves.

However inconceivable it may seem, the British Government took no effective steps to punish the officer responsible for the murders. An inquiry was, of course, ordered, but it came to nothing. Neither did Mr. Redmond and his colleagues take any steps to bring the Government to a proper realization of the crime that had been committed, in spite of the fact that it was by virtue of their votes that the Liberals held office. It became more and more obvious that the views of the Sinn Feiners, who held that the British Liberals and the British Tories were alike enemies of the Irish people, were further confirmed by the events of each succeeding day. First, the Home Rule Bill, on its introduction, was a very much weaker measure than had been expected; then it had weakened little by little by concessions to Sir Edward Carson and his Volunteers, and the partition of the country had been virtually agreed on. Then the Ulster Volunteers had been allowed to arm and become an efficient fighting force, while the Irish Volunteers had been prevented from securing arms, and every effort had been made by the Government,

assisted by Mr. Redmond, to disband the organization. Lastly, the Ulster Volunteers had been allowed to land arms since the proclamation of the Arms Act, while the Irish Volunteers had been intercepted by the military, who, in revenge for their disappointment, had massacred and wounded Irish men and women and children in the very center of Dublin.

In conjunction with all of this, the appeal was being constantly made by Mr. Redmond and the British Government to forget old sores, to let the history of the past be buried for all time, to permit the centuries of murder, pillage, and outrage committed by the British on the Irish to be consigned to the limbo of forgotten miseries, to renounce every ideal of National liberty, and to accept instead a pitiable sop of parochial legislation, which even many of its supporters declared would prove unworkable in practice and to which, such as it was, a string was attached. Even while the declarations of eternal friendship and lasting brotherhood were being exchanged between the Irish Parliamentary Party and the leaders of the British Government, the officials of that government were doing everything that lay in their power to promote new hatreds and revive the old.

Yet, while apparent harmony reigned in Westminster, and the Irish members and their British brethren fraternized on the Terrace of the Parliament House over their strawberries and cream, the Irish people, the Irish Volunteers and the relatives of those who had been killed and wounded in the massacre were looking at matters from a very different angle. Even those who had previously scouted the idea that a betrayal was contemplated now began to wonder what could be at the back of all these ominous incidents, and what events in the future they might portend. Men went around with anger in their hearts and grim resolve in their minds. Volunteers who had hitherto clung to the Parliamentary Party went over to those whose doctrines had been best expressed in the landing of the rifles at Howth. The split between the two sections became wider and more pronounced, and it was

not long before there were two distinct organizations, — one under the control of Mr. Redmond, known as the National Volunteers, and the other led by men of various organizations, who believed that a final resort to physical force was inevitable, known as the Irish Volunteers. From the time of the outrage on Bachelor's Walk, defections from the ranks of the National Volunteers to the Irish Volunteers continued in an ever-increasing stream. At the time when Mr. Redmond had forced his nominees on the Provisional Committee, there were over 166,000 men in the Irish National Volunteers. Within a few weeks of that action more than 3000 of these had broken away from the Parliamentarians to form the Irish Volunteers, and their strength continued to grow week by week, while that of the National Volunteers decreased correspondingly. Professor Eoin MacNeill, who had presided at the inaugural meeting in November, 1913, was the recognized leader of the Irish Volunteers, while Mr. Redmond was supposed to be the leader of the others.

Meanwhile the wordy warfare continued across the channel, the people in Ireland turning more and more to their own country for a settlement of the question and leaving the politicians to make the best they could out of the muddle. When the British Parliament opened on February 10, 1913, the Irish question was the leading topic of the day. The Home Rule Bill came up for its first reading on its third and supposedly final trip through Parliament, and was passed by a substantial majority. On the occasion of the Second Reading, on March 9, Premier Asquith made his suggestion that various sections of the Province of Ulster be excluded from the scope of the Bill. His proposals raised a storm of protest throughout Ireland, the reasons advanced against this latest concession to the Carsonites being threefold: first, the sentimental objection that Ireland was Irish from the center to the four seas, and that any partition was a violation of the natural rights of the people; second, the grave injustice of expecting Ireland to support two governments; third, to cut off a portion of the northern province would be but to accentuate and

make permanent the artificial division that had been created by the Tory Party and fostered by England for centuries previously with the object of driving a wedge between the North and the South. Mr. Redmond accepted the proposals; Sir Edward Carson refused to accept the Bill, even thus amended.

Briefly, the proposals were that a poll of the Parliamentary electors should be taken in the counties of Ulster, and that any county in which a majority of the voters so desired might be excluded from the operation of the Home Rule Act for a period of six years from the date of the first sitting of the Irish Parliament. Each county so excluded would retain its representation in the United Kingdom House of Commons. This would allow time for at least two general elections in the United Kingdom, and five or six years' experience of the Dublin Parliament, before Ulster could be asked to submit to Irish Home Rule; and then its inclusion would take place only with the full and mature consent of the British electorate. As the Nationalists had a majority in six of the eleven counties (the cities of Belfast and Derry being counted as counties for the purposes of the vote), the Unionists could count only on securing the exclusion of five counties in all. The percentage of Nationalists in Tyrone was 55, in Cavan 81½, in Monaghan 74¾, in Donegal 78 19/20, in Fermanagh 56, and in Derry 56. The Unionists, therefore, could at the most count only on gaining the exclusion of the counties of Antrim, Down, and Armagh and in the cities of Londonderry and Belfast. As Belfast is situated in County Antrim, and the Tory majority in the City of Londonderry would probably be more than neutralized by the Nationalist plurality in the country districts, an attempt was evidently made to slur over the fact that six of the nine counties in Ulster were Nationalist. There was even some doubt as to the ability of the Tories to gain a clear majority in all of these districts, as many of the Presbyterians would certainly vote for Home Rule.

It is very probable that one of the chief objections to the scheme entertained by the Unionists was that it would very probably show to the world that they were supported only

by a very small section of the country, whereas it was always their contention that they represented the entire province of Ulster. Outside possibly one-sixth of the territory of that Province, Ulster was Nationalist, and the Tories were too well aware of the fact to evince any enthusiasm for the proposed vote. What they asked for was the permanent exclusion from the scope of the Home Rule Act of the entire Province, and that was more than Premier Asquith was willing to concede at that time. Asquith promised that he would embody his proposals in an Amending Bill, to be introduced as soon as the opportunity arose.

Following this attempt at a patchwork compromise, the Curragh "mutiny" threw the Tories into an ecstasy of delight, their leading newspapers openly espousing the cause of the officers who had refused to entrain for the north of Ireland when ordered to do so by the Government. The Liberals went ahead as though nothing had happened, the Home Rule Bill passing its second reading by a vote of 356 to 276 on April 6. The third and final reading was then passed on May 25, the vote being 351 to 274, a majority for the bill of 77, and nothing remained but the Royal Assent to place the measure on the Statute Book.

On June 23 Lord Crewe, on behalf of the Premier, introduced in the House of Lords the Amending Bill. This provided that if, within three months after the passing of the Amending Bill, not less than one-tenth of the Parliamentary electors in any county in Ulster should so petition, a poll would be taken on the question of temporary exclusion. If a majority of the votes cast favored exclusion, the Home Rule Act would not apply to that county until the expiration of six years, beginning on the day of the first meeting of the Irish Parliament, and then only when this extended application of the Act was ratified by the British Parliament. The House of Lords, however, so radically amended the Amending Bill before according it a third reading on July 14, that no expectation could be entertained of its acceptance by the Commons. Then, for four days, July 21–24, the leaders

met together in secret conference in Buckingham Palace in a final endeavor to settle the vexed question. The conference proved a failure, and on July 26 the military murders on Bachelor's Walk blasted the last hopes of peace. To render the situation even more critical, the fact leaked out that two days previously, on July 24, the Ulster Volunteers, in defiance of the Arms Act and under the very eyes of the police and the military, had successfully landed a consignment of 25,000 Mauser rifles and a million rounds of ammunition at Larne in County Antrim.

Thus it was that every attempt made by the politicians to settle the Irish question ended in failure. One concession after another in connection with a bill that even in its original form was studiously weak and mean, had not placated the British Tories or the Ulstermen who allowed themselves to be led by them. Conference had also failed. It appeared that nothing could avert trouble, and, in the midst of it all, the British soldiers had committed a dastardly, brutal, and cowardly crime upon unoffending civilians. It seemed that the shadow of Home Rule, won by the Irish Parliamentary Party after so many years of effort and after so many millions of dollars had been voluntarily contributed by the Irish people throughout the world, was certain to go into effect and that with it the country was to be torn by fratricidal strife to serve the interests and the bigotry of a few British landlords. It was at this period that the Tories chose to play the last card they possessed.

From about the time of Queen Anne the King's Veto had been one of the least interesting curios of the Constitutional Museum in Britain. There was a time when the British monarch had the power to veto, of his own will, any Act of Parliament that did not exactly meet with his approval. For centuries that power had been a dead letter, and the position of the monarch had been reduced to that of a laced and uniformed figure-head, ornamental perhaps but useless. The British monarch was not allowed to make a speech which was not written for him by his Prime Minister, and, in the case

of King George V, the Royal Person was especially well taken care of by his Cabinet. According to the established rule of British political procedure, even the name of the King could not be mentioned in the same breath as a party issue, it being the tradition that the King owed allegiance to no party, but did as he was told and collected his salary. As to George V attempting to exercise a Royal Veto over an Act which had been passed three times by the elected House of Commons, such a suggestion would have been considered insane.

The Unionist leaders, however, very seriously proposed that, as they had been beaten by the Government and the electorate in every effort to secure the defeat of the Home Rule Bill, King George should refuse to sign it. That the greatest pressure was brought to bear on the unfortunate figure-head is certain. It has already been pointed out that the power behind the opposition to the Home Rule Bill was mainly the aristocracy, who drew a handsome sum in rentals annually from Ireland, and who feared that some of this might be cut off if the Irish people had anything to say in the control of their own affairs. In addition to being the crowned head of the British Empire, King George was also a human being, with frailties somewhat above the average. He moved in aristocratic circles, and, when the aristocrats began to point out to him the awful prospect they fancied confronted them, and mentioned that he had the power to prevent the calamity, the King was naturally moved. That this emotion was accentuated, rather than relieved, when mention was actually made of the possibility of a boycott of his Court by the Lords and Ladies of the land, is also a reasonable supposition. In any case, the fact remains that the King postponed signing the Act on the day appointed, thereby confirming the last lingering doubts of the Irish people that trouble of the worst kind was at hand.

Throughout the country the bitterest resentment was expressed; the men flocked to the banner of the Irish Volunteers, the leaders of whom seemed to be the only ones who had the real national interests of the nation at heart. Red-

mond had agreed to the partition of the country; Carson was breathing fire and brimstone, and his men were well drilled and well armed; the policy of "No Rifles" had been carried to the fullest extreme by the Parliamentarian leaders of the rapidly dwindling National Volunteers; the Liberals had gone to the limit of concessions with Carson, and had allowed the Curragh mutineers and the murderers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers to go unpunished; and finally King George had decided that he could not at the time place his royal signature at the foot of the poor measure of self-government that had escaped the muddle and mismanagement of two years of talk. There seemed nothing left that offered hope but the policy of the men who had never compromised; who had always been on the side of Ireland a Nation, One and Indivisible; who had never acknowledged the right of an alien people to make laws for the Irish, and who were now prepared to oppose force with force.

And then, like a bolt out of a clear sky, Great Britain became involved in war with Germany.

## CHAPTER XVI

### Under which Flag?

FOR a decade and a half there had been talk of war between Great Britain and Germany. During the second Boer war the question of possible German intervention on behalf of the two South African Republics had been persistent, and the grimmest threats were circulated in England as to the fate that awaited Germany if anything of the kind was attempted. During the Liberal administration which followed, and which was still in office when war was declared, the Unionist newspapers were never weary of attacking the Government on the ground that they were cutting down the naval and military estimates at a time when every day brought nearer the outbreak of war with the German Empire. During the "silly season," when the papers were short of "copy," scare stories became a popular pastime, retailing the most startling stories of midnight visits of German Zeppelins over the coastal towns of England; and German plots and German plans for the sudden descent on the "tight little island" were being discovered at the rate of at least one per week. In spite of all this, the Liberal Government professed the most absolute contempt for the machinations of the Kaiser, declaring that, whenever Germany wanted war, the British Empire was ready to accept the challenge. Meanwhile, the policy initiated under Edward VII was continued by Sir Edward Grey, and Germany was encircled by a ring of enemies united in defensive and offensive alliances so that the German Government could watch the steady progress of a plot for the eventual destruction of their country and its interests.

It is not within the province of this history to apportion the blame for, or to trace the causes of, the world-wide

conflict which burst into flame towards the end of July and in the opening days of August, 1914. The question of importance here is the part that Ireland played in that conflict. Immediately on the outbreak of the war, the claim was made on Ireland that she should bear her share in the war, that she should send her sons to the army, and should do her utmost in crushing the enemies of the British Empire. That she did not respond to this call, there is not the slightest doubt, and it is but fitting that the pros and cons of the case be now taken into consideration.

In the first place, what were the arguments advanced by the British to induce the Irish to take up arms against Germany? It was stated that the Irish should spring to arms in defense of the Empire, because Ireland was an integral part of that Empire; that the fortunes of Ireland were intimately bound up with those of the British Empire, and that, with the downfall of that Empire, Ireland also would be trampled into the dust. "Defend the Mother Country," was the appeal; "the Germans are your enemies as much as they are our enemies; the Irish are the finest fighters in the world, and now is the time to show your valor." A common race, a common cause, a common community of interests — all of these were urged as reasons why Ireland should forget her age-long grievances and throw herself heart and soul into the conflict.

There were other arguments advanced. It was stated that Ireland, as a matter of gratitude for the passing of the Home Rule Bill, owed to England every man that could shoulder a musket. The superhuman efforts made by the Liberals to redress the grievances of Ireland, which have been detailed in previous chapters, the steadfast manner in which they had fought the battle for the Irish against the forces of the Unionists — these and a thousand other matters were brought into the limelight, and added to the appeal made by the Empire to the little impoverished nation of four and a half million souls, that lay across the Irish Channel.

And then there were other reasons. It was stated that

the Germans, if they should conquer England, would make slaves of the Irish, would make them speak German, and would absorb them into her terrible military machine, which would crush out all the fine spirit of nationality that had been so distinguishing a feature of the Irish character for centuries past. Unmentionable atrocities of the Germans in their advance through Belgium were pointed to also — the outrages committed upon harmless priests and nuns, the shelling of Catholic churches, and much more to the same effect. There were so many sound and wholesome arguments, said the British apologists, why Ireland should kill all the Germans in sight, that no reasonable Irishman had any alternative but to don the British khaki and place himself at the disposal of His Majesty the King. In view of all this, it might seem surprising that the Irish failed to respond. What were their reasons?

That Ireland was an integral portion of the British Empire, that there was a common bond of sympathy and nationhood between Ireland and England, was denied, and denied in a manner that left no room for doubt. The appeal in this regard fell on deaf ears. The Milesian Gael had nothing in common with the Anglo-Saxon-Danish-Norman-Dutch Englishman. In culture, civilization, religion, language, moral and ethical codes, there were no ties between Irish and English. The only ethnological relationship between the two peoples was the fact that both were members of the genus *homo*, and the actions of the British in Ireland had at times made it appear as if the British held even this relationship in some considerable doubt. The keenly imaginative, poetical, vivacious Irishman had nothing in common with the phlegmatic, commercialized, and dull-witted Englishman. The appeal to racial relationship, therefore, was in vain.

That the Germans were common enemies of Ireland as well as of the British Empire, was another argument that needed little to explode it. Of all the peoples of the earth, the English were the only nation with whom the Irish had been at war. The French had always been friendly to Ireland;

of the Russians the Irish knew only that they had bitterly and brutally oppressed the Poles and the Jews; of the Germans they knew that they were pioneers in literature, science, art, and the study of social welfare; of the British they knew that they had oppressed the Irish for seven hundred years. There were more bonds of sympathy between the Irish and the Germans than between the Irish and the British. The Germans had done much to encourage the revival of the Irish language; Professor Kuno Meyer, a German, was one of the most learned Gaelic scholars in the world. Many Irish parents sent their children to German educational establishments; few of them were sent to the colleges and universities of England. The British had been the hereditary enemies of the Irish race, while the Germans had always been sympathetic, at least on the surface, to the cause of Irish freedom.

As to the forgetting of Irish grievances, this was an appeal that was becoming tiresome in its monotony. Before Ireland could be asked to forgive and forget, some evidence of England's regret for the outrages committed and of her desire to make restitution should certainly be forthcoming. The fact that the officers responsible for the Massacre of Bachelor's Walk had gone unpunished proved that England refused to acknowledge herself at fault. "The leopard cannot change its spots," said the Irish people, "and England is still the mother of murders and outrages to-day, as she was in the days that have passed." It was one thing to forgive the injuries of the past; it was another to forgive unrepented murders which still reddened the stones of the streets of Dublin. The Irish might be generous almost to a fault, and unmindful of their own interests, but their passions were warm and not to be subdued by the weak excuses of a bully in distress, and it was in this light that the Irish looked upon Great Britain.

That the Liberals had stood steadfast to their determination to pass the so-called Home Rule Bill might be admitted with some qualifications; that the Empire had thereby earned the

gratitude of the Irish people was a typical specimen of the Englishman's lack of humor. Ireland asked for justice, not for favors. The Home Rule Bill, as has been amply demonstrated, was a half-hearted measure at the best, designed mainly as a payment for the support Mr. Redmond and his colleagues had given the Liberals in the House of Commons. By no stretch of the imagination could it be termed a just or final settlement of Ireland's demands to manage her own affairs. That Ireland owed a debt of gratitude to England for this measure was never even seriously considered in Ireland. What had Britain done to repay the Irish for the years of misery that had followed the British occupation centuries before? What had the Empire done to repay Ireland for thousands of murdered sons and daughters, for fertile fields devastated and homesteads rendered desolate? What had the Empire done to repay Ireland for her wrecked industries, for her martyred patriots, for her population cut in half in fifty years? Surely Ireland owed no debt of gratitude to Britain for the Home Rule Bill that had been reduced to the irreducible minimum, which had brought the country to the verge of civil war, and had been bitterly assailed by one-half of the British people.

The English said that Ireland would have to stand or fall with the British Empire. Irish history did not bear out this interested contention on the part of the British. Ireland had been able before to hold her own against the world, and there was no logical reason why she should not do the same again. There were many other small nationalities in Europe that held their independence; why not Ireland? With a crushed and fallen foe on her eastern frontier and the entire stretch of the vast Atlantic washing her western shores, there was more reason for Ireland being independent than Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and others of the small nations of Europe, who were more closely surrounded by giant powers and mighty armies that had only to walk over the frontier to the attack. With the gaining of independence, it was also pointed out, the population of the country would naturally

increase with the return of many of the exiles. And the revival of industries and national institutions would bring with it a growing sense of power, and lay the foundation for the establishment of national forces for the defense of the country. All these things had been pointed out to the Irish people by the Sinn Feiners, and there was no dread, but only a pious hope, that England might be placed in a position to prove the fallacy of her own arguments when she said that her downfall would mean the end of Ireland's hope of becoming a self-governing nation. Her hopes of becoming so under England had just been blasted.

Even should the worst come to the worst, it was felt, and not without reason, that the Germans could scarcely do more to crush out the spirit of Irish nationality than had already been tried by the English. The Germans, even were they the devils incarnate the English pictured them to be, could hardly do more than Cromwell had done, could devastate the country in no more thorough and painstaking a way than the British had done in their philanthropic and civilizing administration of the country. It was felt that the practical Germans would at least develop the industries of the country, would put into operation again the idle mills and mines, and restore at least some prosperity to the land. It was also felt that the Germans and the Irish could work hand and hand together for the development of Ireland, and that both would be the gainers thereby. In addition, and most important of all, it was believed that the Germans were as friendly disposed towards the Irish as the Irish were towards them, and that the arrival of the Germans would mean the dawn of independence for the nation.

The stories of German atrocities and outrages on priests and nuns were accepted in Ireland with frank distrust. The sudden regard of the English for priests and nuns was a novelty to the Irish people, who knew how lovingly the land of Elizabeth and Cromwell regarded the officials of the Catholic Church. The pages of Irish history were reddened with the blood of hosts of Irish priests and nuns, slain and outraged

by English soldiers. England's habit of accusing her enemies of every vile and filthy crime was also but too well known and understood in Ireland to have much effect, for had it not been an immemorial practice of England to defame Ireland before the world? In fact, it is possible that these allegations did as much as anything else to induce the Irish to sympathize with Germany, which would, they knew, be now subjected to a malicious slander, tempered by no sense of justice or shame. As the English were using the self-same methods against the Germans that they had used on previous occasions to besmirch the character of the Irish nation in the eyes of the world, tales of alleged atrocities thus left Ireland unmoved.

Finally, the British plea that England was going to war in defense of the integrity of small nations was so fraught with hypocrisy that it served as a final and convincing proof that British insincerity had not outlived its best traditions. Instead of spending so much time and energy in attempting to argue the Irish people into taking sides with the Empire, the English would possibly have achieved better results had they proved their sincerity by granting a moiety of justice to the small nation beside them. Had they been sincere, they would have put the Home Rule Act into operation immediately, and have cut out all talk of the partition of the country. They would have done everything that lay in their power to show to the Irish people that they were anxious and willing to make amends for the past; that they were willing, as well as able, to put the Irishman on an equality with the Englishman, the Scotsman, and the Welshman, and to trust to the generosity of the people to assist them. Instead of doing these things, they held up the Home Rule Act; allowed (as will be shown) Englishmen to stay at home, while they sent the Irish regiments to the front and appealed for recruits; asked the Irish to pay in advance for something they might or might not get when the war was over and after the manhood of Ireland had been sacrificed in a quarrel in which the Irish had no part. In short, England acted in a manner that

served but to create mistrust, suspicion, and even hatred in the breasts of the Irish people.

For these and many other reasons the men of Ireland did not espouse England's cause, and did not feel any inclination to join hands with the King's Own Scottish Murderers (as they were called in Dublin) and their comrades-in-arms. In the early part of the war persistent attempts were made to represent the Irish people as practically unanimous in its sympathy with England's cause. Ridiculous statements were made even by Irish Parliamentary leaders as to the hundreds of thousands of Irishmen who flocked to the assistance of the Empire. These statements have been since proved to be absolutely untrue by the publication of the official figures for recruiting in Ireland. Irishmen refused to flock to England's banner, notwithstanding the blandishments of John Redmond and his colleagues, who urged them to make good "the wastage in Flanders!"

## CHAPTER XVII

### The Recruiting Sergeant

IT is not uncharitable to suppose that the outbreak of the European War was looked on by at least some of the politicians in Great Britain as a God-sent deliverance from their troubles. So far as the protagonists in the Irish situation were concerned, it could scarcely have happened at a more opportune moment. As a matter of fact, there were not a few who insisted that one of the reasons that prompted Germany to her declaration of war on Russia was the tangled political situation in England and the near prospect of civil war in Ireland. While there may, on the surface, be a great deal to support this view, it seems rather remarkable that the German diplomatists — if, indeed, they wanted war at all — did not stave off the conflict until the opening of hostilities in Ireland. If the supposition be correct, it shows a remarkable shortsightedness on the part of men who have since been lauded — and condemned — for the manner in which they read the secrets of the future and made their preparations accordingly.

That Ireland was on the verge of one of the vital crises in her history seems fairly certain. That the war brought an apparent truce in that crisis is also to be admitted. As the following chapters will show, however, the truce was more on the surface than actual, and was entered into rather by the professional politician than by the people of Ireland.

The situation created in Ireland owing to the landing of the arms for the Volunteers and the shootings at Bachelor's Walk impressed these same politicians, however, with a feeling that something must be done to secure for the British Empire the "loyalty" of the Irish people. The question of the Royal Assent to the Government of Ireland Bill, therefore,

became a matter of even more than usual importance. Mr. Redmond assured the Cabinet leaders that, if the Bill were once signed by King George, all would be well, and the men of Ireland would enthusiastically rush to the colors from every province. Even at this crisis in the affairs of the Empire, the Tories continued to state that they had no compromise to make, that they would never submit to the dictation of a Parliament in Dublin, and that they would prefer to join hands with the Kaiser — at that time the open and avowed enemy of Britain — rather than agree to the enactment of the Home Rule Bill.

What was to be done? To those who know the character of the British, as revealed in their own record, the answer is obvious. When in a difficulty, the one alternative that presents itself to the British mind is "coerce or compromise." That the British should seek to coerce the Orangemen would be unthinkable. The Orangemen had defied the British, they had arms in their hands, and besides they had behind them the most powerful moneyed interests in Britain, without which the war could not be financed, and without which even King George might find it difficult to secure his monthly pay envelope. As coercion was impossible, therefore, the only thing to do was to compromise, or, in other words, to delude the Irish people by another set of empty promises, and trust to luck for the reckoning when the time for fulfillment came.

Meanwhile John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, the supposed deadly enemies, met on the Terrace at Westminster and decided that for the time the enactment of the Home Rule Bill was out of the question. That this was a disappointment to Mr. Redmond is quite possible, owing to the ambition he was said to entertain of seeing himself installed as the Premier of Ireland. A touching scene was staged in the House of Commons at Westminster a few days after the outbreak of the war, when both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond informed the assembly and the world that Ireland was not going to desert the Empire in its hour of need. Each gentleman felicitated the other upon his patriotism, and

each assured the other and the world that Ireland, north and south, was united against "the Huns." There were cheers from all sides of the house, and the Mother of Parliaments allowed herself to relax into a genteel smile. In the case of the majority of the members, this smile must have been at the supposed simplicity of the poor Irish.

To appreciate the irony of the situation from the standpoint of thinking Irishmen, it must be remembered the Irish people had voluntarily taxed themselves for over thirty years to keep the Irish Party in London to promote the interests of Ireland, not those of the Empire. To defeat Irish interests, Carson had just raised an army, and by threatening rebellion had dashed to the ground the hopes of a generation. Carson represented the disturbing element — the element which professed love for the Empire; Redmond represented the injured party, which had never had the remotest reason for being concerned as to the Empire's fate. The crudest common sense dictated that Redmond should let Carson and the British Government find a solution for the quandary in which the violence of the one and the weakness of the other had placed them. Had Redmond even chosen to remain inactive, he might have been forgiven. But, claiming still to represent the Irish nation — a nation which, with many faults, scarcely deserved to be represented by a simpering sentimentalist at a most critical moment of its history — he rushes into the arms of those who have openly insulted and rebuffed him, makes peace when only he had anything to pardon, and declared by his action that to the Irish people their century-long oppression and even the life-blood of their kindred still dyeing the streets of Dublin was nothing compared with the Empire.

Then Mr. Redmond made a noteworthy statement. He said: "The coast of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons, and for this purpose armed Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join arms with the armed Protestant Ulstermen of the North." Mr. Redmond added a suggestion that every British

soldier in Ireland might safely be sent to the front in Belgium or elsewhere, as Ireland would hold its boundaries against the Germans. Then the polite Parliament smiled again, and decided not to do anything of the kind. The British had a much better occupation in mind for the Irish soldiers than guarding their own frontiers.

Premier Asquith and Mr. Redmond held a number of informal talks over the matter. One thing Redmond insisted on, as being necessary to save his own face — the signing of his Home Rule Bill. He said that the Irish people could not be trifled with any longer; at least, something new must be devised, if trouble were to be averted. On the other hand, the Premier declared that the one thing essential was, that the men of Ireland should add their strength to the British army. A compromise on these two points was arrived at, and the worst betrayal in Irish history consummated.

In accordance with this arrangement Mr. Asquith, on September 15, introduced into the House of Commons a Suspensory Bill whereby the Home Rule Bill was suspended from operation until one year from the passing of the Act, or "until such later date (not being later than the end of the present war) as may be fixed by His Majesty by Order in Council." In connection with these proposals, Mr. Asquith gave two "solemn pledges": first, that "the Home Rule Bill will not and cannot come into operation until Parliament has had the fullest opportunity by means of an Amending Bill of altering, modifying, or qualifying its provisions in such a way as to secure at any rate the general consent both of Ireland and the United Kingdom"; and secondly, that "the employment of force of any kind for what you call the coercion of Ulster is an absolutely unthinkable thing." The Suspensory Bill and the Home Rule Bill received the signature of George V, and another stage in the farce was completed.

The effect of the first proviso was easy to understand, and all the eloquence of the Irish Party was unavailing to hide its true nature. It meant that, while the Home Rule Act was now on the statute book, no Irish Parliament was to be

established, and the Irish people were to remain under exactly the same conditions as before, until such time as the war was over; then the Act would be once more placed at the mercy of whatever majority ruled in the British House of Commons, and it was extremely problematical whether the Liberals would have a majority or not. In the very probable event of the Unionists being returned to power, there was no possible doubt but that the Tories would so "amend" the Act as to make it worse than useless. It must not be forgotten that the Irish people were intensely dissatisfied with the Home Rule Bill even as it stood, and the prospect of a further series of mutilations destroyed all interest whatever in the measure.

Nor did the Unionists make any secret of their intentions with regard to the Act. Sir Edward Carson denounced the action of Premier Asquith as "unparalleled treachery," while other Tory leaders took open comfort in the reflection that, when the time came for the Amending Bill, they would be in power and would see that the Home Rule Act was amended out of existence. Nevertheless, the order went forth from the Irish Party for demonstrations of joy in Ireland at the "victory." The Irish people had some good sense left, and reserved their energy for a more practical declaration of their sentiments.

With the royal signature, however, the time had come for Mr. Redmond to pay the price of "victory." He had made a definite contract with the British Government, and he now hastened to fulfill it. The ink was scarcely dry on the royal signature when Mr. Redmond, supported by his party, assumed the duties of a recruiting sergeant, and announced that England expected every Irishman to do his duty. A meeting was held by the members of the Party and Premier Asquith in the Mansion House, Dublin, behind closed doors and guarded by the police and the military. At this meeting Mr. Redmond called on the men of Ireland to join the army and blaze a trail to victory for the British Empire. This was within a month of the day when the King's Own Scottish

Borderers had sent their leaden messengers of death into the bodies of Irish men, women, and children on Bachelor's Walk.

Is there any room for wonder that the men of Ireland did not respond to the call to arms? They were told by Mr. Redmond that the Home Rule Act was now an accomplished fact; that they had won all for which they had hoped and striven for centuries. It was now their duty to go into the trenches and offer themselves as food for German guns. They owed this to the benevolent Empire that had at last restored their freedom. They were not told that this price was demanded in advance; that the freedom of Ireland was far from guaranteed under the Home Rule Act. The impartial historian of the future will undoubtedly classify as unrivaled effrontery the assumption of the British ministers and a venal Irish Party that the Irish people could not distinguish between fact and fallacy. It came as a shock to both ministers and Party to discover that there were Irishmen who demanded why the Home Rule Act had not been put into immediate operation, and declared it was time enough to talk of blood-toll when England had given practical evidence of her sincerity in dealing with Ireland. Mr. Redmond characterized such talk as the "basest ingratitude," and, when a reference was made to the Massacre of Bachelor's Walk, retorted that "this was not the time for the discussion of academic questions."

Mr. Redmond went ahead with his programme with a pertinacity and resourcefulness that would have won him distinction in a nobler cause. By means of speeches made in the House of Commons and throughout England, of "statements" issued to the press, and of a widespread campaign in the newspapers of Ireland, England, and the United States, he made it appear that the men of Ireland were filled with eagerness to fight for the Empire. In the Commons the Tories laughed at the figures he produced, and demanded that he prove his assertions. Again and again he stated that from 200,000 to 250,000 Irishmen had joined the British army

since the outbreak of the war, but never produced any reliable proof of his statement.

The fact remained, however, that the one big object of the recruiting campaign failed. Had Redmond succeeded in inducing the Irish Volunteers to join the army, the British would have killed two birds with the one stone. They would have added some excellent fighting material to their army, and they would have removed from Ireland the one menace that confronted them there — the armed and drilled Volunteers, who were never under the domination of Mr. Redmond and his Party. Ireland was well aware of the trick contemplated. It was quite obvious that, as soon as the Volunteers were safely out of the way, the British could do whatever they pleased with impunity. The plan was too obvious to succeed. The men of Ireland refused to enlist, and, out of 440,000 men of military age in the country, less than 20,000 answered the call of "King and Empire," eloquently pleaded by Mr. Redmond.

The British Government was not satisfied with Mr. Redmond's success. To lead the people of America into thinking that Ireland was "loyal" was not enough; it was essential that the men of Ireland should be induced to don the British uniform. There was opposition of the strongest possible character to this course from a hundred centers in Ireland, and this had to be overcome. The British Government thereupon decided that it was time to initiate another of those periodic reigns of terror that had come to be looked upon as an essential part of the English government of the Irish people. Coercion was to be used in Ireland, as it was later used in Greece — in both cases in absolute defiance of the first rights of every nation to put self-preservation above the interests or even the rights of a foreign power.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### Fuel to the Flames

ONE of the first acts of the British Government following the declaration of war on Germany was the suppression of two of the papers published in Dublin that had always openly voiced their opinions regarding the English policy in Ireland. The first to come under the ban was *Sinn Fein*, edited by Arthur Griffith, and this was followed immediately by the suppression of *Irish Freedom*, edited by Thomas Clarke and Sean MacDermott. These papers had attacked the lies that were being circulated by the Recruiters in Ireland, and had been outspoken in their statements regarding the position that Ireland occupied in regard to the war.

It may be said that the suppression of these papers was most natural; that the same would have been done in Germany or in France under identical circumstances. This is no justification for depriving a nation of the advice and guidance of her most gifted and sincerest sons at a moment when her life and her whole future depended on her decision. When Nietzsche openly defends the right of the strong to trample on the weak we may respect his honesty, if not his judgment. But when professed champions of liberty in England or elsewhere deny to any nation or people the right to put self-preservation first, their honesty (rather than their judgment) falls under suspicion. If England really fought the battle of civilization, neutrals who had profited most by this "civilization" should have taken their place in the battle van, before venturing to criticise Ireland for "disloyalty" to a system which has been her curse.

The last copy of *Sinn Fein* was published on November 14, 1914. Hints had already been given the editor that the end

of his paper was in sight, and an editorial article contained in the last issue puts the matter in a nutshell. It was then believed that the editor was to be prosecuted, and he defied the Government to do this. They retorted by suppressing the paper, seizing and smashing the plant, and destroying the offices. As an indication of the situation in Ireland at this time (a few weeks after the outbreak of the war), and on account of its historic value, I quote the editorial from this last issue:

The London "Times" announces that the British Government inclines to prosecute the national press. So be it. If it prosecutes us without packing the jury, we win; if it prosecutes us and packs the jury, we win. No unpacked Irish jury will brand felon on the brow of those who have stood between the youth of Ireland and the plot to immolate them in England's interest, and as to the verdict of a packed jury, all Ireland — Unionist Ireland and Nationalist Ireland alike — will know in the day of trial that the criminals are not in the dock, but in the jury box. The verdict they render will be a verdict in every honest man's mind against British government in Ireland. For weeks past this government has surreptitiously sought to prevent the circulation of "Sinn Fein," and it has failed. In England its police has seized this journal and intimidated the newsagents. In Wexford it has imprisoned a man for circulating a reprint of an article that appeared in our columns. Through the heads of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin), whom it bribes with patronage — even the patronage of promotion in the R. I. C., and the Dublin Metropolitan Police and Detective Departments — it has essayed to obstruct the circulation of "Sinn Fein" in the provinces, and in its Post Office it has destroyed, delayed and withheld copies of "Sinn Fein" by the hundred. This is the Government — this is the organized hypocrisy that declaims to the world on the Freedom of the Press and Fair Dealing.

Be it known that the crime of the national Press against England is its exhortation to the manhood of this country — of which England has in half a century extirpated one moiety — not to permit itself, through ignorance, through deceit, or through intimidation to be emigrated to preserve the extirpators. That crime we have committed, and that crime we shall continue to commit so long as England asserts her usurped right to govern this country. And

whatever may happen to the Press England fears in this country and to its conductors, this we know — that the body and soul of Ireland has been saved. . . .

We have a postscript. Last week a man, after a public trial by court martial in London, was, without public sentence, secretly executed, and the newspapers forbidden by the Press Bureau to refer to the fact. On Wednesday they were permitted to mention it, because the British Parliament was opening, and it was feared certain members would arraign the policy of secret execution. The man was convicted as a spy, and his execution under the law was justified. It is not the execution, but the manner of the execution that forms a menace to every man. In a country where a man can be secretly sentenced to death, secretly shot, and the Press muzzled, there is no longer security for the innocent. Let it be known, therefore, that if any Nationalist journalist in the hands of England happens to disappear, he will not have disappeared either through heart trouble or any disease whatsoever except the disease that has afflicted Ireland since 1801.

Eighteen months later the cold-blooded murder of Francis Sheehy-Skeffington in Dublin was a sinister confirmation of this warning, and Skeffington was not the only one.

With the disappearance of *Irish Freedom*, the organ of the Clann-na-Gael, *Sinn Fein*, *The Cork Celt*, and others that were opposed to the recruiting policy, the British Government believed it had solved at least one aspect of the problem. But they found they had later to suppress the *Irish Worker* (edited by James Connolly), the organ of the workingmen of Ireland, which also came out against the campaign to send the men of Ireland to fight in France.

The work of the censor, however, had but begun. Arthur Griffith immediately brought out another paper, this time on a rather ingenious plan. There was no editorial comment in the new publication, *Scissors and Paste*, which consisted entirely of extracts reprinted from English newspapers. These extracts were chosen with great care, and were reprinted just as they stood, the readers of the paper being left to draw their own conclusions. Even this repetition of what their own papers had printed angered the English, and after a

short run, in which it gained daily in popularity, *Scissors and Paste* was also confiscated.

But one paper followed another. The *Irish Worker* was followed by the *Workers' Republic*, *Freedom* by *Ireland*, and these again by *The Spark*, *Honesty*, *The Gael*, and a score of others, all bearing the same message and all suppressed after the first few issues. *The Gaelic Athlete*, a paper devoted to Irish sports, was also suppressed for advising young Irishmen not to join the British army. Ireland's tongue was to be torn out before she was dragged into the arena to fight, — not indeed for the amusement, but for the selfish interests of a tyrant.

The suppression of the Irish papers, however, was not the only method employed by the British Government to silence the Irish people. To give the authorities greater freedom to deal with the situation, a special "Defense of the Realm Act" was passed, under which the Government possessed practically unlimited authority over the Irish people. With the passage of this Act another reign of persecution and coercion set in. An epidemic of arrests broke out all over the country. Men and boys were arrested on the most trivial of charges, and allowed to remain days and weeks in jail without knowing with what they were charged. Men who were known not to sympathize with the Government were batoned by the police in broad daylight, insulted by the military, and often found unconscious and bleeding in a dark alley or lane in the early hours of the morning.

Worse than this, the military, never a respecter of either age or sex in Ireland, adopted an attitude towards Irish girls and women that added possibly more than anything else to the rising tide of revolt. While the recruiting sergeants of the Irish Parliamentary Party were filling the pages of the newspapers they controlled with the most blood-curdling stories of German atrocities on nuns and priests, the English soldiers in Ireland were providing instances in plenty of the peculiar refinement of English culture as contrasted with that of the "Huns" of Central Europe. Women were found

"drowned" in the Liffey, and there was neither publicity given to the fact nor inquiry following it. Women were grossly insulted on the streets of the cities by the armed garrison of England. Girls were found dead and mutilated at the very gates of Portobello Barracks, but there was no inquiry. Girls were found dead within a stone's throw of the constabulary barracks in the Phœnix Park, but the matter was hushed up. In one instance, a dead girl, found along the bank of the Royal Canal at Phibsboro, was clutching a khaki belt in her dead hand, but Mr. Redmond demanded no inquiry into the circumstances of her death. The Redmondite Press were silent as to these facts, because they feared that it might stop recruiting! In the last week of August, 1915, two little nursemaids, aged 15 and 16 years respectively, in charge of soldiers' families in Dublin, brought charges against their masters of indecent assault and rape. There was medical evidence in support of the girls' stories, but the charges were dismissed. The testimony of the soldier in each case outweighed that of the girl. The girls were not Belgians, but mere Irish, and therefore fit victims for the apostles of British civilization. In spite of every effort on the part of the Government these cases, and hundreds of a similar character, came to the knowledge of the people, with a result that can be imagined.

Many volumes would be required to enumerate all the instances of savage persecution under the Defense of the Realm Act. Men were thrown into jail for speaking in Irish, it being the contention of the authorities that they might be saying seditious things in a language not understood by the police; men were sentenced to terms of imprisonment for conversations overheard in the street, in which remarks were passed that seemed to be out of sympathy with the recruiting campaign. The common charge throughout the country was that of "using words likely to prejudice recruiting," and it was only necessary to bring a charge to secure a conviction. Naturally, this method led to an aggravation of the trouble. Recruiting posters were torn down in every

village and town in Ireland; the soldiers were hissed in the streets; men got up at the street corners and made speeches denouncing the Government and the Defense of the Realm Act in scathing language. The prosecutions became more vigorous; one speaker after another was arrested and thrown into jail; but, where one was taken away, twenty more appeared, until the Government found itself brought to a halt and uncertain what to do. The one thing certain was, that the actions of the military and their treatment of the civilian population, especially of the women, and the operations of the Defense of the Realm Act had brought recruiting to an absolute standstill, and had roused the temper of the people to a dangerous pitch.

That this policy of the Government did more to assist than to hamper the propaganda of those who were already embittered against England is incontrovertible. It is also certain that the Government became alarmed at the situation it had itself created. After the lessons of centuries it seems unbelievable that the representatives of the British had not learned that coercion was the worst possible policy to introduce in Ireland. Past history had shown that coercion only stiffened the backs of the Irish people, and made them more bitter against England and more determined to overthrow her tyrannical government. Day by day the strength of the Irish Volunteers increased, and that of the small fraction which still followed the leadership of John Redmond decreased. Recruiting in Ireland for the British forces, never successful, now entirely ceased. The anti-recruiting movement had become nation wide. The arrests of the men who were leading it spurred others to take up the work. The suppressed papers reappeared again, changed only in name. The women joined hands with the men in their fight against the Empire, and the drilling and arming of the Volunteers went on apace. To the eyes of all who wished to see, the situation was charged with the electricity that forboded a storm, but there were those who would not see. The evidence given at the inquiry held after the Rebellion to inquire into its causes

revealed the fact that the authorities learned too late of the results of the actions of the Government. When they tried to grapple with the position, they found it had already gone beyond their reach.

Meanwhile John Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, John Dillon, and Joseph Devlin, the leaders of the "Irish" Party in Parliament, continued to tell the American people through the American newspapers of the quiet, "loyal," and contented condition of the people of Ireland, and of the thousands of Irish recruits who were daily pouring out of the country to fill the gaps made in the ranks of Irish regiments in consequence of the ghastly blunder at the Dardanelles.

## CHAPTER XIX

### The Coalition Cabinet

WHILE matters were thus assuming a sinister phase in Ireland, the British Government had many things to disturb its peace of mind at home. In the first place, the war had not gone very favorably. The Teutons had proven to be much more difficult to dispose of than had been expected. Englishmen who had hoped that the enemy would be crushed within a year woke up to a painful realization of the unwillingness of the Central Powers to be wiped out. Zeppelin raids and naval disasters, with the defeats of the Allied armies on every front, had put a painful complexion on the whole situation. Things became so bad that even English football matches were interfered with, and there were ugly rumors of conscription and prohibition of the sale of alcoholic beverages. This last-mentioned threat, possibly more than any other factor, brought home to the English man-in-the-street the fact that the nation was really at war, and that the outlook was serious.

Another disturbing element was the protest in the French newspapers that Englishmen were shirking their duty. In spite of his proverbial politeness, the Frenchman is nothing if not candid. Usually he will express a home truth in language that makes even an insult seem complimentary, but there are times when he can be outspoken to a degree that borders on brutality. Thus, French newspapers printed caustic comment on the size of the British army in Belgium and France and of the sector which that army defended, while one class after another of French conscripts were being called to the colors. The French did not hesitate to say that this was sound policy (on the surface) for England, as, with her men at home, she would be in a better position to

capture German trade; but neither did they fail to hint, in an unmistakable manner, that these facts would not be forgotten when the day of settlement dawned.

These, and many other matters, made it clear that the British Government was not in too pleasant a position. The newspapers led and controlled by Lord Northcliffe, the Tory Peer who had been the strongest supporter of Sir Edward Carson and his treasonable practices, accused the Liberal Government of being unpractical and inefficient, of playing a losing game, and of disgracing the country in the eyes of the world. The Government made a few feeble efforts to suppress this criticism, but it could not deal so summarily with *The Times*, *The Daily Mail*, *The Standard*, and *The Morning Post* as it had done with *Sinn Fein* and *Irish Freedom*. In England the liberty of the Press was respected, when the proprietors had money and votes in Parliament at their backs. Early in 1915 it became apparent that matters were assuming a critical aspect. Premier Asquith was openly attacked, and Lord Kitchener was accused of gross negligence in the conduct of the war. There was nothing to do but compromise. Thus, in the early part of May, the Prime Minister announced that the Government had decided, in view of the condition of affairs, to form a Coalition Cabinet, and to add to the Government a number of the leaders of the Tory party.

This declaration came as another shock to the Irish people. This move on the part of the Liberals seemed not only to be a confession of failure on the part of the Liberal administration, but also to seal the fate of the Home Rule Act. It must not be forgotten that the fate of this Act rested on what would be done in the Amending Bill. If, however, the Liberals were not in power at the time of the introduction of this Bill, there was no possible doubt that the Home Rule Act would be amended out of existence. Consequently, the significance of Premier Asquith's declaration that he intended to form a Cabinet of Liberals and Unionists combined may be well appreciated. The Irish people asked themselves, in so far as they troubled any longer with the hypocrisies of

English politics, what was going to happen at the end of the war, and if the formation of a Coalition Cabinet was not but paving the way for the return to power of the Unionists.

Another surprise was, however, forthcoming, when, on May 25, 1915, the Prime Minister announced the composition of his new Cabinet. A number of Liberal Ministers were removed from the Government, and their places filled by eight Unionists. So many of the new members were bigoted enemies of all things Irish that it almost seemed as if opposition to Ireland was the chief qualification for a place in the new Cabinet. There were other capable Tory leaders who had not been so strongly identified with the anti-Irish propaganda, but these were passed over. The men most bitterly opposed to Home Rule were selected, and the fact was not unnoticed in Ireland.

There was, however, one selection that made the deepest impression on the Irish people. The office of the Attorney-General, the highest law office in the gift of the Crown, was bestowed on Sir Edward Carson. Carson had formed the Ulster Volunteers, had defied the Liberal Government to touch him, had transgressed every section of the law of treason, had done his utmost to plunge the country into civil war, had engineered the gun-running, — in short, had constituted himself a monarch in Ulster, and had told the world that he would kick the King's Crown into the Boyne if the Home Rule Act was put into operation by the legally elected representatives of the English people. It was the example of Carson that had led the Irish to run the guns into Howth, and that incident had resulted, in turn, in the massacre of inoffensive Irish civilians. Yet, while the Irish people were butchered in the streets of their own capital, Carson, the man who was responsible morally for all that had happened, was elevated to the Cabinet which he had lately defied.

Although, in consequence of the actions of the Government, Ireland had long since given up any but the faintest hope that the English Government had any sincere intentions towards Home Rule, the appointment of Sir Edward Carson

still came as a shock. To those men who had never believed that the English intended to restore to Ireland any of her usurped liberties, the selection of Carson was not unwelcome. It gave an added impetus to their campaign, and, as will shortly be demonstrated, this campaign had by this time reached a stage where it needed little outside assistance. Nevertheless, the action of the Government was an added proof of the double dealing of the Liberal Government. It was a further proof of the game of bluff that was being played at the expense of the Irish people.

Rumors were purposely circulated to the effect that Mr. Redmond had been invited to take a portfolio in the Coalition Cabinet, but had refused. It is very probable that these rumors were circulated to suggest that Redmond had a secret understanding with Premier Asquith, according to which the Home Rule Act would be put into operation as soon as the war was over. Although he lent his name to this attempted deception of the Irish people, Mr. Redmond was forced to admit at a later date that the Liberal Ministry had neither then nor at any other time shown any consideration for his wishes.

There was also another significant feature of the new situation. Up to that time Redmond had held the balance of power between the two English parties. Had he at any time wished to force the hand of the Government and secure justice for Ireland, even to the extent of securing the establishment of a Home Rule Parliament under the provisions of the Home Rule Act, it was within his power to do it by the simple expedient of serving an ultimatum upon the Liberals to the effect that he would vote against the Government on the next party issue and so drive them from office. The fact that he did not do this is sufficient evidence that he sanctioned or condoned all the actions of the British Government in Ireland. With the formation of the Coalition Government, however, Mr. Redmond lost the balance of power. It was obvious that both the Liberal and Tory Parties would vote to uphold the decrees of a Cabinet composed of represen-

tatives of both sections, and that, therefore, whatever Mr. Redmond and his men might decide to do would not be of the slightest interest to the Government as a whole. Mr. Redmond, however, was not dismayed at this turn of events, for it meant little to him. For some years he and his party had merely been adjuncts of the Liberal Party, and it did not matter a great deal for him now to work hand in hand with the Tories also. During the years he had held the balance of power, he had never made use of it, and it is possible that he was happy to be relieved of the responsibility with which this same power invested him. That he was not, however, to be entirely rid of this responsibility, was to be demonstrated before many months passed.

Another significant incident took place shortly after the formation of the Coalition Government. The Home Rule Act had received the Royal Signature in the preceding September, when it had been arranged that the Act was to be suspended for twelve months, or until such time as an Order in Council might decide. These twelve months had now expired, and on September 14, 1915, a special Order in Council, reading:

> No steps shall be taken to put the Government of Ireland Act, 1914, into operation until the expiration of eighteen months from the date of the passing of that Act unless the present war has previously ended, nor, if at the expiration of these eighteen months the present war is not ended, until such later date not being later than the end of the present war, as may hereafter be fixed by Order in Council.

The obvious effect of this Order was to make it clear even to those who were still doubtful as to English sincerity that there was little, if any, intention on the part of the Government of putting the Act into operation without radical alteration. It mattered little that the Government was merely following out the course it had prescribed for itself. If not even the appreciation of the vital crisis through which England herself was passing could induce her politicians to adopt

a more liberal policy towards Ireland, was there the slightest justification for hoping for juster treatment after the war? Statesmanship demanded concessions which would have won the good-will of the majority of Irishmen, and to some extent justified England's claim that she championed small nations. If she now voluntarily subjected herself to universal derision for her hypocrisy, rather than make these concessions, the conclusion was obvious. Ten months later these suspicions were verified in a manner that rendered it impossible to doubt that the actions of the Government at this time were deliberately intended to deceive the Irish people.

These two actions on the part of the British Government had much to do with the events that followed. To make it appear that the Rebellion would never have taken place but for the formation of the Coalition Cabinet or for the further postponement of the Home Rule Act would be to create a false impression, for the attempt to dragoon Irish manhood into England's army and other tyrannical measures were also contributing factors. But these two events were largely responsible for opening the eyes of the Irish people to the actual facts of the case. Many in Ireland had previously thought that Mr. Redmond was doing everything in his power to secure justice for Ireland. Those who still thought so after the end of 1915 were in so small a minority as to be negligible, for they consisted almost exclusively of those who were attached to the Irish Parliamentary Party for motives of personal gain. That there could be many who honestly believed that the British Government and their Irish allies were actuated by any genuine feelings for Ireland and the Irish people is impossible. Every act of the Government and of the Irish Party was against the sincerest convictions of the Irish people, as publicly voiced in resolutions from practically every elective body in Ireland.

Little by little every one of the dearest hopes of Ireland had been bartered away. It should not be forgotten that the big aspiration of the Irish people was one for freedom — freedom in its biggest sense. In the minds of the men who

were now taking up the leadership of Ireland, the vision of Ireland a Nation had never been lost. They had the true ideals of the patriots, and it was but natural that the weak and vacillating policy of Redmond and his party should crumble to pieces before the onslaught of the men who wished to see Ireland take her place amongst the nations. These men, while most of them were not actually allied with the official Sinn Fein party, had the Sinn Fein view of things, and many had also the belief that the only way in which they would ever be able to gain anything from England was by force of arms. The manner in which Redmond and Asquith had acted merely served to convince the waverers among them that there was no other hope left for the Irish but an appeal to force.

## CHAPTER XX

### The Shadow of Conscription

IF a proof be required that Englishmen are very loath to fight their own battles, this proof was furnished during the progress of the European War. France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, and other nations were quickly in arms; the English meanwhile brought to the field of battle Canadians, Hindoos, Welsh and Scottish, and members of a score of other nationalities; thus, they believed, they would fulfill their obligations to their allies, without interfering too much with the English people at home. They had also relied on an army of some half a million men from Ireland, believing that Irish brawn and muscle would be an asset of the greatest value to them. The manner in which they made their bid for Irish assistance has been dealt with at length. That they failed was a necessary consequence of their own actions. Even had the Irish been friendly to England, they would not have answered the call under such conditions. No nation in the world would submit to such tyrannical coercion — much less lick the hand that held the whip and march out to die that its oppressor might live.

The loss of the Irish support and the taunts of the European Allies made the British Government realize that something must be done to secure a larger army. It was brought face to face with the unpleasant alternative of either creating an army among the English to defend their own interests and their own property or of being left to their fate by their Allies and possibly invaded by the Germans. It was at this stage that the talk of conscription became prominent in the British Press. The very evil which they had denounced as one of the causes of their quarrel with Germany was the thing they were themselves forced to turn to in order to save

themselves. Britain found that her Navalism and her foreign credit were not enough. She must also have militarism. So the British Cabinet took up, with reluctance, it is true, the question of conscription.

As has already been pointed out, the failure of the recruiting campaign in Ireland was the thing that led, more than anything else, to this decision. It had been the fond hope of the Government that Mr. Redmond would be able to draft the Volunteers *en bloc* into the British Army. This scheme had not failed through lack of effort on the part of Mr. Redmond. It is more than probable that he would have been as glad as the Government to have been rid of men who were in a critical mood and inclined to show temper. It happened, however, that the Volunteers, as well as numbers not then affiliated with that organization, had decided to remain at home and let the British fight for the rights in which they were interested.

Every effort was exhausted to solve the problem without adopting conscription. This was not owing to the distaste of the English for conscription, for this had already been faced, and the fact recognized that some form of compulsion had to come. The trouble again lay with Ireland. If the Government were to pass a Conscription Act and leave Ireland outside its scope, there would be a howl of protest from the British masses. On the other hand, the enforcement of conscription in Ireland might precipitate a crisis which, with the Volunteers still in the country, might be hard to settle. The Irish, as even Mr. Redmond was forced to tell the British, would not have conscription.

While the negotiations were at this stage, *The Manchester Guardian*, one of the most prominent and influential of the Government organs in the provinces, came out with the announcement that it was the duty of the Irish to fight for the Empire and let the British stay at home for the purpose of making the required preparations to capture the trade of the Germans when the war would be over. This was a new instance of British insolence. That the British would go to

any lengths rather than do their fighting for themselves was now a recognized fact; but that they should have the effrontery to state as much in cold print was somewhat startling. This announcement, which was given wide publicity in Ireland, helped the Irish people to realize the truth of the matter. It was an open confession that the average Englishman was a coward, in spite of the wonderful victories that the "British" army has been credited with in the past, and that his aim was to make the Irish fight his battle with the Germans, just as he had armed the Indians against the Americans, in the War of Independence.

The Volunteer Scheme, inaugurated by Lord Derby as a last resort to avoid conscription, was a rank failure, and was admitted as such by the Government. After the scheme had been in operation for several months, it was found that there were still almost one million bachelors of military age who had not responded in spite of the fact that every effort was made to shame the men into joining the army. Eventually, therefore, the Government was forced to face the fact that the only way to get the Britisher into a military uniform was by force. A draft was thus decided on, and little by little put into operation.

The presence of the Irish Volunteers, and the fact that they were armed and drilled, still presented a thorny problem, but one that the British were determined to overcome. Preparations were made whereby the Volunteer trouble might be eliminated. There was only one way — apart from concession of Home Rule — in which this could be done now, since the Volunteers had made it obvious that they had not the slightest intention of leaving Ireland to fight the Germans. This one way was by taking the arms from the Volunteers. Once disarmed, the matter would be comparatively simple. Not only the Volunteers but the other men of the country would then be helpless and at the mercy of the British Government. In addition, it would also release a large portion of the British army that were being kept in Ireland as a precautionary measure.

The people of Ireland were not long in hearing rumors of what was proposed. Mr. Redmond was also well aware of the plan to disarm the Volunteers as the first step towards bringing the country within the scope of the Conscription Act, but he kept silent in spite of the fact that he had strenuously denounced every suggestion that that Act should be applied to Ireland. These denunciations were made at a time when the Volunteers were in full possession of their strength, and he was sufficiently aware of the facts of the situation to know that the application of conscription to Ireland would immediately precipitate an outbreak, in which his fortunes as well as those of the Government with which he was so affectionately affiliated would hang precariously in the balance.

It became increasingly evident that the conscription issue was to be the test of the whole situation in Ireland. The leaders who had sprung up there and were more in touch with the people than were Mr. Redmond and his friends in the Government were also aware of the peril that confronted them. The conscription issue caused them to work with more vigor than before, to do everything possible to have their preparations perfected when the time came for action. They had definitely decided that, if they were to do any fighting, they would do it on their own soil; that, if they were going to fight for the freedom of any country, it would be for the freedom of the land they loved. They had made up their minds also that the time had come to show the world where Ireland stood, and to expose the lies and misrepresentations that had been scattered broadcast by men who were posing as Irish leaders, while ignoring the opinions of the Irish people. They knew that the time was at hand when they would have to give stern and practical proof of the faith that was in them, but they were determined that they would not be found wanting.

In the preceding pages, owing to the circumstances of the case, the attention of the reader has been necessarily directed to the English side of the Irish Sea. We may now turn again

to the Irish side of the picture to consider the significance of the events that were shaping themselves there.

It will now be our duty to consider the men and the organizations that were soon to strike another blow for Irish Freedom. Much has been written about these men and these organizations by writers without direct or immediate knowledge of either. The following chapters, whatever their other shortcomings, will be free at least from this cardinal defect, for they are based on a personal and intimate knowledge of both. In view of the fact that this portion of the work especially is based on the personal experiences of the author, the reader who desires primarily the authentic facts will overlook what might otherwise be deemed the unnecessary obtrusion of the author's personality into an historical narrative.

## CHAPTER XXI

### The Gathering of the Clans

ONE of the commonest errors made by writers without any personal knowledge of the situation in Ireland was the placing of the label of "Sinn Fein" upon the Irish Rebellion of 1916. It was not a Sinn Fein Rebellion; it was an Irish Rebellion. The Sinn Fein organization, as represented by its members, had indeed much to do with the Rebellion, but so had at least six other organizations. Furthermore, the majority of the men who figured most prominently in the Rebellion belonged to the Irish Republican Brotherhood. A short description of the six organizations is the purpose of the present chapter.

The Irish Republican Brotherhood was formally organized on St. Patrick's Day, 1858, on the arrival of James Stephens in America from Ireland. The I. R. B., as it was generally known, was the direct successor to the Emmet Monument Association, which had been organized in 1855, and had for its object the freedom of Ireland — the only fitting monument to Robert Emmet's memory. The organization spread rapidly throughout the United States and Ireland. It was the I. R. B. that organized the rebellion that started on March 4, 1867, and it was the I. R. B. that had subsequently maintained the agitation for complete independence. Even when the possibility of freeing Ireland seemed most remote, the leaders of this organization did not despair. They held always to the belief that Ireland must be free, and that bullet and steel were the only means by which her liberation could be wrung from England.

Among the men who had been, as it were, born in this movement was John Devoy, and to him the credit must be largely given for keeping the movement alive in the face of

great opposition. A man of the widest experience of the world, his knowledge of Ireland was unique. After a period of service in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, where he received his military training, Devoy returned to Ireland in 1862, settled at Athy, in County Kildare, and joined the local circle of the I. R. B. His record from that time was one of continuous service to the cause of Ireland, both at home and in America. In America he later became the editor of *The Gaelic American*, the official organ of the Brotherhood, and was one of the most active promoters of every genuine movement tending towards the freedom of Ireland.

In spite of advancing years, Devoy never lost that vigor of mind which distinguished his younger days. He was a clear and cool thinker, a man capable of analyzing every situation as it arose, applying to it, as the supreme test, its bearing on Irish national independence. Nothing less would satisfy his conception of justice for his native land, and his strenuous opposition to John Redmond dated from the moment when he discovered that the latter was willing to whittle away the claims of Ireland.

Under Devoy's leadership the I. R. B. became strong in America and was soon able to be of practical aid and assistance to the organization in Ireland. The two countries were in close and constant touch, and *The Gaelic American* in New York City, and *Irish Freedom* in Dublin, did yeoman work in rousing the people from their lethargy.

The manner in which the Irish Volunteers came into being has already been mentioned. It is only necessary to recall here that, while Redmond still held control of a small remnant of the original body (the Irish National Volunteers), the vast majority had forsaken the so-called Irish Leader and joined the Irish Volunteers, led by Eoin MacNeill, who had opposed Redmond's efforts to hand the organization over to the British Government. By the time of the rebellion, the Irish Volunteers were all in active agreement with the leaders of the I. R. B., to which organization many of them belonged.

Considerable mention has also been made of the Sinn

Feiners, and their policy has been explained in full. That policy, however, was not a physical force policy, and for some years there existed active disagreement between the I. R. B. and the Sinn Fein Party. In effect their aims were identical. The difference was that the I. R. B. believed that physical force was the only possible remedy for the ills of Ireland, while the Sinn Feiners inclined rather to a policy of passive resistance, coupled with an energetic awakening of the spirit of the people and the encouragement of the cult of self-reliance. As a matter of fact, however, Arthur Griffith always believed that the final test would be the appeal to arms, and that nothing else would win the final fight for the freedom of the country.

The Citizen Army was composed of the men of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, with headquarters at Liberty Hall on the corner of Beresford Place and Eden Quay. This organization sprang into being about the same time as the National Volunteers, when Dublin was in the throes of the struggle between the Irish workers and the banded employers of the city. Curiously enough, the Citizen Army was at first in active opposition both to the Volunteers and the Sinn Fein Party. Their official organ, *The Irish Worker*, attacked both Eoin MacNeill and Arthur Griffith with refreshing impartiality, but this condition of affairs came to an end with the transfer of the leadership from James Larkin to James Connolly in 1914.

Of the other organizations particular mention must be made of the Gaelic League, which was founded in 1893, and for some years inhabited unpretentious back rooms in Dublin. When Father Eugene O'Growney, in a moment of inspiration, produced his "Simple Lessons in Irish," its real progress began. At first, the Gaelic League was the target for superficial scoffers, but, founded on the living rock of national consciousness, its influence grew very rapidly. The addition of local branches, the holding of the annual Oireachtas (National Festival) in Dublin and of Feiseanna (little festivals) throughout the country, the revival of Irish dancing and music, and

the fostering of Irish industries, won an ever-widening circle of supporters for the movement. The founding of the Industrial Development Association was another most important result of the activities of the League. The Gaelic League thus strove, by every means in its power, to promote everything that was Irish, always according the Gaelic language the first place among the factors making for a truly Irish Ireland.

With a view to reviving the fine democracy of the Ireland of old, the Gaelic League strove strenuously and successfully to break down the ridiculous social barriers introduced into Ireland with English feudalism. Aerdheachtanna, Cuirmeachta, Ceoil, Seilgeanna, Feiseanna, Dancing Classes, and other methods were established with this end in view. The complete Irishing of the mental outlook of the people was aimed at. Teachers and organizers were sent out all over the country, and their work was of the utmost importance in counteracting the Anglicizing influences that had been brought to bear on the people for centuries previously.

On the other hand, the Gaelic League kept strictly aloof from local or national politics. Its work terminated where politics began. But the effect of the teachings and the propaganda of the Gaelic League was seen in the manner of men it produced. The boys and youths who attended the classes of the Gaelic League were all convinced "Irish-Irelanders." Most, if not all, of the organizers were the same. It was, therefore, only to be expected that these men would take an active part in the revolutionary movement.

That all the work was not to be left to the men became evident soon after the outbreak of the war, when the *Cumann na mBan* (or Irish Women's Council) was organized. Mrs. Thomas Clarke and many other prominent women were the active organizers of this society, which had for its object the assisting of the men in every possible way. That this assistance was meant to be very practical is shown by the fact that all the women of the *Cumann na mBan* learned to handle rifle and revolver. The movement spread quickly through

Ireland, and, when the time for action came, the women of Dublin played an heroic and conspicuous rôle in the Revolution.

Particular mention has also to be made of the *Fianna na hEirinn* (or the Irish Boy Scouts). Organized in 1912 by the Countess Markievicz, this organization brought into the national movement the boys and youths of Ireland, and made of them Gaels of the Gael. Inspired by stories of the Fianna of old — that hero army of Ireland that flourished in the Golden Age under the leadership of Fionn MacCumhal — the boys of Ireland joined the movement with all the wonder and enthusiasm inherent in the Irish boy unspoiled by English contagion. By yeoman work in this field, Countess Markievicz made the organization the best in the country.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Revolution was aided by the men, women, and even the children of Dublin. As has been said there were dividing lines between these organizations, but these lines disappeared before the attacks of the common enemy. All these organizations were at work long before the Revolution, and the majority long before the outbreak of the war. The inspiring motive of them all was the same, for each was but a different expression of the fundamental need for liberty of action which is the breath of every nation. Liberty or extinction, — no other choice is possible for a nation. Where class oppression exists, there can be no social peace. While nations are oppressed, dreams of world peace are futile. England's assertion that the Irish Revolution was due to some strange spell cast by Germany over the Irish people can deceive no thinking man. For, even supposing that the first incitement to rebellion had been given by Germany and not by murderous attacks on innocent people on Bachelor's Walk and in O'Connell Street, the fact remains that after centuries of experience of English rule the Irish people eagerly embraced the opportunity to get rid of it.

## CHAPTER XXII

### Righteous Men

THOMAS DAVIS saw clearly into the future when he wrote in the poem which serves at present as Ireland's National Anthem: —

"For freedom comes from God's right hand
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A nation once again."

Of all the men who took part in the battle for the freedom of Ireland in 1916, it may be said that they corresponded fully with Davis's dream and hope. They had lived well that they might die well, and their deaths were but the fitting conclusion to lives spent in unselfish and sincere devotion and loyalty to the land they loved so well.

On a bitterly cold evening in January, 1910, the writer went with a friend to a small store at the corner of O'Connell and Parnell Street (or Great Britain Street, as the latter was then known). The store was of a size that did not permit more than half a dozen men to stand in front of the counter at a time. There was just about enough space between the counter and the wall for two men to walk in together. Along the wall were arranged all of the important Dublin and Irish newspapers, weekly and monthly periodicals, and so forth. Behind the short and narrow counter was a large assortment of brands of tobacco, cigars, pipes, and cigarettes, with a side line of stationery. The window was occupied mainly by a cardboard representation of an Irish Round Tower, advertising the Banba brand of Irish tobacco. Both the window and the store itself were brilliantly lighted, and the whole place suggested care and attention and spotless cleanliness.

But the store and its attractiveness were forgotten after the first glance at the man who stood behind the counter. Of medium height, with gray hair thinning away from the temples, with dark-blue eyes deeply sunken under shaggy brows and high cheek-bones standing up in startling prominence from thin, sunken, and emaciated cheeks, the general appearance of the man was such as to bring to the mind pictures of a watchful eagle perched high upon a rocky crag. The whole aspect of the man was keenness personified. Seemingly nearing the seventies, he was, nevertheless, possessed of a force and vigor that might well have been envied by men in their early thirties. The truth was that the man was in the prime of life. Brutality and confinement, however, had left on his features a mark that death alone could remove, but had been powerless to subdue the fire that glowed within and animated every thought and action of his life.

"Tom," said my companion to him, "this is our friend whom you have been expecting." Then, turning to me, he uttered the simple words: "Tom Clarke."

Thomas J. Clarke was a man whom to know was to respect. As a business man, he had made a success of his life under circumstances that would have sent others to an early grave. He was a native of Dungannon, and in 1879 emigrated to the United States, where he became adjutant of the Irish Volunteers of New York City. In 1881 he was sentenced to penal servitude for life in England for his nationalist activities. In 1898 he was released on ticket-of-leave, and the following year he returned to America, where he married a niece of his fellow-worker, John Daly of Limerick. He returned to Dublin in 1907, where he started once more in business in Parnell Street, and rapidly built up a comfortable little fortune. He also improved in his health, but his treatment in English jails, and the long term that he served there before gaining his release, had withered the flesh on his bones and dug the hollows in his cheeks.

His zeal and his unquestioned integrity soon brought him to the forefront of the national movement. Many of the

visitors who drifted casually into his store and gazed, perhaps with pity, at the seemingly haggard old man, would have been amazed had they known of the power and influence he wielded. They would have marveled less had they seen him, when the occasion was opportune, discussing the political situation aud the plans for the recovery of Irish freedom. Long before the outbreak of the war in Europe he and the men with whom he was so closely associated had planned with care and thoroughness events that were later to arouse the world. In 1910 these plans were well advanced, and the arrangements for the opening of the campaign to awaken the people were nearing completion. So far as Ireland, and particularly Dublin, was concerned, Thomas J. Clarke was the center and the soul of the movement for Irish independence.

Closely associated with Clarke was Sean MacDermott, a native of County Leitrim and one of the finest types of young men that Ireland produces. An athlete from his head to his toes, Sean appealed irresistibly to all who knew him. He was a young man in his early twenties when I first met him, and at our very first meeting I was impressed by the idea that he represented my ideal of an Irish youth. He was of medium height, with dark hair and blue eyes, with a frank and fearless gaze that made it impossible to doubt of his sincerity. Sean MacDermott was a man of sterling qualities — a man who loved Ireland's every rock and stone, whose delight it was to travel throughout the country, meeting the people and conversing with them, singing the old songs and writing new ones, dancing in the barns and at the cross-roads, and entering with enthusiasm into every phase of national life and action. He was keenly interested in Gaelic sports, and took part in the hurling and football matches, until his work for the cause, and later his illness, rendered it impossible. It was one of the most tragic features of this illness that it should have attacked a man who was so passionately fond of all forms of outdoor exercise.

Shortly after the promulgation of the Sinn Fein policy in 1905, Sean MacDermott became associated with the move-

ment, although he was then but a mere boy. His enthusiasm, however, and the earnestness with which he worked, resulted in his being engaged as an organizer, and in this capacity he traveled around the country addressing meetings and forming branches. His thorough knowledge of the feelings of the Irish people as a whole, and his geniality towards all with whom he came in contact, contributed in no small measure to his success. On the other hand, this very success earned for him enemies among those who had the best of reasons to fear the new movement, and on two occasions Sean was shot at and had narrow escapes from assassination.

When the Sinn Fein National Council decided that they would accede to Mr. Redmond's plea for a truce and refrain from putting into operation any part of the Sinn Fein policy that might embarrass the actions of the Parliamentary Party in their fight for Home Rule, Sean decided that the time had come for him to affiliate himself with a more vigorous organization. He was one of the many who did not agree with the decision of the National Council, believing that it would have been far better to have prosecuted the Sinn Fein policy vigorously, since the country was ripe for it, and it would give far better results than the Parliamentary Party would ever be able to obtain even under the most favorable circumstances. When he became a member of the I. R. B., Sean threw himself into the work with his characteristic energy, and soon became one of Thomas Clarke's lieutenants. He also became an organizer for the Wolf Tone Clubs, a movement that aimed at securing the right recruits for the actual Brotherhood. With Dr. Patrick MacCartan, Thomas J. Clarke, and others, he was instrumental in the establishment of *Irish Freedom*, a weekly newspaper that had for its objects the arousing of the men of Ireland to action. Under the editorship of MacCartan, the paper made a gallant struggle for recognition. It brought into Ireland something of the old spirit that so many believed to be dead, and little by little it gained the confidence and the affection of the people.

Shortly after his accession to the throne, King George V

decided to pay a visit to his subjects in Ireland. Immediately on the announcement of this decision on the part of His Majesty preparations to give him a public welcome were inaugurated in some quarters, although Nationalist Ireland had always stood aloof on the occasion of royal visits. Those who desired to see Ireland remain under the heel of England prepared, however, to engineer a "loyal" reception; those who had other ideals for Ireland also made preparations, and one of the hardest workers among the latter was Sean MacDermott.

As illustrative of the temper of the city and of the country about this time, the editorial which appeared in *Irish Freedom* on June 7, 1911, may be reprinted here. This editorial will also serve as an interesting example of the revolutionary literature of the time. Thousands of copies of the paper were sold, while the posters advertising it and bearing the legend in bold type, "CONCESSIONS BE DAMNED!" were displayed from one end of the city to the other. The article follows:

By the time these lines meet the eyes of our readers, King George of England will be well on his way to this island, to be received with slavish worship by the jelly-fish and snakes that infest the country. There will be presentation of addresses from certain Corporations and Councils, much adoration, and a certain amount of title-bestowing on jelly-fish. In the midst of all this we have a word to say to our visitor and to all whom it may concern.

This visit has been termed a visit of conciliation and peace. It is nothing of the kind; it is a visit to corrupt the political conscience of the nation, an arrogant insult to our intelligence, an assumption that we are all jelly-fish. At no time more than at the present time was there need for plain and honest speaking on this question. The collection of jelly-fish, which calls itself an Irish National Party, has intimated that it only awaits Home Rule to become fervid upholders of the Empire, that the Irish people are in reality yearning to be in a position to participate in the "universal rejoicings throughout the Empire" at the present time. Irish Nationalists throughout the country — with the degrading exception of that portion of Cork which William O'Brien has made mad — have generally refused to acknowledge this visit, or to bow the knee, but

such is the confusion that they have all shrunk from an open and unmitigated refusal, and have thought it necessary to intimate or to hint that "the time is not yet ripe."

Now, therefore, this is to declare to all whom it may concern, that the time will never be ripe, that neither the statesmanship of John Redmond nor the economics of Tom Kettle represent the Irish nation; that George is usurper of Ireland, not King of it, King only of so much of it as he can overawe by his bayonets or bribe with his gold and his titles; and that Ireland wants no concession from England. We want what is ours, that is our country, and by the Lord we mean to have it, come what may.

On occasions like this it is suddenly discovered that King George is a man, and that the native courtesy of the Irish people demands that they should not insult him, but should allow the snakes and jelly-fish to speak in the name of the nation. To which we have to say that he is not a man, but an instrument, moved upon the board by the same political machine that guides the microbe-hunting of Ishbel Aberdeen, who is not a woman but an instrument likewise. We mean no disrespect to the man, because we see none; we only see the representative of the faithless nation which cannot be an honest tyrant, but must always be a hypocritical one, doing the devil's work on Bible texts.

The only thing which we want of England is to be let alone, to be free from her grip at our throat and her hand in our pocket. We want her to draw off her soldiers and her statesmen and her Bureaucracy, and the whole hideous devil's device which passes as a Government in Ireland. We want this done, but we do not ask England to do it; we do not beg or pray; we make no bargain, and we call no truce; this is a fight, not an amusement or a game. We, representing that portion of the nation which is in the National tradition, the backbone of the nation, we call upon our fellow-countrymen everywhere to free their country, and we tell them that they can do it, and that no other power can or will. We scorn and spit upon the Empire, an Empire built upon blood and desolation; we shall never remain in it willingly; we want none of its spoils and we repudiate its atrocities; we will not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage or for a King's feast.

We stand for Ireland; in the fact of hog, dog or devil we stand for Ireland, not for an Ireland a portion of any Empire, not for an Ireland in swaddling clothes and leading strings, but for a self-reliant,

free Ireland, with no sins upon its soul, and no stains upon its banner. We stand for that Ireland which produced Brian, whose chosen place was the battlefield while foreigners held sway in his country; and Hugh, Shane and Owen O'Neill, and O'Donnell the Red and Roger O'More, and Tone and Emmet and Fitzgerald, and Mitchel and Davis and Stevens and Rooney. Dead names crowd upon our memory, dead men crowd before our eyes, the gallant dead whose names we know, and the equally gallant dead whose names we do not know. Out of the four-fifths of Ireland and out of Ulster they come, a silent company, bearing witness to the nation, bearing witness by their wounds, marks of the hangman, marks of the headsman, marks of the prison and assassin, marks of the torturer, marks of the slave-overseer, marks of starvation, bearing witness by their deeds and their courage, bearing witness by their deaths. We take our stand with them. On their behalf, on our own behalf, on the behalf of the inhabitants of this country, we repudiate all bargains or treaties concerning the rights of this nation.

CONCESSIONS BE DAMNED, WE WANT OUR COUNTRY!

As will be shown later, there is a striking resemblance between parts of this editorial and the Proclamation of the Irish Republic. It will be of interest also to note that these were no empty vaporings, as some may have thought at the time. Tom Clarke and Sean MacDermott, the two men who, in collaboration, produced the editorial, were destined, before the passage of many years, to take their stand in death beside those Irish heroes whose examples they had so nobly followed in life.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### The Spirit of the Gael

UNDER the combined protection of a large portion of his army, a considerable number of battleships, the Dublin Metropolitan Police, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and an army of spies and detectives, King George of England returned to his home across the Irish Sea in safety. The Irish people had ignored him; had looked upon his visit with distaste, and were well pleased when the ordeal was over, and he and his army and navy and retinue of cheap-jacks had relieved Dublin of their presence. The temporary transfer of Windsor Castle and Leicester Square to Dublin had turned the Irish metropolis by day into a deserted city and by night into a den of infamy.

The work and the worry of that period, however, left a lasting mark upon Sean MacDermott. A few weeks later he was stricken with that mysterious plague, infantile paralysis, and for months he lingered in the Mater Hospital between life and death. When at length he fought his way back to life, he was merely a shadow of his former self. He came from the hospital crippled and bent. He walked slowly and with difficulty — first with a crutch, and later with the aid of a walking stick. But the spirit that had animated the Sean MacDermott of the playing fields and the street meetings was as vigorous as ever. He plunged once more into the work of editing his paper, and, assisted by Bulmer Hobson, did noble service in carrying on the movement.

Another of the men who worked day and night for the Irish cause was The O'Rahilly, head of the Kerry clan of that name. In spite of his distinguished title, he was one of the most democratic of men, a man who had learned to love his fellow-men of whatever station, who had a wide outlook

upon the world, and who had imbibed to its fullest extent the military spirit of the people of Ireland. From the time when he returned to Ireland after a lengthy sojourn on the Continent and in the United States, he threw himself heart and soul into the national movement. From the first, he was intensely interested in the Sinn Fein movement, and, even when that movement ceased for a while to urge a vigorous campaign, he still believed it an admirable method of freeing Ireland, and remained one of the closest personal friends of Arthur Griffith. In one respect, however, The O'Rahilly was more than a Sinn Feiner, as the Sinn Feiners were known in the days before the war. The O'Rahilly never wavered in his belief that the only way in which Ireland could win her freedom was with the sword. While the Sinn Fein movement was largely pacific, most of the men allied with it shared The O'Rahilly's opinion, although they did not all take an active part from the beginning in preparing for a military uprising. That Arthur Griffith believed physical force to be the only means whereby the ultimate salvation of Ireland could be won will be shown later.

The O'Rahilly, however, was not only a believer in physical force; he was an advanced thinker along these lines, and was at all times ready to consider any proposal that seemed to possess any value as an adjunct to the arming of the nation. In 1912 and in 1913 he and the writer spent many hours in discussing the possibility of establishing an aëroplane corps in Ireland, the intention being to have a number of aëroplanes, owned by individual members of the organization, and to train men in their use so that they would be ready when needed. We discussed the matter with Tom Clarke, Sean MacDermott, Bulmer Hobson, Piaras Beasley, and a number of others, and an organization, known as *An Cumann Eitel* (The Irish Flying Club) was actually started in the fall of 1912, but had unfortunately to be dropped, owing to the difficulty of securing the machines. Later events tended to demonstrate that a corps such as that planned would have been invaluable during the rising.

The O'Rahilly was present at the meeting in Wynn's Hotel, Dublin, when the Volunteer movement was planned, and was one of the most active in the organization from the very start. He was of medium height, clean cut, and with a military bearing. He was indefatigable in training the men, and was beloved by all who knew him, for he never wavered or hesitated. He resisted to the last John Redmond's attempt to capture and disband the Volunteers, and his death in his Volunteer uniform of green, with sword and revolver in hand, was typical of the man and was the only death he would have desired.

Regarding Padraic Pearse, the first President of the Irish Republic, many pages might be written. He was a man who personified in himself the noblest traditions of the country he loved and for which he sacrificed his life. Born in 1880, Padraic was educated at the Christian Brothers' School, Westland Row, Dublin, and at the Royal University. At the age of seventeen he founded and became first President of the New Ireland Literary Society. From their earliest days both he and his brother, William James Pearse, were ardent students of Irish history and Irish language, and, when they were both mere boys, took a vow that they would work and, if need be, die for Ireland. Shy, earnest, rather pale but strikingly handsome, Pearse had the appearance of the student and the scholar. He impressed all who came into touch with him as being at once an enthusiast and a practical man of affairs. As a teacher of a language class under the Gaelic League in 1899, he already showed that he had imbibed the very soul of the Gael. He was full of enthusiasm for Irish linguistic studies, and delved deeply into Irish folk-lore and early Irish music and poetry.

In 1901 Pearse was called to the Irish bar, and was the recipient of many congratulations. He then set to work to found St. Enda's School at Rathfarnam, County Dublin. St. Enda's was the only Irish college that was founded on a conception of all that was best in Irish life and tradition. There were other Irish colleges, such as that at Ballingeary, where

the Irish language was taught; but St. Enda's was a college where a thorough modern education was provided in all its branches, and where the spirit of the Gael was predominant in everything. Had Pearse done nothing else than found St. Enda's and thus demonstrate how a modern system of education need not exclude the true spirit of the Gael, he would have accomplished a work deserving of the gratitude of every man, woman, and child of the Irish race. Apart entirely from its national significance, St. Enda's was a most important contribution to the science of pedagogy, and its importance will be realized and conceded later when men turn away from destruction to peaceful pursuits.

Not alone was Pearse a poet with the truest conception of the Gaelic ideal; he also wrote a number of remarkable miracle or morality plays. An able orator, he represented the Gaelic League at many Welsh and Scottish national gatherings. In August, 1915, on the occasion of the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa, he delivered the oration at the grave in Glasnevin, where his impassioned address was the outstanding feature of the ceremonies.

No better illustration of the man himself and his ideals could be found than in the article which he wrote and published in four Irish papers— *The Spark*, *Honesty*, *The Gael*, and *The Gaelic Athlete* — three weeks before the Rebellion. For printing this article these papers were promptly suppressed by the Government. The article is a valuable contribution to the history of the Irish Rebellion, since it gives a true picture of the motives of its leaders. The article is as follows:

Since the outbreak of the European war, I have often asked myself, "Are we at war with England?" and have satisfied myself by replying in the affirmative. On deeper reflection I must say, our war with that country is only a war of words, one of lip and feeling.

What are the signs of war, in the purely military sense? There are none, but is it so with the enemy? Oh, no; with her it is war, and real war towards us. Our casualty list is large between captured, imprisoned, and deported. By captured I mean those whom she has deluded and seduced into her ranks.

Where are the successes on our side to offset such losses? Paltry, withal the enemy in our midst has not lost a single man.

We all declare, and justly so, that until Ireland is restored to her place amongst the nations of the earth, come what may, we are at war with England. It is very patriotic, no doubt, and truly national, but what is the value of such declarations if they be not supported by deeds?

I believe that the time has come for a strong and determined offensive against all the entrenchments of the enemy in this country. The effect of such an offensive will be far-reaching. It will show our enemies that we are not conquered; that we are still out for the liberty of one small nationality, Ireland. It will cause an upheaval at home, the news of which will quickly reach our captured brethren abroad. If they have a trace of patriotism in their veins, and many of them have, they will not help the enemy that is shooting down their kith and kin at home.

In short, an offensive at this moment may be the deciding factor in this war. The longer we delay, the better it will be for our enemies. They want no disturbance in Ireland, and will we help in their desire?

Defeat in Ireland means more for the enemy than any defeat she may sustain in Flanders or elsewhere. The only consequence to us is that some of us may be launched into eternity quicker and sooner than we would like. But who are we, that we should hesitate to die for Ireland?

Are not the claims of Ireland greater on us than any personal ones? Do we not boast of our loyalty and love for the Dear Dark Head? Is it fear that deters us from such an enterprise? Away with such fears! Cowards die many times; the brave die only once.

It is admitted that nothing but a revolution can now save the historic Irish nation from becoming a mere appanage, a Crown Colony, of the British Empire. We do not desire such a consummation of the Island of Saints and Scholars, the land of the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, the land for which the countless have suffered and died.

We call ourselves revolutionists; we glory in the name; we speak with pride of the Dawn of the Day. Were there ever such revolutionists? We want the revolution to start us, and not us to start it. If we really want to free Ireland, now is the time for action. Are we afraid to start up like men and bear the consequences, or is all

our talk mere frothing only to delude our enemies as well as our followers?

If we want the revolution, we must make it, and we must realize that such cannot be accomplished without bloodshed. We want war, for war justifies the removal of our enemies in the most expeditious manner. For that purpose we must know who our enemies are, and under no consideration must we allow them to interfere with the onward march of the Irish nation. Either we or they must fall in the fight.

Some will cry out in horror at such a proposal. On what do they base their horror? Is it blood-spilling? Look at the war in Flanders. What blood is being spilled there daily! Do these deaths awake in such people a shudder of horror? No: war to them is justifiable in all countries except in Ireland. We are at war with England, and it is necessary that we should fight it to the bitter end.

Look at the war in Flanders again. What are the motives underlying this struggle? Are these motives just and noble? Is Ireland's struggle with England more legitimate and more sacred? Yes, it is.

Our sufferings extend over centuries; no form of torture and persecution but England has tried on us. She is out for our conquest, and will stop at nothing to effect it. There is no hope for the future welfare of an independent Irish nation but in separation.

God, in His wise providence, has separated us by the seas, but crafty, unscrupulous enemies bind us to that execrable government.

If we remove these enemies, will separation follow? I say and believe "yes." These enemies are the connecting links with Dublin Castle. They are the links that bind, and they shall remain while England holds this country. If we want to break the connection with England, we must remove these links, and we must render government by England impossible in this country.

Is it an impossible task? Decidedly not. At the moment the minions of the government in Ireland stand trembling, afraid to disturb the people. They know their power is weak, and they are fearful lest any action of theirs may lose them their government, or at least may have an untoward effect on the Irish troops fighting for them in Flanders and elsewhere.

I fear we do not realize our present strength and our enemies' weakness. Where is the British navy that we were told ruled the waves? Recent events show that her ruling is now past. As for land forces, what has England to put against us? She needs every

available man to meet the German offensive. Even her conscript army will be needed. She may send some of them to Ireland, but are they such to make us fear?

We are fighting for freedom; freedom for everyone: they are only conscripts fighting against their will. We are superior to them in every respect. We know our country, and by a simultaneous and systematic action we should shock, demoralize, and rout them.

Comrades, everthing favors us. Now or never for the final onslaught. The shades of our immortal dead, the graves of the unavenged, the harrowing cries of our murdered priests, of our violated women, of the coffinless dead who are whitening the Atlantic's broad floor — all rise up and command us to do the noble deed, and fight the last fight for freedom.

We must not wait till the war is over. England will then be at peace, and will be free to send her reserves against us. Will we wait to fail, or will we fight now to win? Yours is the choice.

I am ready. For years I have waited and prayed for this day. We have the most glorious opportunity that has ever presented itself of really asserting ourselves. Such an opportunity may never come again. We have Ireland's liberty in our hands. Will we be freemen, or are we content to remain as slaves and idly watch the final extermination of the Gael?

GOMERAGH.

At another time he wrote, — and the words bear a prophetic air to-day, — referring to the same aspect of the case:

We are older than England and we are stronger than England. In every generation we have renewed the struggle, and so it shall be unto the end. When England thinks she has trampled out our battle in blood, some brave man rises and rallies us again; when England thinks she has purchased us with a bribe, some good man redeems us by a sacrifice.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### The Men of the People

NO two men could have presented a stranger contrast than did Thomas MacDonagh and James Connolly. Both were representative of a distinct class in the nation, and yet both representative of the people. Both were democrats of the purest type, yet seeking the emancipation of their fellow-men in different ways. Both were educators; both were men of literary gifts, as indeed were all the leaders of the rebellion; both were firm believers in the claims of the "bottom dog," and yet each trod a separate path, which, in the end, brought them to a common understanding, and to the consummation of their hopes and ideals in a common sacrifice.

Thomas MacDonagh, a native of Cloughjordan in Tipperary, was in appearance a typical Irishman—tall and straight, clean-cut and good-looking, with short curly hair, a fine head, and a clear bright eye that looked as straight into the eye of his friends as later into the rifles of the shooting squad. He had an air of culture, and that fresh complexion that comes from a life spent in the open air amidst the fields and mountains of Ireland. Though he had a tendency to shyness, his whole bearing was one of good nature and friendliness. No one who met him could ever doubt his sincerity, even though they did not agree with his views.

He was one of those bright spirits whose imagination loved to wander in the far-off Gaelic past — the Gaelic twilight, as some called it. But, while he wandered in fancy along the lanes and among the hills of Ireland in the Golden Age, drinking in the wonder and delight of the magic stories of long ago, he was ever looking into the future to that day when Ireland would be again the free and happy land he saw in his dreams. His studies in Gaelic literature and music were

to him full of practical purpose, for they furthered the one grand object of his life — the making of Ireland a Nation.

As Padraic Pearse's lieutenant at St. Enda's School, he assisted in the work of teaching the boys of Ireland the true meaning of Irish nationality. A fluent Gaelic speaker and a deep student of the language, he did wonderful work at the college, and deserves no inconsiderable share of the credit for the success with which the college accomplished the task set it by its founder. He was heart and soul in his work, and there developed between himself and his pupils a friendship that far exceeded the respect usually inspired by the teacher. He entered into the daily lives of the boys; he was their comrade and friend; his philosophy was their philosophy, and his ambitions were theirs.

There was a great deal of the boy in Thomas, even after he had shouldered the responsibilities of parenthood. His affection was lavished upon his wife and family. With his wife, his little son and daughter, his class and his literary work, all of which engaged his enthusiasm and his affections, one would have imagined that he had little time for anything else. Yet, so big was the heart of the man, he was still able to love something greater and bigger than all these, something for the love of which he eventually gave up his class, his work, his wife and daughter, and his little boy Don — a beautiful, sweet-faced child who had twined himself around the innermost chords of his father's heart. MacDonagh left all these cheerfully and smilingly and went out to fight and die for Ireland.

When MacDonagh joined the Irish Volunteers, he threw into the work that same wonderful enthusiasm that distinguished everything he did. About this time he surrendered the editorship of *The Irish Review*, a monthly magazine that expressed the thoughts of the leading poets, writers, and thinkers in the Irish-Ireland movement. He was thus enabled to devote a little more time to the Volunteers, and there were few more regular at the drills than he. He saw far ahead to the ultimate goal of the movement, but did not

indulge in any false hopes or blind himself as to the desperate nature of the adventure. From the moment that he donned the uniform of the Irish Volunteers, he knew he had started on a line of action that would certainly imperil his life. He knew, also, when he signed the Proclamation of the Irish Republic, that his life was likely to pay the forfeit, yet he never wavered.

Wih regard to his literary work, only a passing reference to it is necessary here. Books will be published later that will estimate his poems and his prose works at their true value. In all, he wrote and published five little books of poems, the most noteworthy being "Through the Ivory Gate," "April and May," "The Golden Joy" and "Lyrical Poems." A posthumous work on Irish literature has recently appeared. In addition, many poems, scattered though Irish publications, have yet to be collected. One fact deserves mention regarding his inscriptions of the volumes which he issued. His earlier books were inscribed with his name spelled "M'Donagh," while in the last two he spelled his name "MacDonagh" — this fact, in itself, showing a development in his study of the Irish language and Irish customs.

While in nobility of ideals and self-sacrificing patriotism, no one of the revolutionary leaders yields place to another, it is most interesting to notice how clearly the individuality of each is revealed in the manner in which he gives expression to the sentiments held in common by all. Pearse's passionate devotion finds vent in an outburst of fiery eloquence, as he calls for the overthrow of the oppressor of his country. MacDonagh immolates himself on the altar of patriotism in a poem, the first two verses of which reveal the gentleness and diffidence characteristic of the man, while the third proclaims his conviction of the high justice and eventual success of a cause which ennobles all who espouse it. The poem is entitled:

### TO A POET CAPTAIN

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

His deeds were a single word,
Called out alone
In a night when no echo stirred to laughter,
To laughter or moan.

But his songs new souls shall thrill,
The loud harps dumb,
And his deeds the echoes fill
When the dawn is come.

In almost direct contrast to MacDonagh was James Thomas Connolly, a native of Cork, the man who was chosen to command the Dublin army of the Republicans. He was of heavy build, rather thick-set, with none of the refined appearance of MacDonagh and little, if any, of his poetic temperament, although he also indulged at times in versification. Rather full in the face, with a complexion that spoke of years passed in the open air, Connolly was easily identifiable as a leader of men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. While affable to all for whom he had a liking, he was a man of much reserve, slow to make friends and slower still to part with them.

The writer came into intimate touch with Connolly during the general strike in Dublin during the latter half of 1913. This was a period of strife and stress in the city, when civil war was in the air and deadly riots were matters of weekly occurrence. When Jim Larkin, the strike organizer, was sent to jail for a speech he had delivered, Connolly took command at Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, whose members were on strike. While lacking the captivating and compelling personality of Larkin, Connolly possessed a diplomacy and an intellect that placed

him far above Larkin. After Connolly assumed the direction of affairs, it soon became evident that the capitalists had to deal with a man whom they could not intimidate or cajole. We do not mean that these methods succeeded with Larkin, but that Connolly was able to meet the employers and beat them at their own game, whereas Larkin combatted them with a brutal directness. It was very freely alleged that Larkin had been hired by English capitalists for the purpose of crippling Irish industry, and his manner of action and of speech sometimes lent a semblance of color to the slander. No such statements were ever circulated regarding Connolly, whose record as an Irishman placed him above suspicion.

For some time following the formation of the Irish Volunteers, Connolly and the entire labor organization kept carefully aloof. In the columns of *The Irish Worker*, edited by Connolly, there were frequent attacks on the Irish Volunteers, and none more bitter and scathing than those which appeared after the demands of John Redmond were acceded to. Connolly was doubtful as to whether the Volunteer movement held a promise of good for the working class or whether its policy was to be pursued along the usual lines of British political movements, which ignored the claims of the laboring classes. For a long period, therefore, Connolly was very cautious and noncommittal, contenting himself with the assertion that the emancipation of Ireland would never be accomplished without the aid of the working men and women, and that, until that fact was officially recognized, he himself and his Citizen Army would keep aloof from the Volunteers. That the proper assurances were forthcoming before the Revolution, was shown by the fact that he was appointed to the chief military command in Dublin.

Connolly, like the other leaders of the Volunteers, did more than play at being a soldier. He spent much of his time studying military science, and his appointment to the Dublin Command was not based on sentiment, but on the knowledge he possessed. In his travels in the United States and Europe he had paid close attention to the military systems in opera-

tion, and he possessed a mind admirably qualified to apply the knowledge he had thus acquired. He was nothing if not thorough, and he never wasted time in the study of anything that he did not intend to apply to a practical purpose. His military studies had been made primarily for the purpose of applying them, at some time in the future, to a renewal of the struggle for Irish Independence. This was the beginning of the Citizen Army, which, he hoped, would be the nucleus of an armed and drilled army of the entire working class.

Connolly wrote many articles and a number of books. His earliest articles, on Socialism and Nationality, appeared in the *Shan Van Vocht* (*The Shan*, as it was affectionately called) in 1895, 1897, and 1898. This paper was edited by Alice Milligan and Anna Johnson (better known by her pen-name of Ethna Carbery). Connolly's articles in *The Shan* created wide discussion, owing, probably, to the fact that it was the first time an Irish Socialist had openly maintained that Socialism was not only not repugnant to the spirit of nationality, but was an integral part of it.

Connolly's ablest work was published in 1910. It was entitled "Labor in Irish History," and is recognized as a standard work on the subject.

## CHAPTER XXV

### The Pen and the Sword

Of the signers of the Proclamation there were two others also differing in many ways, who yet had the same vision. Eamonn Ceannt was born in Galway in 1882. Tall and dark, slimly built but muscular, he was a young and vigorous Gael at the time when he affixed his signature to the Irish Declaration of Independence. Quiet in his manner and unassuming, his modesty of speech and manner made him slow in winning friends, but those whom he did number among his friends found him not only a delightful companion, but one who inspired unbounded confidence. He was of a philosophical turn of mind, and his vast reading in Irish, French, and English literature enabled him to speak with authority on a variety of subjects in a manner at once instructive and entertaining. He was a lover of poetry, a speaker of Gaelic, and thoroughly conversant with the history, literature, and traditions of his native land.

His hobby was gardening. He was a lover of flowers and plants and all things green and young, and contributed numerous articles on gardening to Irish newspapers. He wrote on the subject in a most interesting manner, and no article of his failed in one or more points of special interest to the people of Ireland. He wrote much also on the political situation of the day, and not a little concerning the past history of Ireland. He also contributed a few poems to various publications, but these did not possess any outstanding merit.

Ceannt was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Sinn Fein policy when it was first promulgated, and his enthusiasm and learning were valuable adjuncts to the cause.

He assisted in the administrative end of the campaign, and contributed in no small degree to the success which marked the early days of the new movement. With the starting of the daily Sinn Fein newspaper, Ceannt threw himself into the work with greater energy than before. When, during the period of quiescence, the new headquarters were opened in Harcourt Street, he spent much of his time there, assisting in the work of keeping the organization alive. He arranged courses of lectures and delivered lectures himself, never losing his enthusiasm or his belief in the eventual success of the policy, which, he declared, was based on the dearest hopes and aspirations of the race.

After the formation of the Irish Volunteers, he was one of the first to take up the work of drilling a company, and, during the period between the outbreak of the European War and the Rebellion, he worked indefatigably as an officer and organizer. His work earned for him the place of honor he occupied on the Proclamation and later in front of the firing squad.

Of similar type in many respects was Joseph Mary Plunkett, born in 1892. He was a man who made no false display either of his opinions or his genius, preferring to leave his deeds and his work to speak for him. He has left behind at least one volume of imperishable verse, and, while it is sometimes dangerous to consider the work of a poet as the expression of his personal views, there can be no doubt that the poems in this volume are the utterance of Plunkett's inmost thoughts and the frank outpouring of his soul. He wrote indeed, not for the sake of writing, but to express the hopes and the ambitions that possessed him. Plunkett was also one of the most earnest workers for the Volunteers. A firm believer in the doctrine of physical force, he instinctively distrusted those who spoke of compromise or who were content with less than the absolute freeing of Ireland from all foreign interference. He was also thoroughly conversant with all things Irish and a keen student of military science.

His volume of poems, "The Circle and the Sword," pub-

lished in 1911 and dedicated to Thomas MacDonagh, contains much of the mysticism peculiar to old Gaelic poetry. Although his style was merely in the formative stage, it can scarcely be doubted that, had he lived, his work would have belonged to the truly distinctive utterances of our generation. It has been already noticed how these young poets, who gave up their all that Ireland might resume her place among the other nations of the earth, reveal in their writings a premonition of their eventual fate. So it was with Plunkett. The thoughts, which he puts into words in "1867," are unmistakable in their significance:

All our best ye have branded,
When the people were choosing them;
When 'twas Death they demanded,
Ye laughed. Ye were losing them.
But the blood that ye spilt in the night
Crieth loudly to God,
And their name hath the strength and the might
Of a sword for the sod.

In the days of our doom and our dread
Ye were cruel and callous,
Grim Death with our fighters ye fed
Through the jaws of the gallows;
But a blasting and blight was the fee
For which ye had bartered them,
And we smite with the sword that from ye
We had gained when ye martyred them.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### Fighting Men and Heroes

POSSIBLY the most picturesque of the other prominent figures of the Revolution was Major McBride, a man who had already shown his devotion to the cause of freedom. During the Boer war he led an Irish Brigade on the side of the Boer farmers, who were fighting the fight that the Irish had waged for centuries and against the same tyrant that was ever ready to plant her iron heel upon the aspirations of both for freedom. Even prior to this he had worked in Ireland and in the United States for the freedom of Ireland, and was able by his wide knowledge of military science to render valuable assistance to the men in the movement when the time came for the drilling and the arming of the Volunteers.

A strenuous advocate of armed rebellion, McBride would listen with amused indifference to any suggestion that the freedom of the country, even in a legislative sense, could be won by agitation in the British House of Commons. He threw over the Irish Parliamentary Party in 1895, believing that it was even then corrupted by British influence and British gold, and never entertained the slightest hope that even the emaciated Home Rule Bill would be put into operation. All his thoughts were centered on the raising of an army that would drive the British out of the country, and he never wavered in his steadfast belief that this would eventually be accomplished — if not in this century, in the next. Of middle age, a little over medium height, and rather stoutly built, McBride presented an entire contrast to all the other leaders, except perhaps Connolly. He did not possess quite the same keen intellectual perception of the Gaelic ideal as did the others, but there was no question as to his knowl-

edge of Irish history and his thorough insight into every angle of the political situation. He loved his country, and his one desire was to be present at the striking of the final blow for her freedom.

Of a very different type was Michael O'Hanrahan, a native of New Ross in Wexford. In losing O'Hanrahan, Ireland lost an author who would have given her youth many volumes of inspired romance if he had lived. He was of a retiring disposition, and spent a great deal of his time at home, reading far into the night books of Irish verse and Irish history, romances of the Golden Age, and tales of the myths and legends of Eirinn. While copy reader in the office of a Dublin newspaper, O'Hanrahan became possessed of an ambition to write. He plunged into a course of study that developed his faculties and rapidly advanced him to the rank of a man of letters. From Arthur Griffith, the Editor of *Sinn Fein*, he received valuable assistance. For a time he contributed an article each week to *Sinn Fein* (under the pen-name of "Martin"), in which he related the political gossip of the week in a humorous, conversational style. These articles showed a steady improvement in style and construction, and it was soon seen that the young writer had a bright future before him.

It was O'Hanrahan's dearest ambition at this time to write a book, and he pondered seriously as to the subject he should select. Eventually, in 1914, he published an Irish historical romance entitled "A Swordsman of the Brigade," which met with a most flattering reception. As its name implies, it is a tale of the Wild Geese, and is a brilliant contribution to modern Irish fiction.

O'Hanrahan was one of the first to join the Irish Volunteers. At the inaugural meeting in the Rotunda in 1913 he was one of the stewards appointed to sign up recruits. He gave up a great deal of his literary work to drill and learn the art of soldiering. With the passing of time his enthusiasm became greater, and, as his proficiency increased, he was promoted from one rank to another, until he had gained a

prominence that made him a marked man. At the time of the rising he was treasurer of the Arms' Fund and the most trusted man in the organization.

Still another who rendered valuable assistance in the preparations for the rebellion was William Pearse. Like his brother, he was born in Dublin of an English father and an Irish mother, and it is to their mother that the boys owed that devotion for Ireland which characterized their lives. William Pearse was the Art Master at St. Enda's School. He had inherited the genius of his father, who was a well-known sculptor, but his art differed from his father's in the new inspiration which he brought to it and which rendered it distinctive. There was a strong suggestion of the Gaelic in all his sculpture, even in those subjects which were not themselves Irish. His work soon began to attract attention at the various exhibitions where it was placed on view, and particularly at the Royal Hibernian Academy in Dublin. One of his finest works was his "Mater Dolorosa," which was given the place of honor in the Mortuary Chapel in St. Andrew's Church, Westland Row, Dublin. He was already winning recognition in the critical art circles of Europe, when he sacrificed his art to serve his country.

Like his brother, William was Irish of the Irish. He joined the Volunteers at the same time as his brother, and was even more enthusiastic in his attendance at drills and his study of military science. He spent hours in the drill halls, teaching and inspiring the men, and he was loved by all with whom he came into contact. His youthful energy was tremendous, and he seemed able to accomplish as much work as any other two men. A quiet and unassuming youth, he had all the reserve and all the genial qualities that made his brother loved and trusted and respected by his comrades.

Of the others, Daly and Colbert and Heuston and Mallon, much the same is to be said. They were young men who had, by their devotion to their work, risen to posts of responsibility in the Volunteers. They were all men of sincerity and purity of motive — men whom any nation might be proud to

call her sons. In almost every instance they had just attained the full bloom of manhood, and were men who would certainly have won eminence in their various callings, had they not been singled out for a nobler fate. It is extremely difficult to speak of these men in a calmly critical manner, such as is expected of a writer who endeavors to depict the history of any set period. It is difficult to speak of friends and companions as so many pawns on a chessboard, when one's knowledge of the motives that moved them to action is personal and direct. Of the stuff that heroes are made of, with souls set above the earth and the things of the earth, they followed the path of duty to its last demand, intent only on relighting the torch of liberty which England had extinguished in their land.

In their everyday actions they gave little evidence of possessing the germs of heroism. They were all quiet men, little given to talk or display. They knew there were thousands who were as ready as they to make the supreme sacrifice when it was demanded. But to them fell the lot of leading the van, of showing the way to their followers, and of paying the extreme penalty always exacted from patriots in the event of defeat. They knew, as did every man in the Volunteers, that they were running the risk of imprisonment or death at the hands of the defender of the liberties of small nations, even if they survived the fight.

All of them were workers — whether in the college, the office, or the store. When their day's work was done, they would repair to the drill hall or to the place of meeting, and would there take their places as drill masters, officers, or wherever their duty called them. They were not men who had been selected to lead a nation, but men who stepped into the line when the call came for action. Some of them were scarcely known outside their immediate circle of acquaintance, yet they were marked men, owing to the fact that they had always taken their stand on the one and only platform possible for an Irish Nationalist — absolute and complete independence for Ireland. The mere fact that they had not

been prominent in the political arena is significant. They were men of the people in every sense of the word. Plain, straightforward, and serious, they were not swayed either by the fanaticism of the moment nor by the pressure of precedent. They took their stand where they did because they believed it was the only honorable thing that an Irishman could do under the circumstances. They had joined the Volunteers owing to the conviction that in a national military organization lay Ireland's only chance to escape betrayal at the hands of her perjured representatives and later the danger of being engulfed in a war in which she had no interest. These men were not to be led astray by the sleek promises of a Government that had ever mocked at the dearest hopes of the Irish people. They were ready to accept any genuine measure of Home Rule as a foundation for the regaining of Ireland's freedom, but they refused to barter their nationality for the promise of a mess of pottage.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### The Women of the Nation

IN dealing with the work of the women of the Revolution, pride of place must necessarily be given to the Countess Markievicz. A daughter of Lady Gore-Booth of Lissadell, County Sligo, Constance Gore-Booth was reared in an atmosphere peculiarly hostile to Irish nationality. The story is told that her mother, with a strange hatred of all things Irish, had all the clocks in the Manor House set to English time. Constance later escaped from this stultifying atmosphere, when, developing a talent for painting, she went to Paris to study art. Here she met and married, in 1900, Count Casimir Markievicz. After her marriage she returned to Ireland, and finally settled down with her husband in Dublin. Despite all the attractions of Castle society, she felt herself irresistibly drawn into another group, whose hallmark was intellect, whose blue blood was that of the Gael, and whose magic circle was bound around with youth and talent and love and hope for Ireland a Nation.

For some years she was one of the most picturesque figures in the national life of Dublin, and gave unstintingly of her time, her sympathies, and her means to the cause. With Bulmer Hobson she founded, in 1909, the Irish Boy Scouts (*Fianna na hEirinn*), for she believed that, the younger a boy was when he dedicated his life to Ireland, the more he would have to give her, and that in the hearts and hands of her youth lay the destinies of Eirinn.

The boys worshiped her, and she spent night after night in the hall in Camden steet, helping to drill them, holding up to them as patterns the mighty Fianna of old with their boy hero, Fionn MacCumhal — Fionn of the perfect soul and the consummate wisdom, of whose glowing beauty Oisin sang.

Their boyish hearts stirred by the hero tales, they responded gladly to the teaching and the training of the enthusiastic and dashing woman, who taught them that they must be like the Fianna, strong of limb and fleet of foot, cultured and chivalrous, keenly intellectual and ever noble in principle. She declared to them on one occasion, "Remember, boys, no Fian ever turned his back on his foes, no Fian ever told a lie."

When they camped out in the misty Dublin mountains above the "blue of Dublin Bay," she too was there. She accompanied them on their marches; and many a Sunday morning, when the crowds were on their homeward way from the last Mass along the Phibsboro Road and streams of visitors flowed towards Glasnevin, the wild music of Irish war pipes would suddenly fill the air, and around Doyle's Corner, with green, white, and orange banners flying, would sweep the *Fianna na hEirinn*, clad in saffron kilts. A tall, straight, slender woman, with a soft felt hat strapped firmly under her chin and bright green 'kerchief knotted around her neck, might be seen marching proudly at their head. A momentary pause, a flash of something white, and on the first lamp-post would appear an anti-recruiting bill, placed there by a practiced hand — the hand of Countess Markievicz. Then off they would go again, the pipes shrieking "The Dawning of the Day."

In 1913, during the months of the Dublin strikes, she played an important part in alleviating distress in the city. She attended personally to the cooking and the preparation of the meals given out at Liberty Hall to the strikers and their families. Many a morning, long before eight o'clock, a figure on a bicycle would sweep swiftly around the old Houses of Parliament, down over O'Connell Bridge, and along Eden Quay to Liberty Hall. It was the Countess hurrying to get breakfast for her comrades, the working men of Dublin.

One Friday afternoon in August, when the excitement was at its height, Jim Larkin announced that on the following Sunday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, he would address a

public meeting in O'Connell Street. On Saturday morning the meeting was proclaimed, and a warrant issued for the arrest of Larkin. But Jim Larkin was nowhere to be found; he had disappeared. A strange undercurrent of expectancy thrilled Dublin that evening; an indescribable feeling that something was going to happen. Rumors of all kinds were circulated, but one persisted, namely that, in spite of the proclamation and the warrant for his arrest, Jim Larkin would address the meeting.

Sunday morning came, gracious and soft as a typical Irish morning. Between nine and ten o'clock a body of men marched out of the city to Fairview. They were the members of the Citizen Army, and the attention of the police was focused on them immediately. As the morning wore on, the churches emptied themselves of their large congregations, and between twelve and one o'clock O'Connell Street was thronged with laughing, good-natured people. Most of them were making their way home from Mass, but some of them lingered, wondering if Larkin would keep his word.

In company with some friends, the writer was turning from Middle Abbey Street into O'Connell Street when a jaunting car dashed by. Sitting on it were the Countess Markievicz and Francis Sheehy-Skeffington. They stopped at the door of the Imperial Hotel, and the attention of the passing crowds seemed suddenly to center around them, when out upon a balcony of the hotel stepped a tall, grave, and bearded gentleman in morning attire beyond reproach. Bowing graciously to the assembled people, he removed his shining silk hat and impressive beard. And then a cheer went up — a cheer that might have been heard for miles. Jim Larkin had kept his word.

In a second, O'Connell Street became the scene of the wildest confusion. Out of Prince's Street, where they had been lined up in waiting, dashed the police with their batons. Right and left they charged, caring not whom they struck. Men, women, and children were knocked down and beaten. Men were clubbed to death, and O'Connell Street was red with the blood of defenseless people.

That was another Bloody Sunday to be stored in Ireland's memory.

On the following Wednesday the men murdered by the police were buried in Glasnevin. The funeral was an impressive demonstration of public feeling. The bodies were taken to the Pro-Cathedral, where special services were held, the streets being lined with indignant people. The most striking feature of the funeral was the army of working men and women who attended. Many processions have been held in Dublin, — language parades and pageants that, voicing the warmth and color of Irish-Ireland, set one's heart to beat at a quickened pace, — but Dublin never before witnessed anything so impressive as these hosts of working men and women that went marching, marching, interminably marching past in silent tribute to their dead. Alongside of them a car moved slowly. On it were the Count and Countess Markievicz. The Countess was in white, but against her white dress lay a large wreath, scarlet like blood.

In the Rotunda, at the Aonach and during the week of the Oireachtas, the Countess was a prominent figure, particularly in the Art Section, where her training and artistic talent made her assistance invaluable. Sometimes she would sell Sinn Fein pamphlets, or pictures of Tone and Emmet at the Sinn Fein stall; and again she would be found with her beloved boys of the Fianna. In her own home she was a charming hostess. She loved to gather around her the young and gifted who were helping to make Ireland a Nation, and to those who were privileged to be present at these gatherings they will remain forever a fragrant and inspiring memory.

Closely associated with the Countess in all her work for Ireland was her intimate friend, Helena Moloney. She was a retiring and quiet girl who could, when the occasion demanded it, become as aggressive and as determined as she was ordinarily shy and modest. Helena served many jail sentences in Dublin, prior to and after the outbreak of the war, for speeches made in the public streets against recruiting. Helena and the Countess were two of the hardest workers

during the visit of King George of England to Dublin in 1911. Both of them made the round of the city night after night, speaking on street corners and appealing to the people to show to the English monarch the true spirit of the people of Ireland. On all these occasions the Union Jack was burned amid the cheers of the people, and the police were powerless to interfere. Although the treatment given her in jail broke down her health little by little, she persevered with her task, each sentence serving but to strengthen her determination to carry on the work to the end.

There were scores of other women who did splendid work before the Rebellion, and took their stand with the men when the Flag of Irish Freedom was hoisted over the Irish Capital. From women and girls of trained intellect to the daughters of the very poorest, the women of Dublin answered nobly to the call of freedom. That the conduct of the British soldiers in the city during the years preceding the Rebellion fanned the indignation of Irish women against England goes without saying; and it is a notable fact that for the first time in the history of Ireland, since the siege of Limerick, the Irish women rose in a body to combat the power of England and take part in the battle for liberty.

None of the women are more deserving of praise than the working girls and women of the city. Girls employed at Jacob's Biscuit Works and at other places in the city rallied to the call and did magnificent work. They had been well trained and well organized long before the rising. They showed a wonderful aptitude for the tasks assigned to them, and spent many hours every evening learning their parts — to act as Red Cross nurses, as special messengers, and in a score of other capacities that enabled them to be of supreme service in the hour when they were needed.

These girls had the best of reasons for taking part in the rebellion. At the time of the strikes in Dublin during 1913 they had been subjected to every indignity that could be heaped on them. Working long hours for a mere pittance, they proved that their spirit had survived, that in spite of

the drudgery to which they were subjected they were still capable of asserting the rights that were theirs.

Another section that did fine work was the organization known as the *Cumann na mBan*, or Irish Women's Council. Mrs. Thomas Clarke, wife of the leader of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, was one of the most active workers in this body, and she was ably assisted by many other well-known women of Dublin, including Mrs. Eoin MacNeill, Helena Moloney, and the Countess Markievicz. Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. MacNeill, and Mrs. Gill were women of social standing who were the mothers of families, and who had every reason to be satisfied with the positions they held, but they were unable to resist the call of the country.

These women not only took up the study of Red Cross work, but also learned much of the art of the soldier. They belonged to a militant organization, and were not content to take a passive part in the work. They met every evening at their headquarters, where they learned to shoot and march, and many of them became crack shots with the revolver and the rifle. In addition, every member learned the mechanism of the weapons, with the result that they were able to be of valuable assistance to the men. The part that they played in the actual fighting showed the thoroughness of the drilling they went through for many months before the rising.

In one other way, also, these women were of the greatest assistance to the men. At the inaugural meeting of the Volunteers in 1913 a special appeal was made to the women for coöperation. There were many women at that meeting, and, when the meeting was over, these women made arrangements to form an organization to supplement the work of the men. This was the beginning of the *Cumann na mBan*. It was first intended that the members should take up the work of collecting funds for the purchase of rifles and ammunition for the Volunteers. They carried on this work for many months, but gradually developed into a militant organization of their own. These women were instrumental in collecting a large

sum of money for the arming of the men, and they also armed themselves. In view of the manner in which the British soldiers in Dublin had acted towards the women of the city, it was recognized that, rebellion apart, every girl and woman of Dublin should possess a gun and the ability to use it in an emergency.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### Thinkers and Men

ONE of the most interesting personalities in public life in Ireland for many years was Arthur Griffith. While he took no active part in the rising, his work during the years which preceded it was such that it is almost impossible to overestimate his influence on the Irish people. The manner in which he was treated by the British Government immediately after the surrender shows that the English officials were well aware of the part he had played. Of medium height, square build, and great muscular development, and with a finely developed head, Griffith was a man of commanding appearance, who impressed one immediately as a man of keen intellect. Quiet and very reserved in the presence of strangers, he was kindly Irish of the Irish in his home. One had indeed to know him intimately to appreciate the true worth of the man. Few men in Dublin had so great a knowledge of Irish history and literature as Griffith, and he was, in addition, an able politician, if we use the term in its true sense, and not in the sinister meaning which it has acquired in Ireland during the past decade.

Griffith spent many years in South Africa, working in the Transvaal diamond mines, but, even during this period, he kept in close touch with Irish affairs, and was a contributor to the *Shan Van Vocht*. He possessed a natural talent for writing, and had a terse and vigorous style that made a direct appeal to his readers. He was thus able to make good use of his knowledge of history, and of his genius for statistics and analysis which lent such power to his writings.

On his return to Ireland he took up the editorship of *The United Irishman*, and made it one of the most widely read

papers in the country. His editorial articles attracted almost universal attention, while his criticisms of the Irish Parliamentary Party caused no little uneasiness to its leaders. A libel action, however, put an end to the paper, but, as has frequently happened in the annals of Irish journalism, the paper was discontinued for a very short period, only to reappear as *Sinn Fein*.

Griffith now propounded his Sinn Fein policy. After a close study of general history, he finally became particularly interested in the histories of Poland, Finland, and Hungary. So keen did his interest in Hungary become that he issued a lengthy pamphlet entitled "The Resurrection of Hungary," which enjoyed a tremendous popularity and which contained a telling object-lesson for the people of Ireland. This paved the way for the Sinn Fein policy, and, when Griffith made his famous speech detailing the various points of that policy, the result was electrical. Praise and ridicule were heaped upon the policy and its author, but the practicability of the plan was seen by a large number of men who immediately identified themselves with the new movement. "Sinn Fein" became a battle-cry throughout the country, and, as has already been shown, many of the brightest spirits of the younger generation of Irishmen flocked to the new standard.

It had always been one of Griffith's ideals to establish a daily paper in Ireland along national lines. Up to 1909 the only papers that could be called truly national were weekly, the others being merely professional political organs. In 1909 Griffith established *Sinn Fein*, bringing out the paper every afternoon with all the news of the country and cable news from abroad. The first issue was dated Tuesday, August 24, and its appearance was heralded by throngs in the streets in the vicinity of Middle Abbey Street, where the paper was published. The paper was eagerly bought up by the people, and the first issue was sold almost as soon as it had been run off the press. The paper was printed on Irish paper with Irish ink, and was Irish in every line of its make-up. The Editorial, entitled "Ourselves," was as follows:

We give the Nation to-day a daily journal. The parties in Ireland have their organs — the Nation hitherto has had none. We support the policy of Sinn Fein, because we are convinced that of the policies before this country it is the most effective. But we do not confound the policy with the Nation. Sinn Fein is not the Nation. Parliamentarianism is not the Nation, Unionism is not the Nation — all are but weapons offered to the Nation; and, by their effectiveness in the Nation's service, they must be judged and retained or discarded. The Nation belongs exclusively to none of us, Nationalists or Unionists, Catholics or Protestants, rich or poor — it belongs to us all, and it is greater than us all. The party comes and goes — the Nation remains for ever. The quarrels of the parties of the past in Ireland are of no living account to us to-day. What we now ask about past movements is what they achieved for the Nation. What our children will ask about the movements of to-day will be the same question. It will be of no more interest to them than the passing breeze whether Sinn Fein scored a point over Parliamentarianism, or whether Parliamentarianism scored a point over Unionism. What victories did they win for the Nation? That is the question they will ask, and by the reply we shall be judged. How did the parties in Ireland in 1909 make Ireland — the Ireland of us all — happier, freer, stronger, more prosperous and more respected? In 1929 that is all the people of Ireland will be interested in knowing about our parties of to-day. In your hearts, fellow-countrymen, you know this to be true.

Parnell never said a wiser thing than that Ireland could not spare the services of a single one of her sons and daughters. Ireland is poor and weak; her enemies are strong and powerful. Any policy that would prevent an Irishman or an Irishwoman working for his or her country's good, is a policy that must tend to keep Ireland poor and weak. That intolerance has been the sin of nearly all parties in Ireland, is a fact none of us can deny. That this intolerance has cost Ireland the services of thousands of her best men, is a fact we affirm. So fatuous a policy will never be ours. We recognize that the people of Ireland as a whole, whatever their party, whatever their creed, whatever their class may be, are at least as patriotic as the people of the thriving nations. We recognize that the great mass of those who support Parliamentarianism or Unionism are as honest in their belief and as sincere in their desire to serve Ireland as their brethren who support the Sinn Fein policy.

Were we to believe otherwise we would believe that the bulk of the Irish people cared nothing for their country — and no one who knows Ireland could believe so base a thing. Behind all the fierceness, bitterness, and intolerance of party lies a deep and passionate patriotism, and it is that patriotism to which we appeal — to which we shall give an articulate organ — on which we shall rebuild, in the manly love of comrades, the Nation.

In a sentence, reversing the custom that has long prevailed in our public affairs, we shall seek to find points of agreement and not points of difference, and we shall support every honest effort and give full credit to our countrymen of other political parties for all the work they perform for the common good. We shall refuse to regard any Irish party as our enemies. They may be our opponents — they shall not be our enemies. Our enemies are those who govern, and misgovern, this country against the will of its people — not any section of our own countrymen.

We pledge ourselves to-day to support every man and every party — however divergent their opinions may be from ours on other points — in any work to the credit and honor of our common Nation, and to defend the right of the man who disagrees with us on one point to be heard on the other nine. Ireland again a Nation has been the dream of generations; it will never be a fact until we all — whether our party color be orange, green, or blue — realize that we are Irishmen before we are party men. We believe that sincere men of all parties — and the sincere men are a great majority in every Irish party — are realizing this to-day; that the old evil and absurd policy of driving men out of public life because they cannot subscribe to all the tenets of the predominant party is dying, and that the ideal of Thomas Davis — an Ireland in which its people, differing widely in policy and methods, are united in the love and service of their country — is growing in the minds of men on both sides of the Boyne. We are here to realize that ideal, and we claim the support of all our countrymen in the work we have undertaken.

This declaration of policy shows Griffith as he really was better than many pages of appreciation might do. We have already shown how his paper was suppressed during the war, and how he kept up the fight by publishing one periodical after another to tell the men and the women of Ireland the true facts of the situation. That he played a large and an im-

portant part in the subsequent events cannot be denied. He educated the people of Ireland, and brought about a revival of the old spirit of self-reliance and patriotism. He believed firmly that the final appeal would have to be to force of arms, but he also believed that this, in order to be successful, must be founded on a firm educational basis, and it was to this foundation that he directed all his efforts.

There is one other man whom we should consider in this chapter, as being somewhat akin to Griffith. This is Eoin MacNeill, the leader of the Irish Volunteers up to the time of the Rebellion, and a man who was more or less directly responsible for their formation. A man of striking appearance and brilliant intellect, he devoted all his energies to Ireland and her freedom, and, whatever may be the explanation of the tragic error that will forever be associated with his name, the fact remains that his actions were sincere and his motives were of the highest.

He also was deeply versed in the history and the traditions of his country, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gael. He first entered public life as Vice-President of the Gaelic League, of which he was the real founder, and later became associated with the official organ of the League, *An Cleadheamh Soluis*. In this paper, during the year 1913, MacNeill wrote a number of articles drawing attention to the manner in which Carson's Volunteers were spreading, and suggesting that a meeting be called for the purpose of forming the Irish Volunteers. He presided at the meeting in the Rotunda Rink, and became the first President of the Volunteers. He was indefatigable in his work for the Volunteers, and edited their official organ, *The Volunteer*, in the pages of which, from the beginning of the war until the suppression of the paper, he advocated a policy of staying at home and vigorously denounced the attempts made to force Irishmen into the British army. While the Government was doing everything in its power to inflame the Irish people, MacNeill was one of its most caustic critics. Especially caustic was his criticism of the manner in which the Defense of the Realm

Act was carried out by the British authorities. As affording an insight into MacNeill's views and into the anomalous condition of Ireland, the following article written by MacNeill in *The Volunteer* of September, 1915, is interesting.

General Friend, the responsible military authority in Ireland, had only a limited knowledge of civil and political affairs in Ireland. To supply the defect, Mr. Birrell placed one of his subordinates, Mr. Price, a county inspector of police, at the General's disposal. In this way Mr. Birrell ceased to be responsible, and to care two straws for anything that Mr. Price, now Major Price, may advise to be done. General Friend cannot well go behind the advice of Major Price, his Intelligence Officer, since without the Major the General would be without intelligence. The Major, for his part, refuses in court to go behind what the General does on the Major's advice. The Crown explains in court that "there was the parallel of the Dictator in ancient Roman history." It is not a bad parallel for the champions of liberty and nationality in the twentieth century. The Dictator of Ireland is evidently the gallant Major, who has reached his military honors by a short way from Tipperary, where he completed his qualifications in "intelligence" as a police inspector under Mr. Birrell. The General is naturally dependent on whatever advice the Major wishes to dictate. The Major is Dictator, with full power over the liberty of the subject.

The Major, having advised the General, who would be acting in the dark without the Major's intelligence, admits in court that "the military authorities," the Dictator and the General, "are responsible to the Nation." The Nation Once Again — the Irish-Scottish-Welsh-English nation. "There never was a Defense of the Realm Act passed before," says Major Price to the court. That is true. Never until we got Home Rule on the Statute Book, was it in the power, of one policeman to consign Irishmen to banishment without even stating the evidence in court. "What that evidence was I am not going to tell you," is the Dictator's own statement. Formerly, when there was no evidence, it required at least the hard swearing of two police witnesses to destroy an Irishman's liberty. Now that we have Home Rule on the Statute Book we have changed all that, and it is a change for the better. It obviates hard swearing, which, however necessary, is never pleasant. The Defense of the Realm Act makes for veracity.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### The Irish in America

ONE of the essential components of the American people, using the term in its modern sense, is the Gael. The Irish have made their mark on the history of the United States, have secured positions of power and influence, and have thrown their racial characteristics into the melting pot, out of which has been produced the American mind and the new American nation. Driven from their homeland by a system of Government that made personal freedom impossible, the Irish emigrated to America in millions. At first, like other immigrants, most of them had to content themselves with the more laborious tasks, while the police and fire departments of the great and small cities absorbed thousands of them. But with the dead weight of foreign oppression removed from their shoulders and the opportunity of education and advancement presenting itself, the Gael rapidly rose to positions of affluence and influence.

From the days when the young nation had tested its strength with the oppressor of Ireland and America alike, the Irish in America had proven their loyalty to the land of their adoption. When the time came for action, they were ready to shed their blood for America. Their American patriotism was pure and unselfish, just as their devotion was true and unselfish to the land of their birth. It was this loyalty to an ideal, to a national ideal and to a patriotic instinct, that made the Irish in America often more American than the Americans themselves. The Irish had learned great lessons, and had profited by them. They loved America because America granted to them that liberty which a foreign power denied them in their own land.

Yet back of it all and deep down in his soul the Gael remained true to Ireland. That little island three thousand miles away exercised a fascination that no Irishman was able to resist. True, he might at times forget. There were times when events were pressing in the new country, when the stress of living or the excitement of adventure led his thoughts away from his native land. But they never failed to return. A chance meeting with a friend, a line in a newspaper, and there would again flash across his mental vision that old dream of Ireland a Nation. It was owing to this that he was so proudly jealous of the liberties and the rights of the American nation, in the building of whose fortunes he had played no insignificant part. His love and enthusiasm were not divided. He stood for liberty, whether in America or in Ireland, in Poland or Hungary. Those who had sought to deprive him of what he believed the birthright of every man and woman and child, had made of him a disciple to carry the doctrine of human liberty into every corner of the earth.

The story of the formation of the Fenian Brotherhood in America has already been briefly told in these pages. That organization was the banding together of Irishmen of all creeds and all parties for the purpose of freeing Ireland. Through varying degrees of fortune that organization retained its ideals, which were never anything less than the complete emancipation of Ireland from the rule of the foreigner. To-day the I. R. B. is what it was on the first day of the formation of the Emmet Memorial Committee. It grew rapidly in the years preceding the Rebellion, and was the leading Irish republican organization in America. The men in Dublin and the men of the I. R. B. in America were one in their ideals; they were men of a common organization, and were actuated by the same desire. Had it been possible for the men of the I. R. B. in America to have traveled to Dublin before the rising, they would have been found shoulder to shoulder with Clarke, Pearse, The O'Rahilly, and their colleagues. Ireland could have enrolled a far greater "foreign legion" than fought for the Allies in France.

At the same time the I. R. B. did not represent a majority of the Irish in America at the time of the outbreak of the war in Europe. Knowing how fruitful a field America has always been for the collection of money, Redmond and his colleagues made the most strenuous efforts to hold the attention of the people on this side of the Atlantic concentrated on his Home Rule campaign, and he was able to do this with so much success that many billions of dollars were subscribed by the Irish people here in order to enable him to keep up the fight. In the later stages of his campaign this money was used for the purpose of buying public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic, in subsidizing newspapers, particularly the degenerate *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin, the official organ of the party, and *The Irish News* of Belfast, which existed for the purpose of keeping Joseph Devlin prominent in the eye of the public.

Among the staunchest of Redmond's supporters on this side of the Atlantic were the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. One of the largest Irish organizations in the United States, it was able to mold public opinion in this country any way that Mr. Redmond wanted it. The A. O. H. was consistently in favor of the Parliamentary Party right up to the outbreak of the war. It was instrumental in collecting a great deal of the money that was sent to Mr. Redmond from America, for it always believed that the Home Rule cause would win out, and that by it Ireland would gain her freedom.

Another influence that Redmond was able to wield in America was *The Irish World* newspaper, perhaps the most powerful force in Irish-American circles. Under the leadership of Patrick Ford, one of the most sincere Irishmen in America, *The Irish World* was able to supply more money to the Parliamentary Party than any other single agency. Its columns were open year after year to the constantly recurring appeals made by Redmond for money. In the sincere belief that he was acting for the best, Patrick Ford appealed to the thousands of readers of his paper to support the Party, and these appeals never fell on deaf ears.

Mention should also be made of the San Francisco *Leader*, edited by Father Yorke, which had always been an advocate of the physical force and Sinn Fein movements. The *Leader* was one of the few newspapers that did not believe in Redmond, but which was still anxious to give him every opportunity of carrying out his promises. The *Leader* and a number of other weekly papers wielded an influence in the country that was by no means negligible. These papers had a large following of readers, who were either suspicious of the good faith of Redmond or were giving him the benefit of the doubt for the time being.

With the outbreak of the war Redmond became a recruiting sergeant for the Empire. The effect in America was striking and instantaneous. Led by *The Irish World*, the vast majority of Redmond's followers deserted him. Knowing the record of the British Army in Ireland, they were unable to understand how any Irish leader could appeal to the young men of Ireland to don the uniform of the men who had, only a few days previously, murdered Irish men and women in the streets of Dublin, even had there not been a long list of crimes of the most brutal nature to be charged up against English soldiers in earlier years. Redmond overestimated his influence when he thought he could sway the Irish of America to a concurrence with his plans. He found that they were still Irish, and still remained true to the traditions of their country.

The defection of *The Irish World* was the first blow that the "recruiting sergeant" received. He retaliated by getting the British Government to have the paper proclaimed throughout Ireland and an order issued prohibiting it being imported into Ireland. By these means Redmond probably hoped he would be able to keep the people from knowing the true sentiment of the Irish in America. In this he was disappointed, owing to the fact that the new editor of the paper, Robert E. Ford, son of Patrick Ford, who had succeeded his father in the management of the paper on the death of the former, found ways and means of getting the paper to the

Irish people. Needless to say, Redmond was also unable to prevent the paper being sold to the Irish people in America, and *The Irish World* was able to do yeoman service in exposing the facts of the situation to the people of this country. The paper conducted a vigorous campaign against the recruiting policy, and later, when the proposals were made and accepted by Redmond for the partition of Ireland as a further sop to the English Tories, *The Irish World* was one of the most bitter opponents of the scheme.

Following immediately after the change made by *The Irish World*, the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America transferred its allegiance. National President Joseph McLaughlin came out in an uncompromising manner against Redmond. In the course of a letter to *The Irish World* on March 27, 1915, he stated his views, saying that ninety per cent of the Hibernians were against recruiting. He added that he was expressing the practically unanimous opinion of the Order of which he was the President. His letter ran in part;

> The work of Ireland cannot be done by shedding Irish blood under the British flag, in a cause which does not concern either the honor or the safety of Ireland or her people either at home or abroad. . . . The recruiting policy is treason. It cannot deceive, however cunningly masked, the thinking majority of the race who remember that the nation which enforced the Penal Laws against Catholics, which forced the Ancient Order of Hibernians out into the mountains to defend the priest and the schoolmaster, which kept the masses in poverty and ignorance, which "rooted out" millions in a single century, is the same nation which now seeks to whistle them back with vague promises and asks them to "save the Empire"! It is not a part of the duty of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to "save the Empire." But it is its duty to save the young men of Ireland for the mothers and wives at home. The only words that real Hibernians can fervently utter at this time are the words that were first defiantly spoken on an English scaffold — "God Save Ireland."

The defection of the Hibernians was followed by similar action on the part of many other organizations, with the result that before the end of the first year of the war ninety-

five per cent of the Irish in America were united in a common bond against the betrayal of Ireland. There were a few who remained with Redmond, but they dwindled day by day, as the news came of one betrayal of principle after another.

This union of the various sections of Irish opinion in America, at the time when the same thing was taking place in Ireland, is one of the most significant features of the situation. It demonstrated, better than anything else could do, the fact that the vast majority of the Irish people at home and abroad were not in favor of Great Britain or her recruiting sergeant. One of the finest results of the union of parties in America was the holding of the First Annual Convention of the Irish Race in America at the Hotel Astor, New York City, in March, 1916. This convention was attended by over 2000 delegates from all parts of the country, and resolutions were unanimously adopted, declaring for the freedom of Ireland, denouncing the Parliamentary Party for its betrayal, and asking the assistance of neutral nations in securing for Ireland a place at the Peace Conference when it met to end the war. Following this Convention a new organization was formed, known as the Friends of Irish Freedom, which spread with lightning-like rapidity throughout America. A few weeks later the men had risen in Dublin in another effort to win the liberty of Ireland.

This brief and necessarily incomplete sketch of the activities of the Irish in America is sufficient to show that the Irish here were not in sympathy with Redmond, who, from the time he became a recruiting sergeant for the British Empire, was denounced from one end of the country to the other. Redmond was dead so far as America was concerned, without the faintest hope of being ever again able to win back even a shadow of his former power. The Irish in America were interested in the liberty of Ireland, and not in the salvation of the British Empire.

## CHAPTER XXX

### Sir Roger Casement

As each phase of the history of the Irish Rebellion of 1916 is considered, it becomes increasingly difficult to treat of the subject within any set limits. The case of Sir Roger Casement might well be a story to itself. The part which he played in the Rebellion and the manner of his trial and final martyrdom render him of particular interest to the student of Irish history. His striking personality, his pure and noble patriotism, his simple love for his country, and his devotion to the cause of humanity will rank him among the most striking figures in the history of his century.

From his first appearance in public life his career was a notable one. Born in County Antrim of English Protestant parents on September 1, 1864, he received a full course of university education, and began his diplomatic career with his appointment to the Niger Coast Oil Rivers Protectorate on July 31, 1892. On June 27, 1893, he was appointed Consul in the Portuguese Province of Lorenzo Marquez, and on July 29, 1898, Consul for the Portuguese Possessions of West Africa, south of the Gulf of Guinea.

His services in these capacities were such that during the war in South Africa he was engaged on special service in Cape Town in 1899 and again in 1900, and was rewarded, on the conclusion of the war, by the decoration of the Queen s Medal. On August 20, 1900, he was transferred to the Congo State, and was appointed, in addition, on August 6, 1901, Consul for part of the French Congo Colony. His work in the Congo was instrumental in revealing the atrocities that the Belgian Government was committing in its anxiety to collect the rubber with which that region abounded. His

knowledge of the facts that shocked the civilized world had a great deal to do with the attitude he took when the cry of "violated Belgium" was made the excuse for England's declaration of war on Germany, for he felt that any punishment meted out to Belgium would be mild chastisement for a nation that had been responsible for the mutilation and murder of countless men, women, and children in its mad anxiety for money. At the time of the disclosures England had denounced these atrocities, as the volume entitled "Red Rubber," published by Morel, attests; but later events demonstrated that the main purpose of England's denunciation was her anxiety to control the rubber industry for her own profit.

On June 30, 1905, Casement was rewarded for his services by being made a Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and on August 13, 1906, he was appointed Consul for the State of San Paolo, with a residence at Santos. On December 1, 1908, he was promoted to Consul General at Rio de Janeiro, and on June 20, 1911, he received the order of Knighthood, receiving the Coronation Medal in the same year. From 1900 to 1912, while titular Consul General at Rio de Janeiro, he was employed in making his inquiries relative to the rubber industry in Putumayo, and headed two Commissions of Inquiry, which resulted in some astounding revelations. On August 1, 1913, he retired from public service on a pension. Prior to these events, in 1887, Sir Roger had taken part in the expedition led by Sir Henry M. Stanley to rescue Emir Pasha. He was at all times interested keenly and personally in everything that tended to the elimination of human suffering. Of a mild and gentle disposition, he was yet fearless and brave to an amazing degree. He seemed to have no sense of personal danger, and numerous incidents are on record of gallant acts performed in the course of his duty and in private life.

Following his retirement, he returned to his native country after an absence of many years, just at the time when the Home Rule agitation was at its height. He was in Belfast at the time of the organization of the Carson Volunteers, and

seemed to be greatly impressed by the progress that organization was making with the assistance of the Liberal Government. In one of his letters he makes special mention of the devices he saw spread across the streets of Belfast on the occasion of a visit paid to the city by Sir Edward Carson, who was at that time being hailed as the uncrowned King of Ulster. Among these devices he mentions two. One of these read: "Welcome to the Kaiser"; and the other: "We prefer German Rule to a Home Rule Government." These significant declarations were not without effect on the Irishman returning to his native land, and, when the Irish Volunteers were organized in Dublin and began to spread throughout the country, Casement took an active part in the movement, and assisted in the training and drilling of the men.

Early in June, 1914, Casement visited the United States to raise money for the arming of the Irish Volunteers. He was soon able to show that his professions of sympathy with the Irish cause were sincere, and his tall, thin, yet wiry figure was seen in several of the leading cities of America. He met the leading Irishmen of New York City, Philadelphia, and other places, and was of the greatest assistance to the movement for the arming of the Volunteers. He had been only a little while in America, when the news arrived of the Massacre of Bachelor's Walk. This aroused Casement to a bitter attack on the manner in which the British Government permitted the landing of the arms for the Ulster Volunteers, and at the same time murdered men and women in Dublin for sympathizing with the Irish Volunteers when they followed the Orangemen's example.

This, however, was not the first occasion on which Casement had criticised the actions of the Government. While an honest and efficient servant, he was never servile. His writings from August, 1911, showed that he saw where England's policy was leading the Empire, and he repeatedly warned his Government of the dangers ahead. He recognized that the foreign policy of Britain was directly aimed at driving Germany, her only serious trade rival in Europe, to

armed protest. His warnings, however, fell only on deaf ears. The British Government had its mind made up, and it went ahead with its policy with a dogged determination that allowed nothing to stand in the way of attaining its purpose.

In August, 1911, referring to a statement written by the Irish novelist, Charles Lever, Casement wrote:

> As long ago as 1870 an Irishman pointed out that, if the English Press did not abandon the campaign of prejudiced suspicion it was even then conducting against Germany, the time for an understanding between Great Britain and the German people would be gone forever.
>
> What Lever pointed out during the early stages of the Franco-German war has come to pass. Germany has, indeed, become thoroughly disgusted, and the hour of reconciliation has long since gone by. In Lever's time it was now or never; the chance not taken then would be lost forever, and the English publicist of to-day is not in doubt that it is now too late. His heart-searchings need another formula of expression — no longer a conditional assertion of doubt, but a positive questioning of impending fact: "Is it too soon?" That the growing German navy must be smashed he is convinced, but how and when to do it are not clear.

In the course of the same article he speaks of British policy in Ireland in terms that prove his love for his native land and the correctness of his vision of the future. He warns England of the danger of her policy in Ireland in terms that admit of no misunderstanding. The following extract illustrates his thorough knowledge of the situation:

> To represent the island as a poverty-stricken land inhabited by a turbulent and ignorant race, whom she has with unrewarded solicitude sought to civilize, uplift, and educate, has been a staple of England's diplomatic trade since modern diplomacy began. To compel the trade of Ireland to be with herself alone; to cut off all direct communication between Europe and this second of European islands, until no channel remained save only through Britain; to enforce the most abject political and economic servitude one people ever imposed upon another; to exploit all Irish resources, lands, ports, people, wealth, even her religion, everything in fine that Ireland held, to the sole profit and advancement of England, and to keep all the

books and rigorously refuse an audit of the transaction, has been the secret but determined policy of England.

Writing again in September, 1912, Casement, discussing the certainty of war between England and Germany and the probable outcome of the struggle, says:

But if the military triumph of Germany seems thus likely, the ultimate assurance, nay, even the ultimate safety of German civilization, can only be secured by a statesmanship which shall not repeat the mistake of Louis XIV and Napoleon. The military defeat of England by Germany is a wholly possible feat of arms, *if the conflict be between the two alone*, but, to realize the economic and political fruits of that victory, Ireland must be detached from the British Empire. To leave defeated England still in the full possession of Ireland would be, not to settle the question of equal German rights at sea or in world affairs, but merely to postpone the settlement to a second and possibly far greater encounter. It would be somewhat as if Rome, after the First Punic War, had left Sicily still to Carthage. But Ireland is far more vital to England than Sicily was to Carthage, and is of far more account to the future of Europe on the ocean than the possession of Sicily was to the future of the Mediterranean.

Dealing with the policy of alliances and isolation that Britain was then pursuing against Germany, Casement wrote in March, 1913:

Were it not for British policy, and the unhealthy hope it proffers, France would ere this have resigned herself, as the two provinces have done, to the solution offered by the War of 1870. It is England and English ambition that begets the state of mind responsible for the growth of armaments that now overshadows Continental civilization. Humanity hemmed in in Central Europe by a forest of bayonets and debarred all egress to the light of a larger world by a forbidding circle of dreadnoughts is called to Peace Conferences and arbitration Treaties by the very Power whose fundamental maxim of rule insures war as the normal outlook for every growing nation of the Old World.

Writing again in December, 1913, Casement sums up the situation in these remarkable words:

The Irishman, who, in the belief that Home Rule has come or that any measure of Home Rule the London Parliament will offer can be a substitute for his country's freedom, joins the British army or navy, is a voluntary traitor to his country. *His place is to prepare for the coming of the German.* His place is to see that, when a victorious Germany severs Ireland from her hereditary exploiter, the difficulties of settlement shall be resolutely faced by a people determined to justify the freedom conferred upon them. Even were Germany all that Englishmen paint her and Irishmen only to change "owners," the change could not but be beneficial to Ireland. Germany took Alsace-Lorraine by force from France in 1870, and has governed those provinces for forty years by what is termed "brute force," and against the will of the majority. Yet forty years of German "tyranny" have brought extraordinary prosperity. Strassburg, a mean, pent-in garrison town under the French, has become a great and beautiful city under the Germans, and the population of the whole annexed territory has greatly increased in the period. Ireland, in the same forty years of English civilization, has lost nearly one-fifth of her population. Her pauper rate, her lunacy rate, her sick rate — consumption particularly — have all gone up; her vitality has gone down. Her ports, save one, lie idle; her rivers empty. Every way out lies only through and across Britain.

Enough has been quoted to show that Casement, long before the outbreak of the war, had seen its shadow on the horizon, and recognized the part that Ireland would or should play in the coming conflict. It is thus a curious coincidence that both Casement and Carson, two men of the most widely different type, had seen the same vision from different angles, the one appealing to Germany to assist in the preservation of the Irish nation, the other making wild appeals from the roof-tops to the Kaiser to go over to Belfast and place himself at the head of the Carson Volunteers to annihilate the British Empire and Redmond.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### Casement in America

As already said, Casement's arrival in the United States as an envoy of the Irish Volunteers preceded by only a few days the Massacre of Bachelor's Walk in Dublin. Scarcely had this atrocity disappeared from the front pages of the daily papers than the world rang with the clash of arms. While Casement knew that the war was inevitable, the declarations that plunged Europe into a carnival of slaughter at this moment came as a sad blow to him, for it upset his plans for the arming of the Volunteers. He rapidly recovered, however, and came to the conclusion that no time was to be lost if Ireland were to be saved. He wrote a manifesto, calling on the Irish people to refuse to fight for England, and denouncing the policy of plunder and treachery by which England had forced the war. He reiterated his previously expressed arguments, showing that English policy had been planning the war for years past, and stating that his personal knowledge of the workings of the Foreign Office made his assurance doubly sure. He made no secret of the fact that he was against England in the war. He told his friends that he had time and again warned the English whither their anti-German policy was leading them, and that they had merely laughed.

Casement lost no time in getting into touch with the leaders of the Irish movement in America, and with them discussed the various phases of the new situation. It was agreed practically unanimously that the time had come when Ireland had either to make another fight for her freedom or be swallowed up by the mælstrom of the European war. He held long conferences with many of those who had been in the Irish movement a generation before, and he did not fail

to take note of the advice which they tendered to him. He paid a number of visits to Philadelphia at this time, and was also in Boston. At both of these places he addressed large meetings, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm by the Irish people. He was a good and a very convincing speaker, and his thorough grip of the facts of the situation lent weight to his words and enabled him to press home his points.

All this time he was working on the one idea of getting together funds for the arming and general equipment of the Irish Volunteers. He looked on the Volunteers as so many of his children — noble youths who had banded together, in response to the age-long call of the Gael, to fight once more for Ireland's freedom. He referred to the Volunteers always in an affectionate manner, and his whole-hearted ambition was to see the Volunteers, well trained and fully armed, marching to regain the independence of their native land.

Appeal after appeal to the men of Ireland not to join the English army followed. He denounced Redmond as a traitor to his country, and declared that, even if Germany were to lose the war, she would again spring up and would be finally victorious. His greatest anxiety at this time, so far as events in America were concerned, was lest the United States might be drawn into the struggle on the side of the British Empire. He was well aware that the most powerful pleas were being made by the English, who had, only a few years previously, failed in their efforts to make an alliance with America — an alliance which, had it been consummated, would have precipitated the United States into the world war before the end of 1914 had been reached. Casement did everything that lay in his power to prevent the English plans from succeeding, and the vigorous campaign which he waged had undoubtedly some influence on the situation.

His work was also instrumental in gaining large sums of money for the arming of the Volunteers. This money was forwarded to Ireland, and was there used for the purpose of purchasing arms and equipment for the men, organizing the

Volunteer forces, and carrying on the campaign against the recruiting sergeant. It was at this time that he began to make his plans for his return to Ireland.

He hoped to get back to Ireland by the Derry route. Once in his own country again, it was his plan to place himself at the head of the Volunteers and to do everything in his power to train them into efficient soldiers. He knew well that to return to Ireland after the campaign he had waged in America would be dangerous. Casement, however, was not the man to shun peril, and he was prepared to run the gauntlet in order to be back with his Volunteers in the land he loved when the time came to strike another blow for freedom.

The extracts from Casement's own writings quoted in the preceding chapter amply demonstrate that he had not only foreseen the war in Europe, but had also come to the conclusion that Ireland would have to take sides with Germany in that struggle. In this he did not mean that Irishmen should go over to Germany to fight for that country. He opposed such an idea as strenuously as he opposed the recruiting of Irishmen for the English forces. He believed that, if the men of Ireland had to do any fighting, the proper place for them to fight was on their own soil. But he also believed that Germany would be able to assist Ireland, and that Ireland's opposition to England would be of the greatest value to Germany. He had expressed these ideas in his articles written some months before the war, and he held to them just as strenuously after hostilities had begun.

But, if Ireland were to enlist the sympathy and assistance of Germany, it was obvious that someone would have to go to Germany to urge the claims of Ireland upon the Imperial Government at Berlin. There were precedents for this course, both in the history of Ireland and in the history of the United States. Wolf Tone and Nathan Hale had both acted in similar capacities at the Court of France. The desirability of the Irish having an accredited representative in Germany was so obvious that, once it was mentioned, it only remained to find the man best fitted for the position.

With his long diplomatic career, Roger Casement was certainly ideally fitted to represent Ireland at Berlin. An experienced courtier, he was thoroughly conversant, not only with the causes of the war, but with the claims that Ireland had on Germany and the actual position of affairs both in Ireland and among the Irish in America. He was thus thoroughly competent to undertake the mission, and it was believed that he would be able to do far more good to Ireland as her ambassador in Berlin than he would be able to do in Ireland, where he would be in constant fear of arrest and imprisonment.

It was not Casement who made the first suggestion that he should go to Berlin. When the idea was mooted, however, he fell in with it in an enthusiastic manner. His only regret was that he would not be able to be with his Volunteers, but he was consoled by the reflection that he would not only be able to enlist aid for them in Germany, but that he would also have every chance of being with them when the critical time came.

There were many reasons why Casement should go to Germany. It was, for one thing, necessary that the German Government should know the truth regarding the situation in Ireland. At that time Mr. Redmond was telling the world that Ireland was contented, that the men of Ireland were rushing to enlist under the Union Jack, and that the people of Ireland — men, women, and children — were as bitter against the "Huns" as the English themselves. The Irish in America knew that these statements were false. They also knew that the English Government had no intention of carrying out their promises of Home Rule; that the talk regarding Home Rule was merely a bluff to deceive the people, and that Redmond was probably a willing party to the deception. What they did not know, however, was whether the people of Germany knew these things, and knew also that the sympathy of the Irish people was not on the side of their traditional enemy.

Another possible outcome of Casement's mission to Ger-

many must be mentioned. At the outbreak of the war there were a large number of Irishmen in the service of England, for reasons which have been made clear in another chapter. Whatever their views, these men would have no other option but to carry out their contracts and fight against the Germans or face a firing squad for mutiny. While admitting that, after they had spent a few years in the English army, the majority of these men would have lost all sense of their duty to their own country, there was also a possibility that there would be many of them who would, if they had the chance, prefer to fight the battles of Ireland than those of the Empire. It was inevitable that a number of the Irish soldiers would fall into the hands of the Germans, and it was part of Roger Casement's plan to preach the gospel of true nationality to these men and form an Irish Brigade. It was not intended that these men should fight for Germany. The idea was to get them discharged from the prison camps, have them dressed in an Irish uniform, armed and equipped by the German General Staff, and transported to Ireland, where they would be able to join hands with the Irish Volunteers when the time came for action. It was hoped by these means to add to the strength of the forces in Ireland, and at the same time to rescue a number of Irishmen who had been misled by circumstances over which they had had little or no control.

While the Germans were to be asked to assist Casement in the carrying out of these parts of the plan, there was one thing that they were not asked to do, and which it is well to mention in view of the lying statements that were circulated immediately after the Rebellion, particularly by Mr. Redmond and the members of his party. The Germans were not asked to assist the Volunteers with money. Nor did the Germans plan the Rebellion. The Rebellion was both planned and financed in Ireland. The plans were laid in Ireland, and most of the money was collected in Ireland. Neither Casement nor any other Irishmen ever had any intention of asking the Germans to make plans for the Re-

bellion. The Germans had quite enough planning to do without undertaking to devise ways and means for Ireland, more especially as they were well aware that the Irish had been planning a rising for years before the war broke out, and that they had a far better understanding of the needs of the situation than the best-informed of the Germans. It can, therefore, be stated emphatically that the statements that the rising in Dublin was a German "plot," planned and financed in Germany, were nothing more than lies inspired by those who had a reason for wishing to make it appear that the Rebellion did not represent the wishes of the Irish people, but was engineered by a small group of fanatics under the influence of the Germans.

These were the main lines of the mission that took Roger Casement to Berlin. That he was going to Germany, and the reasons of his going, were known to only a very few until he had actually arrived in that country. The British spy system in America was so active that it was only by exercising the greatest secrecy that there was any chance of the Irish ambassador getting to his destination. The decision for his departure was reached early in October, 1914, and announcement was made that he intended to make a lengthy tour in the Western States. This information was allowed to leak out in a manner that made it appear authentic, and had the effect of throwing the British sleuths off the scent. While the spies were making their plans to watch Casement in the west, he quietly went over to Hoboken and boarded a steamer bound for Norway. Casement landed at Christiania on October 29, and lost no time in proceeding to Berlin. There he was received by the German Government, to whom he explained his mission, and by whom he was accorded full authority to carry out his plans.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### The Plot to Kill Casement

THE secret of Casement's departure leaked out, and was quickly revealed to the English authorities. With an alacrity that does them credit, these authorities made arrangements for the spoiling of the plans of Casement in Germany. While many versions of the actual plot have been published from time to time, the full facts of the matter are contained only in Roger Casement's personal letter addressed to Sir Edward Grey, the English Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose policy it was that directly provoked the war. Garbled portions of this letter appeared in many of the newspapers printed in New York City, but the only complete version was that which appeared in *The Gaelic American* of July 10, 1915. As this communication is of special historical value, and as it also gives in ample detail the facts of the matter as stated by Casement himself, it is here presented in full. It was mailed from The Hague, in a registered envelope, on February 1, 1915, and reads as follows:

Sir — I observe that some discussion has taken place in the House of Lords on the subject of the pension I voluntarily ceased to draw when I set out to learn what might be the intentions of the German Government in regard to Ireland.

In the course of that discussion I understand that Lord Crewe observed that "Sir Roger Casement's action merited a sensible punishment."

The question raised thus as to my action and your publicly suggested punishment of it I propose discussing here and now, since the final proof of the actual punishment you sought in secret to inflict upon me is, at length, in my possession.

It is true I was aware of your intentions from the first day I set foot in Norway three months ago; but it has taken time to compel

your agent there to furnish the written proof of the conspiracy then set on foot against me by His Majesty's Government.

Let me first briefly define my action before proceeding to contrast it with your own.

The question between the British Government and myself has never been, as you are fully aware, a matter of a pension, of a reward, a decoration.

I served the British Government faithfully and loyally as long as it was possible for me to do so, and, when it became impossible, I resigned. When later it became impossible for me to use the pension assigned me by law I voluntarily abandoned that income as I had previously resigned the post from which it was derived, and as I now proceed to divest myself of the honors and distinctions that at various times have been conferred upon me by His Majesty's Government.

I came to Europe from the United States last October in order to make sure that, whatever might be the course of this war, my own country, Ireland, should suffer from it the minimum of harm.

The view I held was made sufficiently clear in an open letter I wrote on the 17th of September last in New York, and sent to Ireland for public distribution among my countrymen. I append a printed copy of that letter. It defines my personal standpoint clearly enough and expresses the views I held, and hold, on an Irishman's duty to his country in this crisis of world affairs. Soon after writing that letter I set out for Europe.

To save Ireland from some of the calamities of war was worth the loss to myself of pension and honors, and was even worth the commission of an act of technical "treason."

I decided to take all the risks and to accept all the penalties the law might attach to my action. I did not, however, bargain for risks and penalties that lay outside the law as far as my own action lay outside the field of moral turpitude.

In other words, while I reckoned with British law and legal penalties and accepted the sacrifice of income, position, and reputation as prices I must pay, I did not reckon with the British Government.

I was prepared to face charges in a Court of Law; I was not prepared to meet waylaying, kidnapping, suborning of dependents or "knocking on the head"; in fine, all the expedients your representative in a neutral country invoked when he became aware of my presence there.

For the criminal conspiracy that Mr. M. de C. Findlay, H. B. M.

Minister to the Court of Norway, entered into on the 30th of October last, in the British Legation at Christiania, with the Norwegian subject, my dependent, Eivind Adler Christensen, involved all these things and more. It involved not a mere lawless attack upon myself, for which the British Minister promised my follower the sum of £5000 [$25,000], but it involved a breach of international law, for which the British Minister in Norway promised this Norwegian subject full immunity.

On the 29th of October, last year, I landed at Christiania, coming from America.

Within a few hours of my landing the man I had engaged, and in whom I reposed trust, was accosted by one of the secret service agents of the British Minister and carried off, in a private motor car, to the British Legation, where the first attempt was made on his honor to induce him to be false to me.

Your agent in the Legation that afternoon professed ignorance of who I was and sought, as he put it, merely to find out my identity and movements.

Failing in this, the first attempt to obtain satisfaction, Adler Christensen was assailed the next day, the 30th of October, by a fresh agent and received an invitation again to visit the British Legation, "where he would hear something good."

This, the second interview, held in the early forenoon, was with the Minister himself.

Mr. Findlay came quickly to the point. The ignorance, assumed or actual, of the previous day, as to my identity, was now discarded. He confessed that he knew me, but that he did not know where I was going to, what I intended doing, or what might be the specific end I had in view.

It was enough for him that I was an Irish Nationalist.

He admitted that the British Government had no evidence of anything wrong done or contemplated by me that empowered them either morally or lawfully to interfere with my movements. But he was bent on doing so. Therefore, he baldly invoked lawless methods, and suggested to my dependent that were I to "disappear," it would be "a very good thing for whoever brought it about."

He was careful to point out that nothing could happen to the perpetrator of the crime, since my presence in Christiania was known only to the British Government, and that Government would screen and provide for those responsible for my disappearance.

He indicated, quite plainly, the method to be employed, by assuring Adler Christensen that whoever "*knocked him on the head* need not do any work for the rest of his life," and proceeded to apply the moral by asking Christensen, "I suppose you would not mind having an easy time of it for the rest of your days?"

My faithful follower concealed the anger he felt at this suggestion, and continued the conversation in order to become more fully aware of the plot that might be devised against my safety. He pointed out that I had not only been very kind to him but that I "trusted him implicitly."

It was on this "implicit trust" Mr. Findlay then proceeded to build the whole framework of his conspiracy against my life, my liberty, the public law of Norway, and the happiness of the young man he sought to tempt by monstrous bribes to the commission of a dastardly crime against his admitted benefactor.

If I could be intercepted, cut off, "disappear," no one would know and no questions could be asked, as there was no Government save the British Government knew of my presence in Norway, and there was no authority I could appeal to for help, while that Government would shield the individual implicated and provide handsomely for his future. Such, in Mr. Findlay's words (recorded by me), was the proposition put by His Majesty's Minister before the young man who had been enticed for this purpose into the British Legation.

That this man was faithful to me and to the law of his country was a triumph of Norwegian integrity over the ignoble inducement proferred to him by the richest and most powerful Government in the world to be false to both.

Having thus outlined his project, Mr. Findlay invited Christensen to "think the matter over and return at 3 o'clock if you are disposed to go on with it."

He handed him in Norwegian paper money twenty-five kroner "just to pay your taxicab fares," and dismissed him.

Feeling a not unnatural interest in these proposals as to how I should be disposed of, I instructed the man it was thus sought to bribe to return to the British Legation at 3 o'clock and seemingly to fall in with the wishes of your Envoy Entraordinary.

I advised him, however, for the sake of appearance to "sell me dear" and to secure the promise of a very respectable sum for so very disreputable an act.

Christensen, who has been a sailor and naturally has seen some

strange company, assured me he was perfectly at home with His Majesty's representative.

He returned to the Legation at 3 o'clock, and remained closeted with Mr. Findlay until nearly 5 P.M. The full record of their conversation will be laid before you, and others, in due course.

My follower pretended to fall in with the British Minister's projects, only stipulating for a good sum to be paid in return for his treachery. Mr. Findlay promised, on his "word of honor" (such was the quaint phraseology employed to guarantee this transaction) that Christensen should receive £5000 sterling whenever he should deliver me into the hands of the British authorities.

If, in the course of this kidnapping process, I should come to harm or personal injury be done me, then no question would be asked and full immunity guaranteed the kidnapper.

My follower pointed out that, as I was leaving that evening for Copenhagen, having already booked my compartment in the mail train, he would not have any immediate chance of executing the commission.

Mr. Findlay agreed that it would be necessary to defer the attempt until some favorable opportunity offered of decoying me down to the coast "anywhere on the Skaggerrack or North Sea," where British warships might be in waiting to seize me.

He intrusted my dependent with the further commission of purloining my correspondence with my supposed associates in America and Ireland, particularly in Ireland, so that they too might participate in the "sensible punishment" being devised for me.

He ordained a system of secret correspondence with himself Christensen should employ, and wrote out the confidential address in Christiania to which he was to communicate the results of his efforts to purloin my papers and to report on my plans.

This address in Christiania was written down by Mr. Findlay on a half sheet of Legation note paper in printed characters. This precaution was adopted, he said, "so as to prevent the handwriting being traced."

This document, along with one hundred crowns in Norwegian paper money given by Mr. Findlay as an earnest of more to follow, was at once brought to me with an account of the proceedings.

As I was clearly in a position of some danger, I changed my plans and, instead of proceeding to Copenhagen as I had intended doing, I decided to alter my procedure and route.

It was, then, with this secret knowledge of the full extent of the crime plotted by your Representative in Norway against me that I left Christiania on the 30th of October.

The rest of the story need not take so long in the telling.

You are fully aware of most of the details, as you were in constant touch with your agent both by cable and dispatch.

You are also aware of the declaration of the Imperial German Government, issued on November 20th last, in reply to the inquiry I addressed to them.

The British Government, both by press reports and by direct agents, had charged Germany throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, with the commission of atrocious crimes in Belgium and had warned the Irish people that their fate would be the same, did Germany win this war.

Your Government sought to frighten Irishmen into a predatory raid upon a people who had never injured them and to persuade them by false charges that this was their duty.

I sought not only a guarantee of German goodwill to Ireland, but to relieve my countrymen from the apprehensions this campaign of calumny was designed to provoke and as far as possible to dissuade them from embarking in an immoral conflict against a people who had never wronged Ireland. That Declaration of the German Government, issued as I know in all sincerity, is the justification for my "treason." The justification of the conspiracy of the British Government and its Minister at Christiania, begun before I had set foot on German soil in a country where I had a perfect right to be and conducted by means of the lowest forms of attempted bribery and corruption, I leave you, sir, to discover.

You will not discover it in the many interviews Mr. Findlay had, during the months of November and December last, at his own seeking, with my faithful follower. The correspondence between them in the cipher the Minister had arranged tells its own story.

These interviews furnished matter that in due course I shall make public. What passed between your agent and mine on these occasions you are fully aware of, and you were the directing power throughout the whole proceeding.

Your object, as Mr. Findlay frankly avowed to the man he thought he had bought, was to take my life with public infamy — mine was to expose your design and to do so through the very agent you had yourself singled out for the purpose and had sought to corrupt to an act of singular infamy.

On one occasion, in response to my follower's pretended dissatisfaction with the amount offered for betraying me, you authorized your agent to increase the sum to £10,000. I have a full record of the conversations held and of the pledges proffered in your name.

On two occasions, during these prolonged bargainings, your Minister gave Adler Christensen gifts of "earnest money." Once it was five hundred crowns in Norwegian currency; the next time a similar sum, partly in Norwegian money and partly in English gold. On one of these occasions, to be precise, on the 7th of December last, Mr. Findlay handed Adler Christensen the key of the back entrance of the British Legation, so that he might go and come unobserved and at all hours.

I propose returning this key in person to the donor and along with it the various sums so anxiously bestowed upon my follower.

The stories told to Mr. Findlay at these interviews should not have deceived a schoolboy. All the pretended evidence of my plans and intentions Adler Christensen produced,—the bogus letters, fictitious maps and charts and other incitements to Mr. Findlay's appetite for the incredible,—were part of my necessary plan of self-defense to lay bare the conspiracy you were engaged in and to secure that convincing proof of it I now hold.

It was not until the 3rd ultimo that Mr. Findlay committed himself to give my protector the duly signed and formal pledge of reward and immunity, in the name of the British Government, for the crime he was being instigated to commit, that is now in my possession.

I transmit you herewith a photograph of this document.

At a date compatible with my own security against the clandestine guarantees and immunities of the British Minister in Norway I shall proceed to lay before the legitimate authorities in that country the original document and the evidence in my possession that throws light on the proceedings of His Majesty's Government.

To that Government, through you, sir, I now beg to return the insignia of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Coronation Medal of his Majesty King George V, and any other medal, honor, or distinction conferred upon me by His Majesty's Government, of which it is possible for me to divest myself.

I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

(*Signed*) ROGER CASEMENT

The Right Honorable,
SIR E. GREY, Bart., K. G., M. P.
London.

The document referred to, a photographic facsimile of which was inclosed with the letter, follows:

BRITISH LEGATION

CHRISTIANA, NORWAY

On behalf of the British Government I promise that if through information given by Adler Christensen, Sir Roger Casement be captured either with or without his companions, the said Adler Christensen is to receive from the British Government the sum of £5000 to be paid as he may desire.

Adler Christensen is also to enjoy personal immunity and to be given a passage to the United States should he desire it.

M. DE C. FINDLAY,
*H. B. M. Minister.*

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### Straws on the Stream

THE events which followed the declaration of war came with startling rapidity. From the day when Redmond showed himself in the guise of an English Imperialist, rather than that of an Irish Nationalist, preparations became active for the armed protest of the nation. It had been the belief in Ireland, since shown well founded, that it was never the intention of the British Government to keep to its promises. Therefore, the Volunteers had been called into being. Redmond made tremendous efforts for some months to ignore their existence, but it was increasingly evident that the British Government was now worried about the Volunteers, and Redmond received orders to put an end to them.

Redmond's attempt to capture and disarm the Volunteers and its failure has been already described. The crisis was precipitated when Redmond made a public appeal to the Volunteers in which he told them that they were cowards if they did not join the British army, either individually or in a body, and fight for the Empire against the Teutons. By getting the Volunteers into the firing lines the British Government would have some excellent fighting material, and at the same time would have cleared a dangerous force out of Ireland, leaving the country destitute of men able to make a fight for freedom. Redmond would also have been rid of a number of critics who had assumed to themselves the task of telling the people facts that were not to the liking of the leader of the Parliamentarians. It would have been an excellent *coup* had it succeeded, but it was too transparent to deceive the Irish people.

The Provisional Committee of the Volunteers — the original governing body — issued the following proclamation to the Volunteers on September 25, 1914:

## TO THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS

Ten months ago a Provisional Committee commenced the Irish Volunteer movement with the sole purpose of securing and defending the rights and liberties of the Irish people. The movement on these lines, though thwarted and opposed for a time, obtained the support of the Irish nation. When the Volunteer movement had become the main factor in the national question, Mr. Redmond decided to acknowledge it and to endeavor to bring it under his control.

Three months ago he put forward the claim to send twenty-five nominees to the Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers. He threatened, if the claim was not conceded, to proceed to the dismemberment of the Irish Volunteer organization.

It is clear that the proposal to throw the country into turmoil, and to destroy the chances of a Home Rule measure in the near future, must have been forced upon Mr. Redmond. Already ignoring the Irish Volunteers as a factor in the national position, Mr. Redmond had consented to a dismemberment of Ireland, which could be made permanent by the same agencies that forced him to accept it as temporary. He was now prepared to risk another disruption and the wreck of the cause intrusted to him.

The Provisional Committee, while recognizing that the responsibility in that case would be altogether Mr. Redmond's, decided to risk the lesser evil and to admit his nominees to sit and act on the committee. The committee made no representations as to the persons to be nominated, and, when the nominations were received, no question was asked as to how far Mr. Redmond had fulfilled his public undertaking to nominate "representative men from different parts of the country." Mr. Redmond's nominees were admitted purely and simply as his nominees and without coöption.

Mr. Redmond, addressing a body of Irish Volunteers last Sunday, has now announced for the Irish Volunteers a policy and programme fundamentally at variance with their own published and accepted aims and pledges, but with which his nominees are, of course, identified. He has declared it to be the duty of the Irish Volunteers to

take foreign service under a government which is not Irish. He has made this announcement without consulting the Provisional Committee, the Volunteers themselves, or the people of Ireland, to whose service alone they are devoted.

Having thus disregarded the Irish Volunteers and their solemn engagements, Mr. Redmond is no longer entitled, through his nominees, to any place in the administration and guidance of the Irish Volunteer organization. Those who, by virtue of Mr. Redmond's nomination, have, therefore, been admitted to act on the Provisional Committee, accordingly cease henceforth to belong to that body, and from this date until the holding of an Irish Volunteer Convention the Provisional Committee consists of only those whom it comprised before the admission of Mr. Redmond's nominees.

At the next meeting of the Provisional Committee we shall propose:

1. — To call a Convention of the Irish Volunteers for Wednesday, November 25, 1914, the anniversary of the inaugural meeting of the Irish Volunteers in Dublin.
2. — To reaffirm, without qualification, the manifesto proposed and adopted at the inaugural meeting.
3. — To oppose any diminution of the measure of Irish self-government which now exists as a statute on paper, and which would not have reached that stage but for the Irish Volunteers.
4. — To repudiate any undertaking, by whomsoever given, to consent to the legislative dismemberment of Ireland, and to protest against the attitude of the present government, which, under the pretense that "Ulster cannot be coerced," avow themselves prepared to coerce the Nationalists of Ulster.
5. — To declare that Ireland cannot, with honor and safety, take part in foreign quarrels otherwise than through the free action of a National Government of her own; and to repudiate the claim of any man to offer up the blood and lives of the sons of Irish men and women to the services of the British Empire while no National Government which could speak and act for the people of Ireland is allowed to exist.
6. — To demand that the present system of governing Ireland through Dublin Castle and the British military power, a system responsible for the recent outrages in Dublin, be abolished without delay, and a National Government forthwith established in its place.

The signatories to this statement are the great majority of the members of the Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers, apart from the nominees of Mr. Redmond, who are no longer members of the Committee. We regret that the absence of Sir Roger Casement in America prevents him from being a signatory with us.

(*Signed*) Eoin MacNeill, *Chairman, Provisional Committee*

Ua Rathghaille, *Treasurer*
Thomas MacDonagh
J. Plunkett
Piaras Beaslai
Michael J. Judge
Peter Paul Macken, *Ex-Alderman*
Sean MacGiobium
P. H. Pearse
Padraic O'Riain
Eamonn Martin
Conchubhair O'Colbaird
Eamonn Ceannt
Sean MacDiarmada
Seamus O'Conchubhair
'Liam Mellows
L. Colm O'Lochlainn
'Liam Ua Gogan
Peter White

Bulmer Hobson

41 Kildare Street, Dublin.
*September 25, 1914.*

Following this declaration the Convention of the Irish Volunteers was held in the Abbey Theatre, Abbey Street, Dublin, on November 14, 1914. The Convention was attended by representatives of the Volunteers from all parts of the country, and the proposals detailed in the above statement were unanimously endorsed. From that moment Redmond's control of the Volunteers ceased. The entire Provisional Committee was elected as a Permanent Committee by the delegates to the Convention, and Redmond was left with a small and rapidly dwindling section of men, who professed to owe allegiance to him and his Party. These who preferred to remain with Redmond, chose to be known as the National Volunteers, while the Volunteers led by Eoin MacNeill and the Committee were known as the Irish Volunteers.

That Redmond did not approve of this action on the part of the Volunteer Committee scarcely needs to be mentioned. He and his party immediately denounced the Irish Volunteers as traitors, factionists, and Sinn Feiners. The use of the last-mentioned supposedly opprobrious term was very subtle. It

was intended to make the English people believe that those who disagreed with Redmond were either Fenians or cranks, or both. This action had, however, one rather curious result. From that time on the Irish Volunteers were known in England as the Sinn Feiners, and, when the rebellion broke out, the British press promptly tacked on to it the name "Sinn Fein." Thus it was that the rebellion came to be known as the "Sinn Fein Rebellion."

With a view to winning the support of the Volunteers for the British army in the fighting line, Redmond had taken particular pains to tell the Irish people what an awful fate would be theirs if the Germans should ever set foot in Ireland; that the Gaelic language, about which he had previously shown himself singularly unconcerned, would be prohibited; that the churches would be razed to the ground, and all priests and nuns would be slaughtered and outraged by the savages from Teutonland.

On November 29, however, the German Government issued the following statement, which was published all over Ireland in spite of the frantic efforts of the British to suppress it:

Sir Roger Casement was received at the Foreign Office and pointed out statements which had been published in Ireland, apparently with the authority of the British Government behind them, that German victory would inflict great loss upon the Irish people, whose homes, churches, priests, and lands would be at the mercy of an invading army actuated only by motives of pillage and conquest. Recent utterances of Redmond and announcements of the English press in Ireland to this effect, widely circulated, have caused a natural apprehension among Irishmen concerning the German attitude towards Ireland.

In reply the Acting Secretary of the Foreign Office, by Order of the Imperial Chancellor, officially declared that the German Government repudiates the evil intentions attributed to it, and only desires the welfare of the Irish people and country.

Germany would never invade Ireland with a view to its conquest, or the overthrow of any native institutions of that country. Should fortune ever bring German troops to Ireland's shores they would land there, not as an army of invaders to pillage and destroy, but

as forces of a nation inspired by goodwill towards the country and people for whom Germany desires only national prosperity and freedom.

Almost coincident with this official statement from the German Government, there appeared throughout Ireland the letter sent to the Irish people by Sir Roger Casement before he left the United States. The difficulty of getting this letter to the people was considerable, but it eventually reached them. The following is the text of the communication:

Let Irish men and boys stay in Ireland. Their duty is clear before God and before man. We, as a people, have no quarrel with the German people. Germany has never wronged Ireland, and we owe her more than one debt of gratitude.

It was not a German steamship company that, last summer, with the assent of the government making the contract, broke public faith with the Irish people and abandoned its pledged service with the port of Cork. But it was a German steamship company that tried to make good the breach of public trust and the injury to Irish trade that the Cunard Company had committed, and the British Postmaster-General, Admiralty and Board of Trade had connived at. And it was another British department that made representation at Berlin in behalf of English trade jealousy and caused the German Emperor to intervene to induce the Hamburg-American line to substitute Southampton for Queenstown — a British for an Irish port. The hated German was welcome when he came to an English port — his help and enterprise was out of place when directed to assisting Irishmen to better means of intercourse with the outside world.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### Planning the Rising

AT a secret session of the Committee of the Irish Volunteers, held in Dublin on May 29, 1915, with Professor Eoin MacNeill presiding, a resolution was proposed by Bulmer Hobson to the effect that the Irish Volunteers declare themselves in favor of immediate insurrection. There was a full meeting of the committee, as elected by the Volunteers at the annual Convention, and the question was debated at very considerable length, opinion being about equally divided. The motion was decided in the negative only by the casting vote of the chairman.

Long before this time it had become an acknowledged fact that the Irish Volunteers had only three possible courses which they could pursue. They had, first, the option of disbanding voluntarily and giving up their arms and, by so doing, of facing the certainty of being conscripted into the British army; secondly, they could submit to being disarmed by order of the British Government with a like result, or, finally, they could fight for Irish freedom on their own soil. They had long before decided that they would not disband voluntarily. To do so would be an abject surrender of all the objects for which they were organized. To submit to being disarmed would be only a shade worse, and would have branded them cowards for all future time. It may be said that they had the option of joining the British army and covering themselves with glory and death in the trenches of Flanders or the Gallipoli Peninsula. But this alternative was naturally not even considered. The only course left, therefore, was to make a fight in their own country.

The Volunteer Committee was exceptionally well informed of the efforts made by the British Government to suppress

their organization. That this information was correct was shown conclusively by the later admissions of the British Government itself. This will be dealt with in another place. Here it is but necessary to state that the Committee was in possession of absolutely reliable information of everything that the British Government was doing and contemplating, and they molded their actions accordingly. They knew that the Government was anxious to suppress the Volunteers, and that, immediately after this was accomplished, the Conscription Act would be extended to Ireland. They knew also that the Government was prevented from applying the Conscription Act to Ireland only by the strength of the Volunteers, and that the time was certainly coming when the Government would make the attempt to disarm them so that the Conscription Act might be made applicable to Ireland. The only question that remained, therefore, was when and how and where to strike the blow.

In May, 1915, the situation in Ireland reached a crisis. The people were being driven to desperation by the acts of the Government under the so-called Defense of the Realm Act. Under this Act men were being deported wholesale without being allowed to put in a defense, the only evidence required being a sworn statement of a constable, which statement was usually not submitted to the accused person. Men were being thrown into jail and kept there without trial. Women were being treated in a similar manner. In numberless instances men were arrested, fined, and imprisoned on the most trivial charges, and often without charges at all.

Practically from the beginning of the war, many men had been preparing for the rising. It was obvious that the rising must have its initiative in the capital. The headquarters of the Volunteers and the leaders of the movement were alike located in Dublin, which was also the center of British Government. After a great deal of discussion it was decided that the best place for the initial attack would be the General Post Office in O'Connell Street, which was not only situated in the heart of the city but would also give the rebels, for a

time at all events, complete control over the telegraph and telephone systems. It was of primary importance that the rebels should have the use of these means of communication at the outset, and the fact that the English would not be able to use them would in itself be a factor of the utmost value to the Irish. The Post Office building was of modern construction, of granite stone, and able to withstand an attack. It was also of such a height as to command a view of the other portions of the city.

Another question that was discussed at length was the advisability of an attack on Dublin Castle, the seat of the British Government in Ireland. Always of the most sinister and bloody significance in Irish history, the Castle had come to be synonymous in Irish minds with the worst evils of foreign government. In previous rebellions attacks had been made on it, but, because of its wonderful strength of construction and its large garrison of military, these attempts had never succeeded. Apart from its value as a point of vantage for the Volunteers, the conquest of Dublin Castle would have had the same effect as the fall of the Bastile. However, it was decided not to make a serious attack on it at the outset of the Rebellion, owing to the fact that the attackers would be open to counter attack on several sides. It was believed better to make merely a sufficient attack to keep those within it busy for the time being, and to defer the actual siege until a later stage of the revolt.

"Liberty Hall," the headquarters of the Citizen Army, was another strategic center. It was opposite the Custom House, a palatial white stone building facing the Liffey, and commanded the loop line of railroad leading to Amiens Street Station. It was also within a short distance of the General Post Office, and its defenders, if forced to do so, could retreat in that direction. But most important of all, it commanded a clear view of the river, and could hamper the movement of troops along or across the Liffey.

Another position that the Irish determined to seize at the beginning of the Rebellion was "Kelly's Fort," at the corner

of Bachelor's Walk and O'Connell Street, facing directly on O'Connell Bridge. It was necessary to hold this position in order to enable the Irish to defend the bridge against attacks from the south side of the city. The Iron Bridge, Butt Bridge, and the bridge leading to the Four Courts were also of strategic importance. The Four Courts was also a position of great strength, which could not only be held for a considerable time against all attacks, but which also commanded several vital points in the immediate vicinity.

The railroad stations — Kingsbridge, facing the Phœnix Park, and Broadstone, near Phibsboro — were positions that, once captured, could be held without much trouble. Amiens Street Station, at the foot of Talbot Street, was in a very crowded location that would not allow very great freedom of action on the part either of the defenders or the attackers, but it commanded the important elevated stretch of line leading out towards the Bull Wall at Clontarf. Westland Row Station was of modern construction and offered excellent positions for defense.

All of these points of the situation had been thoroughly considered long before the outbreak of the war, but with the declaration of the war another and a vitally important factor had been added. The perfection to which German ingenuity and science had brought the submarine seemed to solve one of the greatest difficulties that the Irish had to face. An Irish-Germanic alliance would be of assistance to the Irish, inasmuch as the German submarines could prevent the landing of troops by sea, and at the same time could prevent the bombardment of the coast by British warships. It was thus believed that, with a sufficient force of men in Dublin to occupy all the more important points of vantage, the Irish would be able to take care of the British army in Dublin and its neighborhood, in spite of all that that army could do.

On the other hand, however, it was obvious that the men in Dublin would, if surrounded by a hostile force, be compelled to surrender eventually if left to their fate. The plan of the Irish, therefore, was that the men in Dublin should

hold out until such time as the men in the rest of the country would be able to march to their relief. It was not contemplated that the Rebellion should have its origin and end in Dublin, while the rest of the country was content to take care of itself. It was the aim of the organizers from the beginning to raise large forces in the country districts and all the large towns. These forces were so distributed that they could not only take care of all the British in their own vicinity, but could also release large numbers to form a relief force to march to Dublin.

When a simultaneous rising took place throughout the country, the British forces would be scattered. There were but small bands of soldiers and constabulary in most of the country districts, and it would be easy to capture and imprison these. In some of the larger towns and cities where the enemy forces were stronger, it would be necessary, perhaps, to adopt tactics similar to those in Dublin. But the onward march of the Irish would automatically relieve these positions by mere weight of numbers, and end in the concentration of the entire Irish force on Dublin. The plan, in brief, was for the men in Dublin to proclaim the independence of the country, and then to hold their own while the men in every other section gathered together and swept down on the capital. That the plan was practicable admits of no doubt.

It was, of course, essential that few British reinforcements should be allowed to reach Ireland. To accomplish this, chief reliance was placed on the coöperation of German submarines. With a patrol of these around the coast, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the British in England to send relief to their army in Ireland. The latter would, if the fortune of war favored the Irish in the final struggle for the mastery of Dublin, be forced to capitulate, and this would leave the Irish in unchallenged command of the country. In addition to the capture of the forces of the enemy, the rifles, machine guns, ammunition, and other war stocks that would thus fall into the hands of the Irish would add tremendously to the strength of their position.

But the coöperation of the Germans was not absolutely essential. The plan provided for the formation of a cordon of Volunteers around Dublin. The Republicans in the center would hold the points of vantage; encircling these would be the cordon of the British, who in turn would be encircled by the men of County Dublin and the adjoining counties. The latter were to march on Dublin immediately they received news of the rising, and encircle the outskirts of the city. Caught thus between two fires, the British would have been forced to capitulate before the arrival of reinforcements. Meanwhile the rest of the country would be in arms, and thousands would march towards the capital to join their comrades. If reinforcements should be landed before the British in Dublin were forced to capitulate, they would be destroyed before getting far on their way. The manner in which De Valera and his men held the British at Mount Street Bridge is sufficient proof of the difficulties British troops would have to contend with. That these plans were not carried out was due entirely to the fatal countermanding order.

It may well be asked what the Irish would do once they had gained the upper hand in the country. It may be said that they would still be cut off from the rest of the world and surrounded by hostile forces. This would not altogether be the case. With the Irish in command throughout their own country, the Germans could land both men and arms by means of submarines. Ireland would thus become a vitally important base for the operations of the Germans; the greater portion of the sea approaches to England would be in the hands of enemy forces, and her western boundary would be seriously menaced. She would no longer have the command of the Atlantic or of the Irish Sea, and an entirely new field of operations, bristling with perils and difficulties, would have opened for her. In addition, the moral effect both on the outside world and on England and her Allies would have been tremendous. It is, therefore, obvious that the plan of the Irish not only had in it a large possibility of success, but, if carried out, would almost certainly have proved a crowning

disaster for England in the war. Ireland would have been able to hold out till the conclusion of peace, and would have no occasion to petition a Peace Conference for an independence which her arms had already won.

Even thus briefly summarized, it will be seen that the plan of the Irish leaders was no wild scheme. So perfectly were these plans laid that the leaders did not even believe defeat possible, provided their arrangements could be perfected. But they were not blind to the fact that it was better for them to make the attempt and fail than not to try at all. It was essential that Ireland should become a belligerent in the world war. Both the English and the so-called Irish leaders had told the world that Ireland was in sympathy with the part that the British were playing, that Ireland was ready and willing to kiss the hands that had scourged her and to fight on the side of the power that had oppressed her for centuries. The facts were just the direct opposite. The Irish people were bitterly incensed against the British Empire, not alone on account of what that Empire had done in the past, but owing still more to the manner in which the Irish people were being treated during the course of the war and right up to the time of the Rising. England was posing before the world as the defender of the small nations, when she had consistently been the oppressor of every small nation that had come within her power. She said she was waging the war to save Belgium from being exterminated, when, in reality, she was fighting a trade war against her most serious rival. Ireland believed it necessary to show to the world that she had no share in England's war, that her soul was not dead, that she was still fighting for her freedom, and that her men and women were ready and willing to die for her sake.

But it was essential that Ireland should be prepared, and when the proposal was put before the Volunteer Committee in May, 1915, it was the opinion of the leader of that body that Ireland was not yet fully equipped for the great adventure. Therefore the proposal was defeated, and the work of making ready continued.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### An Irish Republic

TO those whose knowledge of Irish affairs is limited to what they read in the daily press, the theory of an Irish Republic may sound rather strange, but the ideal has exercised a great influence on Irish history during modern times. Even prior to 1776 there were men in Ireland who avowed themselves believers in the doctrine of republicanism. As a matter of fact, the feudal system that prevailed in the other countries of Europe was never part of the Irish social scheme. Up to 1649 the Irish chiefs held their position at the will of their people; their system was much the same as that which is now called republicanism. The Irish were by nature democratic, and recognized no distinction save that of intellect or military prowess. Their ancient civilization was founded on these lines, and did not grow into a feudal system, as happened on the Continent of Europe. It is, therefore, not surprising that the doctrine of government for the people by the people should take quick root in Irish soil when it became popular in the western world towards the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The constitutional plans of the 1916 leaders were simple, and had already undergone a trial in the case of the Volunteers. Broadly speaking, they were founded on the American system of government. It was arranged that, immediately before the outbreak of the Rebellion, the leaders should meet together. It must be remembered, in this connection, that the vast majority of these leaders had been elected by the men in the Volunteer Corps throughout the country, and were, to this extent at least, representative. At this meeting of the leaders, votes were to be cast as to who should constitute the First Provisional Government of the Irish Republic.

A Provisional President was to be elected, and a number of men to assist him in the carrying out of the orders of this Provisional Government. The President was to be in sole command of the armed forces of the country in the same manner as the President of the United States is head of the American army and navy.

This Provisional Government was to continue the government of the country during the Rising and until the national issue had been settled. When the country had attained her independence and peace was restored, the Provisional Government would immediately take steps to hold an election throughout the country, using the existing electoral districts and system, with the exception that every man and woman of legal age would be entitled to cast a vote. There was to be manhood and womanhood suffrage. It was to be an election by the people of Ireland, and any Irish man or woman who had a sufficient number of names on his or her nomination papers would be eligible for election as President of the Republic. In this election there was to be no distinction of class or creed. So long as a man or a woman was Irish, of legal age, and possessed the residential qualification, he or she had a right to participate in the election of the Government of the country. The men and the women of Ulster would be on the same level as the men and the women of Munster, Leinster, and Connacht. There would thus be no possible means of creating dissension or of any one party claiming that they were being treated unfairly.

Coincident with the election of the President, there was to be held the election of the governing body. At first there was to be but one legislative chamber. This body, in conference with the President, was then to elect the cabinet. They would then take up the question of a dual or a single system of government, and other questions relative to the composition and the manner of the government for the future. When these questions had been debated, recommendations would be presented to the people, who would then decide these questions for themselves. Thus the will of the

whole people was to be made all-powerful in the land, and what would probably have been the most thoroughly democratic system of government the world has yet seen would have been established.

That the Irish people would have responded to such a system is scarcely open to doubt. It is positive that under such a system of government Ireland would have entered upon a period of development of industries and manufactures, a revival of literature, science, and art, such as she had not witnessed since the opening years of the eleventh century. In countries other than their own, the Irish have given indubitable proof of their capacity for government and industrial development, and there is no reason whatever why they should not be able to do in their own country what they have already done in other climes where they enjoyed that personal freedom of action denied to them by England.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### Green, White, and Orange

FOR generations it had been the deliberate and calculated policy of the English Government to keep separate the north and the south of Ireland, to draw a dividing line between the two sections of the country, and to accentuate religious differences. The reason for this policy is self-evident: a nation divided against itself must of necessity remain in the power of a strong invader. By making the Protestant of the north believe that his life and liberty were constantly menaced by the Catholic of the south, east, and west, the English were able to keep in the country a perpetual garrison to guard their own interests — a garrison that would lose no opportunity of attacking the motives of the other inhabitants of the country, thus breeding suspicion and distrust. On the other hand, the foreign Government did not neglect to sow the insinuation that the Catholics of the rest of the country might also be in danger from the Protestant of the north. By these simple means the invader succeeded in keeping the country divided into two portions, each apparently with different interests and opposing aims.

While the majority of the Irish people were Catholics, it must be admitted that these were not alone in their professions of patriotism and devotion to the national cause. Some of the bravest and most devoted leaders in the country were Protestants from the North, who preached the doctrine of love of country to both Catholic and Protestant. These men were under no delusions regarding their fellow-countrymen who differed from them in religious faith. They held that nationality was not a matter of religion, and that a Protestant and a Catholic should meet on the same ground

as Irishmen. They resented the imputation that a Protestant could not be an Irishman, and proved by their actions that the Irish Protestant was just as keenly interested in the welfare of Ireland, and just as bitterly opposed to the foreigner, as the Irish Catholic.

For some years prior to the rebellion of 1798 there had been growing up in the country a number of secret organizations, most of which had for their purpose the terrorizing either of the Catholic or the Protestant inhabitants. This condition of affairs suited the English Government, and few if any efforts were made to suppress these societies. When repression was made, it was the Catholic Society that came under the ban of the law. Thus it happened that two powerful organizations came into existence — the "Peep-of-Day Boys," who favored the Protestant side, and the "Defenders," who took the part of the Catholics. The membership of these two societies increased rapidly, and the rivalry between them grew to such a pitch that it eventually resulted in a pitched and bloody battle being fought between them in Armagh, at a place called The Diamond, and which resulted in the "Defenders," or Catholic faction, being defeated with serious loss. This victory for the "Peep-of-Day Boys" had the effect of creating a reign of terror in the north, in which the Catholics suffered loss of life and property. Outrages became frequent, and the division between the north and the south was more keenly accentuated than ever.

In order to understand these peculiar conditions in the land, it must be remembered that the Protestants of the north were the descendants of English and Scottish planters, who had been placed in possession of the land by the English Government for the purpose of ousting the natives from the country. When it was realized by the English that the Irish did not take kindly to conquest and were inclined to create a great deal of trouble, the English decided that the best thing to do was to induce a number of their own kind to settle on the land, and to so use the Irish that the latter would be forced to get out. Various settlements of the

English were made, but in each case the majority of the newcomers were absorbed by the more virile race, and frequently became the strongest advocates of the claims of the Irish people to national liberty.

An English plantation of Ulster was attempted in 1573, but this was a failure, and Thomas Smith, the leader of the English, was slain. A similar attempt, made under the Earl of Essex in the same year, was also a failure. Other efforts met with no better success, and it was not until 1608 that a Royal Commission took the matter thoroughly into consideration, with the result that the entire northern province was confiscated and divided in a systematic manner into lots of from 1000 to 2000 acres each. These lots were then parceled out to a new set of planters, composed of a number of English colonists with a majority of Scottish farmers and merchants. In addition, large sections of the province were allotted to various London Corporations and to private individuals. It was stipulated that all of these planters should belong to the Protestant faith, that they should follow English or Scottish customs, and were to employ no Irish in any capacity. Thus Ulster was at last planted, and what seemed to be the chief obstacle to the conquest of the country was removed.

The Scottish planters took care to hand down to their sons and daughters the trust they had received, to keep the Irish in subjection, and to do everything for the honor and glory of the Protestant religion. The "Peep-of-Day Boys" were their natural successors, and, after the victory of The Diamond, they decided they would form a new and more powerful organization. This was done, and the Orange Society came into being. William III, Prince of Orange, was chosen as the patron saint of the new society, and the Battle of the Boyne, which was fought in 1690, became the annual festival of the society, being celebrated on every twelfth of July. The orange lily was chosen as the emblem of the brotherhood, and orange as its distinctive color.

Almost coincident with the formation of the Orange Society, which received the warm encouragement of the English

Government, efforts were made to neutralize its effects. There were many Irish Protestants even in those days who were not in sympathy with the war of religious fanaticism and oppression conducted by the Orangemen. At the same time the outrages of the Orangemen upon their Catholic neighbors were so continuous that reprisals were but natural, and the effect was as the English had hoped — the country was split into two warring factions, with an increasing bitterness of feeling that seemed destined to last for all time.

Coming to later times the United Irishmen, formed in Belfast in October, 1791, by Theobald Wolfe Tone, aimed at a reunion of all parties for the securing of the common rights of all Irishmen. Tone, himself a Protestant, saw that the religious strife was promoted by the English only for the purpose of keeping the country in subjection, and he openly espoused the rights of his Catholic fellow-countrymen and urged on his Protestant friends and neighbors to do the same. This organization attained considerable strength and, through various phases of fortune, maintained itself until the Rebellion of 1848, when the new national color was adopted of green, white, and orange, the green being the color chosen by the other three provinces, the orange being the emblem of the North, and the white, the connecting link, signifying peace, unity, and brotherhood. This soon came to be recognized as the banner of those who had pledged themselves to win by force of arms the freedom of Ireland.

John Mitchel, another Protestant northerner, was perhaps the most ardent advocate of national unity who ever led the men of Ireland in their struggle for Freedom. The pages of his paper, *The United Irishman*, which he edited during 1848, contain scores of appeals to the people to forget their alleged differences and unite against the common enemy. He wrote editorial after editorial, addressed to the Protestant farmers, laborers, and artisans of the north of Ireland, and he was always able to point out that their interests lay in joining hands with their fellow-countrymen and opposing the efforts of the foreigner to rule and ruin both. *The Irish Felon*,

which succeeded *The United Irishman* after the trial and sentence of Mitchel, continued the same work, which was also carried on by *The Irish Tribune*, published about the same time. In *The Irish Felon*, James Fintan Labor, one of the brightest spirits among Irish patriots, wrote on the subject in language that remains to-day as vivid an inspiration as when it was first penned. The spirit that animated the men of these days and of the days that followed cannot be better illustrated than in the words of the poem by "Maire," published in *The Felon* of July 22, 1848. It is entitled "A Harvest Song" and is as follows:

Gaily our banner is over us streaming —
*Green* as our hills is its emerald light;
*White*, snowy, pure as our noble cause gleaming;
*Orange*, that waves as a harvest-field, bright; —
Calling to mind by its tri-color blending —
On as we dash with defiant hurrah —
Never forget it, our war-cry unbending —
"Freedom," the Felons, and Eire-go-Bragh.

Come — you from iron cliffs hanging o'er ocean;
Come — you from valleys that sleep in their green;
Come, like your own rushing torrents in motion;
Come as the lightning-flash, felt when 'tis seen.
Marching like brothers still, hand in hand grasping,
Discord fling down and with gallant hurrah,
Back let the echoes ring, till we're laid gasping in:
Freedom, the Felons, and Eire-go-Bragh.

The Fenian organization, or Irish Republican Brotherhood, was the natural successor to the movements led by Tone and Mitchel. William Smith O'Brien, who may almost be said to have founded the I. R. B. by his own efforts, was contemporary with Mitchel and had imbibed all the teachings of that splendid patriot. From the beginning it was a cardinal point of faith with the Fenians that there should be no dividing line of religion, that it mattered not what a man's faith might be so long as he was true to Ireland. The

Fenians also adopted the tricolor of green, white and orange, and they, in their turn, passed it down to the men who flung it to the breeze in April, 1916. While many of these men were not actual members of the I. R. B., they recognized that this was the flag of Ireland, the flag of the Irish Republic, and from that day it became the national emblem.

It was, therefore, rather disconcerting to find, within the first few weeks after the Rebellion, many enthusiastic and poetically inclined individuals inscribing ecstatic stanzas in eulogy of the "green and gold." While, in ancient days, there was no such thing as a national color in Ireland, yellow was recognized from an early date as peculiar to the leading Ulster clans. Blue was also a favorite color emblem with the ancient Irish and at one time assumed a vogue that may be said to have given it a national significance. One of the most prominent emblems was the Sunburst, showing a yellow sun on a blue field. The amalgamation of these two colors, the yellow and the blue, produced the green, which, although it became known the world over as the Irish national color, was nevertheless a comparatively modern innovation. The history of the orange has already been traced, and it will thus be seen that gold never entered into the national color scheme of Ireland. On the other hand, the green, white, and orange possesses a genuine historical significance, and was most appropriately made symbolical of a free and a united nation.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### What Did Redmond Mean?

FROM May, 1915, when the proposal that the Volunteers should at once declare for an armed insurrection was defeated or deferred by Eoin MacNeill's casting vote, the work of preparing for the rising went steadily on. It was even then recognized that the time could not be much longer postponed, and that there was no time to be lost if matters were to be in readiness when the proper moment came. In America it was well known that the decision had been reached for a rising, and efforts were made to insure that the men at home should have sufficient arms and war supplies to enable them to make that struggle a success. It was found almost impossible to send arms and ammunition from America to Ireland, in spite of the fact that millions of dollars' worth of war material were being shipped from American ports to the Allies every week. With a patrol of British war vessels lying outside New York and elsewhere off the coast, there was small chance of a cargo of arms being safely transferred from this country to Ireland. It was, therefore, determined that the best, and in fact the only way to get the arms into the country was from Germany.

Sir Roger Casement had been sent to Germany for the purpose of representing Irish interests there. It was not a part of the work that had been assigned him to make any negotiations for the sending of arms from Germany to Ireland. Casement was thought to be of too pacific a nature to be fitted for the task, and it was far better that other men should do this work while he remained in touch with the Imperial Court and with the leaders in Ireland so that the men in Ireland would be the better able to judge of the time when the blow could be struck with the greatest effect.

Throughout 1915 and the early part of 1916 the work of preparing the men of Ireland for the rising and of organizing the country districts progressed very smoothly. The main difficulty with which the leaders had to contend was that the men under them were too eager for action. While the British Government was doing everything in its power to provoke the men to a premature outbreak, it was difficult for the Volunteers to restrain themselves. Many incidents showed how the temper of the people was rising, and those who were directly responsible for the government of the country began to feel some alarm, more particularly as the efforts of the military did not produce any actual clash, and it was more and more obvious that each succeeding day saw the Volunteers better prepared for the task before them.

An interesting indication of the manner in which the discontent of the people had resulted from the outrageous treatment to which they were being subjected is shown by the fact that some of the hardest workers in the preparations for the rising were found among the priests and the school teachers. Seeing where English policy and Redmondism were leading, many of the priests, particularly those of the younger generation, came out openly and advised the people to do all in their power to resist the English law. This had special application to the commandeering of the crops for the feeding of the British and Allied forces at the front, and the Irish priests told their people that, if they allowed their crops to be taken, the country would again be plunged into the miseries of famine and starvation similar to the black and dreadful days of 1846, 1847, and 1848. At the same time the cost of foodstuffs was rising in spite of the fact that the season was one of the best in many years. These were signs which the Irish people were not slow to appraise.

In September, 1915, the English Government made the sudden discovery that communications were passing between the Volunteer leaders in Ireland and the heads of the Clan-na-Gael in the United States. This seems to have been somewhat of a shock to them, although they must have known

that these negotiations were going on from the first day the Volunteers were founded in November, 1913. The English officials also discovered that money was being sent to Ireland — a fact that was openly published in the Irish papers in New York and elsewhere throughout the United States eighteen months previously. Some of the discoveries made by the British Government during this period of Irish history would provide excellent material for a farce. The rising was being planned out in the open, was being openly advocated, and everyone knew it was coming, and yet the "private and confidential" reports of the paid agents of the Castle were apparently able to discover only what was public information months previously.

That the Government was then becoming seriously worried over the situation is certain. On December 18, 1915, a lengthy letter was sent from the Undersecretary to Chief Secretary Augustine Birrell, from which the following is an extract:

> What is Redmond up to with his comparisons between Ireland and Great Britain in the matters of police and crime? He knows, or should know, after what Dillon wrote to him over a month ago in the inclosed "confidential" letter, and repeated verbally on the 3d inst., that the present situation in Ireland is most serious and menacing. Redmond himself sent me the other "private" inclosure on the 9th. He knows, or should know, that the enrolled strength of the Sinn Fein Volunteers has increased by a couple of thousand active members in the last two months to a total of some 13,500, and each group of these is a center of revolutionary propaganda. He knows, or should know, that efforts are being made to get arms for the support of this propaganda — that the Irish Volunteers have already some 2500 rifles, that they have their eyes on the 10,000 in the hands of the supine National Volunteers, and that they are endeavoring to supplement their rifles with shot guns, revolvers, and pistols. New measures, possibly requiring additional police at the ports, will be required to counter these attempts, and unless in other matters we keep these revolutionaries under observation we shall not be in a position to deal with the outbreak, which we hope will not occur, but which undoubtedly will follow any attempt to

enforce conscription, or, even if there is no such attempt, might take place as result of continued unsuccess of British arms.

This communication is illuminating in more respects than one. In the first place it offers proof positive that Redmond and Dillon were completely aware of the position of affairs in Ireland at a time when they were telling the people of America, through the inspired cables of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, that the Irish were enthusiastic in their support of the British. At the time when Redmond was telling his American dupes that the men of Ireland were joining the British army at the rate of so many thousands per week, the actual fact, known to him and to his colleagues, was that the men of Ireland were joining the Volunteers led by Eoin MacNeill and were preparing for rebellion. This official communication also proves that the British Government did not dare to put conscription into force in Ireland, not because Mr. Redmond asked them not to do so, but because both Redmond and his British paymasters were afraid of the rifles in the hands of the Irish Volunteers. The official reference to the so-called "National" Volunteers, led by Mr. Redmond, as "supine," is also enlightening. It is worthy of note that they are not referred to as the "loyal Volunteers" by the British officials. Mr. Redmond's friends chose, whether by accident or design, a far more expressive epithet.

But — and this is far more important — the communication also shows that the British Government in Ireland had at last come to the conclusion that the Irish were not to be fooled and misled any longer, and that it was time to take action. It would appear that Undersecretary Sir Matthew Nathan had a far surer grip of the actual position of affairs than those who held more responsible positions. He had already warned his superiors that the condition of affairs in Ireland was not what it was being officially represented to be, and many of his communications are reposing in Downing Street, London, where they have been hidden from the light of day and will possibly make interesting reading for the archæolo-

gists of the future. It is quite certain that these letters, as well as many other documents dealing with the Rebellion, are not destined to be disclosed to the public during the twentieth century, if the British Government is able to prevent it.

St. Patrick's Day, 1916, was observed in such a manner in Ireland that from that day Secretary Birrell decided to receive daily reports on the condition of affairs from his spies and the police. He later admitted as much in his evidence before the Commission appointed to inquire into the causes of the Revolution. The Irish National Festival was observed by parades of the Volunteers throughout the country, under orders from their headquarters. From every part of the country specially appointed officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary turned in reports to their Inspector General dealing with these parades. In the report that this Inspector General forwarded to the officials of the Government as a summary of the proceedings, the following passage is interesting:

> There can be no doubt that the Irish Volunteer leaders are a pack of rebels who would proclaim their independence in the event of any favorable opportunity but with their present resources and without substantial reinforcements it is difficult to imagine that they will make even a brief stand against a small body of troops. These observations, however, are made with reference to the provinces and not to the Dublin Metropolitan Area, which is the center of the movement.

From this time on, the recruiting question being very acute across the Channel owing to the protests that France and Russia were making, the question of disarming the Volunteers was most acutely exercising the minds of the Government. The Government now found itself faced by the results of its own weakness and double-dealing of two years before. They found that, if they were to disarm the Irish Volunteers, they would also have to disarm the "National" Volunteers, "led" by Redmond. To do otherwise would be to increase still further the anti-English feeling throughout the country. If

they disarmed the "National" Volunteers, they would also have to disarm the Ulster Volunteers, or otherwise the cry of unfair discrimination would be raised. That the Ulster Volunteers would not submit to being disarmed was a foregone conclusion. Furthermore, the Cabinet was a coalition cabinet, and contained a number of the men who had been foremost in the formation of the Ulster Volunteers, and who would see the Government disrupted rather than consent to the disarming of their followers. Thus the Government was placed between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, and had only itself to thank for its predicament. Had the Liberals been genuine in their professions to the Irish when the Home Rule Bill was first introduced, and had they then prevented the formation of the Ulster Volunteers, they would have had no Irish Volunteers and no disarmament problem to trouble them.

The leaders of the Volunteers were well aware of the intentions of the Government, and, during the last week in March, the Council of the Volunteers held a meeting in Dublin. The session lasted a considerable time. The advisability of striking a blow then was under discussion, and it was the opinion of many that the time had come. Others, however, including Eoin MacNeill, feared that they were not sufficiently prepared, and that they had not sufficient arms for their purpose. It was realized that the situation was serious in the extreme, and a proclamation was issued to the public — but really to the Government — warning the Government that the Volunteers "cannot submit to be disarmed, and that the raiding for arms and the attempted disarming of men, therefore, in the natural course of things, can only be met by resistance and bloodshed."

The Government met this ultimatum by ordering the exile of a number of the Volunteer organizers. On March 28, expulsion orders were served on A. Monaghan, Volunteer organizer of Galway, and E. Blythe and William Mellows, of Dublin. They were arrested and told they would be kept in jail until they had made arrangement to get out of the

country. Simultaneously a number of newspapers were suppressed — every paper that still possessed a spark of national sentiment being silenced. It was evident that, being afraid of taking a definite step to put an end to the Volunteers, the Government had embarked on a policy of deliberate provocation in the hope that they would either scare the Volunteers into submission, or else cause a premature outbreak that could easily be suppressed.

Coincidently, Redmond made a speech in Galway in which he stated that, unless Ireland offered up at least 1000 of her men weekly to the British as cannon fodder in France, England would refuse, and rightly, to stand by her Home Rule agreement. Redmond did not say whether or not he had been ordered by the British Government to make this statement, but it is known that, had it not been for the strong cordon of police and military that attended Redmond on that occasion, he would not have escaped with his life. It was well known to the Dublin Castle authorities that arrangements had been made to deal with the man by whom the Irish believed they had been deliberately tricked and betrayed.

At the same time the proposal was put forward that Ireland should be taxed to pay one-sixth of the expenses of the war. This proposal was met by a storm of protests from all parts of the country. Even the Anglicized Dublin Corporation passed a motion stating that the Council "viewed with alarm the proposed enormous increase in taxation," and requesting the Irish representatives in Parliament to resist any such increase "as contrary to both the Act of Union and the Home Rule Act," at the same time pointing out that "Ireland's building and other chief industries are practically at an end owing to the war. This being so, the incidence of taxation is different from that obtaining in Great Britain, and so should be taxed, especially as a Royal Commission has already so recommended."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### Casement and the Irish Leaders

SUFFICIENT mention has already been made of the reasons why Roger Casement went to Berlin as Ireland's Ambassador. That he had nothing to do with the actual plans of the Rebellion, and that in fact he did everything in his power to prevent it, is established fact. One of the most pressing needs of the men in Ireland was the need of arms and ammunition. Some months before the rising a message was dispatched to Berlin asking for arms, and the German Government thereupon made the necessary arrangements to comply with the Irish request.

At the same time a message was sent to Berlin asking that the consignment of the arms be kept secret from Sir Roger Casement. This was owing to the fact that the letters which Casement was sending to New York were of a nature that made it certain that he would not be in sympathy with a revolutionary movement at that time. Before going to Germany, Casement was under the belief that the Teutons were certain of victory and that Ireland was in danger of being involved in the downfall of the British Empire. On this account he made representations to the German Government with the result that the proclamation already mentioned was issued by that Government.

Later on, however, Casement, for reasons that will probably never be known, became less certain as to the outcome of the war. He began to feel that the struggle could end in no decisive manner, and that a compromise peace would be the result. He thought that, if this were the case, any attempt at rebellion in Ireland was foredoomed to failure. Being practically exiled in Germany, he had little or no means of

knowing the extent of the preparations that had been made, and also knew nothing of the manner in which the British Government was treating Ireland at the time. He was, in fact, quite out of touch with the actual facts of the situation.

When, therefore, he learned that a rising was possible in Ireland, he lost no time in seeking to prevent it. In the course of letters which he managed to get through to New York, he made this attitude very clear. He declared it would be folly for Ireland to make any attempt at rebellion. "There is no chance for the poor old woman," wrote Casement on one occasion — the reference being to Ireland under one of her Gaelic titles.

At the same time he was also able to get similar communications into Ireland, addressed to Eoin MacNeill. For these reasons it was not considered advisable by a majority of those who were organizing the Revolution that Casement should be made acquainted with their plans. It was not that they thought Casement other than sincere; he would never have been allowed to represent Ireland in Germany had there been any idea that he was not a genuine Nationalist. Casement was trusted implicitly and given plenipotentiary powers in Germany in so far as diplomatic relations were concerned. Casement had always been known both to his friends and his foes as a staunch Irish Nationalist, and the fact that he was one of those who had assisted in the purchase of the consignment of arms that was landed at Howth was also not forgotten. Casement's sincerity was above question, yet there was no doubt that it was better that he should know nothing regarding the request to the German Government for the consignment of arms.

Neither was it the intention of the Irish leaders to supersede Casement in Germany. As Ireland's Ambassador, he was carrying out most capably the work to which he had been assigned, and which he had chosen for his own. That work did not include the making of plans for a rebellion in Dublin. It was not the part of an ambassador to carry out negotiations of this kind. He was there for the purpose of keeping in

touch with the actual trend of events in Germany in so far as they concerned Ireland. It was also a fact that Casement was not of the stuff that conspirators — if the word may be used in this connection — are made. He had amply demonstrated that he had nothing to conceal; he had several times spoken freely to newspaper correspondents, and seemed to delight in making the fullest possible statements regarding his own affairs. This does not necessarily mean that he was not a diplomat, either; but that he was just a little too trusting in the sincerity of the motives of everyone with whom he came into contact.

Not knowing the true state of affairs in Ireland, but hearing that a rebellion was being planned, Casement at once came to the conclusion that this rebellion could not possibly succeed, owing to the fact that the Germans, however willing they might be, were not then in a position to undertake any operations that would assist Ireland. Casement was apparently of the opinion that it would be impossible for the rebellion to succeed unless a German army was landed immediately in Ireland. This was not the case. It was perfectly true that the landing of a German army in Ireland would have been of the greatest help to the Irish Republicans. But the plans were so made that it was possible for the rebellion to succeed even if Germany did nothing at all. All that Germany was asked to do, as a matter of fact, was to send a consignment of arms, ammunition, and machine guns. The German submarines might also be of use, as has been mentioned, in preventing the arrival of reinforcements for the British.

It is very probable that the German Government had a shrewd suspicion as to the reasons why they were asked not to make Casement acquainted with the request for munitions. It was certainly not owing to any leakage on the part of German Government officials that the secret became known in two widely different quarters. In a manner that still remains somewhat of a mystery the fact was communicated to the British Government. While the whole matter still

remains to be cleared up, there are one or two outstanding facts that may be used as the basis of deductions.

The request for the arms from Germany was, in the first place, brought to New York by messenger, since direct communication between Ireland and Berlin was impossible. The fact that this messenger was one of the signers of the Proclamation of the Irish Republic is sufficient proof of his trustworthiness. This man brought the message to New York, and it was then referred to the officials of the German Government here. By them it was forwarded, as a matter of course, to Berlin. Some weeks later the officials in New York received a message from the Imperial Government to the effect that the arms were being sent from Germany on April 12, and would be due in Ireland about Easter Sunday. This was the date which had then been arranged for the rising. A few days later Secret Service men made a raid on the offices of a German Government official in New York City, removed certain papers, and within forty-eight hours the British Government in London knew of the impending arrival of the arms-laden vessel from Germany. When the facts became known, the accusation was made that this information had been conveyed to London from the United States. This was admitted at the subsequent inquiry held by the British Government into the causes of the Rebellion.

The fact of the arms being sent also reached the ears of Roger Casement. In some respects this was even more disastrous than the fact that the British came to know of the plans. Casement seems to have become obsessed by the idea that Ireland was about to be drenched with blood without a chance of success in her adventure. At that time he appears to have been suffering from melancholia, and to have had the most pessimistic notions regarding the entire situation, both in Germany and Ireland. He would also seem to have been disappointed because he had not been taken into the confidence of the leaders, for he contributed a lengthy article, early in April, to the *Münchener Zeitung* regarding his services to Ireland — services which no one knowing him ever ques-

tioned. He also reviewed the reasons for his going to Germany, saying that his main motive in going to Berlin was to obtain from the German Government assurances of the goodwill of the German nation towards Ireland in order that he might "preserve his fellow-countrymen from participation in a great crime." He must also have considered it necessary to show that his work had not been without results, as he added: "The fact that England has not succeeded in extending compulsory recruiting to Ireland, and the admission that Ireland is exempt from doing military service for Great Britain or the British Empire, are the best justification of my visit to Germany."

Following this declaration, he got into touch with the German authorities, and asked that he be allowed to return to Ireland. This request was, in the first instance, refused on the grounds that the enterprise was one of exceeding danger, and that it would have no useful results. Casement, however, persevered in his demands, and even went so far as to state that he wanted to get back to Ireland for the purpose of assisting the rebels. That this was not the case, is known to be a fact, but that a man of Sir Roger's caliber should go to the length of deliberately misrepresenting his motives is sufficient to show his state of mind and his determination to stop, at all costs, what he believed was a fruitless adventure.

Meantime, the German Government was busy preparing the consignment of arms for Ireland. The vessel *Aud* was chartered for the purpose, and was loaded with 20,000 rifles, 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and 15 machine guns. The rifles were part of those which had been captured from the Russians during the retreat of the armies of the Czar during the previous summer, and were all in first class condition. The vessel was placed in charge of a special crew, and left Germany on April 12, bound for Ireland.

While this was being done, Casement was still making application to the German Government for transportation to Ireland. Owing to the manner in which he represented his reasons for wishing to make the journey, the German officials

eventually gave him the facilities he sought, and informed him that a submarine would be placed at his disposal in which he would be taken to Ireland. Upon receipt of this information Casement made preparations for the journey, and decided to take with him two of his companions in Germany, Captain Robert Monteith and Private Daniel Bailey — the latter a British soldier of Irish birth who had been captured by the Germans and became a member of the Irish Brigade recruited by Casement in Germany. The party left Germany in the submarine at the same time as the *Aud*, on April 12.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates Casement's state of mind at this time than the letter which he wrote on April 11, the day before he left Germany, and forwarded to his sister, Mrs. Agnes Newman, who was in New York City at the time. This document speaks for itself:

My Dear Old Girl: I am going away on a long journey and may not be able to write you again for a long time — perhaps a very long time. I have often thought of you of late and longed to see you again, but it has not been possible. You did quite right to go to America, and I was all wrong. A friend here will see you from me later and give you some things.

I do hope I may see you safe and well when the war is over, but no one can say what will happen these dreadful days. It is all dark and black.

All my thoughts have been for Ireland, but I fear I have done very little, certainly not what I tried. When we meet, it will be a happy day for me. I feel so deeply for you, cut off and alone, but God grant you have kind friends around you. They told me you were about to become a Catholic. I hope so.

Countess Blücher — you remember her — is near me. I saw her lately, and Count Blücher, and they can tell you something of me, and also another friend here. — is my staunch friend over on your side. I often think of you, my dearest old girl, and I pray that all may go well with you and that you may be a Catholic and find peace and happiness there.

Give the dear wee Gee my love and kisses and Elsie, too, both of them. I may not be able to write for a very long time as all the ways are closed, and it is so hard to get letters across.

I trust if this letter is intercepted some kind heart will send it on to you in the end, that you may know how much I thought of you and felt for you in these dark, awful days. I only hope now for peace and goodwill and all this dreadful nightmare of horror gone away.

Some day you will know all about it. Good-bye, my dearest and truest companion of so many years, and keep me always in your heart.

This, obviously, is not the letter of an Irish rebel leader going to the firing of the first shot of his rebellion. Rather is it the last word of one who knows that he is going to his death, who feels that his fate is sealed, but who is resolved to sacrifice his life in what he considers a noble and righteous cause.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### A Romance of the Sea

THE whole course of the Irish Rebellion of 1916 is set with one romance after another. This is due to the extraordinary circumstances that surround almost every phase of what is one of the most impressive chapters in the history of Ireland.

Not the least remarkable episode of the Rebellion was that concerned with the two expeditions which left Germany for Ireland on April 12. It is not certain whether those on board the *Aud* were aware of the fact that a submarine with Sir Roger Casement on board left the same day; the presumption is that they were not. It is certain, however, that Sir Roger Casement did not know that the *Aud* had left port. He did know that a consignment of arms had been asked for by the Irish leaders, and that the German Government had promised to grant that request. He may also have known some details concerning the consignment of arms that the *Aud* was carrying, but it will shortly appear that his information was not altogether accurate. If it was, he made representations later that certainly were not correct.

On the other hand, the commander of the German submarine was certainly aware of the suspicions which the Irish leaders entertained regarding Casement — suspicions, as has already been pointed out, that in no way reflected on his personal honor or sincerity. These suspicions had been communicated to the German commander by his Government and he was ordered to proceed slowly to Ireland, so that the *Aud* would have ample time to land her cargo before Casement could interfere with it or with the plans of the Irish leaders. The *Aud* was not a slow vessel; yet, owing to the conditions at sea which she had to contend with, it was

probable that the submarine would otherwise make Ireland in better time. For the U-boat could travel in comparative security all the way, and would not be obliged to go out of her course to avoid giving rise to suspicion. These were facts that were taken fully into consideration by the commander of the submarine, and he therefore determined on a course of action that would, in his estimation, make certain the arrival of the *Aud* before Casement.

With this object in view, the submarine commander put in at Heligoland, stating that his vessel needed repairs. Whether this was so or not, is uncertain, but it is a fact that for two weeks Casement was forced to remain in idleness on the shores of the island under circumstances which must have been maddening to a man in his position. He had no possible chance of getting into communication with the men in Ireland; he was absolutely cut off from the rest of the world, and was uncertain, up to the last minute, as to when he would be able to resume his journey. As the days passed by, he did not know but that the rebellion he was risking his life to avert had already broken out. The delay was continued from one day to another till it must have seemed as if he was doomed to perpetual exile on that lonely coast. At last, after two weeks of this mental agony, the submarine commander announced that the repairs to his vessel had been completed, and Casement, looking almost a shadow of the man he had been, resumed his interrupted journey.

In the meantime the *Aud* had been slowly threading her perilous path through enemy waters towards the coast of Ireland. Although she flew at times a neutral flag, she was well aware that this was no protection against inspection by the British, who were holding up all neutral trade and making seizures of mail and whatever else attracted their suspicions or their fancy. Going far out of her course, she traveled by unfrequented paths, if such could be said of any part of her route. Her pace was slow in the daytime, but at night she crowded on all possible speed, dashing through the dark with all lights out and three lookout men posted, taking her

chances of mines or collisions as necessary parts of her mission to the assistance of the men of Ireland.

The naval exploits of the Germans during the great war furnish several of the most thrilling chapters of adventure and disregard of peril that have ever been written in the age-long annals of the sea, but none of them deserve a higher place than the voyage of the *Aud*. From her commander to the last man in her crew there was not a man who did not know that he was facing almost certain death, if they failed in their hazardous enterprise. These men were taking the risks, not on behalf of their own Fatherland, but for a country which it is very possible none of them had even seen. While it is true that they were acting under the orders of the German Government, the crew was made up entirely of volunteers. Nor must it be forgotten that Germany had made no demands upon Ireland, or upon the leaders of the Irish Republicans. Germany asked nothing of Ireland. It is true that a successful rebellion in Ireland would have been welcome for merely selfish reasons to the German Government, but, at the same time, it is but fair to state that that Government asked no guarantees of Ireland, and that the men of the *Aud* voluntarily took their lives in their hands from purely noble and unselfish motives.

During the first couple of days at sea the *Aud* managed to evade notice. The patrols of the British fleet must have been lacking in vigilance, for not even the smoke of a warship was sighted. Towards the close of the third day, however, a little excitement was forthcoming to break the monotony. The sun had just dipped below the edge of the horizon when a heavy streak of black smoke, blowing westward across the prow of the *Aud*, rose to disclose the dark and ugly hull of a destroyer. The *Aud* began, little by little, to deflect her course some points to the south, so as to veer away from the rapidly approaching craft.

It seemed, however, that the destroyer was not to be misled by tactics such as these. Coming on with a big burst of speed, the warship raced to cross the path of the German

vessel. The men on the *Aud* now recognized that the stranger was a Britisher, and preparations were at once made to sink the *Aud* rather than allow its cargo to fall into the hands of the enemy. At the same time the German captain kept changing his course to the south in order to defer the fatal encounter as long as might be.

Fortune favored the merchantman on this occasion. The April twilight was fast fading when the destroyer, now apparently convinced that there was something worthy of investigation about the seemingly inoffensive merchantman, ran up a signal to halt. Trusting to the fact that the increasing darkness might be accepted as an excuse for not seeing the signal, the German captain ignored it altogether and veered his course still further to the south. Then a tongue of flame was seen to flash from the warship, and a shot splashed ahead of the *Aud* as a last warning to heave to. The reply of the *Aud* was to crowd on all steam, and dash into the darkness that had now descended like a pall over the sea. Another shot followed the first, and came dangerously close to the fugitive. But pitch-like darkness had now enveloped the scene, and, with every light doused, the *Aud* turned suddenly on her course, striking sharp towards the north. Every second her crew expected to see the searchlight from the destroyer sweep over the waves, which were rising rapidly under a stiff northwesterly wind. But, for some reason, their expectations were not realized. There were a couple more spurts of flame as the warship sent random shots shrieking into the darkness. The second of these was away to the south, so that it was apparent the maneuver of the *Aud* had been successful, and that the destroyer had not discovered the German ruse. The wind was then blowing a gale, and the *Aud* pressed on steam and followed on her course.

A few days later the vessel ran within sight of a British submarine which was traveling on the surface. The enemy submersible, however, passed within half a mile of the German ship without taking the slightest notice of her. The crew of

the *Aud* gathered at the rail to look at the British vessel going past, and went so far as to wave their caps in salutation. But the enemy passed without acknowledgment, and this danger was also safely surmounted. A little later the same day an incoming Scandinavian-American liner, Oscar II, Mr. Ford's famous Peace Ship, was sighted and greetings exchanged. The rest of the voyage, with the exception of its termination, passed without incident.

It is not uninteresting to note that the much-vaunted blockade which the British Order in Council established to prevent food getting to Germany, did not seem to be very much in evidence. With the single exception of the destroyer, the *Aud* saw nothing that challenged its right of way. The mighty British fleet seemed to have vanished off the face of the waters.

On the evening of Wednesday, April 19, the lookout on the *Aud* reported land ahead. This was the Kerry Coast, and the Captain, his destination in sight, decided to lay off for the night. He had made the voyage in shorter time than he had expected, and it was probable that those to whom the arms were being consigned would not be on hand to meet him if he made a landing. The coast is well indented, and he decided that he would have plenty of shelter for a week if need be. Not being acquainted with the coast, he also decided to defer going in further till the next morning, when he would be better able to pick his way. Therefore, the *Aud* lay off the Irish coast for the night, with all lights out and under easy steam, and awaited the coming of the dawn.

Early the following morning, Thursday, April 20, the *Aud* began to move in towards the coast. An hour later smoke was sighted trailing away on the horizon towards Queenstown. It was thought at first that this might be some passing liner, but it soon became evident that it was another British man-of-war, this time an armored cruiser. On sighting the *Aud*, this vessel turned directly towards the German vessel, and increased its speed at the same time.

Consternation reigned aboard the *Aud*, for on this occasion

there was no favoring darkness or high sea to facilitate escape. Furthermore, it was immediately obvious that the new arrival was determined to come to close quarters with the *Aud* and, under the circumstances, investigation meant certain capture. The *Aud* still pressed on towards the Irish coast, in the forlorn hope that aid might be forthcoming from that quarter, but the glasses revealed that the coast was desolate and deserted, and the conviction grew on the captain and the crew that they had arrived too soon, and would be left to their fate.

The *Aud* was still well out from the coast when a shot from the British cruiser carried the first peremptory command to halt. The Captain and his officers were on the bridge, and watched the spray spring up where the shell struck the water only a few feet ahead of them. It was bitter that they should fail when thus in sight of their goal, but their minds were made up now, as they had been before they had started on their journey. They might not be able to deliver their cargo into the hands of the men who had asked them for it, but they would certainly never allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy.

A contemptuous disregard was the only notice taken of the warning shot, but now the Captain of the *Aud* gave two curt orders, and his junior officer ran down from the bridge to have them carried out. The enemy cruiser was now within close range, and the *Aud* was still going full speed ahead. A hoarse command was roared through a trumpet from the cruiser. At the same moment, as though in reply, the German flag broke from the masthead of the *Aud*, to be greeted with a ringing cheer from the crew. The cruiser swerved a point or two in her oncoming course as though in amazement at the audacity of her diminutive foe, and then a second shot from the warship whistled overhead. While the gunners were lowering their pieces to get the range for a more effective blow, the deck of the *Aud* flew into the air. There was a thundering rumble, a burst of smoke and a sheet of flame, and, before the British were able to realize what was happening, the *Aud*, with her colors flying at her solitary mast, her

sides gaping wide to the waves, filled and sank. Her crew had blown her up rather than surrender. The British had been robbed of their prey.

Had it not been for the warning conveyed to the British Government, which immediately established a cruiser patrol, the *Aud* would have delivered her cargo in Ireland into the hands of the Irish Republicans, waiting under arms to receive them. That warning, besides its other effects, was responsible for the death of the men on the *Aud* — as gallant a skipper and as gallant a crew as ever set sail on the high seas. But for that warning one of the most daring expeditions in naval history would certainly have been crowned with success.

Late that night, while the wreck of what had been the *Aud* was lying a mile or more out at sea, the submarine carrying Roger Casement and his two companions was lying submerged almost on the same spot. When the first thin streak of light heralded the coming of another day, she rose to the surface and picked her way towards the coast. This was Friday, April 21. Having approached as close as she could, the submarine let down a collapsible boat over the side, and three men rowed ashore. They pulled the boat a little way up on the sand and turned to wave a farewell to the submarine. But that vessel had vanished. Casement and his two friends walked inland and were also soon out of sight.

They had barely disappeared when another figure was seen coming along the strand. This was a fisherman. He paused when he saw the stranded boat that had been left behind. He then stooped and began curiously to examine the foot-prints that remained in the soft sand left by the ebbing tide.

## CHAPTER XL

### Planning a Pogrom

DURING the period which elapsed between the end of March and the arrival of Roger Casement in Ireland, the British military and Government officials were prosecuting, with greater severity than ever, that policy which had, in the first instance, been the cause of the beginnings of the trouble, and the continuance of which had forced the Irish leaders to the conclusion that they had either to strike a blow for their own liberties or fight for England against a friendly power.

Early in the month of April it became known that the Government had under very serious consideration the seizure of all arms found in the possession of Irish Volunteers, and the deportation to England and Scotland of all the leaders of that organization. The feeling against the acts that had already been committed in the name of the law by the military and the open insult and provocation to which the Volunteers and their leaders were subjected daily in the streets of Dublin by British officers, brought about a series of public meetings which were held on April 7, 1916. These meetings were held to protest against the deportation orders and to enlist recruits for the Irish Volunteers. The speeches delivered at these meetings were in the plainest of plain language, and told the Government that the actions of its officials, if persisted in, would inevitably lead to an open breach, and that any attempt to disarm the Volunteers would result in some persons being shot.

On the same day, April 7, Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, a man of brilliant attainments who was not connected with the Volunteers or any of the various organizations affiliated with them, wrote the following letter to Sidney Webb, the editor of

a London magazine, *The New Statesman*, in which he pointed out, with almost prophetic vision, the result of the course on which the Government in Ireland had embarked. The editor printed the letter weeks after the Rebellion was at an end, saying that he had laid it aside in a pigeon-hole when he received it, and had not published it because he "did not think that to do so would serve any useful purpose." The reader can best judge of the useful purpose its publication might have served, when he views the events that followed within two weeks of the writing of the letter. The letter read as follows:

To the Editor of *The New Statesman:*

Sir, — The situation in Ireland is extremely grave. Thanks to the silence of the daily press, the military authorities are pursuing their Prussian plans in Ireland unobserved by the British public; and, when the explosion which they have provoked occurs, they will endeavor to delude the British public as to where the responsibility lies. I write in the hope that, despite war-fever, there may be enough sanity and common sense left to restrain the militarists while there is yet time.

I will not take up your space by recounting the events that have led up to the present situation — the two years' immunity accorded Sir Edward Carson's Volunteers in their defiant illegalities, the systematic persecution of the Irish Volunteers *from the moment of their formation* (*nine months before the war*), the militarist provocations, raids on printing offices, arbitrary deportations and savage sentences which have punctuated Mr. Redmond's recruiting appeals for the past eighteen months. As a result of this recent series of events, Irish Nationalist and labor opinion is now in a state of extreme exasperation. Recruiting for the British army is dead; recruiting for the Irish Volunteers has, at the moment, almost reached the mark of 1000 per week — which is Lord Wimborne's demand for the British army. A special stimulus has been given to the Irish Volunteer movement by the arrest and threatened forcible deportation — at the moment of writing it is still uncertain whether the threat will be carried out — of two of its most active organizers.

There are two distinct danger-points in the position. In the first place, the Irish Volunteers are prepared, if any attempt is made forcibly to disarm them, to resist, and to defend their rifles with

their lives. In the second place, the Irish Citizen Army (The Labor Volunteers) are prepared to offer similar resistance, not only to disarmament, but to any attack upon the Press which turns out *The Workers' Republic* — successor to the suppressed *Irish Worker* — which is printed in Liberty Hall.

There is no bluff in either case. That was shown (1) in Tullamore on March 20th, when an attempt at disarming the small local corps of Irish Volunteers was met with revolver shots and a policeman was wounded — fortunately not seriously; (2) in Dublin, on March 24th, and following days, when, at the rumor of an intended raid on *The Worker's Republic*, the Irish Citizen Army stood guard day and night in Liberty Hall — many of them having thrown up their jobs to answer promptly the mobilization order — armed and prepared to sell their lives dearly. The British military authorities in Ireland know perfectly well that the members of both these organizations are earnest, determined men. If, knowing this, General Friend and his subordinate militarists proceed either to disarm the Volunteers or to raid the Labor Press, it can only be because they *want* bloodshed — because they want to provoke another '98, and to get an excuse for a machine-gun massacre.

Irish pacifists who have watched the situation closely are convinced that this is precisely what the militarists do want. The younger English officers in Dublin make no secret of their eagerness "to have a whack at the Sinn Feiners"; they would much rather fight them than the Germans. They are spurred on by the Carson-Northcliffe conscriptionist gang in London; on April 5th *The Morning Post* vehemently demanded the suppression of *The Worker's Republic;* on April 6th a question was put down in the House of Commons urging Mr. Birrell to disarm the Irish Volunteers. These gentry know well the precise points where a pogrom can most easily be started.

Twice already General Friend has been on the point of setting Ireland in a blaze — once last November, when he had a warrant made out for the arrest of Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick; once on March 25th, when he had a detachment of soldiers with machine guns in readiness to raid Liberty Hall. In both cases Mr. Birrell intervened in the nick of time and decisively vetoed the militarist plans. But some day Mr. Birrell may be overborne or may intervene too late. Then, once bloodshed is started in Ireland, who can say where or how it will end?

In the midst of the worldwide carnage, bloodshed in our little

island may seem a trivial thing. The wiping out of all the Irish Volunteers and Labor Volunteers would hardly involve as much slaughter as the single battle of Loos. Doubtless that is the militarist calculation — that their crime may be overlooked in a world of criminals. Accordingly, the nearer peace comes, the more eager will they be to force a conflict before their chance vanishes. Is there in Great Britain enough real sympathy with Small Nationalities, enough real hatred of militarism, to frustrate this Pogrom Plot of British Militarist Junkerdom?

Yours, etc.,
F. Sheehy-Skeffington.

*April, 7th, 1916.*

The day after this was written the Chief Commissioner of the Royal Irish Constabulary made a report to the Undersecretary, and that document shows clearly the view that Colonel Edgeworth-Johnson took of the situation, especially in regard to the recruiting meetings of the Irish Volunteers, for he says, in part:

> These recruiting meetings are a very undesirable development, and are, I think, causing both annoyance and uneasiness amongst loyal citizens. . . . The Sinn Fein Party are gaining in numbers, in equipment, in discipline, and in confidence, and I think drastic action should be taken to limit their activities. The longer it is postponed, the more difficult it will be to carry out.

On April 10 this report reached the Undersecretary, who wrote on it: "Chief Secretary and Lord Lieutenant to see the Chief Commissioner's minute." On April 12 the Chief Secretary wrote upon it: "Requires careful consideration. Is it thought practicable to undertake a policy of disarmament, and, if so, within what limits, if any, can it be circumscribed?" Upon the same day the Lord Lieutenant wrote upon it: "This is a difficult point. Could the disarming be satisfactorily effected?"

It will thus be observed that little by little the efforts of those who were desirous of causing bloodshed were forcing the hand of the Chief Secretary, who had certainly, up to this time, done all in his power to keep the peace, and had reso-

lutely refused to allow himself to be made the catspaw of those who were anxious for a massacre. It is probably owing to this that he was forced to shoulder the responsibility at a later period.

The arrest of the two Volunteer organizers, Ernest Blythe and William Mellows, which has already been recorded, aroused a storm of protest throughout the country. It was judged, and rightly, that this was but the prelude to further arrests, and that a policy of disarming the Irish Volunteers, of interning their leaders in England and of then enforcing conscription in Ireland, was being inaugurated by the Government. On April 9, Blythe and Mellows were removed from Dublin to Kingstown under military escort en route for England, and close on two thousand of the Dublin Volunteers paraded through the streets of the city that same day as a protest. This was an entirely peaceful protest without any attempt at violence, the only object of the demonstrators being to show the authorities that the policy they were pursuing was one that might have disastrous results if carried any further.

On the following day, April 10, another significant incident took place. Shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon another parade of two companies of the Volunteers was being held, and the men were marching from Grafton Street to Stephen's Green West. A trolley car, bound from Nelson's Pillar to Terenure, was coming along and the driver shouted to the Volunteers to get out of his way, at the same time announcing in very vile language that, if they did not, he would run the car over them. At this an Irish Volunteer cyclist jumped off his machine, placed the bicycle in front of the trolley car, opened his revolver pouch, put his hand on the stock of the weapon, and told the motorman to carry out his threat. The latter lapsed into silence, and held his car where it was until the Volunteers had passed. The cyclist then mounted his machine and rejoined his comrades. The motorman lost no time in reporting the incident to the police, who, in turn, reported the insolence of the mere Irish

to the Chief Secretary with another request that he take action.

Mr. Redmond and his friends were not inclined to take much notice of this incident. They did not like to think that an Irishman would dare to tell a trolley-car driver to halt, while the Irish Volunteers passed in front of it. Redmond's official organ, *The Freeman's Journal*, however, begged that the Castle authorities might not be too harsh on the men. Referring editorially to the incident, *The Freeman* said:

> This was a very reprehensible proceeding. But it is the sort of behavior which it is easy for the authorities to take too seriously. There are hotheads in the Sinn Fein movement who would be delighted if they could induce, not merely tram conductors, but the highest military authorities, to "come along." But it seems evident to the ordinary man of common sense that, the hotter the heads of the Sinn Feiners, the cooler should be the heads of those responsible for public order. . . . They are urged constantly in the English Press to "make examples" of the Sinn Feiners, and "stamp out" their movement. We do not believe that the result is worth the trouble. We do not believe that the advice is honestly motived. It comes from people who think they see political profit from scenes of violence in Ireland. If it is a good rule to do nothing during the war to gratify the Germans, there can be no doubt as to the wisest course for the authorities. The German papers and the German-subsidized journals in the United States would welcome any such excuse for representing Ireland as hostile to the war as would be afforded by some of the methods so often urged on those civilians and soldiers responsible for the peace of Ireland. . . . There is certainly no disaffection in Ireland that would make "stamping it out" a necessary or a useful process.

This in spite of the facts that were in Redmond's possession at the time, as has been shown by the official letter of the previous December. It will be interesting to note that the main reason why *The Freeman* did not want the stamping out process was because it might be a satisfaction to the Germans during the war. After the war, forsooth, things might be dealt with differently. It is curious to find a self-

styled Irish newspaper thus discussing a stand which any spirited man would have taken in answer to a vulgar insult, whether from a trolley driver or anyone else. It is evident that *The Freeman* and those for whom it spoke had little manhood and much less nationality left.

On the same day that this nonsense was printed, news leaked out showing that the military hotheads were at work. It had apparently become known to the police authorities, in spite of the fact that no secret was made about it, that a consignment of small arms was being conveyed from Wexford to either the Irish Volunteers or the Citizen Army in Dublin on the afternoon of April 9. Both the Volunteers and the Citizen Army were engaged in drill and other exercises that afternoon, following a parade held earlier in the day.

All the police at the command of the Castle were on watch for developments. There was a thrill among the men in blue when an automobile, bearing the communicated number, entered the city from a southerly direction shortly after half-past four in the afternoon. At the corner of Grafton Street and College Green the car was halted by the police, and it and those in it were taken to the Great Brunswick Street police station. No resistance was offered by the driver, who was accompanied by another young man. The two men gave their names as Joseph Coyle and Patrick Kenny, and said that they had come from Ferns, County Wexford. On the car being searched, it was found to contain fourteen rifles and three revolvers. These were confiscated and so was the car. The two men were held pending an investigation by the military authorities.

With this incident the efforts of the military to force the hand of the Volunteers were redoubled. Possibly they felt that the time to make any conciliatory overtures had passed, and that the only thing left to them to do was to force a premature rising and to have their men and machine guns posted ready to mow down the Volunteers should they make any attempt to resist the order for disarmament.

Then, on Wednesday, April 19, came the dramatic dis-

closure of the actual orders which the planners of the pogrom had secretly issued to the military. This was read in open session at the meeting of the Dublin Corporation by Alderman Thomas Kelly, who said that it had been furnished to him by Mr. Little, the editor of *New Ireland*. The document reads, in part, as follows:

The following precautionary measures have been sanctioned by the Irish Office on the recommendation of the General Officer Commanding the Forces in Ireland. All preparations will be made to put these measures in force immediately on receipt of an order issued from the Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, and signed by the Undersecretary and the General Officer Commanding the Forces in Ireland. First, the following persons are to be placed under arrest: — All members of the Sinn Fein National Council, the Central Executive Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers, General Council Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers, County Board Irish Sinn Fein Volunteers, Executive Committee National Volunteers, Coisde Gonta Committee Gaelic League. See list A 3 and 4 and supplementary list A 2. . . . Metropolitan Police and Royal Irish Constabulary forces in Dublin City will be confined to barracks under the direction of the Competent Military Authority. An order will be issued to inhabitants of city to remain in their houses until such time as the Competent Military Authority may otherwise direct or permit. Pickets chosen from units of Territorial forces will be placed at all points marked on Maps 3 and 4. Accompanying mounted patrols will continuously visit all points and report every hour. The following premises will be occupied by adequate forces, and all necessary measures used without need of reference to Headquarters. First, premises known as Liberty Hall, Beresford Place; No. 6 Harcourt street, Sinn Fein Building; No. 2 Dawson street, Headquarters Volunteers; No. 12 D'Olier street, "Nationality" Office; No. 25 Rutland Square, Gaelic League Office; No. 41 Rutland Square, Forester's Hall; Sinn Fein Volunteer premises in City; all National Volunteer premises in city; Trades Council premises, Capel street; Surrey House, Leinster Road, Rathmines. *The following premises will be isolated, and all communication to or from prevented:* — premises known as Archbishop's House, Drumcondra; Mansion House, Dawson street; No. 40 Herbert Park; Larkfield,

Kimmage Road; Woodtown Park, Ballyboden; Saint Enda's College, Hermitage, Rathfarnham; and in addition premises in list 5 D, see Maps 3 and 4.

This was the tense and critical situation that prevailed in Ireland when Sir Roger Casement arrived.

## CHAPTER XLI

### The Fatal Order

THE exasperating discovery that rifles and ammunition were in the hands of the Irish Volunteers, and that these were men who would not brook insult even from a trolley-car driver, roused the Tory papers both in England and in the north of Ireland to a fury of indignation. These were things which must not be tolerated by the Government, said those papers, which, a few short months before, had been telling the same Government that they would transfer their loyalty to the German Kaiser if the Government dared to put into operation the Home Rule Bill.

Ireland's supposed leaders in the Parliamentary Party had joined hands with the British, and had quietly acquiesced in every insult that had been heaped on Irish men and Irish women by the British Government and British soldiers in Dublin. It mattered not to them that Irish men should be imprisoned and deported, and that Irish girls should be violated in the streets of their own cities. But it did matter to them that Irishmen should dare to take arms into their hands for the purpose of defending the honor of their women and themselves. Such were the conditions in Ireland at the end of the second week of April, 1916, that only a nation of spiritless slaves would have remained silent and inactive. When, in addition to these things, it was known to the leaders of the Volunteers that the Government was planning, with the concurrence of the Parliamentary Party, to disarm them and then to conscript them, the wonder is not that they resolved to sell their lives in one desperate protest, but that they were able to contain themselves and their followers so long.

Certain men had been dispatched by the Volunteer leaders to meet the cargo of German arms that had been sent on the

*Aud.* This cargo was not, however, expected before Easter Sunday, and this is the reason why they were not present when that vessel arrived off the coast. The news that she had been discovered by the British cruiser did not reach them for some time later. Instead they met Roger Casement, who had succeeded in landing and making his way inland.

Their meeting with Casement was one of those chances of fortune that influence the destinies of nations. The meeting took place in a small cottage not three miles from the place of landing. Casement knew the men, for he had come into contact with them when he was working with the Volunteers prior to his visit to the United States. His first request, and in fact his only one, was that they would take a message for him to Eoin MacNeill in Dublin. It would appear that he did not trust to the chance that he himself would be able to get that far without arrest. He did not say to these men what the exact terms of his message was, but wrote it down and sealed it, after addressing it to the Volunteer leader. Owing to the representations that Casement made regarding the urgency of the communication, no time was lost in conveying it to Dublin and by Friday afternoon, April 21, Casement's message was placed in the hands of MacNeill. It had been carried at express speed by automobile from Kerry to the Irish capital.

It is probable that the exact wording of this historic document will never be known, but the tenor of the message that caused disaster to Ireland is known beyond doubt. Acting in all sincerity, Casement told Eoin MacNeill that there was no hope of any help from the Germans, that the latter had all the work on hand they could ever hope to accomplish, and that it was useless to expect they would be able to assist Ireland. He told MacNeill that he had traveled from Germany, and had risked his life to prevent useless bloodshed in Ireland, and begged of him, for the sake of Ireland and for the sake of the Volunteers, to prevent any attempt at a rising.

In making these statements Casement was acting only on

the information which he had at that time, for he was not familiar with the actual condition of affairs in Ireland. Casement knew nothing at all of the plot that had been hatched to disarm the Volunteers — and to wipe them out if they resisted — and then to enforce conscription. His absence from Ireland since the outbreak of the war accounted for his ignorance of these facts. In acting as he did, he was certainly doing what he believed to be the best for Ireland.

This communication came like a bombshell into the camp of the Irish Volunteers. Were it not that the man who had brought it was completely in the trust of the Volunteers and was able to vouch for the fact that Casement had himself written the message, it is probable that it would have been rejected as a ruse on the part of the enemy. The fact that Casement was not expected in Ireland made the matter all the more mysterious. It was not unreasonable to argue that a man would not have taken such risks with his life, unless he knew what he was doing and that his statements were founded on absolute facts.

It was not the statement that the Germans could not for the present lend much active assistance to the Volunteers that caused the most consternation to the leaders. They had laid their plans in a manner that rendered them more or less independent of outside help for some time after they had declared the Republic. During this time they counted on being able to create a diversion that would have a big effect in the world war, and, once in possession of the Irish posts, they could offer a safe haven to German submarines. What did matter, however, was the statement that the Germans were sending only 2000 old rifles. This must have been considered by MacNeill a breach of trust, and one that would seriously interfere with the rising in the southern part of the country. The German arms were counted on to arm the men of the south, and their loss would be a serious matter.

By this time the arrangements of the Volunteers was complete. In their official organ, *The Irish Volunteer*, of that week, the following notice was published:

## HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

Arrangements are now nearing completion in all the more important brigade areas for the holding of a very interesting series of manœuvres at Easter. In some instances the arrangements contemplate a one or two days' bivouac. As for Easter, the Dublin programme may well stand as a model for other areas.

Readers of the foregoing chapters will not require to be told the meaning of this order. It meant that the time had come when Ireland was again to try conclusions with her old enemy; that the time had passed for negotiations and compromise, and that the Irish people had been driven to the last resort by the continued treachery of their own leaders and the determined efforts of the military plotters to force the hands of the leaders. In addition to all this, the Volunteers had learned that these same plotters had at last succeeded in their efforts, and that arrangements had already been made to disarm the Volunteers and place Ireland under the ban of conscription.

The position in which Eoin MacNeill found himself when he had placed in his hands the disconcerting message from Roger Casement may, therefore, well be realized. He was the man who had, at other times, curbed the seemingly impetuous spirits among the leaders, who were anxious to declare a rising months before. He was the man who had been the leader of the Volunteers from the beginning, and who had steered the organization through very stormy seas until it had come to be the one factor that still held out in Ireland for the rights of Ireland a Nation. No one could realize better than he the vast responsibility that rested on him at that moment. He knew that the plans had been made for the rising on Easter Sunday; he knew also that everything was ready, that the preliminaries had been arranged, and that the Volunteers were to declare an Irish Republic within forty-eight hours. Yet the caution that characterized the man, and the faith that he placed in the reliability of Casement, whom he had known for many years

and whom he had learned to love and to trust, could not be set aside in a moment. After all, it appeared to him that it would be better to act in accordance with the message and to defer action for at least another week, until they had had time thoroughly to discuss the situation.

There was no time for mature consideration and reflection. If he were to act, he must act at once. In order to be effective, an order calling off the Easter "maneuvres" would have to be inserted in the newspapers of the following day. It would not be possible to get into touch with all of the branches in any other manner. The Dublin evening papers usually go to press earlier with their last editions on Saturdays than on other week-days, and there was little time to lose if he was to get his notice into the papers in time for their final editions.

While he was thus torn between these points of the problem, he received a private message in code informing him that the German vessel had been sunk and that Casement was a prisoner. This decided him. There was, he reasoned, nothing else to do but to call off the manœuvres for Easter Sunday, get the committee together in special session, and talk over the matter. It is the one unfortunate fact that Professor MacNeill did not realize that the time had passed for discussion, that the Government had its mind made up, and that there was nothing left for the Volunteers to do but to fight or submit to being disarmed.

A hurried call was sent out to the various members of the Volunteer Committee, and, late that evening, a conference was held in the house of Eoin MacNeill. MacNeill put the matter before them, and urged that the orders be countermanded. To this there were many who did not agree, who pointed out that the matter had gone too far, that the Volunteers had either to fight or be disarmed, and that a day's delay might be fatal. At the same time a conference was proceeding in Liberty Hall, where those who had drawn up the Proclamation of the Republic and had determined that they would fight even with their bare hands, were in session.

Thomas MacDonagh made several trips between the two conferences, and, on the occasion of his last visit to the home of Eoin MacNeill, he stated that the other men were determined to go ahead with the plans already made and that no orders to the contrary were to be issued. Nevertheless the conference at MacNeill's home continued until the small hours of Saturday morning, when it broke up without any definite plan being decided on.

The last edition of the Dublin *Evening Herald* of that Saturday contained a notice, signed "MacNeill, Chief of Staff," countermanding the orders for the maneuvers. At the same time, in order to make assurance doubly sure, telegraphic messages were sent broadcast to every parish priest in the country, asking him to make a similar announcement from the pulpit at the services the following day. This was the fatal act that broke the back of the Rebellion.

Let us now, for a moment, turn back to the time when Casement landed on the coast of Kerry. The man who had noticed the overturned boat in which Casement had landed, and whose name was John McCarthy, lost no time in communicating the fact of his discovery to the police. The authorities had received a warning to keep a vigilant watch along the coast following the information they had received from America regarding the German steamer. The police, therefore, lost no time in tracing Casement, and, a short while after he had managed to dispatch his message to MacNeill, Casement was found and promptly placed under arrest. He made no resistance, and the moment that he found himself a prisoner in the hands of the English he knew that his life would pay the forfeit.

On the evening of April 22 it was known to the authorities that the man who had been arrested was none other than Sir Roger Casement, the man whom the English had been striving to apprehend and for whose murder they had been ready to sacrifice the honor of the British Empire. While this caused no little satisfaction to the Dublin Castle authorities, it nevertheless gave them reason to believe that matters of

serious moment were afoot. The Castle became panic-stricken. Various military officers of the highest standing demanded that there was only one thing to be done, and that was to secure the immediate arrest of all the Sinn Fein leaders throughout the country without further loss of time. They urged that the landing of Roger Casement and consignment of the cargo of arms from Germany were proof positive that rebellion was being planned, and they pointed out that there was not a moment to lose. They then attached the greatest and most sinister significance to the order for the "Easter maneuvers" of the Volunteers, and sagaciously observed, one to another, that this could mean nothing more than a signal for a rising.

That evening a conference was called in Dublin Castle at which all the members of the British Government in Ireland, with the exception of Chief Secretary Birrell, were present. While the conference was sitting, information was received to the effect that MacNeill had ordered off the maneuvers for Sunday, and thus some of the more dangerous symptoms of the situation seemed to have been relieved. There can be little doubt that this information was greeted with a sigh of thankfulness by Ireland's masters, as they sat in their room between the towers of the Castle that Saturday evening.

Meanwhile the police all over the country, acting on rush orders from the Government, were keeping the Irish Volunteers under strict surveillance. There was not a section or a battalion of that organization that was not rigidly scrutinized. The King's ministers sat up till midnight receiving reports from the police throughout the land, and they did not dare to retire to their troubled slumbers until they had assured themselves that there had been no movement of the "rebel troops," by which name the Irish Volunteers were by this time designated.

Thus passed that historic Saturday, April 22, 1916. The German arms were at the bottom of the sea; Casement was a prisoner; the rising had been declared off; and the emissaries of the British Government were sitting up in their Castle of

Dublin, trembling at the shadows on the wall cast by the flickering lights from Cork Hill, and dreading every moment to hear the first crash of the storm which they had themselves aroused, and which they now feared was beyond their strength to control.

## CHAPTER XLII

### The O'Rahilly's Ride

IT soon became obvious that Eoin MacNeill was determined that there should be no rebellion in Ireland at Easter. In addition to the notice which appeared in the Dublin *Evening Herald* on Saturday evening, and the messages to the priests throughout the country, he decided on other measures. He called The O'Rahilly to his house and, having explained the situation, asked him to assist and find means to make sure of notifying the south that the rising had been postponed.

The O'Rahilly was evidently impressed by the reasons which MacNeill offered why the rising should not take place as scheduled. He was essentially a man of energy and action, and yet he was sufficiently a man of military instincts to accept without question the orders of his chief. MacNeill, it would appear, did not call him to consult as to the advisability of postponing the Rebellion; that had already been decided on, in MacNeill's opinion, and action had been taken. What The O'Rahilly was asked to do was to assist in the carrying out of the orders of his chief, and he was ready to do whatever lay in his power.

MacNeill explained, as The O'Rahilly well knew, that the south was one of the chief centers on which they had relied. The cargo of arms on the *Aud* was intended for the arming of the men of Cork, Limerick, and all along the coast line of Wexford and Wicklow to the Dublin Mountains. With this cargo at the bottom of the sea there remained less chance of the men of this section of the country being able to put up an effective fight, yet MacNeill also must have known that these men, even with the arms at their disposal, would not hesitate to obey the orders they had received and would

have declared the Rebellion at the time stated if nothing was done to prevent them. MacNeill was also not certain that they would get the messages in time, and that they might not doubt their authenticity even if they did receive them.

It was, therefore, as he explained to The O'Rahilly, his desire that a personal message should be sent to the commanders in these districts, explaining why the rising had been postponed. As soon as he heard this, The O'Rahilly, with a vision of unarmed men being slaughtered by the machine guns of the English, volunteered to take the message personally in his automobile, and, MacNeill agreeing, The O'Rahilly immediately left the house, proceeded home, explained to his wife where he was going and why, and a little while later was on his way.

There is something peculiarly appealing in this ride of The O'Rahilly. In other countries there have been rides that have become matters of history, and have retained their place in the records of the people in popular song and story. Paul Revere's Ride will for all time be remembered in the history of the United States, and, in like manner, future generations may remember The O'Rahilly's Ride, undertaken at the command of his chief for the purpose, as he believed, of preventing the wholesale killing of his brave and gallant countrymen of the south.

Starting late on Saturday night, The O'Rahilly drove his car south from Dublin. Taking the road through Bray, he was soon flying at top speed through the hills and glens of Wicklow, the Garden County of Ireland, and the scene of some of the most famous incidents in the history of the land. He drove east to the coast, passed the word at Wicklow, and then turned southeast to Rathdrum. From here it was a short run to Arklow. Then on he sped again to Gorey and Enniscorthy, where his news was received with incredulous amazement. Later events showed how the men of that fine old town responded to the call a few hours later.

Towards midnight The O'Rahilly was rushing towards Wexford, along roads and past villages where, a century

before, the British had been forced to flee in wild disorder from Irish pikes. It was far later still when he brought the word to Waterford. Turning then inland, he sped through the land of the Decies and the Ormonds. Past many a famed battlefield the word was carried that there was to be no Rebellion, that the plans had failed for the time being, and that the arms they had hoped for could no longer be secured. We can imagine with what mingled feelings The O'Rahilly was received. In one place after another the men were up, and the arrival of the messenger filled them with hope that he had come with the final instructions for the fighting. The men of the south had borne the insult and the contumely of the foreigner for many months — not to mention past years — in comparative silence, because they had been told that the time was coming, that the day would soon dawn, when they would be able to strike a blow for freedom and to avenge their wrongs. And now it was all over, at least for the present; the arms they wanted had not arrived and would not arrive, and they were still to go on in the same old way.

At Limerick The O'Rahilly heard that the men of Cork had already received the tidings. In this section of the country the news of the sinking of the *Aud* had been spread broadcast, and consternation was in the heart of every man who had hoped on the morrow to be able to take his place in the Irish ranks. The sun was high in the heavens when The O'Rahilly came to the end of his journey and rested at Limerick. He had performed his work well; and the south knew that there were to be no "maneuvres." After a conference with the men of Limerick, he decided to remain with them for a short while and then return to Dublin.

Meanwhile, throughout the rest of the country the word had been received that the Rebellion had been postponed. In the far north, away in the west, and throughout the midlands the priests had read to their congregations the message signed "MacNeill, Chief of Staff." All of the churches were crowded. Not alone was it Easter Sunday, a festi-

val when there is always a big attendance at the early Masses, but the events that had been expected had also contributed in no small degree to the filling of the churches. During the previous Friday and Saturday there had been, throughout the country, an unusually large number of men at confession. In Dublin the young men had walked along the streets of the city by the side of the priests, apparently merely engaged in conversation but in reality making their confessions. On Easter Sunday the same crowds had thronged the churches for the reception of Holy Communion.

The demobilizing order — for that is what it amounted to — came as a shock to every man in the ranks of the Volunteers. They were at a loss to know what had happened to cause so sudden a change in the plans. Yet the order was imperative: there was nothing left to do but obey it, go home and await further developments. As a result, thousands of men who had assembled at the various points for the "maneuvres" disbanded and returned to their homes in scattered bands of four or five. By Sunday evening it would have been impossible, without two or three days' work, to have collected the men together again as they had been on that Easter Sunday morning, April 23, 1916.

It is a fact not generally known that there were two of these countermanding orders. In the first instance, Eoin MacNeill, as has been shown, spared no effort to spread the message over the country. At this time conferences were being held in Liberty Hall by the men who were in favor of a rebellion, and when the word was brought to them that MacNeill had called off the Rebellion, it was feared that there would be some who would not obey the command. In order that there should be no fiasco, with one or two wildly separated sections striking alone, Pearse decided that the best thing to do was to send out a confirming order, with the proviso that the maneuvres were called off only temporarily. This was done, and thus the demobilizing of the men of the country districts was rendered complete.

As a result of these events the police and paid agents of the

Government sent word to Dublin Castle that there had been no movements of the Volunteers that day, and that the intended "maneuvers" had been abandoned. It requires no stretch of the imagination to realize the effect the receipt of these reports had on the authorities. For hours they had been seated on a volcano, with the interesting expectation that it was going to erupt at any moment. After a night of fitful slumber, with armed guards at every entrance into the Castle, they arose on that Sunday morning with the intention of taking immediate steps to make a recurrence of the recent crisis impossible for all future time. The first conference was held shortly after nine o'clock. At that time a report had been received to the effect that a consignment of melinite had been taken into Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Citizen Army. This was not calculated to relieve materially the situation, but at the same time, as the telegraphic messages began to arrive from the country to the effect that the mobilization had been postponed, the officials began to breathe a little easier and to comfort themselves with the thought that they had passed the worst. They thereupon set to work to plan the best way of suppressing the Volunteers and arresting the leaders.

Among those who took part in these conferences were Sir Matthew Nathan, the energetic Undersecretary, Lord Wimborne, the Lord Lieutenant of polo fame, General Friend, and several of the military officers. These latter, who were supported by General Friend and the Undersecretary, repeated what they had been saying for weeks before, that the only way out of the situation was by ordering the arrests of all the Volunteer leaders and all the men connected with the organization, seizing the arms, and breaking up the entire body.

Lord Wimborne pointed out that this would certainly mean trouble of the worst kind; that, if this were done, there would be bloodshed, and the whole world would hear about it. He had been in America and knew something of the sentiment here, and he did not fail to point out that feeling across the

Atlantic would be greatly wrought up by such measures. He wanted to know if there was no means of dealing with the situation that would prevent bloodshed.

But these arguments were only half-hearted at the best. The military officers were soon in complete command of the situation. On a number of other occasions they had been balked in their plans, and they were evidently determined that they were not going to be put off any longer. They pointed out that the clearest possible proof of the "hostile association" of the Volunteers had been afforded by the attempt to land arms from Germany. They said that it had been proved that these men had deliberately conspired with the enemy to assist in the overthrow of the Empire. What they did not say, however, was that it was owing to their own actions and to the actions of the Empire they represented that the men of Ireland had been driven to desperation. This was a point that no one in Dublin Castle cared to consider.

With regard to the shedding of blood, that did not matter to the military, so long as they could shed the blood of the Irish in a manner that would involve the minimum of risk to themselves. The question of American opinion was dismissed lightly, General Friend stating that he did not care a fig for America and that, if the Irish over there tried to make any trouble, they would very soon be settled. He even went so far as to state that the American Government would, if necessary, cause the arrest and deportation of all the Irish sympathizers in the United States.

There was, then, only one question that remained to be decided, and that was the best means of making the arrests and seizing the arms. It was agreed that Liberty Hall presented the most formidable obstacle to the carrying out of these plans, as, since the previous attempted raid on that place, armed men had been on duty day and night. It was known that these men would sell their lives dearly. The military did not relish making an attack on any armed men, at least not in a manner that would involve too much risk to

themselves. There were also a number of other places throughout the city where resistance might be expected.

In view of these facts it was, therefore, arranged that a large number of soldiers should be drafted into the city the following morning, and that the arrests should be carried out the first moment sufficient men had been secured. In order that there should be no mistake, it was decided that a large number of machine guns should be taken as quietly as possible to the Custom House and there trained on Liberty Hall. At the first sign of resistance from that quarter these guns would be turned on the building, and it would not take long, so argued these military experts, to reduce the place to an untenable wreck. The same tactics would be followed with regard to all the other places where an attempt at resistance was expected. It was thus believed that the Volunteers would either be compelled to give up their arms or else would be shot where they stood, and in either case the problem would be solved with little or no risk to the soldiery.

It was also considered that there was a possibility of some of the Volunteers making a show of resistance in the streets. In order to avoid this, it was decided that the soldiers at the Curragh should be drafted into Dublin and crowd the streets, fully armed, so as to overawe any Volunteers who might feel in a belligerent mood. In fact, during the conferences at Dublin Castle, the military made excellent plans for the pogrom they had been promising themselves for months past; and, when these plans had been completed, they prided themselves that the only Volunteers who would be left in the city after they had carried them out would be either dead or in jail.

There was but one other matter necessary to complete their arrangements, and this was to secure the consent of Chief Secretary Birrell to their plans. Up to that time Birrell, having some sense of justice, had refused to take action against the Irish Volunteers and leave the "National" and the Ulster Volunteers untouched and with arms in their hands. On this occasion, however, the military were of the opinion that

they would be able to bring Mr. Birrell to his senses and force his hand. So a very urgent message was sent to London telling Mr. Birrell what had been proposed, and on the following morning, Monday, April 24, a reply was received from the Chief Secretary giving his consent to the arrests and disarmament. It happened, however, that while the British had been making their plans in the Castle, another conference was also being held, and with this we shall now proceed to deal.

## CHAPTER XLIII

### The Nine Hours' Conference

IT was three o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, and Dublin lay in that unquiet slumber peculiar to great cities. The flickering lights cast strange and fantastic shadows that danced on the pavements as one or two belated pedestrians passed on their way north or south in the city. In the street near Amiens Street Station four or five outside cars awaited the possibility of a fare, the jarveys standing around talking in conversational tones that could be distinguished half a block away. On the opposite side stood three policemen, close together and exchanging confidences in whispers. Away in the distance a clock tolled the hour. Far to the east, towards Fairview, there came the answering shriek of an engine's steam whistle.

"The train's late to-night," remarked one of the jarveys to a comrade.

"It's an early excursion," was the reply of the other. "The Mail got in fifteen minutes ago."

In this, however, he was mistaken. It happened that the mail train from the north was a few minutes late that morning. There were quite a number of passengers on board, too, although it had been reported that many who had booked tickets by the Mail had failed to arrive in time. On this account the train had delayed a little, and, in addition, there had been fog here and there along the line, and this had interfered somewhat with the schedule.

Among those who alighted from the train were a number of young girls, whose graceful and erect carriage and easy, almost martial swinging step denoted something out of the ordinary. On leaving the station they took a sharp turn to the left and marched, by the nearest route, direct to Beresford

Place. At the door of Liberty Hall the leader of the party, a slim young girl, was halted by one of the two armed sentries who stood there on guard.

"I am Nora Connolly, daughter of Jim Connolly," the girl explained, and the sentry brought his rifle back to the "present arms," and allowed the girls to pass into the hall.

These were the girls of the *Cumann na mBan*, attached to the Northern Command of the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army. They had received their orders to have their bandages and field equipment ready for use on Easter Sunday. The demobilizing order had been received in the north late on Saturday evening, and had thrown all their arrangements out of gear. They had, therefore, gone to Liberty Hall for the purpose of finding out what had gone wrong with the plans for the rising.

James Connolly was not asleep when the girls arrived. He was lying down for a short rest. Nora asked him what was the meaning of the order that had been received, and demanded to know if there was to be no rising after all.

Looking very serious, James Connolly sat up in his bed, and was silent for a moment while he scanned the face of his daughter. Then he said, speaking slowly and deliberately, as was his wont:

"If there is no rising, Nora, pray that an earthquake will come and swallow up Ireland."

James Connolly was in close touch with everything that was being done by the authorities in Dublin Castle. He knew in advance that they were determined to strike now that they thought the Rebellion was indefinitely postponed. He knew that, if they did so, it would be the end of all the hopes and aspirations of a generation, for the people of Ireland would be left without leaders at the mercy of a British military tribunal, and conscription into the British army would be the next step. Further than this he also knew that the Volunteers and the Citizen Army would be branded as cowards by their enemies on both sides of the channel, and that it would be said of them that they were afraid to fight with the British

and afraid to fight against them; that they had been given to speaking big words which they did not dare to translate into deeds. Connolly had also heard of the sinking of the *Aud* and the capture of Roger Casement, and he rightly judged that the Government would lose no time in getting the machinery of coercion into motion. It was on account of these things that he judged the time had come when Ireland must either fight or acknowledge herself forever the thrall of England.

The arrival of the girls of the *Cumann na mBan* roused Connolly to action. He realized that there was no time to be lost; that they would have to act quickly, if they were not to be caught in a trap. He therefore dispatched the girls to the homes of the other leaders of the movement with a message calling for an immediate conference at Liberty Hall. Those who were summoned to this council of war were Tom Clarke, P. H. Pearse, Joseph Plunkett, Sean MacDermott, Thomas MacDonagh, and Eamonn Ceannt. Some were in bed when the message came, others were about to lie down after coming home from a meeting of their companies. All started out without hesitation on receiving the message through the girls, and, without waiting to eat breakfast or do more than don their clothes, they started for Liberty Hall.

Each of these men knew what that call meant. They were well aware, when they left their homes in the cool stillness and dark of that Easter Sunday morning, that there was a likelihood they would never return. Yet when they arrived at Liberty Hall and greeted Comrade Connolly, they were all as gay and as lighthearted as though they had been asked to a banquet. This was particularly noticeable in the case of Tom Clarke, the veteran of them all, who seemed to be bubbling over with good humor. As the business in hand was calculated to take up some considerable time, it was decided that breakfast should be taken before anything else was done. The girls of the *Cumann na mBan* went to work in the little kitchen of the Hall, and soon provided a substantial meal for all. While this was being done, Connolly gave orders for extra precautions to be taken. The two

armed sentries at the door were strengthened by two more in the outer corridor, two in the staircase, two on the corridor upstairs, and two more outside the door of the room where the conference was to be held. While these warlike preparations were being made, the men who had come together to talk over the situation were chatting and joking with one another, and saying but little regarding the business they had on hand. They partook of a hearty breakfast and talked for a few minutes afterwards before they rose to begin the conference.

The clocks of the city were booming the hour of five, and the first faint streaks of Easter Sunday morning were filtering through the clouds that overcast the sky, when the seven men seated themselves at the table in the conference room to begin a discussion that will figure prominently in the annals of Ireland. Gathered together in that small room were seven of the bravest men in the country, men who were not afraid to lay down their lives for a principle. They were men of power and intelligence, who could be trusted to arrive at no erratic or rash conclusion.

When the conference first assembled, it was presided over by Jim Connolly. He went into some little detail regarding the reasons which had prompted him to send for his comrades at so unusual an hour. He told them that Dublin Castle was even at that moment preparing to strike, and that all they had to decide at that time was whether they were going to hand in their arms and surrender all their hopes and go to fight for England, or whether they were going to make a fight for it themselves, on their own soil, against their own enemy, with a chance, perhaps a small one, of winning out in the finish. When he had thus stated the subject of their discussion, he moved a resolution that Tom Clarke take the chair. This was adopted and the veteran Nationalist, the coolest headed man in the city of Dublin, took over the chairmanship of the conference.

The men had not been in conference for an hour before they had arrived at a decision on the main question. The whole situation was well known to all of them; it was not

necessary to go deeply into the facts. After a brief discussion they decided that they had only one course open to them, and that was to fight. As a matter of fact, it would not have been possible for them to have retained their own self-respect had they come to any other settlement of the question. There remained, however, a great deal of other work before the conference in order that the decision to which they had come might be carried out.

The question of the issuance of a Proclamation, the appointing of a Provisional Government, and a score and one other things had to be decided on before any action could be taken. It was also necessary to do everything possible to try to combat the evil effects of the demobilizing order, and to try to get the men together again. One hour went into another, the city outside became alive with the thousands of people thronging to the churches, the long shadows of the morning shortened towards noon, and still the seven men sat behind closed doors in Liberty Hall planning an event that was to startle the world and contribute a glorious page to humanity's fight for freedom. At the same time the officials of the British Empire were making their arrangements to take the guns from the Volunteers and the Citizen Army and to arrest or kill their leaders.

At noon the conference had been in session for seven hours, and most of the details had been settled. It had then been decided to take every possible step to get the men together again, and for this purpose messages were to be sent throughout the country to the various centers. The various points to be taken in the first rush were quickly decided on, having been planned months ahead. It was also decided that Connolly should be placed in command of the Dublin forces, and that the seven men at the conference should resolve themselves into a Provisional Government to conduct the affairs of the Irish Republic until such time as an election could be held by the people. These points also had been settled weeks before.

When it came to a question as to who should be appointed the Provisional President of the new Republic, it was at first

the unanimous opinion that Clarke should take the position. Tom Clarke himself, however, declined the honor, and succeeded in convincing his colleagues that such a selection would be unwise. He said that he had been too prominently identified with the so-called "extreme" agitation, and that he did not wish to be thrust forward, but merely to do his own work when the time came. It was he who suggested that Pearse, the scholar and the soldier, was the man to name, and who said that, if they won out, there was no one better fitted in his judgment than Padraic H. Pearse to lead the Irish Nation in the first glow of newly-won freedom. He, therefore, proposed that Pearse should be thus honored, and his colleagues bowed to his judgment.

The Proclamation had been printed some days previously and all of the seven men may be said to have had an equal share in its composition. But Tom Clarke insisted that his should be the first name appended to the document, and he had placed his signature on a line by itself with the other six ranged in pairs below. The following is an exact copy of the wording of the document, taken from the original:

## 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 whom she receives her old traditions of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organized and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organization, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organizations, 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 her 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, of its welfare, 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 dishonor it by cowardice, inhumanity or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valor 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 MACDIARMADA,
P. H. PEARSE,
JAMES CONNOLLY,
THOMAS MACDONAGH,
EAMONN CEANNT,
JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

# POBLACHT NA H EIREANN.

# THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE
# IRISH REPUBLIC
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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.

**Reduced Facsimile of the Proclamation of the "Irish Republic**

Promulgated on Easter Sunday, 23rd April, 1916, at Liberty Hall, Dublin.
The seven signatories to this document were all executed

## CHAPTER XLIV

### The Twenty-fourth of April

A FEW minutes after two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, after a session lasting nine hours, the conference in Liberty Hall came to an end. The rising was then a matter of a few hours more of preparation. The Proclamation was ready to be issued to the people. Future generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen will pass on that document, will see in it the one and only charter of Irish liberty that will satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people and the Irish nation. Brief and to the point, it omits nothing; it states in the plainest terms the type of national existence to which Ireland aspired, and to which she must aspire until those aspirations are realized in their fullest fruition. It set forth that there could be no compromise, no bartering of any iota of that freedom which is the birthright of universal man. It took its stand on a free and a united nation, a nation of free men and women, with equal civil and religious rights, under a government elected and maintained by themselves and established for the betterment, happiness, and prosperity of all the people of every part of Ireland. No stranger or more striking contrast can be imagined than exists between this declaration and the watered-down measure of "Home Rule" that the Parliamentary Party was willing to accept as a full and final settlement of the claims of the Irish people.

When the conference came to an end, the girls of the *Cumann na mBan* were still waiting in the corridor, wondering what was going to be the result of it all. Jim Connolly called to them when he opened the door, and told them that they would be required to act as special messengers. It was these girls who had been selected to carry the call for a remobilization to the various centers throughout the country. When

he had handed them their orders, he produced the Proclamation and, while they stood by in silence, read it to them. They were thus the first, outside of the seven who had signed it and the printers, to learn the terms of the historic document.

It was noticeable that the men, evidently relieved after the long and trying strain of the protracted conference, were in very good humor. Although they were well aware that they had embarked on an enterprise which almost certainly meant death to most or all of them, they were happy in the consciousness that they had at last come to close quarters with the ancient enemy, that there was at last going to be a chance to avenge some of the insults that had been offered to their country, to their women, and to themselves. This was the day for which they had been hoping and longing, for which they had been working for years, and the realization that it was about to dawn brought to them a happiness that can be fully understood only by those who have held and still hold the hopes and ideals that actuated the Republican leaders of Dublin.

The fact that they were about to try their strength against the might and fury of the greatest Empire that has ever tyrannized over the fortunes of mankind daunted these men not at all. They knew that they were going to make a forlorn stand against overwhelming odds, and that the lover and protector of the small nationalities would spare no effort to smash their newly-born Republic in the first hour of its existence. But they also knew that they and their country had been betrayed by Mr. Redmond and his Party, that conscription was about to be enforced in Ireland, and that an armed protest was the only thing to save the soul of the nation and prevent the British riding roughshod over everything they held most sacred.

With the departure of the members of the *Cumann na mBan* on their mission to the different parts of the country to which they had been assigned, the Signers of the Proclamation set about making their final arrangements for the events of the coming day. As has already been pointed out, it had

been the original intention to declare the Republic on Easter Sunday, when the arms from Germany were also to have been landed on the Kerry coast under the guard of the Republicans. All those plans had been spoiled, and it was now necessary to make other arrangements for the morrow. It was realized that there was no time to be lost, and it was fortunate that the plans had been laid well in advance so that a great deal of the work had already been accomplished.

It was decided that the original plans should be adhered to, and that the first attack should be made on the General Post Office in O'Connell Street. Simultaneously different bodies of Volunteers were to make an attack on the Castle, the Magazine Fort in the Phœnix Park, Boland's Mills, the Four Courts, the railroad stations, and other points where the Republicans would be able to defend themselves for a lengthy period. It was also decided that a section of the Citizen Army should entrench itself in Stephen's Green. In fact the original plans were to be carried out with little if any alteration, the only difference being that the men in Dublin, if they were to be successful, would have to await for a longer period relief from the other sections of the country, owing to the fact that these sections would have to reassemble — a process which would necessarily take some time. During Sunday there were several other conferences held in Liberty Hall. The Countess Markievicz was sent for, as were others of the leaders, and the work of assigning these to their respective spheres of action occupied several hours.

While these councils were being held, The O'Rahilly arrived back from Limerick. He was proceeding to his home when he happened to meet one of the Volunteer captains, and learned from him that important meetings were being held in Liberty Hall. Without further delay he headed his car for Beresford Place and reported to the leaders there. He told them of the mission he had undertaken to the south and of its result. He was amazed to learn that the men of Dublin had decided to declare the Republic notwithstanding the orders of Eoin MacNeill.

But The O'Rahilly had never a second's hesitation when he learned that there was to be a rising on the morrow. He was never the man to shirk, and he had no sooner learned that the arrangements had been made and that the Republic was to be declared the following day at noon than he announced his intention of being there to play his part. He resented at once the suggestion of the others that he need not stay if he believed that the time was not ripe, and declared that his place was with his men wherever they were to be assigned, and that he would fight and fall with his comrades.

There was no sleep in Liberty Hall until long after midnight when the leaders and some of their men forced themselves to rest, knowing that it might be long before they would dare sleep again. With the exception of the armed guards outside and inside the Hall, there was nothing to indicate the momentous events that were about to take place. In the other centers the activity was so well ordered that the spies of the Castle were unable to discover anything, and in the Castle, where conferences had also been the order of the day, security was felt owing to the fact that there had been no movements of the Volunteers reported. But it was the calm before the storm.

There were two other men who must have anxiously awaited the coming of the morning. One of these was Eoin MacNeill. Where he was, was unknown to the majority of his followers. Whether he had realized that he had made a fatal error of judgment and that the Castle would certainly take action within the week to disarm the Volunteers, is a secret that he alone possessed. But certain it is that he disappeared out of Dublin. If he remained in the city, his whereabouts were unknown to his followers. Somewhere out there in the silence and the darkness that surrounded the city, Eoin MacNeill, a lonely and a broken man, was awaiting the coming of that dawn that would, he knew, be fraught with so much peril and danger to the country he loved so well.

In the city itself waited another man with deep bitterness

in his heart. This was Bulmer Hobson, held, since the previous Friday, a prisoner in his own house by his own friends, who made no secret of the fact that they doubted his loyalty. Bulmer Hobson had been the secretary to the Volunteers, had been one of the organizers of the first meeting held in the Rotunda Rink, had worked day and night on *Freedom* and in other ways for the success of the movement. But there were times when he seemed too anxious for the Rebellion, as his resolution in May, 1915, calling for an immediate declaration of war showed, while at other times he was urging caution. There had been more occasions than one when he had been under suspicion, notably when he voted for the surrender of the Volunteers to Mr. Redmond. Since that time he had never been trusted, and had not been on the inside of the movement in the same manner as he had been previously. To prevent all possibility of mistake he was quietly placed under arrest in his own home on Good Friday, and was advised to remain there.

Easter Monday, the twenty-fourth of April, dawned cool and misty with white clouds encircling the Golden Spears that rose to the south over the City of the Hurdles. With the awakening of the city crowds rapidly began to fill the streets. The seven o'clock Mass at the Catholic churches was attended by vast throngs, and the holiday crowds were soon very much in evidence in all parts of the capital. While it was common knowledge that the political condition of affairs was critical, there were few who had any inkling of what was about to transpire.

Early that morning a message was received at Dublin Castle that brought joy to the hearts of the military. It came from Augustine Birrell, the Chief Secretary, who had at last been forced to give way and to agree to the proposals for the holding of a pogrom, in which the Volunteers and the Citizen Army were to be the chief victims. The message gave the desired permission for the disarming of the Volunteers and the men of the Citizen Army in spite of the fact that Birrell knew, as the military authorities in Ireland knew,

that this would certainly result in the shooting down of hundreds of men.

It happened, however, that another order was issued in Dublin that morning, an order of somewhat different character. It read as follows:

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 centers.

2. Full arms and equipment and one day's rations.

THOMAS MACDONAGH,
*Commandant*

Coy. E. 3. will parade at Beresford Place at 10 A.M.

P. H. PEARSE,
*Commandant*

At the same time that this order was issued a message was forwarded to all of the country districts as follows:

Dublin has acted.
P. H. PEARSE

It was five o'clock in the morning when the Citizen Army paraded outside Liberty Hall. After they had formed up, James Connolly, the Commandant of the Dublin forces, made an inspection of the men. While this inspection was in progress, a messenger arrived on a motor cycle and handed a paper to the officer in charge of the battalion of police who were on duty in Beresford Place. This officer gave an order, the police were paraded and marched away. It was the first sign of the coming storm. The Castle authorities had decided to remove the police from the streets so that the ground would be clear for the operations of the military. After the parade the men of the Citizen Army also disbanded for the time being.

Thereafter there was nothing in the city beyond the usual

bustle and noise of Bank Holiday. The crowds marched up and down O'Connell Street, wending their way to the Park or to Glasnevin or other of the historic places around the city. The tram cars were crowded inside and out, the jarveys were doing a brisk business, and everything was full of animation and joy.

Shortly before noon there was heard the ordered tramp of marching men, and a body of Volunteers swung along O'Connell Street. They advanced at a steady pace, and those who turned to watch them could not but notice the fine carriage of the men and the neatness of their equipment. The men comprised a company of Irish Volunteers from Kimmage, and they had marched into the city under secret orders. The crowds in the street saw no significance in their appearance, thinking that they were out on a route march, an event that had become commonplace in the country for months past. With an easy martial swing the men marched up the street towards the Post Office. The head of the column swung into Prince's Street. With dramatic suddenness a shot cracked out, sounding through the air from one end of the street to the other.

It was the opening shot of the Rebellion.

## CHAPTER XLV

### The First Blow

WHEN that first shot rang out from the General Post Office, someone shouted that the Irish Volunteers had been fired on by the military, and indignation blazed out in a moment. But those who were closer to the scene knew that it was something else that had happened.

When the men from Kimmage arrived at the Post Office, they saw standing at the corner of Prince's Street, Clarke, Pearse, The O'Rahilly, and Connolly. At a signal from Pearse, the leader gave the command for his men to turn alongside the Post Office. There was a halt for a few seconds, and then the men were led into the building by the two entrances leading to the counters and by the large entrance further down the street that led towards the stables and the back of the building. It was this detachment that entered the interior of the Post Office first. Those who entered by the counters requested the people there on business to get out. After the first gasp of surprise they lost no time in doing so.

Those who entered by the rear encountered a shadow of opposition from two or three of the van drivers who were getting ready to take the one o'clock mail to the railroad stations. A shot fired into the air, which echoed all over O'Connell Street, induced them to stop their arguments. They stood aside while the Volunteers marched into the building, headed by Connolly and Pearse, with The O'Rahilly and Tom Clarke in close attendance.

The officials inside the Post Office were speechless at the invasion, and seemed unable to comprehend what was taking place. But the rapidity and the precision with which the

Republicans worked soon made them realize that something more than a holiday joke was intended. A number of the Volunteers were told off to smash the large windows facing on O'Connell Street, this being a necessary precaution owing to the possible later danger from flying glass should the windows be smashed from the outside by an attacking force. The postal officials meanwhile quickly obeyed the order to quit.

The excited crowd of onlookers in O'Connell Street, still wondering what was happening, saw with astonishment the officials of the Post Office running from the building. At the same time several voices from within the windows warned the people to move away, and a second or so later the glass was sent crashing into the streets, propelled by the rifle butts of the Republicans. The Post Office had fallen to the first attack, and the Irish had scored the first victory.

A number of the Republicans now appeared coming out of the building. They proceeded to post on the big pillars outside the Post Office, and in other conspicuous positions, the Proclamation of the Republic. It was then, and then only, that the people realized just what had taken place. As they were reading the Proclamation and passing the word around, another company of men, this time members of the Citizen Army, swung into O'Connell Street from Abbey Street, and marched into the Post Office. By this time the people knew the meaning of their action, and a great and rousing cheer rose from the dense crowds that thronged the street. Hats and caps were thrown into the air. One old woman knelt down in the roadway and, raising her hands to heaven, prayed for the success of the Rebellion, and gave thanks to God that she had lived to see it. Men shouted and cheered, and the women vied with them in their enthusiasm. It seemed as though everyone had suddenly realized that the Rebellion was the most natural thing in the world, that the time had come when there would be an end of the political trickery that had been practiced on the people for years past, and that the actions of the Government had led inevitably to the scenes they were then witnessing.

Before the cheering had ceased, there appeared a number of the Republicans on the roof of the Post Office, moving hither and thither in smart, orderly fashion. Then one man walked over to the corner, facing on Prince's and O'Connell Streets, where from the top of a flagpole flew the banner of England. In breathless silence the crowd watched this man untie the halyards and haul down the flag, which he let fall into the street below. There was another cheer at this, then silence again. With the greatest imperturbability the man on the roof attached another flag to the ropes, and for a brief second was seen to press its folds to his lips. He then drew it up. At that moment the sun broke through the clouds and flashed on the tricolor of Ireland, the green, white, and orange.

The crowd below seemed awed for a moment. The solemnity, the greatness of the occasion, was not lost on them. But then there arose another cheer, the bold, defiant shout of men made free. And with that cheer came the awakening of the land, the rousing from its long and fitful slumber of nigh half a century. That cheer was the cry of freedom, of hope and gladness, of faith and thanksgiving. The day had at last dawned, and Ireland was once more to make a fight for freedom.

Almost at the same time there arose another cry, this time a shout of warning. It came from far up the street in the direction of the Rotunda. "The soldiers are coming," cried a hundred voices, and the men who were not armed and the women who were among the onlookers began to scatter in all directions. As they did so there came a swift clatter of horses' hoofs, and down the street appeared a column of Lancers, their horses at full gallop and their rifles ready for immediate use. A command was shouted in the Post Office, another outside, and immediately a line of the Republicans was thrown across the street to the Imperial Hotel as a first line of defense. A score of rifle barrels made their appearance at the same time over the parapet of the roof of the Post Office.

When still some distance away the Lancers fired a volley,

and then put spurs to their horses. The reply from the Irish came almost the same instant, and so well directed was the fire that five or six of the riders were seen to waver in their saddles and then fall headlong to the ground. Without waiting for the command, the Lancers turned and fled, sped on their way by the derisive cheers of the Irish. At full speed the British galloped back up O'Connell Street, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, and disappeared west along Parnell Street. They kept up their speed along Capel Street, and on over Grattan Bridge into the Castle. Before the day was over, their ride had become famous throughout the city as the "Leopardstown Races."

But, while six of the Lancers lay in the street dead as a result of the first volley fired by the Irish, their volley also had not been entirely without effect. When the shots rang out, a man at the end of the line across the street by the Imperial Hotel gave a groan and rolled over on his side. As soon as the Lancers had ridden away in confusion, his comrades carried him into the Post Office. He was John Keely, a member of E Company, Fourth Battalion, Irish Volunteers. He was the first to fall in the Rebellion. Educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools at Kingstown, he had been an enthusiastic Irish-Irelander all his life. When a mere schoolboy, he had assisted in the teaching of Gaelic in the Glasthule Branch of the Gaelic League, and later in Rathfarnham. He was an ardent Volunteer from the first inception of the movement, and took a deep interest in the work of the battalion to which he belonged. On the morning of Easter Monday he said good-bye to his wife and joined his company, which arrived at the Post Office along with the members of the Citizen Army. When he was carried to the Post Office, his comrades saw that he was seriously wounded. They decided that it would be better to have him taken to the hospital while there was still time, and he was promptly conveyed to Jervis Street Hospital. He lingered there for some hours, his one regret being that he had fallen so early in the fray, and that he had not been able to do more for his

country. He died in the early hours of Tuesday morning, and was later buried in Deansgrange.

Meantime everything was proceeding with ordered rapidity inside the Post Office. Every article of furniture that was not required for the use of the men inside was piled up against the windows. The long slits over the letter chutes were admirably adapted for rifle fire, giving the men inside a complete command of the street, and making a frontal attack almost impossible of success. Barricades were thrown up behind these to make them still more secure, and men assigned to remain on guard.

Up on the roof there were more men perfecting the defenses of the building. One by one they were assigned to places of importance, where they were able to keep watch over the full length of O'Connell Street and all along Henry Street and Mary Street. Pearse was indefatigable throughout the whole building. He and his colleagues went about their work with a smile and a hearty word for all with whom they came into contact, and the men themselves were laughing and joking, and now and then whistling a tune as they obeyed their orders with military precision. While there could be not the slightest doubt as to the grim determination that animated each and every one of them, they were lighthearted and gay in the realization that they were at last to grapple with their hereditary foe.

Within an hour after the defeat of the Lancers, President Pearse, accompanied by a number of his officers, went outside to the front of the Post Office, and, holding up his hand for silence, addressed the throngs that surged around the building. The crowd pressed up a little closer and quietly waited for him to speak.

Then, in a few simple words, he told his hearers why they had decided to proclaim the Republic, the many incidents that had led up to that decision, and the arrangements that had been made by the Government that day to take the arms from the Volunteers and the Citizen Army and to hold a general pogrom in the streets of the city. He told them

that they had been betrayed by those who had been the depositories of the trust of the Irish people for a generation, and that their only hope lay in armed resistance. When his speech was concluded, he made a call for volunteers to join the forces in the Post Office and at other points which had also been attacked and were in the hands of the Irish.

His appeal was listened to with eager attention, and there was an immediate response to the call for volunteers. Men stepped from the crowd from all directions, and mustered in on the sidewalk on a space kept clear by the Republican soldiers. They then faced around to the right, and followed Pearse into the Post Office. Just about this time consignments of provisions were taken into the building and promptly stored away in the cellars.

A little while later the rougher element that existed in the city began to seize what appeared to them an excellent chance for looting. A number of stores were smashed in, and it is not unworthy of record that even the crowd that took part in this, the one unhappy feature of the occasion, made choice of stores that bore English names or were known to be owned by the foreigners. In this they followed the example set by the mobs in London who raided and looted German stores in that city as an act of retaliation for the Zeppelin raids made during the war.

Just as the looting began, a small man, dressed in an Irish tweed knickerbocker suit, jumped up on the step of an outside car at the Pillar, and began to appeal to the crowd to refrain from looting the stores. Up to that time he had been an interested but a passive onlooker of the taking of the Post Office, the encounter with the Lancers, and the other incidents which have been mentioned. Now he sprang into activity, and begged the people to behave themselves, but the rabble merely laughed at him and continued its work of destruction.

The man who made the appeal was Sheehy-Skeffington, one of the best-known figures in Dublin — a man who was not in any way identified with the Rebellion or the men who led it. He was, in the first place, just as much opposed to

the Germans as to the English in the world war, and was certainly opposed to any revolutionary movement. But, although a man of peace, he was also a man of remarkable courage, and he never hesitated for a second in doing the right thing as he saw it. When he perceived that he had no influence over the looters, he at once proceeded to the Post Office to acquaint President Pearse with the facts of the situation. As a result, Pearse sent soldiers to stop the looting and at the same time issued a call for Volunteer Police.

At the moment of the Proclamation of the Republic one of the big trolley cars that run to Howth was turning the corner on its outward journey and had stopped at the entrance to North Earl Street. Connolly had taken note of this, and sent a company of men, armed with bombs, to the car. The bombs were placed under the car and exploded, with the result that it was thrown off the rails and across the street, forming a framework for an admirable barricade in North Earl Street. The work of completing this barricade was then taken in hand, and in a remarkably short space of time a substantial barrier had been erected blocking this approach to the Post Office.

All this time people were walking up and down O'Connell Street in the usual manner, but taking the keenest interest in the work that was being done by the Republicans. Messengers were now constantly arriving at the Post Office, and reports were being received and sent to the various other centers held by the Irish. Since the attack by the Lancers there had been no further appearance of the military in O'Connell Street, and the police were nowhere to be seen, having been taken off the city earlier in the day by the Castle authorities.

The evening was beginning to close in on the youthful Republic, and there were still no signs of the enemy. All traffic through the street had long since been at a standstill, excepting for the crowds that paraded up and down. And, as the lengthening shadows crept across the street, a cornet player on the roof of the Post Office began the playing of "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

## CHAPTER XLVI

### In Stephen's Green

PRACTICALLY at the same moment that the attack was made on the General Post Office, similar attacks were delivered at other points in accordance with the plan of campaign. Among these was Stephen's Green, on the South Side, one of the most important points that the Irish could take, since they were thereby enabled to command two of the most important of the southern approaches to the center of the city.

The Green is a large and very beautiful park, very different now from what it was in the days when Thackeray referred to it as "a square with no more than two nursery maids to keep company with the statue of George II." From a scenic point of view, it is the finest of the smaller parks in the city. With many shady walks, and a large pool, it contains a surprising number of cool and picturesque retreats. There is also a very fine lawn, and in the southwest corner, near the Harcourt Street entrance, is a very fine bronze statuette of Mangan, one of the sweetest of the inspired singers of the nation.

Facing the northwest corner, near Grafton Street and South King Street, is a large stone arch, modeled on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, but on a much smaller scale. To the people of Dublin this is known as the Traitors' Gate, owing to the fact that it had been erected to the memory of the Irish soldiers who sacrificed their lives in the ranks of the Empire to crush the nationality out of the two South African Boer Republics. Along the northern side, further east, is the top of Dawson Street; a little further on the same side the top of Kildare Street; and on the corner of this street

and facing the Green the Shelborne Hotel, the finest of its kind in the city.

At the northeast corner is Merrion Row, and then a short distance down on the east side is Hume Street. Three-quarters way down on this side is the Royal College of Science and near it St. Vincent's Hospital. At the southeast corner are Earlsfort Terrace and Leeson Street. There is no break in the south side, with the exception of the entrance leading into the grounds of the University College. Harcourt Street and Cuffe Street begin near the southwest corner of the Green. In the center of the west side is the entrance to York Street, and on this corner, and facing the Green, stands the Royal College of Surgeons.

It will thus be seen that there are ten streets leading directly to the Green, and that it was an important position to hold. Moreover, on the west, north, and east side of the Green are trolley lines leading to every section of the city. In addition, only a little way to the south along Harcourt Street, is Harcourt Street Station, which connects with the railroads running through Wicklow and thence throughout the south. On the other hand, however, it was a position not easy to defend against massed infantry attacks after a few hours of machine-gun fire. The Green was surrounded on all sides by a stout iron railing that rose more than six feet from the ground, and was now to prove a valuable adjunct to the defenses of the Republicans.

A few minutes before noon on Easter Monday morning, a large number of the men of the Citizen Army and the Irish Volunteers wended their way to the Green. Many of them walked along the sidewalks in twos and threes, while a company, under the command of Michael Mallin, of the Citizen Army, marched from Liberty Hall, along Grafton Street. All the entrances to the Green were soon closed, with the exception of that leading to Harcourt Street. There were crowds of people in the Green at the time, and the Republican soldiers walked around and asked them to leave, saying that some important maneuvers were about to take place, and that

they would be better outside for the time being. At the stroke of noon the Green had been cleared and the last gate closed.

Commandant Mallin, who was in charge of the operations in the Green, was a man who had studied military science while a member of the Citizen Army, and had, owing to his keen insight and hard work, risen to the position of staff officer under Connolly. He was a silk weaver by trade, one of the foremost tradesmen of Dublin, a clever musician, and a total abstainer. He was trusted implicitly by the men under him, who knew him to be a capable and energetic leader and a thorough patriot.

By the time that the gates were closed the attack was in progress on the Post Office in O'Connell Street, but the news of what was taking place there had not reached to the south side. Therefore, the people outside of the Green, who had at first believed that the Volunteers were engaged in some of their regular maneuvers, were rather surprised to see them produce spades and picks and begin to dig a double line of trenches around the Green a few feet inside the railings. They were probably under the impression that this was carrying maneuvring rather too far along the road to realism, and they were destined to be still more amazed before many minutes had passed.

The gates at the Merrion Road entrance were thrown open and a number of the Volunteers marched out, deploying across the road towards the Shelborne Hotel. At that moment a large automobile, carrying a British officer from Kingstown, came along at a fast pace, but the chauffeur halted his car when confronted by two of the Citizen Army with leveled rifles. The Irishmen advanced, and ordered the British officer to get out of the machine, which he did with a great many threats and curses. He was led a prisoner into the Green, his revolver taken from him, and he was allowed to take a seat under the shadow of the statue of King George II in the center of the park. Two of the men who had halted the car jumped into it, and drove down Kildare Street to Liberty Hall for further supplies.

The capture of the British officer was the signal for the opening of operations on all sides of the Green. While some of the men were perfecting their defenses within, many more were at work on the three sides of the Green outside. Every automobile that came along was halted, the occupants told to return to their homes as best they might, and the car overturned to form a section of the barricades that were being thrown up at every street entrance to the square. By this time the people in the streets were reading the Proclamations that had been posted up, and were aware of what was being done. While many of the men went over and joined with the Republicans, the majority of the pedestrians lost no time in getting outside the danger zone, evidently knowing that the work on hand was serious.

Incoming and outgoing trolley cars along the west, north, and east sides of the Green were halted at the corners, their passengers made to get out, the motormen and conductors dismissed from the cars, and the cars turned over on their sides by means of bombs to form barricades. Here, as in other portions of the city, the manner in which these barricades were constructed offered an insight into the thoroughness with which the men had been drilled and the study which their officers had given to this important subject. In every case the barricades were so formed as to give the riflemen behind them plenty of room to take a clear aim, and at the same time to protect them from the attackers. They were also sufficiently strong to withstand machine-gun bombardment and even the attacks of the one and two pounders. Car was packed into car in a most scientific manner, and the barricades were built up with every available article, not the least part of the construction being the sacks filled with the soil taken from the trenches, which proved to be practically impervious to rifle fire at any range.

Owing to the fact that the defenders of the Green were assured of having to withstand a siege, supplies of all kinds were taken into the park. It was while an automobile filled with provisions was on its way through Grafton Street to the

Green that the first clash in this district took place. This was shortly before one o'clock. The automobile was piled high with boxes that had been loaded at Liberty Hall, and was traveling none too fast in consequence. Four English soldiers were running out of Nassau Street just as the car passed, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, all of them stopped, leveled their rifles, and sent a volley of shots after the machine. The car was then only a few yards away, at the corner of Wicklow Street, and the two men who were guarding the car immediately let fly with their rifles in return. The British, who had emptied their magazines, were making a bolt to get into the shelter afforded by Suffolk Street, but they were not quick enough. The marksmen on the car dropped the leader and severely wounded another, who also fell in his tracks. The other two succeeded in making their escape, and did not wait to rescue their wounded comrade or to take away the body of the dead man. This incident occurred while the street was still crowded with people, all of whom ran, terrified, to the nearest shelter.

Some little time later another small affray took place at the corner of York Street and Aungier Street. Preparations were being made to defend the Royal College of Surgeons, of which more will be said later, and a company of the Volunteers were erecting a barricade at this point. While the Volunteers were at work, a Rathfarnham trolley car came along at a speed considerably greater than was usual. The speed of the car, which caused it to sway perilously as it sped along the tracks, attracted the attention of the Volunteers, and one, more keen-eyed than the rest, noticed khaki uniforms through the windows. He shouted to his comrades that the car was filled with English soldiers, which soon proved to be the fact, and as it passed the corner it was greeted with a salute of rifle bullets which crashed through the windows. Before the shots were fired, however, the motorman, who had seen the Volunteers taking aim, shouted a warning, and the English soldiers dropped on the floor of the car. Whether the volley had any effect, be-

yond the shattering of the glass, was not known to the Republicans.

It was just after this incident that the Countess Markievicz, with her boys of the *Fianna na Eireann*, arrived, coming to the Green through William Street and South King Street. The Countess had already been the heroine of a daring exploit earlier in the day, which will be dealt with in another chapter, and she had now come to take up her quarters in the Royal College of Surgeons, to which she and the *Fianna* had been assigned. The fame of her exploit at the Castle had already reached the ears of the Volunteers, and she and her company were greeted with cheers as they marched along the west side of the Green, their green, white, and orange banner flying above them.

The defense of York Street was now intrusted to the Countess, and she and her *Fianna* lost no time in putting the College in fit state to withstand a siege. The houses on either side of Mercer Street and York Street were also occupied by this time, and this entrance to the Green was thus well protected, more particularly owing to the barricade which had been erected at the end of York Street and Aungier Street, and formed the first line of defense in this area.

Similar precautions were being taken at the other points around the Green. A barricade was thrown up in Dawson Street close to the Mansion House, but that building, owing to the fact that it stood too far back to be of advantage, was occupied. The barricade was placed just above it, and was also a first line defense. A similar defense was erected in Kildare Street, a little below the line of the Shelborne Hotel.

Another very important position that may be included in this area of operations was Jacob's Biscuit Factory, situated at the corner of Bishop's Street and Whitefriars Street. This corner faced directly on Aungier Street, where the latter ran between York Street and Cuffe Street. The position was not an easy one to hold, owing to the fact that it was open to attack on three sides. On the other hand the nature of the goods in the factory rendered it practically self-supporting

so far as food was concerned, and the hundreds of bags of flour made magnificent barricades for all of the windows. Major John McBride was in command in the factory, which was included in the area under the command of Commandant MacDonagh. The factory was the furthest western point held on the south side of the city, with the exception of the South Dublin Union, which was situated beyond the City Basin Dock.

Only a short distance south along Harcourt Street is Harcourt Street Station, and this was also seized by the Republicans early on Monday, as part of the Stephen's Green area. The importance of this position can scarcely be over-estimated. The station itself was a position of considerable strength, but weakened owing to the command which artillery had over it on two sides. Owing to the other positions held to the north of the station, there was a clear line of retreat should this become necessary.

Further to the south, and a little to the west, was the Portobello Bridge over the Grand Canal. Lying a little distance from the bridge and in a southwesterly direction were the Portobello Barracks, occupied by several companies of the military. The holding of the canal bridge at this point prevented the enemy crossing the canal. A little further west was the Clanbrassil Street Bridge. Here another section of the Volunteers was on guard, thus pinning the military to the south side of the canal and cutting them off from the rest of Dublin, unless at the cost of capturing positions that were well held even by a mere handful of men. These two positions completed the southern ring of defenses in this area, and both were under the command of Commandant Mallin.

By three o'clock in the afternoon all of the positions mentioned were held by the Republicans, whose plans had, up to this point, worked with perfect smoothness.

## CHAPTER XLVII

### The Attack on the Castle

ONE of the most prominent buildings on the south side of Dublin was Dublin Castle, situated at the western end of Dame Street on the eminence known as Cork Hill. At one time a little stream, known as the River Poddle, flowed down the hill at this point, and it was across this that King John of England had erected a four-towered castle as a protection for the people of the Pale, and as a stronghold for his Government in Ireland. While but one of these towers remained and a number of more modern buildings had been added, the system that had oppressed Ireland in the days of King John had altered little in duplicity and tyranny with the passing of the centuries.

The Castle was always well garrisoned. In the lower quadrangle were situated the barracks of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and there were, in addition, several companies of British soldiers quartered in the various buildings. On the morning of Easter Monday a large force was on duty, waiting for the arrival of other soldiers from the Curragh to begin the programme planned by representatives of the Government.

Alongside the Castle, but standing out from it and facing on Parliament Street, was the City Hall, erected originally as the Royal Exchange in 1769, but adapted to municipal purposes in 1862. Across the street, on the corner of Parliament Street and Dame Street were the offices of *The Daily Express* and *The Evening Mail*, two English Tory newspapers owned and controlled by Lord Iveagh. It is not without interest to recall that, on the Friday before the Rising, *The Daily Express*, in the course of a bitter editorial article, called on the Government to accomplish the "speedy and happy dispatch of the National leaders."

A little before noon on Easter Monday morning the Countess Markievicz marched with her boys of the *Fianna na Eireann* up to the outer gate of the Castle, facing Parliament Street. The sentry on duty, a man named Brien, noticed the parade and seemed interested.

When the Countess, leading the *Fianna*, led the way directly to the gateway of the Castle, the sentry, suddenly assuming a militant attitude, brought his rifle across his hip and faced the invaders. The Countess told him to get on one side, that war had been declared, and that he would be shot if he resisted. At this he began to use foul language, and put his weapon to the breast of the Countess. Without a second's hesitation, or moving an inch from her perilous position, the Countess fired her revolver point blank into the body of the sentry. He fell where he stood, killed instantly.

With a cheer, the others followed their intrepid leader into the quadrangle. The sound of the shot brought out a score or so of the military, who, seeing that an attack was in progress, retreated into the barracks of the police and to the armory. The barracks was carried on the run by the *Fianna*, before those inside had time to close the doors, and a number of prisoners made, those inside preferring to surrender rather than fight. Immediately after a fusillade of shots burst from the armory, and several of the *Fianna*, who were still in the open, dropped to the ground. A rapid exchange of shots then took place between the *Fianna* in the barracks and the military in the armory. This lasted for some minutes, when it was decided to storm the armory and gain possession of it, thus making the capture of the entire Castle a comparatively easy matter.

A slight lull in the firing from the armory gave the desired chance. One of the *Fianna* made a dash across the yard and, putting his revolver against the lock of the armory door, blew it to pieces. This was the signal for a general attack, and, with a cheer, the boys, led by the Countess in person, charged for the broken door. A scattering volley met the charge, but the shooting was bad, and resulted only in two of the attackers sustaining slight wounds.

But, at the moment that the charge was made, there was a clatter of horses' hoofs in the quadrangle, and the Lancers who had run away from O'Connell Street appeared, covered with foam, dashing through the gate of the Castle. This sudden attack in the rear discomfited the rebels, and the appearance of the rebels came as a shock to the Lancers. That they would again have turned tail and fled is very possible, but their speed carried them on and, as they dashed towards the *Fianna*, the latter fell to either side and allowed the horsemen to go past. The Countess realized that her little force was not able to cope with the situation, and, not knowing that other reinforcements might also be coming up behind, she ordered the *Fianna* to fall back towards the gateway. Keeping up a running fire, they made their retreat towards the entrance.

While the editor of *The Mail*, standing near his window, was working himself into a perspiration over these events, most of which he could only guess at, he was further amazed to see another force of Irishmen advancing in the direction of the Castle. Hearing the firing, they came along at a run, and arrived on the scene just as the Countess succeeded in making her retreat. Seeing what was happening, Sean Connolly, who led the newcomers, commanded his men to charge into the Castle. This again turned the tide of war, and the Lancers turned at the arrival of the rebel reinforcements and dashed out of the Castle through the Ship Street entrance. There they vanish from the history of the Rebellion.

The quadrangle was strewn with the bodies of the dead and the wounded, most of these being Britishers, including some of the Lancers. The barracks was again occupied, and a fire kept up on the armory that made the appearance at the windows of any of the British dangerous. At the same time a number of the Irish had established themselves in the upper quadrangle, so that, with the exception of the armory, the Castle was virtually in the possession of the rebels.

Seeing that this was the case, Sean Connolly returned to the Parliament Street entrance of the castle and led his men

into the City Hall. As this building was vacant at the time, the occupation of it was merely a matter of walking in and taking possession. While this was in progress, a number of the Republicans began the occupation of the other buildings which were to constitute this line of the defenses. The Countess meanwhile marched with her *Fianna* in the direction of Stephen's Green, and took up her quarters at the Royal College of Surgeons.

The Republicans took over and occupied the offices of *The Evening Mail*, and the Empire Theater, situated at the corner of Dame Street and Theater Street. They took up positions on the balcony of the Theater, facing Dame Street, and also in the rear, where they were able to guard against a surprise from Essex Street. It was while they were making these arrangements that a disaster took place at the City Hall.

After entering the City Hall the Volunteers proceeded to the roof, from which point they could bring a further line of fire on the remaining defenders of the Castle, and command Dame Street and Lord Edward Street. One of the first to appear on the roof was the leader, Sean Connolly. He carried in his arms the green, white, and orange tricolor of the Republic, and went directly to the flagstaff, where the municipal flag was flying. This he pulled down and ran up the Republican flag in its stead. As he was tying the last knot, a sudden volley rang out from the upper quadrangle of the Castle, where some of the defenders were still holding their own, and Sean was seen to fall flat on his face where he had been standing. He had been killed almost instantly.

Sean Connolly was a Captain in the Citizen Army, a close friend of the Countess Markievicz, a splendid elocutionist, and closely connected with the Abbey Theater Company and the National Players. He met the death that he himself would have chosen, falling under the flag of his united Ireland, attired in the uniform of one of her national soldiers.

His place was immediately taken by John O'Reilly, who was second in command under Connolly. Standing six feet and six inches in his socks, O'Reilly was a man of command-

ing presence and a clever leader. He had the body of his captain taken down into the Council Chamber of the City Hall, and then set to work to carry out the plans that had been made for the defense of the building. The fall of the leader in no way interfered with the execution of the work that was to be done. It merely made his men the more determined that he would not die unavenged.

Meanwhile, the Republicans had been busy erecting other barricades along the tops of the various small streets that led from the direction of the river into Dame Street. Essex Quay and Wellington Quay were occupied, and a barricade thrown across the foot of Parliament Street so as to command Grattan Bridge. A number of buildings in Fleet Street were also occupied, but these were held only temporarily, owing to the fact that the defenses in the near-by sections were so perfect, and men were wanted elsewhere.

The attack made on the old Houses of Parliament was not vigorously pressed, probably because the Republicans did not want to expose that historic edifice to the risk of a bombardment. The Republicans did, however, drive the English sentries on duty there into the building, and, as they did so, they were greeted by a volley of shots from the gateway of Trinity College, which faces directly up Dame Street and commands the entrances to the Bank (as the Parliament Houses had become).

Early in the course of the war, Trinity College, a bulwark of the English in Ireland, had established an Officers' Training Corps, and it was this force that had fired on the rebels. They had discovered what was being done in the other parts of the city, and had opened their gates to a number of scared British soldiers who were afraid to venture to return to their respective barracks or proceed to the Castle. These men assisted the Training Corps in the defense of the Bank and of the College. Their volley had the effect of driving the rebels up Dame Street, it being realized that any attempt to carry the College by a frontal attack of infantry on the huge iron gates would be little short of suicide. Furthermore, they were ac-

complishing all that they desired by keeping the Officers' Training Corps confined to the College along with the British soldiers who had taken refuge there.

This was the situation of affairs on the south side of the city, so far as the City Hall area was concerned, at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. The Castle was practically in the hands of the Irish, who also held a large area adjoining it and running down to the quays.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

### At Boland's Mills

THE chain of defenses in Ringsend, or the southeastern district of the city, consisted of six main points, under the command of Commandant Edward de Valera, a man whose courage and determination earned for him one of the highest places in the ranks of the men who led the Republican Army during Easter Week. De Valera was born in New York City, his mother being Irish and his father a Spaniard. He went to Ireland to complete his education, and had a brilliant career, graduating from Blackrock College in 1904. He later became Professor of Science at Maynooth and of Higher Mathematics at Carysgort Normal College in Dublin.

Taking a keen interest in literature and art, he soon became friendly with Thomas MacDonagh and Padraic Pearse. A fluent speaker of Gaelic, he was a thorough patriot, and his ardent love for Ireland was manifested on more than one occasion in the perilous and dangerous period prior to the insurrection. Although an American citizen, he was transparently sincere and disinterested in his love for his mother's native land, and, when he joined the Volunteers, he threw himself into the work with so much fervor that he soon rose to a position of responsibility. A tall, dark man, with many traits of his father in his appearance and character, he was very muscular and seemingly did not know the meaning of fear.

The district to which De Valera had been assigned by President Pearse was one of the most important in the area of operations. His main duty was to keep the soldiers in the Beggarsbush Barracks so well occupied that they would be unable to do more than defend themselves. The position

approached that of the Castle area at Westland Row Station, which is situated only a block away from the far end of the grounds of Trinity College. This station was the terminal of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway. The entire line of the railroad from the station south to the point where it crossed Lansdowne Road was also in De Valera's hands, and was patrolled constantly by his men during the week of the Rebellion. To appreciate the importance of this fact, it must be mentioned that from the corner of South Lots Road the railroad ran almost alongside and within a stone's throw of the Beggarsbush Barracks, Lansdowne Road being some distance in the rear of the buildings. The possessions of the railroad, therefore, besides commanding that district between Great Brunswick Street and Merrion Square, allowed the Volunteers to dominate one side and the rear of the barracks. It likewise rendered the Grand Canal Docks at this point, the Ringsend Gasworks, and the power house practically untenable for the enemy, thus depriving them of three important positions.

Great Brunswick Street crosses the Grand Canal Basin over a bridge. South of Great Brunswick street is Grand Canal Street. To the west is Clarence Street and on the east is the Grand Canal Quay, facing on the water. Diagonally through this block runs the railroad line, and in the portion between the line and Great Brunswick Street, facing on the canal basin, were situated Boland's Mills. Built of stone and surrounded by high walls, and containing a plentiful supply of flour, useful both for barricades and for food, a better improvised fort would have been very difficult to find. Touching, as it did, on the railroad, and with one side also protected by the canal basin, it was splendidly situated. It was here that De Valera established his headquarters and personally directed the operations. The railroad line, with its stone wall protection, practically formed one long line of trenches, protecting his northern flank from the Mills to Westland Row Station.

The next point of his defenses approached Stephen's Green

on the west. This was at the corner of Lower Mount Street and Warrington Place, where a detachment of his men occupied Clanwilliam House, a strong building that had been erected when houses were made only of stone. From here the rebels dominated Percy Place and Herbert Place. A block further down and almost alongside the barracks the rebels held the corner of Northumberland Road and Haddington Road, and, still another block further down and in the rear of the Barracks, they held the junction of Northumberland Road, Pembroke Road, and Lansdowne Road. They were thus able to command every approach to the Barracks. Still further to the south they also held the corner of Pembroke Road and Shelborne Road alongside the River Dodder.

It will thus be seen that the entire area was well defended, and it is a matter for surprise when it is known that De Valera had but little more than one hundred men for the entire district. The manner in which he placed them, and the advantage they took of every opportunity afforded for protecting themselves, were the secret of his success. De Valera proved himself to be a commander of whom any army and any country might be proud.

Leaving his quarters shortly before noon on Easter Monday, De Valera and his men marched direct to Westland Row Station. Here all was bustle and confusion, owing to the influx of the holiday crowds. A train load of visitors from England had just arrived on the boat train, and were being driven away in outside cars and taxis to various parts of the city. Some little interest was manifested when the Volunteers marched up the carriage way to the upper level of the station, the English visitors being quite interested at seeing the much-discussed Irish Volunteers. When these same Volunteers, however, proceeded to clear the station of not only the officials but the remaining visitors also, their interest became much keener and far less impersonal. To all protests and inquiries the Volunteers replied that a Republic had been proclaimed, and that the station was being held, and would probably be attacked by the British. The obvious determina-

tion of the Volunteers impressed itself on the officials and visitors alike, and they lost little time in getting away from the station.

With the station in his possession, De Valera sent forward a detachment of men along the railroad line, with directions to await him at Boland's Mills. He then proceeded to the Mills with the rest of his men by road. As soon as they had begun the work of establishing themselves there, where they met with no opposition, owing to the fact that the mills were closed on the holiday, he personally took another detachment to the house at the corner of Lower Mount Street, which was also placed in a state of defense. One by one the other points were similarly occupied by the Republicans.

At this time there were a number of English soldiers on the streets, and, while these were watching with amazement the occupation of Clanwilliam House, De Valera personally told one of his men to warn them that a state of war existed and that actual hostilities would be begun within the hour. He took this action owing to his not wishing to take these men prisoners, and also because he had no intention of opening fire until he knew that the enemy were aware of his intentions.

Shortly before one o'clock the Republican flag was hoisted over Boland's Mills. It had been flying but a few seconds when a solitary shot rang out from the barracks, quickly followed by a number of others. Regarding this as an act of war, the patrols on the railroad replied, and some of the fiercest fighting of the Rebellion began.

This exchange of courtesies lasted only a little while. The military did not seem to be in any hurry to rout the rebels out of their strongholds, and it was not until late in the evening that the first sortie from the beleaguered barracks was made. The sentries on the railroad flashed a signal to Boland's Mills that the enemy was preparing to issue in strength from the entrance leading into Northumberland Road, between Haddington Road and Pembroke Road. This warning was, in turn, flashed to the men in the threatened districts, with the result that when the military appeared on the run

they were met by a terrible cross fire from both corners, shots also being fired from the railroad. A dozen or more of the soliders dropped, and the rest, evidently unaware till then that the rebels were so well posted, withdrew for the time being.

A few minutes later a second volley from the railroad warned the Irish that another attack was in progress. The military this time had come out into Shelborne Road and, in spite of the fire which greeted them from the railroad, succeeded in getting into Lansdowne Road. From here they charged on the position at Pembroke Road and Northumberland Road, but the volleys that met them again drove them back. Determined, however, to gain a position outside of the barracks, they again attacked, this time making their way along the Shelborne Road to the Dodder, where they attacked the section at that point, while their comrades also kept up a fire on the position at the Pembroke Road.

Throwing themselves flat on the streets, the military began a general engagement against these two points. Little by little they were able to creep closer to the Clyde Road position, and after the engagement had been in progress for over half an hour, the rebels at this point were forced to retire, owing to the difficulty of obtaining supplies of ammunition from the men at the other corner, who were also engaged with the military. As the Clyde Road position was merely an advanced line, its loss was not of importance, and the men retired up Elgin Road and then through Raglan Road into Pembroke Road, where they were able to join hands with their comrades.

The British, however, were apparently of the opinion that they had gained an important victory, and they thereupon dashed forward to continue their success. But they were met with so withering a fire from the men in the reinforced position at Pembroke and Northumberland Roads that they fled back after suffering heavy losses. So severe was the rebuff that the Irish might possibly have been able to retake their advanced position, but they were content to hold the

enemy in check from their stronger position. A half-hearted attack was made by the British a little later, but this was also met with determined opposition, and the engagement became a contest between snipers. Thus the night passed in this sector of the operations.

Away up beyond the Castle and the Liberties and close to Kilmainham, was situated the South Dublin Union — an extensive group of buildings, bounded on the south by the Grand Canal, on the west by Row Road, on the north by James Street, and on the east by the City Basin connecting with the canal. On the northeast, touching that side of the City Basin, were some of the buildings of Guinness's Brewery. It was this position that the Volunteers, under the command of Eamonn Ceannt, occupied shortly after noon on Monday. It was the most westerly position occupied by the Republican Army in Dublin, and, unlike the other positions that have been described, was practically isolated, not being supported by a chain of other positions in the vicinity. On this account the position was decidedly weaker than any of the others, and was also rendered less easy to hold owing to the fact that there were a large number of aged and more or less infirm inmates in the buildings, which prevented the rebels taking possession of the latter, as they had no desire to render them liable to the fire of the enemy. As will later be seen, that enemy was actuated by no such scruples.

It was at this point that one of the earliest engagements took place between the British and the Irish. According to instructions received the previous day, the third Royal Irish Regiment was on its way east to report for duty at the Castle, when information was received by a motorcyclist messenger that the city was in the hands of the Irish, and that they were wanted immediately. At that time they were going into the city along Kilmainham Road into James Street, and the officers in charge immediately ordered the men to increase their pace. It may be well to mention, in passing, that this regiment, like many others with similar titles, was composed mainly of Britishers, the only thing Irish about it being the name.

Eamonn Ceannt, in anticipation of the arrival of troops from Kilmainham, had thrown a patrol across Row Road, and it was not long before his scouts reported that a very large body of the British was advancing at a rapid pace. The rebels deployed on each side of the road and awaited the arrival of the enemy. But the enemy, in this case, was a trifle more cautious than the soldiers in Beggarsbush Barracks, and soon an advance guard engagement was being fought between the opposing forces.

An entire regiment of the enemy being engaged, it was easily possible for the British to hold the road and at the same time to send forces into Row Lane, a little to the north of that point and with an exit below the point defended by the Irish. This attempt to take them in the flank was vigorously resisted by the rebels, who held their positions for over an hour before being driven to fall back by sheer weight of numbers. They then retreated in good order on their base, the Union buildings, and were followed step by step by the British. Once close to their base, however, they were able to offer a more stubborn resistance and eventually halted the advance. In the fighting there had been severe losses on the side of the British, which was but to be expected owing to the fact that the Volunteers were constantly on the defensive and better able to take advantage of all the cover that offered. They were able also to hold their own during the rest of the day, and, owing to the gravity of the situation, the officer commanding the regiment decided that he would not be able to advance until he had subdued the rebels in this quarter. So that Commandant Ceannt succeeded in at least holding for the time being one regiment from the attack on the central positions held by the other leaders.

The foregoing chapters will give the reader some idea of the manner in which the Volunteers established themselves in the southern part of the city. Even the brief details given will have convinced the reader that the plans were remarkably thorough. By Easter Monday evening they had taken possession of a line of defenses which stretched from the canal

to the Castle, and from the Castle to Ringsend. In addition they held many other important positions, practically all of which have been mentioned.

It is now time to turn to the northern side and see what was taking place there.

## CHAPTER XLIX

### The Post Office Area

SOME details have been already given regarding the position occupied by the Republicans in the General Post Office in O'Connell Street. The Post Office was made the headquarters of the Irish. Here the President and the Commandant of the Dublin troops were quartered along with a number of their staff officers. Here they received their reports from all the other sections of the city that were in the hands of the insurgents, and it was but natural that this point should be the center of a chain of other positions so that it might be the more efficiently guarded.

O'Connell Street, called by the English Sackville Street, has long been reputed one of the finest streets in Europe. It is remarkable for its breadth, being more than twice as broad as Fifth Avenue, New York City. It is, however, only about twenty city blocks in length, running from the River Liffey to the Rotunda, which stands at the corner of Parnell Street (formerly Great Britain Street) and Cavendish Row. Parnell Street runs across the top of O'Connell Street east and west, forming the boundary between O'Connell Street and Cavendish Row.

On the south side of the Post Office is Prince's Street, a small narrow thoroughfare that extends only a few yards before degenerating into a mere alley. The Metropole Hotel stood at the corner facing O'Connell Street, and just below it was the office of *The Freeman's Journal*, Redmond's official newspaper. At the next corner, a little further up, is Middle Abbey Street, the journalistic Mecca of the city. Abbey Street extends west from O'Connell Street, and on the other side, extending east, is Lower Abbey Street. A block further south the street comes to an end at O'Connell Bridge, formerly

called Carlisle Bridge. The statue of O'Connell, at the end of the street and facing south over the bridge, is one of the finest pieces of sculpture in the city. Extending west from the bridge is Bachelor's Walk, with which the reader is already acquainted. Above Bachelor's Walk, running alongside the river, is Ormond Quay, and then King's Inn Quay, on which face the Four Courts. East from the Bridge is Eden Quay, running to Beresford Place; then Custom House Quay, on which faces the Custom House, and below this the North Wall, running the rest of the way to the sea. Below O'Connell Bridge, the river is spanned by the Butt Bridge, running into Beresford Place, and the huge and unsightly railroad loop bridge carrying the line from Tara Street Station, which is just below Westland Row, north over the river to Amiens Street Station, where connection is made with the Great Northern Railway, for the north of Ireland. Above O'Connell Bridge may be seen the Metal Bridge, connecting with Liffey Street, which runs into Middle Abbey Street; Grattan Bridge, connecting Capel Street and Parliament Street; Richmond Bridge, just east of the Four Courts; Whitworth Bridge, just west of the Four Courts; Queen's Bridge, Barrack Bridge, and King's Bridge, which is close to the Phœnix Park and just below the Kingsbridge Railway Station.

The Post Office Area extended from the river to Parnell Street in the north, to Beresford Place in the east, and to Capel Street in the west, where it adjoined the Four Courts area. Liberty Hall, being in Beresford Place, opposite the Custom House, was in this area, and Amiens Street Station was also included. This sector comprised the very heart of the city. Beresford Place was one of the largest open spaces, not a park, to be found in the city. Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, was situated in an old building just around the corner from Eden Quay. Several other buildings intervened between Liberty Hall and Lower Abbey Street.

The Volunteers took possession, on Monday morning, of

the building over Hopkins' jewelry store at the corner of O'Connell Street and Eden Quay. At the same time they occupied Kelly's Fort, on the opposite corner of O'Connell Street and Bachelor's Walk. This latter place was a three-storied building given over to an extensive trade in rifles, ammunition, pistols, and similar goods, for sporting and military use. The two positions enabled the Republicans to command the approaches to O'Connell Bridge from the south.

Some sixty yards below the corner of O'Connell Street in Middle Abbey Street were the offices of *The Evening Telegraph*, the afternoon edition of *The Freeman's Journal*. These offices extended right back to Prince's Street, where the front door was labeled with the name of *The Freeman's Journal*. At almost the same time when the Republicans took possession of the Post Office, another section of Volunteers marched into the office of *The Freeman's Journal*. As they entered the dingy archway, and passed on into the dark and dirty interior, the occupants ran out of the *Telegraph* offices in Middle Abbey Street.

The retreat of the occupants of the *Freeman* office was quickly followed by the Volunteers taking complete possession of the building right through to Middle Abbey Street. While that portion of the building was of little use excepting to prevent a possible charge on the entrances to the Post Office, the *Telegraph* office in Middle Abbey Street was certainly valuable, and the long narrow building presented an excellent line of retreat should such be required. It also made it possible for messengers to take dispatches into the Post Office from Middle Abbey Street.

The building at the corner of Middle Abbey Street and O'Connell Street, together with Eason's Library, was also occupied for the purpose of defense against an attack from the bridge. These points, together with the points occupied on the opposite corner, where Lower Abbey Street ran into O'Connell Street, were the second line of defense to the Post Office. Chief among the points occupied at this corner was

the Hibernian Bank, a strong stone building that offered excellent facilities for defense.

We have already mentioned the erection of the barricade at the corner of North Earl Street, just north of the Post Office. Another of these obstacles was built in Talbot Street, the continuation of North Earl Street, halfway down to Amiens Street Station. A barricade was also erected at the junction of Henry Street and Denmark Street. In line with this was another barricade at the corner of Middle Abbey Street and Liffey Street. Another first line defense was set up at the corner of Mary Street and Jervis Street. A guard was also placed on the Metal Bridge to prevent an attack from the south side. Communication was thus made with the rebels in the Four Courts area.

The entire length of O'Connell Street was patroled by the Irish, from O'Connell Bridge to the Parnell Monument, but, owing to the small number of men available, it was not considered practicable to hold Parnell Street, as had been the original intention. There was an excellent reason why the Irish did not take possession of the Rotunda. Next to the building was the Rotunda Hospital, and the Irish, with ready sympathy, did not wish to endanger the lives of the patients.

Amiens Street Station, situated at the far end of Talbot Street, was the terminal of the Great Northern Railroad. This point was taken by the insurgents at an early hour on Monday. The station is built on an eminence, and is approached by an inclined carriage way on the south, and by steep stone stairways on the west facing Talbot Street. The station is large and well built and is protected by a stone wall on the east. Its possession placed in the hands of the Irish the terminal for all of the trains from Belfast and the north.

On taking possession of the station and ejecting the officials, the Republicans sent out patrols along the railroad line, which for some distance is built on a viaduct. The loop line from Tara Street Station connects with the main line just below Seville Place, and the connecting line of the Midland

and Great Western Railway cuts a short distance higher up. Had there been sufficient men to hold these positions and at the same time allow the moving of men from one point to another, the loop line from Amiens Street to Tara Street would have formed an excellent means of communication with the Boland's Mills area. Owing, however, to the fact that Tara Street Station could not be properly occupied, this means of communication was rendered precarious. In this instance, as in a thousand others, the fatal countermanding order of Eoin MacNeill crippled the plan of campaign.

Towards evening, owing to the vigilance of the sentries on duty, it was observed that a detachment of cavalry was attempting to make its way from the North Wall towards the northern end of the city. It was noticed that they were conveying ammunition, and a message was immediately sent to the Post Office to this effect. Connolly dispatched a company of men to intercept the British, and they succeeded in locating them and holding them up in Charles Street, near the Four Courts. In spite of the fact that the British were superior in numbers, they preferred to park their ammunition and allow themselves to be surrounded. A battle ensued, without either side making a charge. It was discovered that the British consisted of 150 men of the Sixth Reserve Cavalry Regiment, in charge of four officers. The Republicans consisted of fewer then fifty men, but they occupied every possible point about the British, and their shooting was so excellent that the enemy did not dare to try conclusions, but retreated, leaving their dead and ammunition behind them. The shooting of the Irish continued deadly, and the ranks of the British were considerably thinned as the retreat progressed. Owing to their great numerical inferiority, the Irish were unable to follow up their advantage fully. They had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that, early in the engagement, the officer commanding the convoy was shot dead. Owing to the better cover they had selected, the Irish loss was out of all proportion to that of the enemy. One of the first to fall in the ranks of the Irish was Patrick Kavanagh,

a Dublin man and a crack shot. He was sighting his rifle when a bullet struck him right between the eyes, killing him instantly. Others who fell during the opening of this engagement were James McGuire, of Terenure, William MacDonald, of Clontarf, and William MacGuinness, of Cork, who had been for some years in Dublin and was one of the most ardent members of the Volunteers.

During Monday night some shots were exchanged between the men on guard at O'Connell Bridge and some of the British from Trinity College. These were merely sniping encounters, however, and the night in this section passed in comparative quiet. Shortly after midnight word was received at Liberty Hall that a large number of the British were advancing along the North Wall towards the Custom House. Preparations were immediately made to receive them, and a patrol sent out to hold them in check.

## CHAPTER L

### The Four Courts

THERE is just one more area of the defenses of Dublin that remains to be considered. This is the line that stretched from the Four Courts along Constitution Hill to the Broadstone Railway Station, and thence along Broadstone Road and the bank of the Royal Canal to the North Circular Road. This line may be taken to represent fairly accurately the northwestern line of trenches set up by the Republicans.

The Four Courts — comprising the four courts of Exchequer, Common Pleas, Chancery, and King's Bench — are a square block of buildings, in classic style, lying half a mile up the line of quays along the Liffey from Bachelor's Walk. The building dates from 1796, the site being that on which a thirteenth-century convent had once stood. The building is of hard stone, and presented an admirable position both for defense and offense.

On each side of the Four Courts the river is spanned by a bridge — Richmond Bridge on the east and Whitworth Bridge on the west. Whitworth Bridge leads directly to Merchants' Quay on the south side, and thence, by Winetavern Street and Lord Edward Street, to the Castle. Just east of the Four Courts is Charles Street, where the convoy from the North Wall was held up and captured, as already mentioned. On the other side was Church Street, while to the rear of the building extend a number of small streets running north.

The area in the rear of the Four Courts is one of the most closely populated in the city. Its inhabitants comprise those who had the most reasons to be in favor of the Republicans. They were Irish men and women compelled to live in poverty,

and oftentimes in squalor, that a benevolent Government might be the better able to show a profit on its business with Ireland during each fiscal year. Thanks to the noble work of the Franciscan friars, who labor in this district, great improvements have been brought about among the poor of this locality, but with improvement and enlightenment had also come a realization of the truth, and the seeds of nationalism had taken deep root there and flourished.

Running almost directly north from the back of the Four Courts were Church Street and Beresford Street, and a little to the east of these were Anne Street, Halston Street, and Green Street. All of these five streets ran into King Street. From King Street, almost in a line with the Four Courts, was Coleraine Street. This latter formed the western boundary of the Linen Hall Barracks. Back of the barracks were the gardens of Queen's Inns, to the west of which, as a continuation of Coleraine Street, was Constitution Hill. A little further north Constitution Hill branches in two, one end running northeast up to Dominick Street and the Viaduct, direct to the Broadstone Station; the other, branching northwest, runs under the Viaduct to Phibsboro Road, which leads to Glasnevin. A flight of steps enables pedestrians to get from this section of the street up to the Station.

It is of importance to note that the Viaduct over the road at this point gave any soldiers who occupied it a complete command of Constitution Hill as far as its junction with Coleraine Street. The Viaduct was constructed of white hard stone, and a parapet, which runs the entire length of the side facing Constitution Hill, makes it possible for a line of riflemen to hold the position against almost any odds. A similar force posted at the top of Dominick Street also made it possible to hold this approach to the Station, as well as the carriage way from Mountjoy Street. At the western end of the Viaduct, which was only the length of a city block, was the Station, also made of stone and capable of being defended with sufficient men for any length of time.

Close to the Dominick Street entrance to the Viaduct, and

on the northern side, is a low wall, and at the western end of this a narrow entrance. This leads to the bank of the Royal Canal. At this end of the canal is the City Basin, one of the terminals of the canal. From this the canal runs in a direct line for a distance of about half a mile to Blaquir Bridge, where the canal is spanned by the North Circular Road. Blaquir Bridge is the boundary line between Phibsboro and the city proper. Halfway down the canal a small span bridge crosses from Geraldine Street, but, with this exception, there is no approach to the western side of the canal between Broadstone Station and Blaquir Bridge.

From the Four Courts to Blaquir Bridge, if we take into account the windings of the streets, is nearly two miles. It was this line that the Republicans set out to defend. As has been shown, this area included the Linen Hall Barracks, which the rebels surrounded, and the line acted as a barrier between the center of the city and the Royal Barracks, the Constabulary Barracks, and the Marlborough Barracks. It prevented the British from these three centers concentrating on the Post Office and O'Connell Street. The holding of the Broadstone Station also prevented the enemy moving troops into the city from the Galway route. The line of defense was crossed by innumerable small and narrow streets, which made the movement of cavalry, artillery, or large bodies of troops practically impossible. The only routes by which these could be transferred from one side of the line to the other were along the North Circular Road from the Phœnix Park, along the line of quays, and possibly along North King Street and King Street into Bolton and Capel Streets. In order to guard against these routes being used by the enemy, barricades were erected at important points, the chief of these being at Blaquir Bridge, across the North Circular Road, just above Dunphy's (or Doyle's) Corner.

This, then, constituted the western line of the defenses, which was under the command of Edward Daly. At the time that these positions were being occupied, a company of the Republicans was marching along the northern line of quays in the di-

rection of Phœnix Park. Their intention was to deliver an attack on the Magazine Fort, situated in the Park on a small hill overlooking the Liffey on the south and the city on the east.

The fort was a comparatively modern structure, built of stone and in such a position that it menaced every side of the city. For many years prior to the rising the men of the I. R. B. had made various plans for the leveling of this monument of British authority in the land. In addition to the fact that it was so placed as to command every building in the city, it was also the resort of a number of undesirable individuals, and constituted a moral plague spot during the summer months. It was conceded that the only way in which the fort could be captured was by a surprise while the gates were open or by a prolonged siege, and it was scarcely possible for the Irish at that time to secure sufficient heavy artillery to batter its walls to pieces.

At the time that the Volunteers, accompanied by some members of the Citizen Army, marched against the fort, few of those who saw them passing up the quays realized their errand. At this time the attack was proceeding on the Post Office, but the news had not yet traveled as far as the Park. The people who saw the Volunteers swinging into the park, therefore, took little or no notice of them.

The men advanced into the broad carriage way, leaving the People's Gardens on their right. After a few more minutes' march, a detachment of the men branched off near the Gough Monument, one of the ugliest in the city, while the other continued along the carriage way. The smaller detachment continued to bear to the left until it came to the narrow path that led to the south side of the fort. The other branched off to the left also and approached the fort across the fields. The foot of the hill on the top of which rested the fort was masked in low foliage which rose on either side of the path. Here the men waited until they were certain that their comrades who had taken the other route had had time to get into position on the other side. Then occurred one of the most daring episodes of the Rebellion.

Three of the Volunteers marched up the hill towards the door of the fort, in as unconcerned a manner as visitors fresh from the country. Their comrades remained under cover, watching every movement in the vicinity of the fort. The three arrived at the gateway and, finding it open, marched through. The sentry inside eyed them with more or less indifference. The "visitors" asked if the commanding officer was inside, and, receiving the reply that he was not, was asked who was taking his place. The name of an officer was mentioned. On being asked where this officer could be found, the sentry inquired their business, and was too surprised for a moment to frame a reply when he was told by the three men that they had come to demand the surrender of the fort in the name of the Irish Republic. When at last he grasped the meaning of the words, he laughed and asked what the joke was.

"It is not a joke," was the serious reply. "The Volunteers have established a Republic in the city; every point of importance, including the Castle, is in our hands, and we want the surrender of this fort in order to avoid a great deal of unnecessary bloodshed."

Probably thinking that he was dealing with three harmless lunatics or practical jokers, the sentry told them that they were not doing any surrendering that day, as it was a holiday. But when a revolver was brought into unpleasant proximity with his breast, he decided that the joke was a serious one. He was told that his life would be quite safe provided that he made no attempt to resist, and his rifle was taken from him while he was still undecided whether to submit or to die the death of a hero. Meanwhile one of the three waved a handkerchief as a signal to his comrades outside. The entire attacking force advanced up the slopes to the fort at a run.

It was at this time that someone inside the fort noticed that something peculiar was taking place at the outer gate. He sauntered over, and was immediately covered with half a dozen rifles. Placing guards over the two prisoners, the

Volunteers rushed into the fort, and within a couple of minutes it was in their hands. The attack was a complete surprise, and the soldiers in the fort were disarmed and imprisoned in one of their own dormitories before they had had time to assimilate the idea that there was really a revolution in being.

It had been the intention of the Volunteers to blow up the fort, but the dynamite was not available, so they allowed the soldiers to remain in their dormitory while they destroyed the locks of every piece of artillery in the place. They then collected all the small arms and ammunition they were able to find, and, having parceled this among their number, prepared to leave the fort. It was of no importance now that the artillery it contained had been rendered useless, and they had secured their end also in capturing the stores with which the fort was stocked.

So quietly had the whole incident been carried out that scores of people in the immediate vicinity at the time knew nothing of what had taken place, until they saw the Volunteers marching out of the fort, laden with the spoils of victory. Every man was carrying at least a couple of rifles, and several bandoliers of cartridges, and, as they swung out through the gateway and down the slopes to the paths, the significance of what was taking place began to dawn on the observers. It was only then that someone noticed that the Union Jack was no longer flying from the flagpole. The marching Volunteers were crowded on all sides as they marched back to the carriage way, and to all who questioned them they replied that Ireland was in rebellion and that they had captured the Magazine Fort and taken away all the rifles and ammunition it contained.

The victorious little company was unmolested in its march down the quays. Here the Four Courts were being occupied, and people were standing in dense crowds outside on the quay, watching the men inside putting the place into condition to withstand attack. All the windows were smashed, and thousands of bulky volumes of the law were placed

behind the windows to form barricades. Sentries had already been posted on the roof, and the occupation of the entire line all the way to Balquir Bridge was in active progress.

It was at this moment that the men who had taken the Magazine Fort arrived. The crowd immediately made a path for them, and they marched through the main entrance into the building to the accompaniment of rousing cheers from their comrades. The rifles and ammunition they had captured were sorely needed, and arrangements were at once made for the transfer of some of it to the men who were forming the line to Phibsboro. At this time the sound of shooting across the river told the watchers that the Rebellion had broken out there also, and that the attack on the Castle was in progress.

The foregoing chapters will give the reader some idea of the manner in which the Irish took possession of the points of vantage throughout the city on the first day of the rising. The two outstanding facts of the events of the first day are that the Irish had laid their plans with superb skill, and that the British, who had other plans made, were so confused at the manner in which they had been forestalled that they were unable to prevent the plans of the rebels being carried out practically in their entirety. In a line stretching from Ringsend to Portobello Bridge and thence to the South Dublin Union, from Liberty Hall and Amiens Street to Fairview, from the Post Office to the Four Courts, and from the Four Courts up to Phibsboro, the Republicans held a ring around the city.

Above all else the Irish had demonstrated that the British positions were not impregnable; that the English soldiery were not so terrible as they had tried to make the people believe, and that, given approximately equal numbers and a fair field, their term of oppression in Ireland would come to an end.

## CHAPTER LI

### The British Scared

IT has already been pointed out that the British Government had, through its representatives in Ireland, arranged to hold a pogrom on Easter Monday in Dublin. At the same time, it was not inclined to take any chances. Its idea was to flood the city with armed soldiers, and, knowing that the Irish were certain to resist, to shoot them down in cold blood and thus put an end at once to the Volunteers and the Citizen Army.

Should there be anyone who doubts that the above statements are correct, the following extract from the report of the Hardinge Commission will convince him. After referring to the conferences which were held at Dublin Castle on Easter Saturday and Easter Sunday, and which have already been detailed, the report continues:

> It was eventually decided that the proper course was to arrest all the leaders of the movement, there being by this time clear evidence of their "hostile association," but it was agreed that, before this could be safely done, military preparations sufficient to overawe armed opposition should be secured.
>
> Early in the morning of the 24th April the Chief Secretary's concurrence with the proposed arrest and internment in England of the hostile leaders was asked for and obtained, but before any further effective steps could be taken the insurrection had broken out, and by noon many portions of the City of Dublin had been simultaneously occupied by rebellious armed forces.

There have been found many people, including some patriotic Irishmen, who have in all sincerity expressed the opinion that the Rebellion was rashly planned and ill-timed. They hold that it would have been better to have waited for a more opportune time, when the men could have been again

mobilized and would have been better armed. They pointed out that the total number of men fighting under the Republican colors did not far exceed 1200, and that they had no chance against the superior and better armed forces of the British. Of these 1200 not more than one-half were effectively armed, and a certain proportion carried practically no weapons that were effective against modern rifles. These things are undoubtedly true, but these well-meaning critics apparently do not give proper consideration to the circumstances which compelled the men to fight. Had they made any attempt to postpone the rising, they would have been shot down in the streets or in their own houses, whereas, by rising when they did, they were at least able to put up some resistance and to demonstrate that the soul of Ireland still lived and throbbed as it did in every previous generation. Only the fact that they had positive information of the plot that the military had hatched forced them to strike when they did. That this information was absolutely correct, is shown beyond a doubt by the extract from the finding of the British Commission just quoted.

As a simple matter of fact, the rebels rose not a moment too soon. The police had already been taken from the streets in order that they would not interfere with the operations of the military. Close on 2500 British troops were at that time quartered in the city, and the military authorities were but awaiting the arrival of other troops from the Curragh, which had already been sent for, to put their plans into actual operation. They had planned to strike late in the evening, when they could take at least some of the men in their beds, and, having planted the troops in every quarter of the city, to inaugurate a reign of terror by shooting every man who refused to go along quietly and submit to arrest and disarmament.

As showing that these preparations had been made and that troops had been ordered from the Curragh — a fact which the British apologists are most anxious to deny — there are also two little admissions, simple in themselves but signifi-

cant in conjunction with the other facts which have been mentioned. These facts show, in very clear fashion, that the British were in the act of making their final preparations when the Rebellion broke out and forestalled them in the nick of time. The first of these admissions is contained in the official report forwarded to Lord Kitchener by Field-Marshall Sir John French, the Commander in Chief of the Home Forces, to which position he had been assigned after his removal from his post in France. French wrote as follows:

> It will be observed that the Rebellion broke out in Dublin at 12:15 P.M. on April 24th, and that by 5:20 P.M. on the same afternoon a considerable force from the Curragh had arrived in Dublin to reinforce the garrison, and other troops were on their way from Athlone, Belfast, and Templemore. *The celerity with which these reinforcements became available says much for the arrangements which had been made to meet such a contingency.*

The other admission is that made by Sir John Maxwell, the man who took charge of the operations for the British on April 28th, in the course of a report in which he says that an inlying picket of 400 was being held in readiness at the very moment that the Rebellion broke out. This is contained in his report on the operations made to Sir John French.

At the time of the Rebellion the headquarters of the military were located in the Royal Hospital, which is situated at Kilmainham on the south side of the river, some little distance north and west of the South Dublin Union. General Field, who was in command of the British troops in Ireland, was on short leave in England at the time, it being considered better that an inferior officer should have control of the pogrom operations in view of a possible later "inquiry." In addition, Colonel Kennard, the Dublin Garrison commander, was for the same reason also out of the city. A number of other officers had gone for an hour or two to the races at Leopardstown in order to prepare themselves for the work of the night.

At fifteen minutes after noon on Easter Monday morning a telephone message was received at the Royal Hospital from the Dublin Metropolitan Police stating that Dublin Castle had been attacked by "armed Sinn Feiners." The news was received with incredulity, but it was immediately confirmed by another telephone message, this time from the Dublin Garrison Adjutant. This officer reported that the attack on the Castle was in full swing, and that he had received information to the effect that the rebels had also attacked the Post Office in "Sackville" Street. He said that, in the absence of his chief, he had taken upon himself the responsibility of ordering all the available troops at Portobello, Richmond, and the Royal Barracks to proceed to the relief of the Castle, and had also ordered the Sixth Reserve Cavalry Regiment to proceed to the Post Office.

It has already been stated that the number of Republicans probably did not exceed 1200. At the moment that the Rebellion broke out, there were more than double that number of British soldiers in the city itself, every one of whom was efficiently armed and was a trained soldier. It was stated by men who were in a good position to judge that there were close on 4000 British troops in the city at the time. Whether this was the case or not, is not of material importance. The British official reports admit to over 2400, or in the ratio of two to one against the Irish. These troops were, according to these official reports, the Sixth Reserve Cavalry Regiment (35 officers and 851 other ranks); the Third Royal Irish Regiment (18 officers and 385 other ranks); the Tenth Royal Dublin Fusiliers (37 officers and 430 other ranks), and the Third Royal Irish Rifles (21 officers and 650 other ranks). There were thus in Dublin 111 officers and 2316 other ranks, or a grand total of 2427. Against these were pitted 1200 Irish Volunteers, not eighty per cent of whom were armed.

Fifteen minutes after the receipt of the first notification of the Rebellion, a telephone message was dispatched to the General Officer Commanding at the Curragh ordering him

to mobilize the mobile column, which consisted of 1600 officers and men, under the command of Colonel Portal. The official dispatches, which have already been mentioned, add the significant statement that these troops had already been "arranged for to meet any emergency." As a matter of fact, this column had been ordered mobilized the previous day in order to take part in the pogrom, and was to have arrived in Dublin on the evening train at Kingsbridge.

Following the sending of this message, the telephone service became practically useless, owing to the fact that the rebels had cut the wires at various points, as well as taking over the control of the switchboards at the General Post Office. This rather disarranged the plans of the British, and a condition approaching panic became noticeable. They had no exact knowledge of the force arrayed against them, beyond the fact that it was greatly inferior to their own. Through indirect sources they learned that the Republicans had seized the Four Courts and Jacob's Biscuit Factory. Close on the heels of this information came the report that the cavalry had suffered a severe repulse in O'Connell Street and that the Castle had been taken. While they were still trying to grasp the meaning of these ominous tidings, a breathless messsenger arrived with the added news that the Magazine Fort in the Phœnix Park had been captured, and that Stephen's Green was said to have been occupied by the Volunteers.

For over half an hour the military were in hopeless confusion. Each new report added a still more sinister aspect to the situation, and fears were expressed that the Republicans meant to carry out the very programme that had been arranged by the British — in other words that it was the intention of the Sinn Feiners to massacre all the British soldiers, with the single difference that the massacre was to be conducted in broad daylight instead of in the hours of the night.

One of the younger officers offered a possible solution of the problem. It was, he pointed out, essential that they should be able to get a message to London without a minute's un-

necessary loss of time, telling Kitchener of their peril. The best manner, he said, in which this could be done was to send a message to the Naval Station at Kingstown, where it could be relayed by wireless to London. He offered to take this message himself, and his offer was immediately accepted. It is worthy of note that his action was so far ignored later that his name was not even mentioned in dispatches.

Doffing his military uniform and attired in his civilian clothes, the young officer secured a bicycle and, with the written message in his hat, started on his lengthy journey. He rode past the South Dublin Union, where he saw the Volunteers under Eamonn Ceannt making preparations for defense, but they, thinking he was a civilian, allowed him to pass unchallenged. He crossed the canal at Harcourt Bridge, and then, making a detour, passed the Crumlin quarry and thence out to Rathmines, from which place he proceeded to Kingstown. Here he delivered his message at the Naval Station, whence it was transmitted to the War Office at London. The news that a Republic had been proclaimed in Dublin thus reached the ears of Lord Kitchener, who lost no time in making preparations to meet the situation.

It is a coincidence worthy of note that General Friend was in London at the time that the news arrived, and that he was actually on his way to the War Office at the time when the message was being received from Kingstown. It does not require any effort of the imagination to picture the dismay in London at the receipt of the news. While the members of the Government had long since known that everything in Ireland was not just as they represented it to be to the rest of the world, it is very probable that they believed they were perfectly safe, and that the Irish people would never attempt to strike a blow against the sacred Empire. So when the aërial waves flashed the intelligence that the old fight was on again, the British, not knowing with what they had to contend, and feeling that the very foundations

of the British Empire were tottering, decided to take no chances, and, having some little idea of the fighting qualities of the Irish, made arrangements for the sending of an army to Ireland.

The Fifty-ninth Division was at that time encamped at St. Albans, and orders were issued by General French for its immediate transfer to Ireland. French took this action on his own responsibility. "I am aware," he says in an official report, "that in doing this I was acting beyond the power delegated to me, but I considered the situation to be so critical that it was necessary to act at once without reference to the Army Council." Orders were at the same time issued to the Admiralty, calling for warships and transports, and these were promptly forthcoming. Judging by the feverish haste with which the various departments of the Government acted, it is probable that the officials received a greater shock than at any time since the Spanish Armada.

As has been stated, the first news of the Rebellion was received by the British in Dublin at fifteen minutes after noon. At 4.45 the same afternoon, the first troop train from the Curragh arrived at Kingsbridge Station, and at 5.20 P.M. the whole cavalry column, 1600 strong, had arrived, under the command of Colonel Portal. At the same time orders were issued for the following troops to proceed to Dublin:

A battery of four eighteen-pounders R. F. A., from the Reserve Artillery Brigade at Athlone;
The Fourth Dublin Fusiliers from Templemore;
A composite battalion from Belfast;
An additional 1000 men from the Curragh.

Meantime Colonel Kennard was placed in command of the Dublin troops, and the defense of the docks at the North Wall was undertaken by Mayor H. F. Somerville, commanding a detachment from the School of Musketry, Dollymount, reinforced by 660 officers and men of the Ninth Reserve Cavalry Regiment.

## CHAPTER LII

### Getting to Grips

THE story of the First Irish Republic may be divided into three parts for the purpose of easier comprehension. In the first, the particulars of which have already been detailed, fall the initial operations of the Republicans in seizing the City of Dublin and the first steps taken by the British to counteract these operations. In the second will be considered the actual fighting that took place in the city up to that time when it became obvious to the leaders of the Insurrection that they had failed so far as a military victory over the enemy was concerned. The final phase will deal with the last scenes of the Rebellion and the incidents following the surrender of the insurgents. It will be necessary now to consider the second phase of the story.

The reader has already been given a fair idea of the extent to which the rebels had entrenched themselves in the city by midnight on April 24. At that time the Republic had been in existence for a period of twelve hours, and, with the exception of some sharp fighting at the Castle and one or two other points, there had been nothing important to note, with the exception of the excellent manner in which the rebels had carried out their plans.

It was a curious situation that existed in O'Connell Street. At Nelson's Pillar a strong barricade was thrown up, and the rebels were in possession of many of the houses and buildings at each end of the street. An occasional shot was fired, as a sniper caught sight of a British uniform, or a British soldier discovered the whereabouts of an Irish marksman. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that one of the most striking features of the whole rising was the superior shooting of

the Irish. There were innumerable incidents where a lone Irish sniper was able to hold at bay several enemy soldiers, simply on account of the superior use which the Irishman made of his ammunition. Ammunition was scarce in the ranks of the Republicans; every shot was of value, and but few of them were wasted.

Up to midnight crowds paraded up and down O'Connell Street, taking the keenest interest in what was being done by the Republicans. Now and then a shot whistled along the street, but this did not deter the people. At the same time Republican sentries paraded up and down the street, advising the people to go home so as to be out of danger. In addition to the sentries, there were a number of Republican police, who had been appointed by President Pearse at the request of Sheehy-Skeffington, and who were instrumental in preventing a renewal of the looting that had broken out earlier in the day.

There was some excitement when it became known that an attack was in progress at the Custom House, where the men of the Citizen Army were engaged with the Ninth Reserve Cavalry Regiment. Here the fight was of short duration. It was not the intention of Commander Connolly to try to continue to hold the Custom House in view of the fact that his men were already dangerously attenuated by being distributed over so large a territory. At the same time, he ordered that the British should not be allowed to get into the building without paying a price for it.

It therefore happened that Beresford Square once more became the scene of a battle between the representatives of an alien government and the people of the country. The British advanced at a run along the quays, taking the fullest advantage of every point that afforded cover and protected by the uprights on the canal bridge in front of the Custom House itself. A sharp volley greeted the appearance of the British, who immediately halted at the bridge head and threw themselves flat on the ground. A lively engagement ensued, but this action was merely a mask for the operations

of another section of the English force which gained an entrance to the Custom House on the eastern side. These soon made their presence felt by directing a withering fire on the Irish, and the latter withdrew into Liberty Hall, turning Beresford Place into a No Man's Land, which it was death to enter.

By their success in this action, the British gained an important position. Built of solid stone, the Custom House formed an invaluable position to the attackers, facing, as it did, directly on Liberty Hall. It is improbable that it was at any time the intention of the rebels to attempt to hold Liberty Hall strongly, owing to the fact that it was not a place easy to defend, both on account of its exposed position and its weak condition. Nevertheless, the capture of the Custom House was the first act in the operations against the Post Office in O'Connell Street, and its importance is not to be minimized. In his official report, already referred to, General Maxwell says:

> The occupation of the Customs House, which dominated Liberty Hall, was carried out at midnight, and was of great assistance in later operations against Liberty Hall.

Continuing his report, General Maxwell wrote:

> The situation at midnight was that we held the Magazine, Phœnix Park, the Castle and the Ship Street entrance to the Castle, the Royal Hospital, all barracks, the Kingsbridge, Amiens Street and North Wall railway stations, the Dublin Telephone exchange in Crown Alley, the Electric Power Station at Pigeon House Fort, Trinity College, Mountjoy Prison and Kingstown Harbor. The Sinn Feiners held Sackville (O'Connell) Street, and blocks of buildings on each side of this, including Liberty Hall, with their headquarters at the General Post Office, the Four Courts, Jacob's Biscuit Factory, the South Dublin Union, St. Stephen's Green, all the approaches to the Castle except the Ship Street entrance, and many houses all over the city, especially about Ballsbridge and Beggar's Bush.

It may not be unimportant to point out that the General made a mistake in saying that the British held Dublin Castle.

It is true that a number of the British were holding out in the upper courtyard, but the Irish held the rest of the place, including, as he says, all the approaches to it, with the exception of Ship Street. It is also worthy of mention that no attempt was made by the rebels to take possession of Mountjoy Prison, Kingstown Harbor, the Power House or the telephone exchange. The names of these places, particularly Kingstown Harbor, which lay several miles outside the city and would have required an army and a fleet to hold, were evidently thrown into the report to balance the number of places held by the Irish. While mentioning three of the railroad stations held by the British, he forgets to mention one of the most important, the Broadstone, which was still in possession of the Irish. Regarding the Castle, the veracious British commander evidently forgot that he was lying, for he admitted, a few paragraphs later, that they were planning to relieve the position which he said he held.

Continuing, he says:

> On April 25th Brigadier-General W. H. M. Lowe, commanding the Reserve Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh, arrived at Kingsbridge Station at 3.45 A.M. with the leading troops from the twenty-fifth (Irish) Reserve Infantry Brigade, and assumed command of the forces in the Dublin area, which were roughly 2300 men of the Dublin garrison, the Curragh Mobile Column of 1500 dismounted cavalrymen, and 840 men of the twenty-fifth Irish Reserve Infantry Brigade.
>
> In order to relieve and get communication with the Castle, Colonel Portal, commanding the Curragh Mobile Column, was ordered to establish a line of posts from Kingsbridge Station to Trinity College via the Castle. This was completed by 12 noon, 25th April, with very little loss. It divided the rebel forces into two, gave a safe line of advance for troops extending operations to the north and south, and permitted communication by dispatch rider with some of the commands. The only means of communication previous to this had been by telephone, which was unquestionably being tapped.
>
> The Dublin University O. T. C. (Officers' Training Corps), under Captain E. H. Alton, and subsequently Major G. A. Harris, held the College buildings until the troops arrived. The holding of these

buildings separated the rebel center round the General Post Office from that round St. Stephen's Green; it established a valuable base for the collection of reinforcements as they arrived, and prevented the rebels from entering the Bank of Ireland, which is directly opposite to and commanded by the college buildings.

During the day the twenty-fourth Royal Dublin Fusiliers from Templemore, a composite Ulster battalion from Belfast, and a battery of four 18-pounder guns from the Reserve Artillery Brigade at Athlone arrived, and this allowed a cordon to be established round the northern part of the city from Parkgate along the North Circular Road to North Wall. Broadstone Railway Station was cleared of rebels, and a barricade near Phibsboro was destroyed by artillery fire.

As a heavy fire was being kept up on the Castle from the rebels located in the Corporation Buildings, *The Daily Express* officers, and several houses opposite the City Hall, it was decided to attack these buildings.

The assault on *The Daily Express* offices was successfully carried out under very heavy fire by a detachment of the fifth Royal Dublin Fusiliers under Second Lieutenant F. O'Neill.

The main forces of the rebels now having been located in and around Sackville Street, the Four Courts and adjoining buildings, it was decided to try to enclose that area north of the Liffey by a cordon of troops so as to localize, as far as possible, the efforts of the rebels.

The thoughtful reader will not fail to note one important fact in connection with this portion of the report made by the British commander. Unlike many others, he, at least, was not inclined to minimize the seriousness of the task which confronted the British troops. In spite of the fact that he was faced by a force of men inadequately armed, without machine guns or artillery, and outnumbered two or three to one by the professional soldiers of England, he decided it was essential that more and still more troops should be brought into the city, until the Irish Republicans were overwhelmed by a force of over fifty to one, backed by machine and artillery guns and a naval gunboat.

Before dealing with the actual operations of Tuesday, let us turn for a moment to another document of historical

value. This was the statement issued by the Provisional Government in the first and only issue of *Irish War News*, the newspaper published by the rebels, and dated Dublin, Tuesday, April 25, 1916. On the fourth and last page of this little paper is the following:

STOP PRESS!

THE IRISH REPUBLIC

Irish *War News* is published to-day because a momentous thing has happened. The Irish Republic has been proclaimed in Dublin, and a Provisional Government has been appointed to administer its affairs. The following have been named as the Provisional Government:—

THOMAS J. CLARKE,
SEAN MACDIARMADA,
P. H. PEARSE,
THOMAS MACDONAGH,
EAMONN CEANNT,
JOSEPH PLUNKETT,
JAMES CONNOLLY.

The Irish Republic was proclaimed by a poster, which was prominently displayed in Dublin.

At 9.30 A.M. this morning the following statement was made by Commandant-General P. H. Pearse:

The Irish Republic was proclaimed in Dublin on Easter Monday, 24th April, at 12 noon. Simultaneously with the issue of the proclamation of the Provisional Government the Dublin Division of the Army of the Republic, including the Irish Volunteers, Citizen Army, Hibernian Rifles, and other bodies, occupied dominating points in the city. The G. P. O. was seized at 12 noon, the Castle was attacked at the same moment, and shortly afterwards the Four Courts were occupied. The Irish troops hold the City Hall and dominate the Castle. Attacks were immediately commenced by the British forces and were everywhere repulsed. At the moment of writing this report (9:30 A.M. Tuesday) the Republican forces hold all their positions and the British forces have nowhere broken through. There has been heavy and continuous fighting for nearly twenty-four hours, the casualties of the enemy being much more numerous than those on the Republican side. The Republican forces everywhere are

fighting with splendid gallantry. The populace of Dublin are plainly with the Republic, and the officers and men are everywhere cheered as they march through the streets. The whole center of the city is in the hands of the Republic, whose flag flies from the G. P. O.

Commandant-General P. H. Pearse is commander in chief of the Army of the Republic and is President of the Provisional Government. Commandant-General James Connolly is commanding the Dublin districts. Communication with the country is largely cut, but reports to hand show that the country is rising, and bodies of men from Kildare and Fingall have already reported in Dublin.

Later the same day the following manifesto was issued to the people of the city by President Pearse:

## THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
### TO THE
## CITIZENS OF DUBLIN

The Provisional Government of the Irish Republic salutes the Citizens of Dublin on the momentous occasion of the proclamation of a

### SOVEREIGN INDEPENDENT IRISH STATE

now in course of being established by Irishmen in arms.

The Republican forces hold the lines taken at 12 noon on Easter Monday, and nowhere, despite fierce and almost continuous attacks of the British troops, have the lines been broken through. The country is rising in answer to Dublin's call, and the final achievement of Ireland's freedom is now, with God's help, only a matter of days. The valor, self-sacrifice, and discipline of Irish men and women are about to win for our country a glorious place among the nations.

Ireland's honor has already been redeemed; it remains to vindicate her wisdom and her self-control.

All citizens of Dublin who believe in the rights of their country to be free will give their allegiance and their loyal help to the Irish Republic. There is work for everyone — for the men in the fighting line, and for the women in the provision of food and first aid. Every Irishman and Irishwoman worthy of the name will come forward to help their common country in this her supreme hour.

Able-bodied citizens can help by building barricades in the streets to oppose the advance of the British troops. The British troops

have been firing on our women and on our Red Cross. On the other hand, Irish regiments in the British army have refused to act against their fellow-countrymen.

The Provisional Government hopes that its supporters — which means the vast bulk of the people of Dublin — will preserve order and self-restraint. Such looting as has already occurred has been done by hangers-on of the British Army. Ireland must keep her new honor unsmirched.

We have lived to see an Irish Republic proclaimed. May we live to establish it firmly, and may our children and our children's children enjoy the happiness and prosperity which freedom will bring.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government,

P. H. Pearse,

*Commander in chief of the Forces of the Irish Republic and President of the Provisional Government.*

The reader is thus enabled to compare the statements issued by the opposing forces. On the one hand we have the preparations which were being made by the British to inclose the Republicans in a cordon of fire and steel, and, on the other, the high hopes which animated the men who had risked all for the purpose of saving the soul of their country.

## CHAPTER LIII

### The Fighting on Tuesday

THE one outstanding fact that was obvious during the period ending at midnight on Tuesday was that the Republicans held practically every point they had seized on the Monday. That the British had been surprised at the sudden turn of affairs may account for this, at least in some measure. But the actual reason was that the British, in spite of their vastly superior numbers, had no intention of taking any chances. They went to work in a methodical and systematic manner. Their plan of campaign was a simple one; they meant to inclose the rebels and burn them out. They meant to do so with the least possible loss to themselves and with as much loss to the enemy as possible. All this is strategy approved by military experts.

The fighting on Tuesday morning was more or less spasmodic. There is nothing to show that there was anything in the nature of a general engagement during the day, although sniping took place in the vicinity of all the points occupied by the Republicans. The only actual engagement on record is that which took place at the City Hall and the offices of *The Daily Express* on Cork Hill, almost directly opposite the City Hall and the entrance to Dublin Castle.

In a previous chapter mention has been made of the fact that John O'Reilly had succeeded to the command of the forces at the City Hall. He was the first to fall in the new assault, but, although his death deprived his men of fine leadership, they continued to make a gallant stand against tremendous odds.

The first force of the attack fell on the City Hall, and came from the upper end of Cork Hill. Here a number of the military established themselves on each side of the streets

and on the roofs of the houses and began a cross fire on both the City Hall and *The Daily Express* offices. So severe was the volleying that it became impossible for any of the defenders to go near to a window in either building without risking instant death. In spite of this, however, a vigorous defense was maintained, and, when the military came from their shelters and made the first charge on these two positions, they were met with so severe a fire that they were forced to retire.

There was another period of volleying and then another charge. This was also repulsed. Again and still again the same tactics were tried, and charges were made under cover of fierce volleying, but in every case the defenders were able to hold their own and force the attackers to retire. During this fighting the British lost far more heavily than the Republicans, who had the advantage of their protected positions. Eventually the British decided that they would "consolidate" the positions they then held, and wait for a more favorable time to force the rebels out of the City Hall and the newspaper offices. Instead of wasting their energies on these two points they extended their line along Dame Street towards Trinity College, and thus, as stated in the British report, drew a line between the two main bodies of the Republican Army.

Meanwhile spasmodic fighting was going on at Boland's Mill in Ringsend, where Commandant De Valera was making his position doubly strong, and at Stephen's Green, where the Republicans had been driven back from Portobello Bridge and forced to retire along Harcourt Street. At the South Dublin Union Commandant Ceannt was still holding his position, although faced by a greatly superior force of the enemy. Across on the other side of the Liffey Commandant Daly was in complete possession of the Four Courts area extending as far as Phibsboro until late in the evening, when a heavy attack was made on the barricade erected across the Cabra Road at Doyle's Corner.

This barricade may be said to have constituted the north-

erly outpost of the defenses of the city. It commanded the North Circular Road, Phibsboro Road, and the canal leading to the Broadstone Station. It occupied a position giving to the Republicans command also of Berkeley Street, which led down to O'Connell Street, and the lower end of the North Circular Road leading down to the North Wall. It made these roads impassable for the military coming from the Phœnix Park and from Cabra. It was, therefore, essential to the British that this obstacle should be removed.

Towards evening on Tuesday rain began to fall in a heavy shower, and the men back of the barricade were drenched. Worse than this, however, much of their ammunition was also affected by the rain, and was later found to be useless. While this fact did not in any material degree effect the fate of the barricade, it hastened it.

Scouts sent out along the Cabra Road as far as the railroad bridge reported, just as dusk was falling, that a large body of the military was approaching from the direction of the Park. Sharp-shooters were sent out for the purpose of holding these off as long as possible, and another volleying engagement took place. This, however, was of short duration, as the British advanced at the run, and forced the little band of half a dozen men to retire, but not until they had inflicted some losses on the enemy.

With the first approach to the barricade captured, there was a momentary pause. The men behind the barricades waited. Somewhere out there in the drenching downpour and the darkness the enemy faced them. A rifleman sent a random shot whistling into the void. Immediately the blackness was lighted by a score of red flaming points of light and a rain of bullets rattled around the barricade. One man inside toppled over, shot in the head. Then there was more darkness.

One can well imagine the tense feeling of the men inside the barricade. They knew that the enemy was in force and that the position they defended was of vital importance, even as an outpost. They felt that the military were creeping up

closer and closer to them, and that they would have soon to withstand the shock of a bayonet charge. Yet, these young and untrained soldiers stood to their posts with all the steadiness of veterans.

Less than thirty minutes after the first engagement, and when the Republicans were beginning to wonder if the British were afraid to face a fight, something happened. There was a sudden "boom" away up the Cabra road, a flame of fire, and then the shriek of a shell. A moment later the defenders of the barricade heard the explosion of shrapnel over their heads and the rattle of the flying fragments all around them.

This was something more than they had been expecting. They knew, of course, that artillery might be used against them, but they had not anticipated it at that moment. They had expected a charge from the enemy and instead they were confronted by something more deadly, something they could not fight with rifles. They could but cower behind their slender defenses to avoid the flying bullets from the bursting shells as best they might. It was obvious that the British meant to take no chances, and that they were determined to destroy the barricade as completely as possible.

One shell followed another with almost monotonous regularity. Man after man fell behind the barricade. Then one of the shells struck the barricade square in the center, blowing a great hole in it, and rendering it both useless and untenable. In addition to the wreck made of the barricade, the shrapnel burst high in the air and killed and wounded a number of people in houses near the scene of the fight.

With the blowing out of the barricade the men who were trying to defend it had to retreat. They fell back towards Blacquir Bridge and established positions on both sides of the roadway, covered by the arches of the bridge. Soon afterwards the military advanced at a run under cover of their artillery. Finding the barricade unoccupied, they halted and a messenger was dispatched to the rear. This resulted in a change in the aim of the artillery gunners, and

the shrapnel was soon bursting over the head of the bridge. Under cover of this shower of bullets the military made another rush down the North Circular Road.

With several of their men killed, it was found impossible for the defenders to hold the bridge against the swarms of military that charged down upon them. It was a case of half a score against three or four hundred. They fell back along the canal bank in the direction of the Broadstone. The clay path along the canal bank was slippery with the rain, and the lack of light combined with this to make the advance of the military all the more difficult to observe. That the Republicans were not subdued was made evident by the continued firing which marked their retreat.

Those who know the canal at this point will have no trouble in picturing to themselves the fight that took place that dismal Tuesday night. For half a mile or more the canal runs in a straight line almost due south from the Blacquir Bridge to the City Basin at the Broadstone. The only path is along the western side. Old houses look down on the sluggish water from a respectable distance from the path itself. A few straggling gardens add to the desolateness of the scene. Lamps there are none, from one end of the line to the other, for the canal at this point had long fallen into disuse, owing to the competition of the railroad. The path was unpaved, with the exception of a narrow ledge running close to and almost flush with the water.

It was along this path that the fight was in progress between the Irish Republicans and the English soldiers. Halfway along the bank fewer than a dozen men lay on the wet earth sending shot after shot into the darkness in the direction of the bridge. In reply came volley after volley and a straggling succession of single shots that every now and then would increase in intensity until the clay and the water were splashed into the air as though by a hailstorm. And all the while the rain streamed from the lowering skies in torrents.

Then, once again, came that "boom" and shriek that had

heralded the downfall of the barricade. The military had brought the guns to the bridge and the rain of shrapnel again rattled over the Republicans. Heavy artillery and a regiment of soldiers for the purpose of subduing ten men!

But there was nothing left for the Republicans to do but to retire. The shrapnel was sure to find them sooner or later, and all of them might be wiped out by one straight shot. One by one they crept over the little bridge that led into Berkeley Street and had been erected for the convenience of the parishioners of the Berkeley Street Catholic Church. As they made their escape, the white circular clouds of the bursting shrapnel shells were forming in the air over them, and bullets were cutting into the water on either side. The wind was rising, and the rain pelted down harder than ever. With half of their men lost in the fighting, the ten survivors made their way to safety. Thus ended the battle of Cabra, in which a regiment of men and a section of artillery was used to drive out twenty Republicans.

The same British force, finding the enemy routed, eventually dared an advance along the now deserted canal bank. Simultaneously another force attacked along the railroad line towards the Broadstone. So overwhelming was this force that the rebels were forced to evacuate the station, and formed their lines anew on the road below the viaduct. Here they withstood one attack after another, the power of the artillery being insufficient to drive them back.

While these events were in progress, quietness reigned in the vicinity of the General Post Office and at the other centers. There was, of course, some sniping, but the British were busily driving in their cordon and were not as yet inclined to risk a general encounter. Troops were being poured into the city on all sides and more were on the way. The British could afford to wait and take their time.

Thus Tuesday passed, and the Irish Republic was two days old. It is a strange fact that there were many in the city who seemed to know little or nothing of what was going on. One would be inclined to think that Dublin would have been

in a turmoil during those two days. Yet such was not the case. There were those who were apathetic, as there were also those who were tense with the excitement and the wonder of it all. An inkling of the other attitude may be gleaned from the words of a writer who says that he was a witness of the incidents he describes. While some of his statements must be discounted in view of the medium through which he expressed his views, they are not uninteresting, and advantage will be taken later to refer to his articles. Writing on the incidents of the rising, "M. M. O'H" remarks, in *The Freeman's Journal:*

> Women sat in the doorways, men lounged at the street corners, the children cut all sorts of capers up the side streets. Here indeed was holiday, a few hundred yards off was national tragedy, and the most sensational episode in Irish history for a century. What a queer thing a city is to be sure! . . . Dorset Street was Gardiner's Street, only more respectable and animated, but apparently as unmoved by what was going on down town. Could it be that the news had not yet reached the people? Impossible, it seemed a long long time since I had heard the glass crashing in Abbey street. That was the aspect of the city long after the rising had begun. Why should one be surprised? In Leighton's book about the Paris Commune you will find the very selfsame phenomenon noted. Utter unconcern in one street, fierce and bloody tragedy in a street close by.

But this was an aspect that was soon to be changed. With the dawn of Wednesday came events fraught with terror to Dublin, events the like of which had never before occurred in her long and tragic history; events that threw a spell of terror over the people, and aroused a tense and burning hatred that will be carried on in Ireland as long as there are Irish fathers and mothers to teach and train their children.

## CHAPTER LIV

### The Battle of Mount Street Bridge

THE Battle of Dublin may be said to have begun at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 26, 1916. What had transpired during the previous period from the declaration of the Irish Republic at noon on Monday morning were merely preliminary skirmishes. The actual engagement began on Wednesday morning.

The morning was gloriously fine, in striking contrast to the wild rainstorm of the night before. The sun shone brightly from a clear sky, and it was obvious that the day was going to be unusually warm for the time of the year in Ireland. By this time the vast majority of the inhabitants of the city were aware of what was happening, and many people were around the streets at an early hour. For hours troops had been arriving in the city, and were taking up their places in the cordon that was being woven around the rebels. In addition to the men and the artillery that were summoned to the assistance of the Empire, there also arrived the *Helga*, a naval gunboat, which pushed up the Liffey opposite the Custom House.

At seven o'clock comparative silence reigned in the city, and, therefore, it came as rather a shock when the air shook with the sudden reverberations of heavy artillery. People up on the heights around Glasnevin saw by the rings of smoke that rose into the quiet air that the firing was somewhere on the river. Soon the word was passed around that a British warship was shelling the rebels and that the city was in flames!

The *Helga* trained its guns first of all on Liberty Hall, and for over an hour the shells shrieked across Beresford Place from the center of the river. The aim of the men on

the gunboat was bad. Of all the shots fired only a very small percentage struck Liberty Hall itself; the rest either spent their fury on the street or struck the property adjoining the Headquarters of the Citizen Army. This fact is borne out not alone by the statements of actual eyewitnesses, but by photographs of the scene of the bombardment taken after the rising.

After between fifty and one hundred shells had thus been fired at Liberty Hall, the British redcoats decided to push their infantry forward. As the signal was given for the firing to cease from the *Helga*, a volley of rifle bullets hurtled across from the Custom House, and, with a ringing cheer, the British dashed forward to the assault. Across Beresford Place they swept, their bayonets flashing in the morning sunlight. Up to the old door they dashed and then to the interior of the building, which had been the bane of the police and Secret Service men of Dublin for five years. The British had at last captured the hated stronghold, and no mercy was to be shown to those inside. But there was a strange and uncanny silence within. There were no cries for mercy from captured rebels. There were no rebels to capture. Liberty Hall was empty, even to the last cartridge, and had been so all the time that the furious bombardment was in progress. Nothing remained for the victors but a ruin. Long before the rising a passage had been dug underground that enabled those inside the building to make their escape at any time that suited them without the knowledge of the enemy. While the *Helga* was wasting shells that might have been used on the Germans, the men of the Citizen Army who had remained in Liberty Hall during the night were over in the General Post Office partaking of a hearty breakfast.

A few minutes after the evacuation of Liberty Hall became known, the booming of the guns on board the *Helga* began once more. This time, however, the shells were directed against O'Connell Street. With their guns elevated, the British gunners sent shell after shell into the heart of the city, destroying houses and stores. The sound of the

firing was heard all over the city, and the people of Dublin knew that it was now a fight to a finish, and that red ruin and destruction stared the city in the face.

Apparently the fruitlessness of this kind of attack impressed itself on the minds of the military authorities, for, after a while, it ceased, but not before several buildings had been set on fire. The actual damage done in this bombardment to the positions occupied by the Republicans was of no consequence, and the firing resulted merely in wanton damage to property.

But other matters were going on at the same time. The cordon was being drawn in tighter and tighter. On the south side the British had succeeded in cutting off all communications between the General Post Office and Stephen's Green. On the north, the cordon, owing to the defeat of the rebels at Cabra, was being drawn down through Dorset Street and Gardiner Street to Parnell Street. It was obvious that this prevented any relief for the Volunteers from the north, unless reinforcements were sent in in large numbers. Without these reinforcements the Republican headquarters were faced by a wall of steel on their northern flank.

There was another episode of this day that remains to be chronicled. This is the engagement that will go down in history as the Battle of Mount Street, at once the most bloody and the most effective of all the engagements during the Revolution. More than anything else, it had the effect of impressing on the minds of the British the caliber of the men with whom they had to deal.

As has already been stated, the British military authorities were taking no risks and were pouring troops into the city as fast as they could arrive by train and transport. On Tuesday evening the 178th Infantry Brigade began to arrive at Kingstown, and, in accordance with their orders, left the port by road in two columns. This was owing to the fact that the railroad tracks had been removed by the rebels on Monday. The left column, consisting of the Fifth and Sixth battalions of the Sherwood Foresters, made their

way by the Stillorgan-Donnybrook road and the South Circular Road to the military headquarters at the Royal Hospital, where it arrived without opposition, having avoided the rebels at the South Dublin Union. The right column, consisting of the Seventh and Eighth battalions of the Sherwood Foresters, made their way by the main route through Ballsbridge, intending to pass through Merrion Square and thence to the Trinity College area.

Shortly after three o'clock, when the head of the Seventh Battalion was observed coming towards Ringsend, De Valera passed the word to his men to prepare for the assault. The rebel flag was run up over the school buildings where the rebels had entrenched themselves, and a warning shot was sent over the heads of the approaching soldiers.

The Sherwoods, however, with a firm belief in their strength, dashed forward, after sending a volley to clear the way. As they neared the junction of Haddington Road and Northumberland Avenue, they were met by a storm of hot lead. The bullets came from each side of the street; and were aimed with deadly effect. Line after line of the British was mowed down, and the entire battalion thrown into hopeless confusion. The British halted in front of the piled-up bodies of their comrades, and then they broke and fled, in spite of the curses and exhortations of their officers. In this engagement the British lost over one hundred dead and wounded, including two officers, one of whom was Adjutant-Captain Dietrichsen. Among the wounded was Lieutenant-Colonel Fane, and a large number of other officers were put out of action. It was the first smashing defeat of the British. A percentage of an entire battalion had been wiped out, and the advance on Trinity College stayed.

It was two hours before the British decided to make another advance. This time they had the assistance of bombing parties, led by Captain Jeffares, of the Bombing School at Elm Park, an officer who was ranked as one of the foremost experts in the world in this line. With considerably more caution the British now made their advance. As they

were starting on their mission, orders were received from the Royal Hospital that they were to win their way through at any cost. Thus spurred on, and after a deadly volleying and under cover of the bombs and rifle fire, the Foresters made their charge. It was evident that they were smarting from the defeat and the disgrace of the engagement two hours before, and were determined to wipe out both. They came on at the double, cheering as they charged, and made their way right up to the end of the bridge head. But a hail of bullets again met them. From every side, in spite of the bombs and counter-volleying, the Republicans poured lead into the ranks of the advancing English. It was hot and bloody work; it was war in real and actual earnest. Wave after wave of men dashed at the bridge head, and wave after wave of men was swept out of existence. A wall of dead and dying was piled up and formed an additional barricade, and it became the horrid work of the bombing parties to blast their way through this wall of mangled flesh and bone to get to the Republicans. Before this was accomplished, many hundreds of the British had perished, and the Seventh Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters was practically exterminated.

It was only after six hours of the bloodiest and most desperate fighting that the British, who had suffered enormous losses in killed and wounded, were able to drive the Irish from their positions. This they did with the aid of bombs and machine guns, but here again they found that a passage had been constructed underground, and that the rebels had escaped. All they found, when they at length broke through and into the positions held by the Republicans, were half a dozen wounded men. The actual losses to the Irish were insignificant, and were scarcely in the proportion of one to a hundred of the enemy, of whom it was calculated that well over fifty per cent fell during the several hours of the repeated assaults. So severe were the losses that, in spite of the fact that the rebel positions had been evacuated, the remnant of the Seventh and Eighth bat-

talions of the Foresters did not dare to push on to Trinity that night, notwithstanding the positive orders they had received. They waited till close on midnight when they were reinforced by the arrival of the South Staffordshire Regiment. The new arrivals occupied the positions that the Foresters had won, and thus allowed the weary remnant of the Seventh and Eighth battalions to retire.

The following is the official British account of the battle, written by General Maxwell. In his report he has made more than one misstatement, and has also ridiculously underestimated the number of the British casualties:

> At about 5:30 P.M. orders were received (by the officers at Mount Street) that *the advance to Trinity College was to be pushed forward at all costs*, and therefore at about eight 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, carrying all before them, but, I regret to say, suffered severe casualties in doing so.
>
> Four officers were killed, 14 were wounded, and of other ranks 216 were killed and wounded.
>
> In views of the opposition met with, *it was not deemed 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.

Before midnight the entire city was ringing with the exploit of the Republican forces. This victory instilled new confidence in the people, and at the same time had the effect of bringing to the British a realization of the task to which they had set themselves.

That night, as the immense crowds gathered far outside the military cordon that surrounded O'Connell Street, they saw an angry red glare in the sky over the city. It was the reflection of the fires that were eating into the very vitals of the city.

## CHAPTER LV

### The High Flame of Courage

THAT night Dublin burned. Dense clouds of thick smoke, vivid sheets of red and scarlet flame, showed where the Irish Republic was being born in fire and blood. And through the smoke and flame was heard the dull boom of the artillery, the rattle of the machine guns, and the spitting of the rifles. Guns were booming from the south side of the Liffey, from the gunboat *Helga*, and from Trinity College. The battle of Dublin was in full swing. O'Connell Street was an inferno. With buildings blazing on each side of the street and heavy smoke rolling above, with bullets zipping from the pavement like hail, death stalked abroad and commanded every inch of this section. It is difficult to depict the actual conditions that prevailed in Dublin that Wednesday night and the two nights that followed. Those who have witnessed big conflagrations can gain some impression of the picture by imagining what a fire taking in whole blocks must have looked like. "M. M. O'H," the writer in *The Freeman's Journal*, who witnessed the fires from a respectful distance, describes them as follows:

> The memory of the great fires will probably be as long as any of the memories of the week. Night after night we stood out in the suburbs looking towards the city — the doomed city, as we all thought. The awful red glare fixed and held one's eyes. It was impossible to look away. Vast surly masses of smoke went up and after them sprang the flames, and then the whole sky got bloody and the red spread in circles until another gust of smoke belched up, to be followed by another sickening glare of fire. Then a huge red blotch settled over some post, and we speculated whether it was this street or that, this place or another. First the seething was on the east, then to the west, now distant, then near, until finally all specu-

lation ceased, for the whole city was like a horrid cauldron, glowing with a deep deep red. Will it never stop? The whole town will be burned up. How it spreads! That's O'Connell Street, and that's King's Inns for certain. The whole heart of Dublin is afire. Nothing can stop it. The slums will go like matchwood. Thousands will be burned to death. Awful hours these were, and ever and always the crack of the rifle as some sniper kept at his deadly task, heedless of the havoc that enveloped the poor helpless city.

Through the long hours of the night the gallant men and women of the Republic fought against enormous odds, and held their own. Through the fire and the shot and shell, through the blazing streets and the air that burned with the flying bullets, they never wavered. As the hours wore on toilfully and dreadfully towards the dawn of the fourth day of the Republic, the intensity of the battle increased. All over the city it was the same. At the South Dublin Union, at Boland's Mills, at the Four Courts, at a hundred and one minor points that the Republicans had captured, the shot and shell was poured in from thousands of weapons. But it was in the O'Connell Street area that the fighting was fiercest, the firing heaviest, and the fires the most appalling. The British had drawn their cordon to cover both ends of the street, with the result that a cross fire of bullets from rifles and machine guns whistled incessantly through the broad expanse of that thoroughfare. It was during this period and from this time to the end of the fighting that some of the most remarkable feats of courage of the Revolution took place.

The women, and especially those of the *Cumann na mBan* were on active service with the men. They acted as nurses, and in this capacity went fearlessly into the firing line in the discharge of their duty. They acted as messengers, and showed an entire disregard of danger. They acted as assistants to the men on the firing line, filling their rifles for them and carrying ammunition from one point to another. They acted as soldiers, taking their places in the firing line by the side of the men, firing with wonderfully good aim,

and acting with the same cool courage that characterized their every action.

Men who were in the actual fighting, who took part in the defense of the Post Office, and who afterwards escaped to the United States, bear eloquent testimony of the part played by the women. They were young women and old women, mere slips of girls and mothers with sons and daughters, but all played the same noble part. Few of their names are yet known, but it may safely be assumed that every one of the women prisoners who later were sent into exile were among the number of those who fought for Ireland. There were women, too, who died for Ireland during Easter week, women who were shot on the firing line, girls who were killed while taking messages from one point to another, and in more instances than one, as will later be shown, Irish women who were shot dead by the gallant British under circumstances that would have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of a savage.

There is on record, and it is mentioned as merely one instance out of many, the feat accomplished by a girl on this fateful Thursday. One of the *Cumann na mBan* messengers, a young girl, was detailed to take a message from Boland's Mills to the Post Office. She managed to get over the Butt Bridge in safety and then made her way into Abbey Street past Liberty Hall. At this point she was halted by a British officer, but broke away from him and ran towards O'Connell Street. Immediately the officer ordered his men to fire a volley after her, but she escaped. In O'Connell Street the bullets swept the roadway and the sidewalks, and it seemed impossible for even a cat to cross the street alive. But this dauntless girl crossed in safety and delivered her message.

In this connection it will not be out of place to quote a statement sent to the American Newspapers by the London Central News Association, more particularly as it gives honor to the priests of Dublin who were in the city during the rising. On their mission of mercy, they faced every danger and went into the thick of the fighting. The story

is that of a Red Cross nurse who was an eyewitness of the events she describes and was passed by the British censor:

The Irish Rebellion is remarkable for one fact not, so far, recognized in England — namely, the very prominent part taken in it by Irish women and girls.

On Easter Sunday, which was the day first appointed for the Irish Volunteer maneuvers, and for which all the men were mobilized, the women in the movement were also mobilized and ordered to bring rations for a certain period. It was only at the last moment, and for sufficiently dramatic reasons, that the mobilization of both men and women was canceled. These Irishwomen, who did their work with a cool and reckless courage, unsurpassed by any man, were in the firing line from the first to the last day of the Rebellion. They were women of all ranks, from titled ladies to shop assistants, and they worked on terms of easy equality, caring nothing apparently but for the success of the movement.

Many of the women were snipers, and both in the Post Office and in the Imperial Hotel the present writer, who was a Red Cross nurse, saw women on guard with rifles, relieving worn out Volunteers.

*Cumann na mBan* girls did practically all the dispatch carrying; some of them were killed, but none of them returned unsuccessful. That was a point of honor with them — to succeed or be killed. On one occasion in O'Connell Street I heard a Volunteer captain call for volunteers to take a dispatch to Commandant James Connolly, under heavy machine-gun fire. Every man and woman present sprang forward, and he chose a young Dublin woman, a well-known writer, whose relations hold big Crown appointments, and whom I had last seen dancing with an aide-de-camp at a famous Dublin ball. This girl had taken an extraordinarily daring part in the insurrection. She shook hands now with her commander and stepped coolly out amid a perfect cross-rain of bullets from Trinity College and from the Rotunda side of O'Connell Street. She reached the Post Office in safety, and I saw Count Plunkett's son, who was the officer on guard, and who has since been shot, come to the front door of the Post Office and wish her good luck as he shook hands with her before she made her reckless dash to take Connolly's dispatch back to their own headquarters.

This was only one instance, but typical of a hundred that I saw of the part played by women during the fighting week. They did

Red Cross work — I saw them going out under the deadliest fire to bring in wounded Volunteers — they cooked, catered, and brought in supplies; they took food to men under fire at barricades; they visited every Volunteer's home to tell his people of his progress. I never imagined that such an organization of determined fighting women could exist in the British Isles. These women could throw hand grenades, they understood tne use of bombs — in fact they seemed to understand as much of the business of warfare as their men. . . .

Another feature of the fighting little commented on was the extraordinary impression made on the Volunteers by the presence of their priests, who rushed to the buildings held by the Volunteers under the heaviest fire. It was no unusual sight to see a body of bareheaded Volunteers, with the *Cumann na mBan* girls by their sides, their rifles in their hands, kneeling in the firing line while their priest gave them the last battle-freed absolution of the Roman Catholic Church.

Ambulance and first-aid work was carried out under extraordinary difficulties during the rising. During the worst fighting days the rescue of the wounded could only be effected at the risk of the rescuers' lives. On Easter Wednesday the hospitals refused to send out more ambulances, and many wounded and dead lay in the streets for days unattended. On Saturday the body of a man killed on Tuesday still lay in Marlborough Street.

The writer in the *Freeman's Journal* thus gives some first-hand impressions of the events of Thursday:

By Thursday the military cordon was complete and the fighting within it was practically at close quarters, for rival snipers were potting at one another from all over the city, apart from the attack and defense of the strongholds held by the main bodies of the insurgents, whose original muster of eight hundred had considerably increased. The air was alive with vicious sounds. One could distinguish the service ammunition from the ammunition used by the insurgents, and people got so used to the difference that it was no unusual thing to hear it said "That's the rebels," "That's the military" as volley answered volley. But no one could now go next or near the struggle except at imminent danger to his life. So viciously did the fighting sound that no one without the cordon displayed the slightest desire to get inside. But once again, like the

moth to the candle, I wanted to get closer to the trouble. So making a detour with a friend, this time towards Kingsbridge, I found that it was possible about three o'clock in the day to get down towards Prussia Street and Stoneybatter. The same again! Just as we were getting into town, a sudden boom brought us to a standstill. And then such rifle firing as had not yet been heard. I have never heard such a fearful racket. Boom again. Again fierce rifle firing, with what seemed to me to be sheer desperation in it. Boom again. Again a frightening fusillade. Boom again. Again volley upon volley. Pandemonium was loose in Stoneybatter and along the quays. My friend and myself were pinned to the ground. Another few minutes and, unless something or someone had stopped us, we would have been in the center of it. It must have been a bitter battle, but we were content to stand and listen until, as suddenly as it began, silence absolute and complete brought us to our senses. I don't know which was the more startling — the sudden boom or the sudden silence. By this time the military had got down to Frederick Street and Rutland Square and were raking O'Connell Street from the north, while their comrades at the other end of the Liffey were raking it from the south. . . . Needless to say the great thoroughfare, raked up and down and commanded by troops in Amiens Street as well, was a place where it might well be imagined no human being could live. A dead horse lay near Nelson's Pillar since Monday. The block of buildings at the north corner of Earl Street was on fire since Tuesday. Now a hurricane of lead swept the street from end to end. Military snipers, too, were on vantage points around. I had spoken to a man who went through the street lying on the floor of an ambulance, while the relentless rain of bullets was pouring in. He could only give to it the old weather-beaten description of "Hell." "It was hell," he said; "the bullets were hopping everywhere. It was one continuous whizz." A poor fellow, who must have crept out of some cellar and who was evidently under the influence of drink, came into this inferno waving his hat, and proclaiming that he was a Dublin Fusilier. He was riddled. The Imperial Hotel as well as the General Post Office was defended by the Insurgents. It became necessary to send food across to the hotel. A volunteer was forthcoming. He slung the bag of food across his shoulder and started across the street. Through air alive with hot lead, over pavements from which the bullets hopped like hailstones, he shot over the broad street. Not a hair

of his head was injured. The story should erase the word "despair" from the dictionary.

The intensity of the firing at Stoneybatter referred to in the above quotation was part of one of the most brilliant features of the rebellion. It was in this district and almost in a direct line with the Four Courts that the Linen Hall Barracks was situated. Shortly after two o'clock on Thursday the rebels decided to make an attack on this fortress, from which a deadly sniping was being kept up. A body of Republicans was made up, led by Edward Daly himself, and, comprising less than one hundred men, started out at three o'clock. On their march they met a detachment of the British on their way to the barracks. The enemy had two machine guns with them, and at once opened fire on the Republicans. This was not returned to any extent, as Daly led his men to the charge without a second's hesitation and rushed the British, capturing the guns and a quantity of ammunition.

The attack on the barracks was then commenced. The defenders of the barracks were well supplied with rifles and ammunition, and had also two pieces of artillery, of which they made the utmost use. They had one machine gun and the battle lasted for close on an hour, at the end of which time the lower portion of the building caught fire. This was extinguished by the defenders, but the Irish charged at the same moment and scaled the walls. During a fierce hand to hand fight the fire broke out anew. The rebels captured important stores after they had subdued the defenders, but they were unable to cope with the fire. The barracks were burned to the ground, leaving only the bare walls standing. Thus at least one of these strongholds of the aliens was destroyed during Easter Week.

Thursday came to a close with the fires still burning and the bullets flying thicker than ever. During the day further British troops arrived on the scene to reinforce the enemy. The panic of the British was increasing rather than decreas-

ing. The most alarming rumors were in circulation throughout the city of disasters to British troops in other parts of the country, of German landings and of landings of Irish from America. And it was while these stories were being passed from one soldier to another that the news began to leak out of one of the most dastardly murders that have ever stained the long and bloody record of the British in Ireland.

## CHAPTER LVI

### The Murder of Sheehy-Skeffington

IT was the writer's privilege to know Francis Sheehy-Skeffington as an intimate friend, to obtain a close knowledge both of his views and his ideals during a lengthy residence in Dublin, and to learn from him a great deal concerning actual conditions in Ireland, during the visit he paid to America after he had been imprisoned by the English for his pacifist views.

He was a man of simple tastes, with sincere motives and divine courage. He feared neither the scorn of his enemies nor the criticism of his friends. When he had made up his mind, after due consideration, that any particular course of action was the right one, he would follow out that line of action to the end. He was of abundant energy and the keenest intellect. He held an enduring place in the hearts of those who knew him. His quick and ready sympathy were ever on the side of the weaker or the oppressed, and he spared no effort to assist them to the best of his power.

He was not a Sinn Feiner, nor was he associated in any way with the physical force movement. He did not believe in physical force even as a means of gaining the independence of Ireland. He was a believer in peaceful propaganda, carried on by constitutional means. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he started to organize a volunteer police force to protect the citizens of Dublin. It was while he was carrying on this work that he met his tragic fate.

On the second day of the Rebellion, he had already made some progress with his work. During that day he was arrested by the military authorities and the following day, together with two other men, he was taken out in Portobello Barracks yard and shot. His death was not instan-

taneous. He crawled around the yard in a dying condition for thirty minutes after the volley had been fired, a fact that the British have tried to suppress. A second and then a third volley was fired into his body, thus ending his life.

His murderer, Captain Bowen-Colthurst, tried to forge documents to show that Skeffington was implicated in the rising and was one of the ringleaders. He grossly insulted and lied to Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, when the widow, who did not then know of the death of her husband, made inquiries as to his whereabouts. After a farcical court-martial, this man was adjudged guilty but insane, and sentenced to be confined in a criminal lunatic asylum "during His Majesty's pleasure." He was subsequently released. The outcry made by Mrs. Skeffington and by the Irish in America forced the British to appoint, several months after the murder, a commission of inquiry.

Lest anyone doubt the authenticity of the facts set forth, the members of the Commission, appointed by the English Government, will be allowed to tell the whole gruesome tale in their own official report. This document, one of the most amazing in the history of any country, follows:

> It was conceded on all hands before us that Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington had no connection with the Rebellion; his views were opposed to the use of physical force; and it appears that he had been engaged that afternoon in making some public appeal to prevent looting and the like. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington gave evidence of this fact, and her evidence is confirmed by a document which was found on him when he was searched and which contained a form of membership of a proposed civic organization to check looting. As he approached Portobello Bridge he was followed by a crowd, some of the members of which were shouting out his name.
>
> It was about dusk, and the disturbance had now continued for some thirty hours. A young officer named Lieutenant M. C. Morris, who was attached to the 3d Battalion of the Royal Irish Rifles at Portobello Barracks, had taken up duty an hour before in command of a picket at Portobello Bridge, occupying premises at the corner known as Davy's public house. His orders were to do his utmost to avoid conflict but to keep the roadway clear as far as possible.

Lieutenant Morris heard people in the street shouting out Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington's name, and he determined to detain him and send him to the barracks. Lieutenant Morris did not himself leave his post for many hours afterwards. He sent Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington under an escort of two men to the barracks.

Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington was searched by Captain Bowen-Colthurst. This gentleman was an officer of sixteen years' service. He belonged to the Royal Irish Rifles, and had considerable experience of warfare. He had been with his battalion of the regiment at the front when he was seriously wounded and invalided home. At the time of the Dublin disturbances he was attached to the 3d Battalion at Portobello Barracks. Having searched Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, Captain Bowen-Colthurst about 9 o'clock handed over to the Adjutant what he had found upon him. The Adjutant made copies of these documents and produced them before us; they were few in number, and none of them had anything to do with the disturbances save the document already referred to, which was a draft form of membership for a civic guard. There was nothing of an incriminatory nature found on Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington. When we come to deal with the cases of Mr. Dickson and Mr. McIntyre it will again be seen that nothing of consequence was found upon them, and *the absence of compromising documents in all three cases is, in the light of a report subsequently made by Captain Bowen-Colthurst, a fact of considerable importance.*

Later, on the same evening, Captain Bowen-Colthurst went out of the barracks in command of a party under orders to enter and occupy premises at the corner of Camden Street and Harrington Street, occupied by Mr. James Kelly for the purposes of his tobacco business. Mr. Kelly is an Alderman of the City and a Justice of the Peace, and had recently held the office of High Sheriff of the City. There is no question that the suspicion entertained against Mr. Kelly's loyalty was due to a misunderstanding, and that Mr. Kelly was, in fact, quite innocent of any connection with the outbreak. Mr. Kelly's premises are some 300 yards on the city side of Portobello Bridge, and the route for Captain Bowen-Colthurst's party therefore lay from the main gate of the barracks along the lane leading into the Rathmines Road, and then along the Rathmines Road over Portobello Bridge past Davy's public house.

Captain Bowen-Colthurst adopted the extraordinary, and indeed almost meaningless, course of taking Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington with

him as a "hostage." He had no right to take Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington out of the custody of the guard for this or any other purpose, and he asked no one's leave to do so. Captain Bowen-Colthurst's party consisted of a junior officer (Second Lieutenant Leslie Wilson) and about forty men. Before they left the barracks Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington's hands were tied behind his back, and Captain Bowen-Colthurst called upon him to say his prayers. Upon Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington refusing to do so, Captain Bowen-Colthurst ordered the men of his party to take their hats off and himself uttered a prayer, the words of it, according to Lieutenant Wilson's evidence being: "O Lord God, if it shall please Thee to take away the life of this man, forgive him for Christ's sake."

The party proceeded from the main gate of the barracks to the turning into the Rathmines Road, where a shooting incident occurred which we thought it right to investigate, since Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington was present and since it was suggested (though not proved) that it might have led to some protest on his part, or might have had some bearing upon his subsequent treatment. We find it impossible to reconcile all the testimony given on this matter, but it was established that a youth named Coade with a friend named Laurence Byrne were in the Rathmines Road when Captain Bowen-Colthurst's party came by. Captain Bowen-Colthurst asked what business they had to be in the road at that hour, and warned them that martial law had been proclaimed. The evidence as to what next happened is not consistent, but there is no suggestion that either of the yovng men showed any violence, and it was clearly established before us that Captain Bowen-Colthurst shot young Coade, who fell mortally wounded and was subsequently taken by an ambulance to the hospital in the barracks. Lieutenant Leslie Wilson testified that Captain Bowen-Colthurst fired with a rifle, but two civilian witnesses — whose good faith there is no reason to doubt — asserted positively that they saw Captain Bowen-Colthurst (whose identity was unmistakable, since he was a man of exceptional stature) brandish and fire a revolver. There was admittedly other firing as Captain Bowen-Colthurst's party marched down the road, which Lieutenant Leslie Wilson told us was for the purpose of securing that people at the windows should keep indoors. *The evidence of the different witnesses can only be reconciled by inferring that more than one case of shooting occurred during the progress of Captain Bowen-Colthurst's party.*

On reaching Portobello Bridge Captain Bowen-Colthurst divided

his party into two, and left half of it in the charge of Lieutenant Leslie Wilson, while going forward with the rest to attack Alderman Kelley's shop; he also left Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington at the bridge, giving Lieutenant Leslie Wilson orders that, if he (Captain Bowen-Colthurst) and his men were "knocked out," Lieutenant Leslie Wilson was to take command, and if they were fired upon, Lieutenant Wilson was to shoot Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington.

The advance party then went on its way and was absent about twenty minutes; they threw a bomb into Alderman Kelly's shop and met with no resistance there. Alderman Kelly was absent; Mr. McIntyre, who was a friend of Alderman Kelly, had been on the premises some time, and Mr. Dickson, who lived close by, took refuge there when he heard the soldiers firing as they approached. Miss Kelly, who is a sister of Alderman Kelly, gave us a detailed account of the raid on her brother's premises; it is evident from her account that Captain Bowen-Colthurst was in a state of great excitement. Dickson and McIntyre, together with two other men who were shortly afterwards released, were taken into custody, and Captain Bowen-Colthurst returned to barracks with them, picking up Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington and the other section of his party on the way.

Mr. Dickson and Mr. McIntyre were searched, but nothing material was found on them. They spent the night in the detention room along with some other civilians. Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, as being of a superior social position, was put into a separate cell, and was made as comfortable as possible.

Mr. Dickson was the editor of a paper called *The Eye-opener*, and Mr. McIntyre was the editor of another paper known as *The Searchlight*. So far as there was any evidence on the point before us, it appears that the only reason for arresting either of these men was the circumstance that they were found on Alderman Kelly's premises and, as we have already stated, the suspicion entertained against this gentleman was without foundation. Mr. Dickson was a Scotchman, and deformed. Neither he nor Mr. McIntyre had any connection with the Sinn Fein movement.

Shortly after 10 A.M. the following morning Captain Bowen-Colthurst came to the guard room. He appears on his first arrival to have entirely ignored Lieutenant Dobbin, who was standing in the barrack square near to the guard room entrance, and having passed into the guard room itself to have given his orders direct to the sergeant. These orders were to the effect that he required the three prisoners,

Skeffington, Dickson, and McIntyre, in the yard for the purpose of speaking to them. The yard in question is within the guard room block of buildings, being reached by a short passage from the guard room. It comprises a space less than 40 feet in length and some 15 feet in width, and is surrounded by a high brick wall.

During the few moments that were occupied by the calling out of the three prisoners, Captain Bowen-Colthurst stepped out of the guard room to the spot where Lieutenant Dobbin was still standing, and informed that officer that he was taking the three prisoners out for the purpose of shooting them, as he thought "it was the best thing to do."

When Captain Bowen-Colthurst returned into the guard room after his brief statement to Lieutenant Dobbin, he ordered some of the guards, with their rifles, out into the yard, where the three prisoners had preceded them. All the men on duty had their magazines already filled, and seven of the guard, who appear to have been merely those that happened at the moment to be nearest the yard passage, accompanied by Sergeant Aldridge, followed Captain Bowen-Colthurst out into the yard. What then occurred took place so rapidly that we have little doubt that none of the three victims realized that they were about to meet their death. We are confirmed in this view by the fact that all the witnesses, including civilian prisoners in the detention room, to whom everything that took place in the yard was audible, agree in stating that no sound was uttered by any of the three.

While the soldiers were entering the yard Captain Bowen-Colthurst ordered the three prisoners to walk to the wall at the other end, a distance, as we have stated, of only a few yards. As they were doing this the seven soldiers, entering the yard, fell into line along the wall adjoining the entrance, and immediately received from Captain Colthurst the order to fire upon the three prisoners who had then just turned to face them. All three fell as a result of the volley. Captain Bowen-Colthurst left the yard, and the firing party began to file out.

Immediately upon hearing the volley, Lieutenant Dobbin (who was engaged in receiving the Adjutant's message outside) hastened through the guard room and entered the yard. On looking at the bodies he saw a movement in one of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington's legs which gave him the impression that life was not yet extinct, and he exclaimed to Sergeant Aldridge, who was still in the yard, "Sergeant,

that man is not dead." It is Sergeant Aldridge's impression (and we are inclined to accept the evidence of this witness, who was both experienced and candid) that death had, nevertheless, been instantaneous in all three cases, and that what Lieutenant Dobbin saw was a muscular contraction of the unfortunate gentleman's limb. As a result, however, of what he saw, Lieutenant Dobbin dispatched one of the other officers of the guard, Lieutenant Tooley, in the orderly room to report and obtain instructions. At, or in the neighborhood of, the orderly room, Lieutenant Tooley met Captain Bowen-Colthurst, and received from him the order to "fire again." Lieutenant Tooley returned with this message, and thereupon four soldiers (not all members of the first firing party) were ordered into the yard by Lieutenant Dobbin, and upon his directions fired a second volley into the body of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington.

Not long after the shooting had taken place, and before 10.30 A.M., Captain Bowen-Colthurst reported verbally to the Adjutant at the orderly room that he had shot Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington and the editors of the *Eye-opener* and the *Searchlight*. Either then or later he gave as his reason for so doing the fear that they would escape or might be rescued by armed force. *There was no foundation whatever for any apprehension as to the escape of these prisoners, and no sane person who honestly entertained such a possibility as a rescue would have seen in it any ground for distinction between these three prisoners and the other detained persons.* At or about the same time, Captain Bowen-Colthurst verbally reported his action to Major Rosborough, adding that he had shot the three prisoners on his own responsibility and that he possibly might be hanged for it. Major Rosborough told him to make his report in writing, and instructed the Adjutant to report the matter to the Garrison Adjutant at Dublin Castle.

The disturbances continued throughout the week, and on Friday (April 28th) Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, who had last seen her husband in Westmoreland Street on the previous Tuesday afternoon, was still without definite information as to what had happened to him. As a result of alarming rumors about him which reached her from various sources, her two sisters, Mrs. Culhane, and Mrs. Kettle, on the morning of Friday went to the police station at Rathmines to make inquiries. The police had no information to give, but suggested that the two ladies might inquire at Portobello Barracks, where they accordingly went.

Mrs. Kettle and her sister arrived at the barracks at about 1 P.M., and after some slight delay were admitted past the first and second gates. A junior officer, Lieutenant Beattie, came up to inquire as to their business. Mrs. Kettle and her sister thought it well to commence their inquiries by asking in the first place as to their brother, Lieutenant Sheehy. To this they received a courteous reply. They then asked as to their brother-in-law, Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, whereupon the young officer with whom they were conversing betrayed some confusion, asked them to excuse him, and went away to consult with some other officer. On returning, he informed the two ladies that he regretted that he would have to place them under arrest, giving as his reason that they were Sinn Feiners and had been seen speaking to Sinn Feiners. Mrs. Kettle and her sister pointed out the absurdity of the allegation and referred to the position of Lieutenant Kettle and of the late Mr. Culhane; they were, however, placed in charge of some soldiers and marched across the barrack square to the orderly room, outside which they remained standing, surrounded by soldiers, while a consultation of officers appears to have taken place within. After some minutes Captain Bowen-Colthurst emerged from the guard room and questioned them. They repeated their inquiries as to Lieutenant Sheehy and as to Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington. Captain Colthurst, in reply to the latter inquiry, said: "I know nothing whatever about Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington." Mrs. Culhane referred to some of the rumors which had reached them, and Lieutenant Beattie, who was the only other officer actually present at this interview, made some remark to Captain Bowen-Colthurst in an undertone. Captain Bowen-Colthurst then said: "I have no information concerning Mr. Skeffington that is available, and the sooner you leave the barracks the better." There was then an order given to have the ladies conducted back, and, by Captain Bowen-Colthurst's direction, they were forbidden to speak to one another. The guard was dismissed at the gate, and the two ladies were conducted to the tramway line by Lieutenant Beattie.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, after receiving her sister's report of what had just taken place in the barracks, Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington got into touch with the father of the young man Coade, to whose death we have referred. Father O'Loughlin, the chaplain of the barracks, whom we have already mentioned, knew young Coade as a member of the religious sodality of which he

(Father O'Loughlin) was spiritual director, and at a meeting of which Coade had been present on the night he met his death. The father of Coade was informed of his son's fate by Father O'Loughlin, and was permitted to visit the dead body in the mortuary at the barracks. Here the unfortunate man saw the body of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington laid out beside that of his son, a fact which on Friday afternoon he communicated to Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, on Mr. Coade's suggestion, at once sought out Father O'Loughlin and besought him for particulars as to her husband. She was told that he was dead and already buried.

At 7 P.M. on this same Friday evening Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington was putting her little son, aged seven, to bed, when a body of soldiers from Portobello barracks headed by Captain Bowen-Colthurst and Colonel Allen (an officer of advanced years who had returned to service after the outbreak of the war and who was killed during the later stages of the Rebellion) arrived at the house. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington was alone in the house save for her boy and a young maid-servant. Before any attempt was made to obtain an entrance into the house, a volley was fired through the windows. A body of soldiers with fixed bayonets under Captain Bowen-Colthurst then burst in through the front door. No request for the door to be opened was made, nor was any time given to those in the house to open it. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington and her boy had bayonets pointed at them and were ordered to hold their hands above their heads. They were then, by orders of Captain Bowen-Colthurst, placed in the front room together with the maid-servant, and kept guarded while the house was searched. All the rooms in the house were thoroughly ransacked, and a considerable quantity of books and papers were wrapped up in the household linen, placed in a passing motor car, and taken away. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington has been herself a teacher of foreign languages, while Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington was at the time the editor of a paper known as *The Irish Citizen*, and a large part of the material removed seems to have consisted of text-books both in German and other languages as well as political papers and pamphlets belonging to Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington. The search lasted until a quarter-past ten, when the soldiers departed; Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, together with her boy and maid-servant, remained under arrest up to that hour.

As a result of a communication to the military authorities in London, made by Major Sir Francis Vane (one of many officers who

had reported at Portobello Barracks at the commencement of the outbreak), Captain Bowen-Colthurst was placed under "open" arrest upon May 6th, and subsequently on May 11th under "close" arrest. Major Sir Francis Vane was not an officer of the regiment stationed at the barracks, and had no responsibility for any of the events we have described. On the 6th and 7th of June, Captain Bowen-Colthurst was tried by court-martial in Dublin for the murder of the three men and was found guilty but insane.

## CHAPTER LVII

### Hoping Against Hope

ON Friday close on 60,000 British soldiers were fighting in Dublin against 1100 Irish. The cordon had coiled itself in ever narrower folds around the men of the Republic, whose flag, however, was still flying defiantly over the General Post Office, Boland's Mills, the South Dublin Union, the Four Courts, and elsewhere. The main strength of the British was concentrated on O'Connell Street, which was by this time a raging inferno of fire and shot. Scores of blocks of the buildings in the neighborhood of the Post Office were blazing, and shells were continuously dropping on the Post Office itself.

It was by this time evident that only one thing could save the Republic. Even at this late hour, after the men of Dublin had held out against enormous odds for five days, if the men of the country had risen there would have been still a big chance of victory. This was the one hope that animated the leaders. Early that morning Commandant Connolly prepared and issued a statement, which, owing to the fact that Connolly was seriously wounded in the thigh, was read to the men in the Post Office by The O'Rahilly. This is the document:

"Army of the Irish Republic
(Dublin Command)
Headquarters, April 28, 1916.

To Soldiers:

This is the fifth day of the establishment of the Irish Republic, and the flag of our country still floats from the most important buildings in Dublin, and is gallantly protected by the Irish officers and soldiers in arms throughout the country. Not a day passes without seeing fresh postings of Irish soldiers eager to do battle for the old cause. Despite the utmost vigilance of the enemy, we have been

able to get information, telling us how the manhood of Ireland, inspired by our splendid action, are gathering to offer up their lives if necessary in the same holy cause. We are here hemmed in, because the enemy feels that in this building is to be found the heart and inspiration of our great movement.

Let us remind you what you have done. For the first time in 700 years the flag of a free Ireland floats triumphantly in Dublin City.

The British Army, whose exploits we are forever having dinned into our ears, which boasts of having stormed the Dardanelles and the German lines on the Marne, behind their artillery and machine guns are afraid to advance to the attack or storm any positions held by our forces. The slaughter they suffered in the first few days has totally unnerved them, and they dare not attempt again an infantry attack on our positions.

Our Commandants around us are holding their own.

Commandant Daly's splendid exploit in capturing Linen Hall Barracks we all know. You must know also that the whole population, both clergy and laity, of this district are united in his praises. Commandant MacDonagh is established in an impregnable position reaching from the walls of Dublin Castle to Redmond's Hill, and from Bishop Street to Stephen's Green.

In Stephen's Green, Commandant —— holds the College of Surgeons, one side of the square, a portion of the other side, and dominates the whole Green and all its entrances and exits.

Commandant De Valera stretches in a position from the Gas Works to Westland Row, holding Boland's Bakery, Boland's Mills, Dublin Southeastern Railway Works, and dominating Merrion Square.

Commandant Kent holds the South Dublin Union and Guinness's Buildings to Marrowbone Lane, and controls James's Street and district.

On two occasions the enemy effected a lodgment and were driven out with great loss.

The men of North County Dublin are in the field, have occupied all the Police Barracks in the district, destroyed all the telegraph system on the Great Northern Railway up to Dundalk, and are operating against the trains of the Midland Great Western.

Dundalk has sent 200 men to march upon Dublin, and in the other parts of the North our forces are active and growing.

In Galway Captain ——, fresh after his escape from an Irish prison, is in the field with his men. Wexford and Wicklow are strong, and Cork and Kerry are equally acquitting themselves creditably. We have every confidence that our Allies in Germany and kinsmen in America are straining every nerve to hasten matters on our behalf.

As you know, I was wounded twice yesterday and am unable to move about, but have got my bed moved into the firing line, and, with the assistance of your officers, will be just as useful to you as ever.

Courage, boys, we are winning, and in the hour of our victory let us not forget the splendid women who have everywhere stood by us and cheered us on. Never had man or woman a grander cause, never was a cause more grandly served.

(*Signed*) JAMES CONNOLLY,
*Commandant-General,*
*Dublin Division.*

Yet, in spite of these brave words, the leaders recognized they had accomplished all that could be hoped for at that time, and that they themselves were doomed to pay the penalty for the love of their country. The British had succeeded in cutting the communications, and had thus rendered it impossible for one section to know what the other was doing. Furthermore, ammunition was running short, and they were surrounded by an enemy equipped with every engine of destruction that modern military science had been able to construct: an enemy that outnumbered them fifty or sixty to one. Even the most optimistic could not but know that the end was at hand.

At the same time, they knew that they had effected the one great object which they had set out to attain. They had saved the soul of Ireland from the pollution of inaction, from the shame and degradation of sitting with hands folded while weapons were being taken and a country and people left defenseless. This was the spirit and the knowledge that buoyed them up during these last hours while they still fought on, hoping against hope that the rest of the country would come to their relief at the last minute, hoping and

fighting when there was no hope and when the means of fighting were dwindling with every shot that was fired.

At 9.30 of Friday morning President Pearse signed the last proclamation previous to the document of surrender. It is a document that will be treasured as long as there is an Irish man or woman who loves his native land. It reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC, GENERAL POST OFFICE, DUBLIN

28th April, 1916, 9:30 A.M.

The Forces of the Irish Republic, which was proclaimed in Dublin on Easter Monday, 24th April, have been in possession of the central part of the capital since 12 noon on that day. Up to yesterday afternoon Headquarters was in touch with all the main outlying positions, and, despite furious and almost continuous assaults by the British Forces, all those positions were then still being held, and the commandants in charge were confident of their ability to hold them for a long time.

During the course of yesterday afternoon and evening the enemy succeeded in cutting our communications with our other positions in the city, and Headquarters is to-day isolated.

The enemy has burnt down whole blocks of houses, apparently with the object of giving themselves a clear field for the play of artillery and field guns against us. We have been bombarded during the evening and night by shrapnel and machine-gun fire, but without material damage to our position, which is of great strength.

We are busy completing arrangements for the final defense of Headquarters, and are determined to hold it while the buildings last.

I desire now, lest I may not have an opportunity later, to pay homage to the gallantry of the soldiers of Irish Freedom, who have, during the past four days, been writing with fire and steel the most glorious chapter in the later history of Ireland. Justice can never be done to their heroism, to their discipline, to their gay and uncomquerable spirit, in the midst of peril and death.

Let me, who have led them into this, speak, in my own and my fellow-commanders' names, and in the name of Ireland present and to come, their praise and ask those who come after them to remember them.

For four days they have fought and toiled, almost without cessation, almost without sleep, and in the intervals of fighting they have sung songs of the freedom of Ireland. No man has complained; no man has asked "Why?" Each individual has spent himself, happy to pour out his strength for Ireland and for freedom. If they do not win the fight, they will at least have deserved to win it. But win it they will, although they may win it in death. Already they have won a great thing. They have redeemed Dublin from many shames, and made her name splendid among the names of cities.

If I were to mention names of individuals, my list would be a long one.

I will name only that of Commandant General James Connolly, commanding the Dublin division. He lies wounded, but is still the guiding brain of our resistance.

If we accomplish no more than we have accomplished, I am satisfied. I am satisfied that we have saved Ireland's honor. I am satisfied that we should have accomplished more, that we should have accomplished the task of enthroning, as well as proclaiming the Irish Republic as a Sovereign State, had our arrangements for a simultaneous rising of the whole country, with a combined plan as sound as the Dublin plan has been proved to be, been allowed to go through on Easter Sunday. Of the fatal countermanding order which prevented those plans from being carried out, I shall not speak further. Both Eoin MacNeill and we have acted in the best interests of Ireland.

For my part, as to anything I have done in this, I am not afraid to face either the judgment of God, or the judgment of posterity.

(*Signed*) P. H. PEARSE,
*Commandant-General, Commander in Chief of the Army of the Irish Republic, and President of the Provisional Government.*

At the Post Office there were three lines of barricades, and every effort had been made to make the place impossible of assault. For some hours on Thursday night the building had been under artillery fire, and this bombardment was kept up on Friday morning. Sean MacDermott was in charge of lines of hose, with which one fire after another that was started by the incendiary shells was extinguished, before it was able to secure a hold. One part of the build-

ing after another was flooded with water, but the shells fell so fast and so thick that even these efforts were vain to prevent a conflagration.

It was shortly after noon that the fire got beyond control. Men were called from the firing lines to extinguish the blaze, but it foiled all their efforts. Shell after shell fell in the same place, the gunners evidently having discovered that their efforts were meeting with success. Guns were firing from the other side of the Liffey, from the gunboat on the Liffey, from Talbot Street, and from Parnell Street. With the heavy artillery were combined machine guns, that kept up a continuous rain of bullets on the building and on every inch of O'Connell and Henry Streets. It seemed to be the object of the British to set fire to the Post Office, and at the same time make it impossible for the Republicans to attempt to escape, even under a flag of truce, so that they would be burned alive.

When it was seen that it was impossible to remain in the Post Office, the men were lined up in the yard at the back, and told that an attempt would be made to break through. Even at this time the spirits and the enthusiasm of the men and of their leaders were undiminished. The men cheered when told that they were going to have a hand-to-hand engagement. They did not seem to fear the hurricane of bullets that they knew was waiting for them outside the burning building. Someone started to sing, and the Irish National Anthem rose above the shriek and roar of the British shells:

> When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
> I read of ancient freemen,
> Of Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
> Three hundred men and three men.

The men then began to collect all the foodstuffs that could be obtained. The building was thoroughly searched, in spite of the flames that were now raging and the shells that were dropping into the ruins every minute. The hand

grenades had been brought down to the cellar as soon as the bombardment had started, and these were now portioned among the men. When all the preparations had been completed, the little band left the building by the side door in Henry Street.

A dash was made across this bullet-swept thoroughfare into Moore Street on the other side. In that dash more than one of these brave men died, riddled with bullets. But his comrades pressed on, led by the intrepid O'Rahilly and safely gained Moore Street, where a barricade had been erected. Here, however, they were exposed to the fire of the military from Parnell Street. The Republicans entrenched themselves in the best manner possible, and began to return the fire of the military.

The deaths in the dash across Henry Street were the first that had taken place among the actual garrison in the Post Office, although men in the Post Office area had been wounded or killed. In spite of all the expenditure of ammunition on the part of the British for days past none of the men in the Post Office with the exception of Connolly had even been scratched.

With the men who made the sortie were President Pearse, Sean MacDermott, James Connolly, who had to be carried, Tom Clarke, and Joseph Plunkett.

The British were not slow to take advantage of the fact that the Irish had evacuated the Post Office. A machine-gun squad that had been operating in Talbot Street moved up to the corner of North Earl Street, so as to be in a position to fire across the side of Moore Street. As this meant that the Republicans would be hemmed in in this narrow street with a cross fire at both sides, it was determined to make an effort to force the retreat of the British in North Earl Street. The O'Rahilly undertook the leadership of the charge, and himself led his men into Henry Street. A heavy volley was directed against the British at the same time, and the rebels charged into O'Connell Street over a ground swept by a deadly cross fire, and forced the British

to retire. Having accomplished all they could hope to do at this point, the Republicans also fell back.

A murderous interchange of bullets was now taking place. The British had recovered from their set-back, and, smarting under a sense of defeat, they sent a hurricane of bullets into Henry Street. To this the Republicans replied in kind, and, although they lacked machine guns, their aim was so cool and so deadly that the British in Talbot Street were falling in scores. The first gun crew had been almost wiped out, the officer in charge was a corpse, and the other detachments that were running to the relief were also suffering heavily. One shell and then another burst over Henry Street, and showers of shrapnel followed. It was in the midst of this, one of the bloodiest fights that took place during the Rebellion, that The O'Rahilly fell, mortally shot, and died practically instantaneously.

While the loss of their leader was a sore blow to his men, they continued to fight on and were able to hold the end of Moore Street leading into Henry Street. This was really the rear of the position occupied by this force of the Republicans, as they held the end facing Parnell Street as their main line. But it was obvious that they would be able to hold out here only for a few hours at the most, as the shrapnel was beginning to burst over them, and one after another of the houses and stores along the street blazed up as a result of the bombardment.

It was during the Friday that the British were at last able to complete their cordon around the Fourt Courts, and this was a serious blow to the men in Moore Street, as it cut off their last line of retreat. At the same time the men under Commandant Daly were making a magnificent resistance, and were in a position to hold out for several days. The men in Stephen's Green, at Boland's Mills, where De Valera was giving the British more fight than they wanted, and at the South Dublin Union, were also keeping the flag flying. In spite of all the efforts of the enemy, the College of Surgeons was still in the hands of the Countess Markievicz and

the *Fianna*. Only in the Post Office area, where most of the strength of the British was concentrated, had the enemy made any real progress. But, when Friday night closed down, it was evident that there was no hope from the country, that the fatal order of Eoin MacNeill had had its effect, and that the men of Dublin were doomed.

## CHAPTER LVIII

### A Grim Night Scene

WHILE a multitude of facts regarding the Rebellion were suppressed by the British Government, there were some that were forced to the surface, and give an indication of the true state of affairs in Dublin during the rising. In this category is an incident which took place in Guinness's Brewery on Saturday night, April 29, and which, while of comparatively small importance in itself, is of value as an index of the condition of mind that prevailed among the British in Dublin even on that night when the Rebellion was virtually at an end.

The following is a portion of the official account of the trial of a British officer for murdering his superior during the rising.

Major General Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.V.O., presided over the Court, and Mr. Kenneth Marshall was Judge Advocate.

The accused pleaded not guilty, and was defended by Mr. Henry Hanna, K.C. (instructed by Mr. Joseph Gleeson).

The prosecution was conducted by Major E. G. Kimber, D.S.O. (instructed by Mr. Robertson, Chief Crown Solicitor's Office).

Major Kimber, in opening the case, said the occurrences arose out of the late rebellion in Dublin. It appeared that at Guinness's Brewery the rebels had established themselves, south of the western corner of the brewery. It became a pitch dark night, and that was a matter which should be recollected. On the evening of April 28th about 7 o'clock, Colonel Williams, who was in charge of the area, ordered Captain M'Namara to put a guard in the malthouse. Accordingly Captain M'Namara went there with Company, Quartermaster-Sergeant Flood and nine men, and occupied the malthouse. The orders which Colonel Williams gave to Captain M'Namara were that he was not to return the snipers' shots and not to fire at all unless there were attempts to enter the brewery. At 11 o'clock that night Captain Rotheram was ordered by Colonel Williams to take down Sec-

ond Lieutenant Lucas (who was subsequently killed) to the brewery in order to relieve Captain M'Namara. Mr. Lucas belonged to King Edward's Horse, and at that time officers had been sent to different jobs. The guard in the malthouse belonged to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Of course Mr. Lucas was unknown to the Company, Quartermaster-Sergeant or any of the guard. Captain Rotheram took with him extra men, and when he left Mr. Lucas the guard numbered fifteen men. They were put out at different center posts in the building, and the orders which Colonel Williams had given Captain M'Namara were repeated to Mr. Lucas in the presence of the accused, and in addition to that Captain M'Namara said: "It is inadvisable to open any of the windows, but if it is necessary to fire, it would be better to fire through the windows rather than open them and attract the attention of the rebels." He also told the accused that Mr. Lucas was relieving him. The official who acted as guide told the guard that there was no one in the building except three watchmen who, when they went their rounds, carried lights. It seemed that lights were seen by several of the guard during the evening from the houses round and from the direction of the distillery. It was feared that the rebels might make an attack on the military from two directions, so that lights would cause considerable suspicion, as they might be regarded as signals.

At any rate, whatever it was, the guard got into a state of jumpiness, and the consequence was that when Lieutenant Lucas went round with Mr. Rice, one of the brewery officials, the sentries on several occasions got the idea that he was a stranger who had no business there. The conversations he had with them were misinterpreted, and they came to a conclusion which was utterly false, and unfortunately it was shared by the accused. Lieutenant Lucas opened a window. The men knew that orders had been given that the windows were not to be opened. It looked very suspicious. The state of mind into which accused had got at that time led him to arrest Lieutenant Lucas and Mr. Rice, who were subsequently shot. The officer, before being shot, was asked to "say his prayers," and having done so he said he was sorry, but "the boys led him into it." Soon afterwards another officer was coming down a staircase. He was challenged and searched, and rushed at the sergeant, knocking him down. The men of the guard fired and the second officer, Lieutenant Worswick, was killed, and also a civilian, who was with him, named Dockery.

Captain Rotheram, of the 10th Reserve Calvary Regiment, deposed to being on duty on the date in question with Colonel Williams and Second Lieutenant Lucas. About 11 P.M. he received orders to take an officer to Guinness's Brewery to relieve Captain M'Namara. He took Lieutenant Lucas, and saw Captain M'Namara, who explained the situation. He did not see the accused at the time, as it was quite dark. About 2 o'clock in the morning, he was in Watling Street and received a certain communication, and certain orders were given. Later a telephone message reached him to the effect that Mr. Rice was a prisoner. Witness gave orders to do nothing until daylight. About 3.30 A.M. he was told that there was a sergeant outside who wanted to see him. He went out and saw the accused, who had with him about fourteen men. They all seemed very excited. The accused reported that he had shot two men, and he thought the malthouse was full of rebels. Witness asked him where Lucas was, and he said he thought he had shot him. He then went to the malthouse and searched it. He found on the first floor the bodies of Lieutenant Worswick and Mr. Dockery and on the next floor the bodies of Lieutenant Lucas and Mr. Rice.

Private Maurice McCarthy, R.D.F., examined by Major Kimber, stated that he was one of a picket under Quartermaster Flood in the malthouse of Guinness's Brewery on April 28. He was told an attack was expected from Robert Street. Witness was called by Quartermaster Flood and went up on the stairs. There was an officer there and a civilian.

What took place? I was ordered to search the officer. The Quartermaster said to the officer: "I know you."

Had the Quartermaster a torch? Yes, he held the torch so that the light fell on the faces of the officer and the civilian. The officer and the civilian seemed to know each other, from a look that passed between them.

What else took place? The Quartermaster gave the order to search them.

What further? He told me to stand them up against a window and cover them with my rifle. How long were they kept there? For nearly an hour.

After that did he say anything about firing? He said he would have to fire.

Did the officer say anything? He said he was a poor farmer's son, that he was sorry he was led into it. He asked to be allowed

to say his prayers. The Quartermaster gave him permission to say his prayers, and he knelt down.

While the officer was doing this, what was Quartermaster Flood doing; had he the torch in his hand? Yes, all the time.

Shining on them? Yes.

When the officer got up? He was crying when he got up.

Did Quartermaster Flood give any orders? He gave orders to present and fire, and we obeyed the order.

How many of you? About five it was. Witness further said that the officer fell down, but the civilian did not. The Quartermaster gave a second order to fire, and the civilian fell, but did not appear to be quite dead. The Quartermaster gave the order to shoot at him again, which I did.

Witness then gave evidence relating to the shooting of Lieutenant Worswick and the man Dockery.

Private Joseph Murphy, of the 5th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, said he was in the party, and went down to the malthouse at 12 o'clock on the night of April 28. Witness was on duty at a window, and a strange officer came to him and opened the window. He leaned out, and then drew in his head again and said to the men on duty: "Are you Irishmen?" They said they were, and he asked them were they not ashamed of themselves to fire on Irishmen. They said they were not.

Witness then described how Lieutenant Lucas and Rice were placed against the window before being shot. Lucas was asked for his name and said he was Lieutenant Lucas, of King Edward's Horse, and that he came from America. Witness noticed that when he took off his coat the inside clothing was very "raggy." After praying, he asked the Quartermaster-Sergeant for a chance, saying he was led into it. Later they met an officer and a civilian. They were both challenged twice, but did not reply, and the guard was ordered to cover them. The Quartermaster-Sergeant then asked them what was their business. Then they both looked at one another and made no reply.

The officer clapped his hands and said, "You are Sinn Feiners?" The Quartermaster-Sergeant "ground his teeth and said 'No; we are not.'" The officer rushed at the Quartermaster-Sergeant and upset him. The guard then fired of their own accord, and the two men fell dead.

The President said it was only fair to the deceased officers to read a statement which Captain Campbell had signed.

This statement was to the effect that Second Lieutenant Lucas joined the Reserve Squadron after being in an Officers' Training Corps in April, 1915, and was attached to the British Expeditionary Force. He was signaling officer to the regiment, and was wounded in France and invalided home, joining the Reserve in December, 1915, or January, 1916. Since that time he (Captain Campbell) had known both Lieutenant Lucas and his wife well. He was educated in a public school and went to a University; he then went out to Canada as schoolmaster. He left that and went on to the Montreal Stock Exchange, and made a lot of money there. He married a Canadian lady, and their present address was 23 McGregor Street, Montreal, Canada. Mrs. Lucas showed him (Captain Campbell) a letter from Captain Lucas's commanding officer offering Lieutenant Lucas (who was promoted a few days before) the Adjutancy of the regiment. Regarding Lieutenant Worswick, he joined at the Curragh on October 4, 1915. From that day he had known him well, and he was a steady, hard-working man. He had traveled a good deal, and had some property in Canada. Both officers bore an exemplary character.

This concluded the case for the prosecution and

After hearing evidence for the defense,

The Court considered the case and

The President announced that they found the prisoner not guilty.

## CHAPTER LIX

### The Triumph of Defeat

IT is not necessary to linger over the last scenes of the Rebellion. One would fain draw a veil over this phase of the rising, were it not for the inspiring examples of heroic self-sacrifice, as the Republicans offered their lives before liberty's fane. For, while the Republic of Ireland sank temporarily into the bloody cauldron of defeat, the flaming torch of liberty, lighted at the burning pyre of Ireland's capital, shone forth once more over the land, shedding hope and grim determination and awakening the sons of the nation from the long slumber that for years had settled on the land.

That the fight had ended in temporary defeat was obvious to the leaders on Friday, but they fought through the night and not until Saturday, April 29, did President Pearse decide to surrender in order to prevent the further sacrifice of non-belligerents, men, women and children, and of the lives of the men who were acting under his orders.

The cordon of the British was now drawn tight around the center of the city and those other places where the Republicans were entrenched. The artillery had been reinforced, and from 50,000 to 60,000 English troops were in the city. At every possible point of vantage, on roof-tops, on walls, and at street corners, lines of British soldiers were firing volley after volley, not so much at the rebels as in their direction, so as to make even an attempt at a sortie impossible. Parks of artillery were sending showers of shells, incendiary and shrapnel, bursting over the Irish positions, and thick heavy black clouds of smoke were pouring slowly skyward in all directions from the hundreds of buildings that were being destroyed by the flames.

Shortly after noon on Saturday a Red Cross nurse brought to General Maxwell a message from President Pearse, asking what terms would be considered for a surrender. To this the British commandant replied that only unconditional surrender would be considered. An appointment was thereupon made, and, at a quarter to four that afternoon, President Pearse formally surrendered to the British in Tom Clarke's tobacco store in Parnell Street. He wrote and signed the document of the surrender, which was also signed by Connolly and MacDonagh. The document follows:

In order to prevent the further slaughter of unarmed people, and in the hope of saving the lives of our followers, now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, Members of the Provisional Committee present at Headquarters have agreed to an unconditional surrender, and the Commanders of all units of the Republicans Forces will order their followers to lay down their arms.

(*Signed*) P. H. PEARSE
29th 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 St. Stephen's Green Command.

JAMES CONNOLLY,
April 29/16.

There are one or two points in the statement signed by President Pearse that should not be overlooked. He gives as one of his reasons for his surrender the desire to prevent the further slaughter of unarmed people. It has been assumed in some quarters that this referred to the fact that many of the men who were fighting with him were inadequately armed. While it was true that arms were not plentiful, this assumption is incorrect. What President Pearse referred to were the atrocities that were taking place all over the city, men and women, boys and girls, being shot by the military without any provocation. It is not in the least likely that President Pearse would refer to the Volunteers as "unarmed people." If further proof is needed,

it is furnished by the fact that he proceeds to mention his own followers, "now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered."

There was one last scene at this point that will long be remembered. Just before the surrender, Tom Clarke made a last stand in the Rotunda Gardens at the head of O'Connell Street, with a number of his men. He knew that the surrender was a matter of minutes, and yet, having fought his way through the cordon to this point, refused to throw down his arms while the fight was still on. The English seemed to fear the grand old veteran, and, while he and his men were fired on from scores of points, they seemed to bear charmed lives. Then came the surrender, and Tom and his men, game to the last, laid down their arms.

Immediately they were surrounded by the victorious English troops, who spared no taunt and no insult to their defeated enemy. When Clarke was disarmed and helpless in their power, they vented in full their spite on him, and manhandled him in so outrageous a manner that their own officers were forced to interfere. Thus was the gallantry of Tommy Atkins once more illustrated. During all that afternoon and through the long hours of the night the Irish prisoners were held in the Rotunda Gardens, soaked by the heavy dew, weary, sleepless, and hungry, and even a drink of water was refused them.

The surrender of President Pearse and his command virtually brought the Rebellion to an end, but there were several other sections that did not accept, or did not hear the news of, the surrender on Saturday. Some little time after the first surrender, Thomas MacDonagh added his name to the document in the following manner:

April 29th, 1916.

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

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

The Republicans in the Stephen's Green section surrendered also on Saturday, but the Countess Markievicz, who was

in command of the Royal College of Surgeons, continued the fight until Sunday. On that day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Major Wheeler, accompanied by a force of military, went to the College by appointment and was received by the Countess. She was, it is reported, still wearing top boots, breeches, service tunic, and a *Fianna* hat. In the presence of the military she first shook hands with her own officers, and then produced her revolver, which was inclosed in a case. After affectionately kissing the weapon, she handed it to Major Wheeler, together with a quantity of ammunition. The prisoners taken at this place numbered less than one hundred, and included a number of girls. Practically all of the others were members of the *Fianna*.

The men at Jacob's Factory also surrendered on Sunday. It was a member of the Carmelite Order from Whitefriar Street church who induced the men here to yield. He was hoisted into the building by means of a rope let down from one of the lower windows, and on Sunday night the garrison, leaving their flag flying, marched out in military formation and surrendered. The surrender in the South Dublin Union was also made on Sunday, after Commandant Ceannt had held a conference with his men, as related later. The Republicans at the Four Courts surrendered on Saturday.

There was, however, fight still left in the rebels, even after the surrender of the leaders. There were many who stated that they would never surrender, and these kept the battle going in many districts until the middle of the following week. This was particularly the case in the Ringsend district. De Valera, who was in command at Boland's Mills, surrendered on Sunday, but many of his men refused to do so, and kept up the fight along the railroad line until they were either killed or were able to make their escape. De Valera surrendered against the wishes of his own men, and did so only because he thought that there was a chance of saving their lives. That De Valera did not think there was any hope for his own life is shown by the statement he made after his surrender. According to the account printed in the

Tory *Irish Times*, De Valera, after he had surrendered, turned to the British officers and said: "Shoot me if you will, but arrange for my men." The account continues: "Then he added, walking up and down: 'If only the people had come out with knives and forks!'"

In the same paper are given some particulars relating to the conditions during the week in the suburban districts of the city. The people in Phibsboro were kept within the cordon, while the people in Glasnevin were rigidly excluded, and only on the most urgent business could permission be obtained to pass. Nevertheless, many of the rebel scouts from the northern part of the county, and particularly girl scouts, managed to get through the cordon and even into the Post Office itself. On Thursday it became apparent that something approaching a food famine was imminent. The alarm, we read, was instantaneous. Immediately the provision shops in the district were besieged, and the flour mills at the Cross Guns Bridge were crowded by people anxious to secure a supply for their families. The report in *The Irish Times* says:

> The butcher shops were soon cleared, and the provision stores were sold out by Saturday. Many people went out to the Finglass Village, where the local butchers did a tremendous trade. While the food crisis was in progress, the anxiety of the residents of this district was increased by the alarming rumors which were in constant circulation as to alleged happenings in the city. The rumors, needless to say, became more alarming as they were passed from one group to another, and all of the time there was nothing official, nothing definite. As night fell the anxiety was not eased. The constant sniping, the occasional big-gun firing, and the sky lit up by the reflection from some big building, all combined to make the night more terrible even than the day. Many pathetic sights were witnessed in connection with funerals going to Glasnevin Cemetery. Owing to the rigid regulations in force, only the driver of the hearse and at most one mourner was allowed to accompany the remains. But many were driven through the military cordon accompanied only by the driver of the hearse. These regulations were relaxed with the utmost speed by the military. Up to Wednesday, May

3d, the residents found it a matter of difficulty to obtain permits from the military station at Cross Guns Bridge, and business people were subjected to long delays before they could resume duty in the city.

The district from the Cross Guns Bridge was not taken possession of by the Republicans, but the district leading east towards Drumcondra along the Whitworth Road and to Mountjoy Square was occupied at several points. Long after the general surrender on Saturday the sniping in this district kept the military restless. Dorset Street and neighboring streets were in a very disturbed state, and the sniping continued in spite of the fact that the military carried out a most painstaking search in every house in the district.

There were also lively engagements in Fairview. On Easter Monday evening the Republicans took possession of Ballybough Bridge and the houses around. A large number of automobiles were also seized. The same tactics were carried out at Annesley Bridge. On Wharf Road, the Republicans took possession of houses at Fairview Corner at Phibsboro Avenue. The whole of the Fairview district was in the possession of the Republicans until Wednesday or Thursday, when, after a stubborn battle with the military, they were driven by machine-gun fire from some of the positions they held. They still held on, however, to a great many points of vantage, and the battle was still raging on Saturday, when the general surrender was made. In spite of the active part they had taken in the fighting, many of the Republicans managed to escape on Saturday evening, and successfully eluded the search parties of the military.

By the end of the following week the Rebellion of 1916 was at an end. Dublin was in ruins, so far as the center of the city was concerned, and an orgy of bloodthirsty revenge had already commenced. Search parties were dispatched all over the city, arrests were being made by the thousands, men and women were being deported to prisons in England

and Scotland, and the full rigors of martial law were being enforced. Of those who took an actual part in the fighting, there were many who made their escape to America, and it is from the stories told by these men that the major portion of the details of the actual fighting have been secured.

## CHAPTER LX

### A Dublin Rebel's Story

THE man who told the following story used simple and direct language, devoid of all embellishments. He fought throughout the week in the South Dublin Union under the command of Eamonn Ceannt. He told of the weeks of waiting and anxiety that the Dublin Volunteers endured, and the disappointment that was everywhere expressed when the countermanding order was issued, calling off the "maneuvers" on Easter Sunday. He told also of the conferences at Liberty Hall, and the rumors that were being circulated regarding their outcome. At nine o'clock on Easter Monday morning he received the call to report to his command, and, knowing well what that call meant, he immediately canceled all other appointments that he had for the day and repaired to the place of meeting. This is his story as told to the writer:

We occupied the South Dublin Union at 11:45 on Easter Monday morning. Within an hour of the time that we took possession of the buildings, we were attacked by the military, some of whom came from Richmond Barracks and others from the Royal Hospital. The fighting with these took place in the rear of the premises. During the rest of the week there were a number of bloody engagements, but, in spite of all that the military were able to do, we held all of our positions up to the time of the surrender.

The fighting was very stiff during the Monday. There was a general engagement proceeding throughout the entire day and well into the evening. When night fell, however, we were forced to draw in our lines owing to the vastly greater number of the enemy and the fact that the darkness made it the more difficult to defend an extended line. Our only casualty during the day's fighting was the death of Jack Owens. There were, however, a large number of the

British killed, and Commandant Ceannt sent a messenger to the enemy asking that a truce be declared in order that the military might take away their dead. To this the reply came back that there would be no truce, owing to the fact that we had killed their major. We had about fifty men in the Union, and the attacking force usually ranged from 500 to 800. We were never quite certain as to their numbers, owing to the fact that the companies attacking us were changed frequently during the week.

After we had beaten the military off on the Monday night, there was a cessation of the harder part of the fighting. On Tuesday there was little more than sniping engagements, in which it seemed as though our men had the advantage. We lost no men on that day, while we were confident that several of the military were either killed or wounded. The same thing happened on the Wednesday, only on this occasion we lost poor Frank Burke, who was killed by a sniper, while standing near a window.

The biggest fight of the whole week took place on the Thursday. It was evident that the military were determined to capture the position, and they prepared for the attack by a perfect fusillade of rifle shots poured against every window by the military at Richmond Barracks. The British attacked in a line from the canal basin, the first rush taking place shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon. In spite of the fact that a storm of lead was being directed against the windows, many of our men worked at these points, throwing hand grenades at the approaching enemy. It is a positive fact that not one of these men were injured, while they were able to work havoc in the ranks of the enemy. This disposed of the first attack.

The English, however, were not to be beaten off at the first repulse. In spite of the fact that they had suffered severely, they returned to the attack, and this time they were able to penetrate into the building. They did this in a manner that is worthy of being mentioned in detail.

Evidently thinking it impossible to get into the building in the ordinary manner, owing to the way in which every door and window was guarded, they resolved to secure entrance in another way. After some fierce fighting they succeeded in getting ensconced under a wall of one of the outer buildings, and here, working under a covering shower of lead from their comrades, they managed to bore a hole through the wall. When the breach was big enough the men who had made it stood to one side while the others behind them

sent one volley of bullets after another into the breach. The military then charged.

They might have succeeded in this maneuver had it not been for the fact that the men had been boring at a wrong part of the wall, with the result that when they did get through the breach they found themselves in an outer corridor instead of in the building proper. We held the upper part of the corridor while the British held the lower part, and it was at this point that some of the hottest of the fighting was done. So hot was the fire that was poured down the corridor by the military that we had to retreat. During this retreat, in which we backed into another building connected by the corridor, one of our men, Cathal Bruga, a very fine fellow and a well-known Gaelic Leaguer, was badly wounded and fell to the ground.

It must have been that the military were really scared of the rebels, for they called on us to surrender, but Cathal, in spite of the fact that he was badly wounded, called back "Never, never!" and then while he was lying in a pool of his own blood, we heard him singing "God Save Ireland."

We were retreating into the other building at this time, and the bravery of the man so impressed us that, without waiting for any orders, we all dashed forward to where Cathal was lying. The sudden rush took the military by complete surprise, and we forced them back in a hand-to-hand engagement in which fists were used as freely as rifles. But we were seeing red and they were not able to stand up to us, and we forced them so far back that we were able to take Cathal up on our shoulders and carry him into the kitchen. I may say here that he recovered from his wounds afterwards.

The sudden attack and the manner in which they had crumpled up under it were such that the military were wild with the shame of it. We could hear their officers cursing and swearing at them and forcing them to renew the attack. When they saw that we were caring more about Cathal, they took advantage of the opportunity and made another dash at us. By this time we had gained the shelter of the connecting building and we just poured lead into them for all we were worth. They were forced to halt in their charge, and the battle settled down to a rifle engagement.

The fighting went on in this fashion until ten o'clock that night, when the military withdrew from the building. I believe that they

were afraid to remain in it during the night, as they made certain that we would have attacked them, which is exactly what we were going to do. As things were, it was impossible for them to rush our position from where they were unless they were prepared to lose scores, if not hundreds, of men. During the day's fighting we had five men wounded. Not one of the rebels was killed. I do not know how the British suffered, but, at the lowest estimate, they must have lost at least one hundred men. They were the attackers, and had to come out into the open against good marksmen who were fighting from behind stone walls practically all of the time.

There were two British soldiers who fell inside the building so badly wounded that their comrades were unable to take them away. They left, instead, one solitary soldier to guard them, a man we could have captured without the slightest difficulty. However, we made no attempt to do this, and the fact evidently got on his nerves, for, after he had been holding his post for some time after his comrades had withdrawn, he voluntarily offered to surrender. We told him that if we wanted to take him we could do so, but that he could rest assured that he would not be harmed, as we did not want either him or his company.

All day on Friday there was continuous sniping on both sides. We were well content with the position in which we were. We had been able to beat off the stiffest of the British attacks, and we felt that we were reasonably secure. Throughout the entire day the military made no attempt to rush us out of the buildings. We had plenty of ammunition and plenty of good food, and there was nothing to worry us in the least. The military were wasting a great deal of good ammunition on the walls and windows. We had every entrance to the place under strong guard, and there was little or no chance of the enemy getting upon us without our knowledge.

On Friday night we had a man guarding the breach that had been made in the wall. While he was on duty there, he heard movements that indicated the approach of the enemy. He did not have time to get back to the rest of our men, and he was afraid that if he sounded an alarm he would scare the British away, and, after being more or less inactive all day, this was the last thing that any of us desired.

So he waited until the enemy came up to the breach. He heard the officer whispering to his men to get through the hole. Our man held his rifle over his head and waited. As the first man got through

the rifle swung down on his head. The second man must have thought that his comrade had stumbled and fallen, for he came right on after him. By this time our man had had time to level his rifle, and the second man dropped with a bullet through his body. At that the rest drew back, for the officer in charge was heard swearing at them, urging them to go on into the building and then cursing them for cowards. The sound of the shot had aroused the rest of us, and we lost no time in getting to the scene of action. But when we arrived, the military were nowhere to be seen. Thus another attack had failed.

There was nothing but sniping on the Saturday, it being evident that the British, in spite of the fact that they were greatly superior to us in numbers, had no relish to repeat the experiences of Thursday. A vigilant watch was kept all day and all night, but there was no attempt made to rush our positions. All of us were in the best of spirits, and were rapidly settling down to the situation like veterans.

At noon on Sunday we heard of the surrender of the leaders. All of us were bitterly disappointed when we heard that they had surrendered, as there was not a man among us who would not have preferred to have fought it out to a finish. It was our belief that the best thing to do under the circumstances was to fight it out anyway, regardless of what had happened to the leaders of the Rebellion. We could have lasted for a month at the least. We were well supplied, and were in an excellent position, and I believe we would have made a long stand even if the military had brought artillery to their aid. The British who had attacked us during the week had a number of machine guns with them, and we were getting accustomed to the conditions, and would have lasted for weeks, in spite of the fact that we did not have bayonets or machine guns. It was stated in some of the papers that we had a machine gun. This is not true. Eamonn Ceannt rigged up a dummy that looked so much like the real thing that the English did not dare to attempt an attack on the side of the buildings where it was placed.

At three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon Commandant Ceannt ordered the men lined up. He then told us that Commandant MacDonagh had ordered surrender. He said that he would leave the decision to us, and that all he would do would be to ask that we acted as one in the matter. He said that, if we were to surrender as an army, we would stand a chance. This decided the majority

of the men. The leaders had surrendered and it was obviously impossible for us to maintain a fight with any chance of success against the entire British garrison. It was, therefore, decided that we would surrender.

Ceannt took off his hat.

"I have no doubt as to what will happen to me," he said. "It was the will of Providence. If we did not succeed, there are better men who will."

## CHAPTER LXI

### Other Provincial Centers

NOTHING could better illustrate the disastrous effect of Eoin MacNeill's countermanding order than the success which attended the various uprisings throughout the country, when the news was eventually received that Dublin was in rebellion. The few companies of Volunteers to which the news did penetrate soon held complete control of the situation. What the result would have been had the original orders not been countermanded and the entire country had risen, is easy to imagine.

A special messenger brought the word from Dublin to Galway that the Republic had been declared. The Volunteers immediately mobilized under Captain Mellows, a magnificent type of young Irishman. The mobilization took place at the Town Hall of Galway publicly, and in spite of the local police, who, terrified, remained hidden in their barracks. After the mobilization, the Volunteers, to the number of close on 1000, marched to the Model Farm, run by the miscalled Irish Board of Agriculture, where they halted, after taking possession of the farm. Here they remained for the night.

On Wednesday morning they resumed their march to Loughrey, it being their intention, of course, to march to Dublin. They had a brief encounter with the police, the result being that some of the latter were wounded. On the afternoon of that day the Volunteers encamped at Moyode Castle, owned by the absentee Lady Ardilaun, a bitter opponent of Irish nationality. While they were there, a number of policemen were captured, and kept in confinement in the castle. The Volunteers remained in this place for the night.

On Thursday morning a number of police from Athenry made an attempt to storm the castle, with the result that they were not only severely repulsed, but the entire force was chased by the Republicans all the way back to Athenry, a distance of four miles. The police were mounted on cycles, and rode for their lives. The rebels who took up the chase also had cycles, and were gaining on the police at every few yards. As it was, the police managed to fling themselves into their barracks only in the nick of time.

In the meantime a British cruiser in Galway Bay was blazing away in the direction of the Republicans, but none of the shells came anywhere near them. On Friday morning, just as the march was about to be resumed, word was received that Dublin was doomed, that the rest of the country had not risen, and that a force of 2000 British soldiers, with machine guns and artillery, was only six miles away. The Republicans then marched to Lime Park, but on the way there another message was received to the effect that Dublin was in flames and that the rising was at an end. The Republicans thereupon agreed to disband.

Let us now turn to what took place at Enniscorthy. The news that the Republic had been proclaimed in Dublin did not reach the County Wexford until the Thursday of Easter Week. Immediately on receipt of the message, the Volunteers mobilized in the Athenæum, one of the principal buildings of the town. The building was seized and utilized as Republican headquarters. All of the principal thoroughfares were guarded and patrolled, while forces were dispatched to guard the approaches to the town. About twenty automobiles were commandeered, together with a supply of petrol.

At a quarter-past six that evening arms and ammunition were served out to recruits for the rebel forces, and the Republican flag of green, white, and orange was hoisted at headquarters. A strong force of the Republicans proceeded to the railroad station, and a train from Wexford to Arklow was held up and seized. The telegraph and tele-

phone wires were then cut, and the railroad lines at each end of the town were torn up, thus effectively cutting off all chance of a suprise attack on the part of the British. A proclamation was issued, stating that the Republic had been proclaimed in Dublin and calling for recruits. All the saloons were closed, and a volunteer force of police kept perfect control of the streets and the city generally.

Shortly after seven o'clock an encounter took place between the Republicans and the police, with the result that the latter suffered a complete defeat. The R. I. C. barracks, which had been barricaded by the police, was stormed and taken, the police being made prisoners. The police made a very poor defense, and were evidently suffering badly from nerves. During the attack a little girl of eight years, named Foley, was shot in the back by one of the policemen. With the capture of the barracks, Enniscorthy was completely in the possession of the Republicans.

It having been decided that a number of the Republican soldiers should march on Dublin, while a small party remained to hold the town, supplies of all kinds were gathered in. A proclamation calling for the surrender of all arms was published, and in this way the supply of munitions at the disposal of the Volunteers was considerably augmented. In addition a house to house search was made, which provided more rifles and revolvers. The local cycle stores were also visited, and cycles, tires, and automobile accessories were commandeered.

Previous to these operations, and on the afternoon of Thursday, Enniscorthy Castle, which stands on an eminence commanding the town, was captured by the Republicans. The town was now in a thorough state of defense, and a large number of recruits were sworn in by the Republicans. Scouting parties of the Republicans were scouring the country for miles around, and scores of young men returned with them to take up arms for their country. The streets were policed by the Republican forces, and perfect order prevailed.

On Friday the preparations for the march to Dublin were nearly completed, twenty-four hours after the word had been given. The men remained in the city the following day, the orders being to start the march on Sunday morning. On Saturday a Volunteer force from Enniscorthy proceeded to Ferns by automobile and took possession of the police barracks there. Throughout the day there was great enthusiasm, and by Sunday morning a large force, well equipped, was ready to proceed to the relief of Dublin. The men attended Mass in a body, and, shortly afterwards, as they were lining up for the march, news was brought into the town that Dublin had surrendered. A deputation, consisting of Father FitzHenry, Catholic Administrator, Canon Lyster, Protestant rector, and Chairman of the Urban Council, Patrick O'Neill, went to Wexford to interview the military. There the news of the surrender was confirmed, but the leaders in Enniscorthy still refused to believe it, and declined to give up possession of the town. Instead two of them went by automobile to Dublin, where they were taken to President Pearse. On their return to Enniscorthy, they yielded to the entreaties of the clergy to lay down their arms.

It is thus evident that, had the countermanding order not been given, all the south of Leinster would have been in Irish hands. Joined by the men from Wexford and all the surrounding towns and villages, the Enniscorthy Volunteers would have been knocking at the gates of Dublin by Wednesday evening. At the same time the men of the rest of the districts around the capital would also have been there, with the result that the British would have been placed in a hopeless position. Dublin would have been saved, and the rising would have been crowned with victory.

The men in County Louth were also thrown into confusion by Eoin MacNeill's order. In County Dublin Thomas Ashe covered himself and his command with glory by defeating, on Friday, April 28, 165 policemen at Ashborne, the Republican force amounting to only 43. Commandant

Donal O'Hannigan, in command of the Louth Volunteers, was another whose plans were entirely disorganized by the countermanding order. As it was, he and his men remained in the field for over a week before disbanding. But the same story is to be told regarding these operations also — the Irish had complete command of the situation where they received President Pearse's second orders, but these were only in a few widely scattered districts and after the first golden opportunity had been lost.

The same countermanding order created endless confusion in the City and County of Cork. Here the men were sick with suspense for several days, unable to get news from Dublin. When they did get the news it was too late, as they had, on the request of their clergy, given up their arms. Had they not done so, the same succession of events as took place in Enniscorthy might have been chronicled. There is still a great deal to be explained before the truth is known as to what actually did happen in Cork City. A number of statements have been issued, particularly by the clergy, but none of them make the matter absolutely clear.

There was one incident of the Rebellion that took place in this district that will never be forgotten. The story is best told by a writer in *The Catholic Bulletin* of Dublin, in the issue dated August, 1916. It deals with Thomas Kent, who, as recorded later, was executed by the British for high treason in Cork on Tuesday morning, May 9. The article runs:

> Thomas Kent was born about forty-five years ago at Bawnard, Castlelyons, where his father, David Kent, held a large farm. His mother, Mary Rice, is sister of Very Rev. Canon Rice of Mitchelstown, and of Mr. Richard Rice, coroner, Fermoy.
>
> In the early morning of Tuesday (May 2), the house was surrounded by a force of constabulary, and a fierce conflict ensued, during which the police fired over a hundred shots, seriously wounding one of the brothers, David Kent. A head constable having been killed in the struggle, military assistance was sent for to Fermoy and on the arrival of a body of soldiers with a machine gun, about 7 P.M.,

the whole family including the mother, aged over eighty, were ordered out of the besieged house, with their hands above their heads, and placed under arrest and an armed guard. Mother and sons were removed to Fermoy — David and Richard, badly wounded — to the military hospital, Tom, William and the mother to the barracks.

Mrs. Kent, having been released about noon, Tom and William were next morning removed under strong military escort to Cork military prison, the former bootless and hatless. Tried by court-martial Tom was sentenced to death, and William acquitted, and the devoted brothers, who years before had dreamed dreams of Irish liberty under African skies, gazed on each other for the last time in the dark corridor of a Cork court.

A few months later, in January, 1917, Mrs. Kent, the mother of these brave boys, died of the shock of these terrible events.

## CHAPTER LXII

### The Blood-lust of the English

FROM the moment that they embarked on the Rebellion, there was not one of the leaders who was not aware that failure would mean death at the hands of the English. The history of England has made it known to the world that such qualities as clemency and justice hold no place in its theory of Empire. It has ever been the principle of the rulers of England to mete out to the conquered the severest punishment it is in their power to inflict; their gospel is the gospel of frightfulness. Nevertheless, the acts of ruthless savagery that added one more bloody chapter to the story of English rule in Ireland were such that a wave of horror and indignation went around the world, and for all time blasted the hallow pretense that England was the lover of the liberties and the upholder of the rights of the small nations.

The leaders of the Rebellion laid down their arms, and made an unconditional surrender when they were hopelessly outnumbered and surrounded. They had declared war in an open and legal manner; they had been at war with Great Britain for seven days, during which that war had been carried on between the two combatants in a manner in no way different from the conditions which prevailed in France and Flanders and along other lines in the war in Europe. Therefore, there can be no sincere reason for denying that these men who surrendered and placed themselves in the hands of the British were prisoners of war.

The nation that had cried out in pious horror at the execution of Edith Cavell, a proven spy, by the Germans, did not for a second hesitate to line up their prisoners of war

behind barrack walls and shoot them down. The following order, issued by General Maxwell on May 11, is a sufficient condemnation of the acts of the English Government and an eloquent illustration of the kindly and humanitarian nature of the English system:

> In view of the gravity of the Rebellion and its connection with German intrigue and propaganda, and in view of the great loss of life and destruction of property resulting therefrom, the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief has found it imperative to inflict the most severe sentences on the known organizers of this detestable rising and on those commandants who took an active part in the actual fighting that occurred. It is hoped that these examples will be sufficient to act as a deterrent to intriguers, and to bring home to them that the murder of His Majesty's liege subjects, or other acts calculated to imperil the safety of the Realm, will not be tolerated.

It has been stated that General Maxwell, when he received his orders from Lord Kitchener, was told to show no mercy to the Irish when he got them into his power. Whether this was the case or not, it is certain that Maxwell and the English Government did not fail to exact the fullest vengeance on the Irishmen who fell into their hands after the surrender. It may also be stated, and on the best of authority, that most of the men executed were in a half-starved condition when lined up before the firing squad, and more than one was suffering the agonies of thirst.

The following notice was officially communicated from the Command Headquarters, Parkgate, Dublin, on Wednesday, May 3:

> Three signatories of the notice proclaiming the Irish Republic,
>
> P. H. Pearse,
> T. MacDonagh, and
> T. J. Clarke,
>
> have been tried by Field General Courts-martial and sentenced to death. The sentence having been duly confirmed, the three above-mentioned men were shot this morning.

Nothing could be more appealingly eloquent than the letter which President Pearse, a few hours before his execution, penned to his mother. It is as follows:

KILMAINHAM PRISON,
Dublin, May 3, 1916.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

I have been hoping up to now it would be possible to see you again, but it does not seem possible. Good-bye, dear, dear mother. Through you I say good-bye to "Wow Wow" [a sister], Mary, Brigid, Willie, Miss B., Miceal, cousin Maggine and everyone at St. Enda's. I hope and believe Willie and the St. Enda boys will be all safe.

I have written two papers about financial affairs and one about my books which I want you to get. With them are a few poems which I want added to the poems in MS. in my bookcase. You asked me to write a little poem which would seem to be said by you about me. I have written it, and a copy is in Arbor Hill Barrack with other papers.

I just received Holy Communion. I am happy, except for the great grief of parting from you. This is the death I should have asked for if God had given me the choice of all deaths — to die a soldier's death for Ireland and for freedom. We have done right. People will say hard things of us now, but later on will praise us. Do not grieve for all this, but think of it as a sacrifice which God asked of me and of you.

Good-bye again, dear mother. May God bless you for your great love for me and for your great faith, and may He remember all you have so bravely suffered. I hope soon to see papa, and in a little while we shall be all together again. I have not words to tell you of my love for you and how my heart yearns to you all. I will call to you in my heart at the last moment.

Your son PAT.

In reply to the request from his mother that he would write a poem for her, President Pearse sent to her the following verses:

Dear Mary, thou who saw thy first-born Son
Go forth to die amidst the scorn of men,
Receive my first-born son into thy arms
Who also goeth forth to die for men;
And keep him by thee till I come to him.

Dear Mary, I have shared thy sorrows,
And soon shall share thy joys.

(*Signed*) P. H. P.

The last letter of Thomas MacDonagh to his wife, written at midnight after hearing the sentence of death passed upon him, is also a document of unusual interest. It is as follows:

KILMAINHAM JAIL,
Midnight, Tuesday.

I, Thomas MacDonagh, having heard the sentence of court-martial held on me to-day, declare that in all my acts for which I have been arraigned I have been actuated by only one motive, the love of my country — the desire to make her a sovereign State. I still hope and trust that my acts may have for her some lasting freedom and happiness. I am to die at dawn (3:30 A.M.), May 3. I am ready to die, and thank God that I died in so holy a cause. My country will reward my deed richly.

On April 30 I was astonished to receive a message from P. H. Pearse, Commandant General of the Army of the Irish Republic, an order to surrender to the British General. I did not obey that order, as it came from a prisoner. I, as then in supreme command of the Irish army, consulted with my second in command, and decided to confirm this order. I knew that it would involve my death and the death of the other leaders. I hoped that it would save many true men among our followers — good lives for Ireland. God grant that it has done so, and God approve our deed. For myself I have no regret. The one bitterness this death has for me is the separation it brings from you, my dear Muriel, and our beloved children, Donagh and Barbara. It breaks my heart to think that I shall never see my children again; but I have not wept or murmured. I counted the cost of this, and I am ready to pay it. Muriel has been sent for here. I do not know if she can come. She may have no one to take the children while she is coming — if she can come.

I have insured my children for £100 each in the United Company; payment of the premiums to end at my death; the money to be paid to the children at twenty-one. I ask my brother, Joseph MacDonagh, and my good and constant friend, David Houston, to help my poor wife in those matters.

My brother, John, who came with me and stood with me all last week, has been sent away from here. I do not know where to. God

bless him and my other brothers and sisters. Assistance has been guaranteed from the funds of the *Cumann na mBan*, and other funds to be collected in America by our fellow-countrymen there, for the dependents of those who fall in the fight. My wife and I have given all for Ireland. I ask my friend, D. Houston, to see Mr. W. J. Lyons, the publisher of my latest book, "Literature in Ireland," and to see that its publication may be completed for my wife and family. If Joseph Plunkett survives me, and is a free man, I make him with my wife my literary executor. Otherwise my wife and David Houston will take charge of my writings.

Yesterday at my court-martial, in rebutting some trifling evidence, I made a statement as to my negotiations for surrender with General Lowe. In hearing it read, it struck me afterwards that it might sound like an appeal. I made no appeal, no recantation, no apology for my acts. In what I said I hereby claim to have acted honorably and thoroughly in all that I set myself to do. My enemies have treated me in an unworthy manner; but let it pass. It is a great and glorious thing to die for Ireland, and I will forget all petty annoyances in the splendor of this. When my son, Donagh, was born, I thought that to him, and not to me, would this be given. God has been kinder to me than I hoped. My son will have a great name, and you, my darling little boy, remember me. Kindly take my hope and purpose for my deed. For your sister and your beloved mother I could hope to live longer; but you will recognize this thing that I have done, and with this as a consequence will have done a great thing for Ireland, even with this defeat, and have won the first steps of her freedom. God bless you, my son, and my darling daughter, Barbara. I loved you more than ever child has been loved.

My dearest Muriel, I thank you a thousand times for all you have been to me. I have only one trouble in leaving life — leaving you. Be sure, darling, God will assist you and bless you. I send you these few things I have saved out of this war for you. My love — till we meet in Heaven. I have a sure faith in our union there. I kiss this paper as it goes to you. I have just heard that "they" have not been able to reach me. Perhaps it is better so — yet Father Aloysius is going to make another effort to reach you.

God bless and sustain you, my love; but for your suffering this would be our glory and joy.

Your loving husband,

THOMAS MACDONAGH

P. S. — I return the darlings' photographs.

The court-martial of MacDonagh lasted only fifteen minutes. No message was sent to his wife, and he was not allowed to communicate either with her or his children. His sister, who was a nun in a convent close to the prison, was the only relative or friend allowed by the military to visit the condemned man. She was brought by the military to his little narrow cell, lighted only by a candle, and during the time that she was with him a sentry with loaded rifle was standing beside them. It was she who took his letter to his wife.

His sister gave to Tom his mother's rosary beads, and he placed them around his neck. She then asked the sentry if her brother might have some water with which to wash himself, but this was refused. He went to his death as bravely as all who loved him knew he would go, whistling a few bars of a hymn as he went. Just as his sister returned to the convent, she heard the volley of rifle shots that ended her brother's life. Between the time that she had left him a few short hours before, and the moment when he was led out to his death, Tom spent kneeling before his crucifix.

The first intimation his widow had of his fate was the glaring announcements in the Dublin evening newspapers that day. She later received an order from General Maxwell, forbidding her to appear in public, owing to the sympathy of the people for her and her two little fatherless children.

Tom Clarke, so far as is at present known, did not leave any letter behind him. There were many ugly rumors current for days after the surrender to the effect that he had been beaten to death by the military after they had him in their power in the barracks. The only document that survives him is the entry at the head of the list which he opened before the Rebellion, and which he called the "Irish Volunteers' Dependents' Fund." This entry, at the head of the sheet, reads:

Thomas J. Clarke, for the relief of distress: £3,100.

This is, in itself, an enduring monument to the foresight and thoroughness which characterized every action of the man.

The public horror created by these executions was still at high tide, when, the following day, May 4, the announcement was made that Joseph Plunkett, Edward Daly, Michael O'Hanrahan, and William Pearse had been found guilty, sentenced to death, and shot that morning.

Just before his death Michael O'Hanrahan, who was the Treasurer of the Volunteer Arms Fund, speaking to his sister, said: "I am ready to give my life for God and my country. In a few hours I shall be with my God, where I will plead the cause of my beloved Ireland and will ask God to bless mother and you." The last words he spoke to his sisters were: "Remember, girls, this is God's will, and it is for Ireland."

When his mother went to see William Pearse shortly before he was executed, hoping to hear that he had been reprieved, she asked him: "Well, Willie, what did they say to you?" He replied: "They asked me if I was guilty, and I said 'yes,' and that was all."

The following day, Friday, May 5, Major McBride was shot. Before he died, he went to Confession and Holy Communion. He asked his jailers not to blindfold him when in front of the firing squad. This request was refused. Then Major McBride turned to Father Augustine, who was with him, and said: "Many's the time I have looked down their rifles." His last request was that his rosary beads should be given to a friend.

It was thought that the orgy of murder had now ceased, but the horror which the executions had aroused throughout the world was intensified when it became known, on Monday, May 8, that four more of the Republican leaders had been done to death by the military. The following is the official communication:

> The following are further results of trials by Field Courts-martial:
> Sentenced to death, and sentence carried out this morning:
>
> CORNELIUS COLBERT, EDMUND KENT,
> MICHAEL MALLEN, J. J. HEUSTON.

In every record of the future which deals with the deeds of brave and gallant men the name of Michael Mallen will stand high amongst the highest. "The story of his death," writes the editor of *The Catholic Bulletin*, is as fascinating as a romance and as grand as an epic. He is said to have prayed into the very rifles of the men who shot him, and his last words were: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'" Shortly before his execution, the patriot wrote to his wife as follows:

But, oh, if only you and the little ones were coming too, we could all reach Heaven together. . . . If you can, I would like you to dedicate Una to the service of God, and also Joseph. . . . Do this if you can, and pray to Our Divine Lord that it may be so.

See Alderman Tom Kelly. He is a good, God-fearing man, and will be able to help you, for my sake as well as for yours. . . . Mr. Partridge, too, was more than a brother to me. He held me close in his arms, so that I might have comfort and warmth.

God and His Blessed Mother again and again bless and protect you. O Saviour of men, if my dear ones could enter Heaven with me, how blessed and happy I would be; they would be away from the cares and trials of the world.

Una, my little one, be a nun. Joseph, my little man, be a priest if you can. James and John, to you the care of your mother. Make yourselves good, strong men for her sake, and remember Ireland.

Good-bye, my wife, my darling. Remember me. God again bless and protect you and our children. I must now prepare. These last few hours must be spent with God alone.

Thus another of God's good men was butchered to satisfy the thirst of the British for the blood of the men who had dared to stand up for the rights of a small nation.

In his last message, written shortly before his death, J. J. Heuston wrote: "Whatever I have done, I have done as a soldier of Ireland in what I believe to be my country's best interests, and I have, thank God, no vain regrets. After all, it is better to be a corpse than a coward."

Cornelius Colbert, also, shortly before he died, wrote his last message on a scrap of paper, as follows: "An la fuaricas bas ar son Eireann agus ar son De bhiomar bailigthe." ("When I died for Ireland and for God, we had mobilized.")

In connection with the death of Colbert, the British spread abroad a story to the effect that he had gone to his death joking with one of the soldiers who had to prepare him for execution. The priest who attended him up to the last moment wrote the following letter to *The Evening Herald* of Dublin, on June 1, in which he tells how Colbert died:

Dear Sir — In last evening's issue of your paper, towards the end of the second news column of the front page, under the heading "Last Moments of Volunteer Leader," it is stated that Mr. Cornelius Colbert "died joking the men who were preparing him for death." It is also asserted that, when one of the soldiers was fixing the white cloth on his breast, to indicate his heart, he told them "his heart was far away at the moment."

This version is quite inaccurate and fanciful, and I owe it to his memory to give the true one.

There was no joking, not even the semblance of it. Poor Colbert was far too beautiful and too reverent a character to joke with anyone in such a solemn hour. I know very well where his heart was then. It was very near to God and to the friends he loved. What really happened was this. While my left arm linked the prisoner's right, and while I was whispering something in his ear, a soldier approached to fit a bit of paper on his breast. While this was being done he looked down, and addressing the soldier in a perfectly cool and natural way said: "Wouldn't it be better to pin it up higher — nearer the heart?" The soldier said something in reply, and then added: "Give me your hand now." The prisoner seemed confused and extended his left hand. "Not that," said the soldier, "but the right." The right was accordingly extended, and, having shaken it warmly, the kindly human-hearted soldier proceeded to gently bind the prisoner's hands behind his back, and afterwards blindfolded him.

Some minutes later, my arm still linked in his, and accompanied by another priest, we entered the dark corridor leading to the yard and, his lips moving in prayer, the brave lad went forth to die.

F. A.

On Tuesday, May 9, it was announced that Thomas Kent, of Coole, near Fermoy, had been sentenced to death and that the sentence had been carried out that morning. This boy was thus done to death for the shooting of a policeman who had attacked him and whose death was due to an accident.

The end of the ghastly list came to public notice on May 12, when the following communique was issued:

The trial of two prominent leaders in the rebellion, whose names appeared in the proclamation issued by the so-called "Provisional Government," namely:

JAMES CONNOLLY, and
JOHN MACDERMOTT,

took place on the 9th of May.

Sentence of death was awarded in each case. These sentences were confirmed by the General Officer Commander-in-Chief on the 9th May, and they were carried out this morning (May 12th).

Of all the men who led in the Rebellion it is probable that Sean MacDermott was the most beloved. He loved Ireland, and he brought others to love her in like manner. A gentle, pure-souled patriot, his brutal murder was alike a loss to his country and to humanity. So ill that he had to be placed in a chair before being shot, he went to death with peace and happiness in his heart. The following are two letters he wrote just before his execution. The first is to his brothers and sisters:

KILMAINHAM PRISON, DUBLIN,
May 11, 1916.

My Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I sincerely hope that this letter will not come as a surprise to any of you, and, above all, that none of you will worry over what I have to say.

It is just a wee note to say that I have been tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot — to die the death of a soldier. By the time this reaches you I will, with God's mercy, have joined in Heaven my poor father and mother, as well as my dear friends who have been shot during the week. They died like heroes, and with God's help I will act throughout as heroic as they did. I only wish you could see me now.

I am just as calm and collected as if I were talking to you all or taking a walk to see Mick Wynne or some of the old friends and neighbors around home. I have priests with me almost constantly for the past twenty-four hours. One dear old friend of mine, Rev.

Dr. Brown, Maynooth, stayed with me up to a very late hour last night. I feel a happiness the like of which I never experienced in my life before, and a feeling that I could not describe. Surely, when you know my state of mind, none of you will worry or lament my fate. No, you ought to envy me.

The cause for which I die has been rebaptized during the past week by the blood of as good men as ever trod God's earth, and should I not feel justly proud to be numbered amongst them? Before God let me again assure you of how proud and happy I feel. It is not alone for myself so much I feel happy, but for the fact that Ireland has produced such men.

Enough of the personal note. I had hoped, Pat, to be able to help you in placing the children in positions to earn their livelihood, but God will help you to provide for them. Tell them how I struck out for myself and counsel them to always practice truth, honesty, and straightforwardness in all things and sobriety. If they do this and remember their country, they will be all right. Insist on their learning the language and history.

I have a lot of books and I am making arrangements with one of the priests to have them turned in to a library, but I can arrange that you get some of them for the children. You might like to get these clothes that I am wearing to have them in memory of me, so I will arrange, if possible, to have them sent to my old lodgings, and you ought to come there and take them and any other little things belonging to me that you'd like to have — of course for Dan and Maggie also. There are a few copies of a recent photo which you can take, and you might order more copies for friends, who may like to have one.

Of course you got the letter I sent you a few days before Easter. By the way, when you are in Dublin find if I owe any money to my landlady, and if so pay her. I don't think I do, but at the moment I'm not certain.

One word more about the children. Put some of them to learn trades if they can at all. You will see if they show any promise of mechanical or technical skill. They were too small when I saw them to advise. Tell Maggie she ought to try to get Mary Ann to go for teaching. I don't know what CatyBee ought to do. As for Dan, I suppose he will decide for himself, God direct him. He need not regret having stayed at home so long.

Make a copy of this and send it to the others as soon as you can.

A lot of my friends will want to hear about me from James, Rose and Kate. They can tell them all that in my last hours I am the same Sean they always knew, and that even now I can enjoy a laugh and a joke as good as ever.

I don't know if you will require a pass to get to Dublin, but you'd better find out before you start. Perhaps martial law will have been withdrawn before you can come. It was passed for one month only, and I don't think it will be renewed. If I think of any other things to say I will tell them to Miss Ryan, she who in all probability, had I lived, would have been my wife.

I will send instructions to my landlady, but she knows you, all right.

Good-bye, dear brothers and sisters. Make no lament for me. Pray for my soul and feel a lasting pride at my death. I die that the Irish Nation may live. God bless and guard you all and may He have mercy on my soul.

Yours as ever,

SEAN.

P. S. — I find I have not mentioned Patrick or his mother, but they know they are included for old, very old, times' sake. Yes, long before there was a thought of Maggie marrying Patrick; also Bessie, Mary, and Will. I'd love to clasp the hand of each of you and many other dear friends, but I will meet you all soon in a better place. Remember me to all friends and give some money to Fathers Foy and McLaughlin for Mass for me.

Good-bye,

SEAN.

Following this is the letter he wrote to a friend:

KILMAINHAM PRISON,
DUBLIN, 11th May, 1916.

My Dear John:

Just a wee note to bid you good-bye. I expect in a few hours to join Tom, in a better world. I have been sentenced to a *soldier's death*, to be shot to-morrow morning. I have nothing to say about this, only that I look on it as a part of the day's work — to die that the *Irish Nation* may live. Our blood will rebaptize and reinvigorate the "Old Land." Knowing this, it is superfluous to say how happy I feel. I know now what I always felt, that the *Irish Nation can never die*. Let present-day place-hunters condemn our action as they will, posterity will judge us all right from the effects of our action.

I know I will meet you soon. Until then good-bye. God guard and protect you all in No. 15. You have had a sore trial, but I know that you and Mrs. Daly and all the girls feel proud in spite of a little temporary and natural grief that her son, and the girls, their brother, as well as Tom, are included in the list of honors.

Kindly remember me especially to Mrs. Clarke, and tell her I am the same Sean she always knew. God bless you all.

As ever,

Sincerely yours,

SEAN MACDIARMADA.

To Mr. John Daly, 15 Barrington Street, Limerick.

No words can better depict the manner of the death of James Connolly than those of his brave and devoted daughter, Nora, who herself, as a member of the *Cumann na mBan* played an heroic part in the Rebellion. After encountering innumerable difficulties, she succeeded in escaping from Ireland and reaching New York. She describes her father's last hours as follows:

They took him on a stretcher from Dublin Castle early Friday morning, May 12, because he couldn't walk on account of his wounds, and carried him to Kilmainham Jail, four miles away.

They propped him in a chair because he couldn't stand, and then shot him dead. Then they took his body to the Arbor Hill Barracks, threw it into a common trench with the other dead patriots, and covered his body with quicklime.

They refused to give up the body. They would not even permit us to provide a coffin.

That was my father's end.

The following is the statement made by Connolly at the court-martial:

I do not wish to make any defense except against charges of wanton cruelty to prisoners. These trifling allegations that have been made, if they record facts that really happened, deal only with the almost unavoidable incidents of a hurried uprising against long-established authority, and nowhere show evidence of set purpose wantonly to injure unarmed persons.

We went out to break the connection between this country and

the British Empire and to establish an Irish Republic. We believe that the call we then issued to the people of Ireland was a nobler call in a holier cause than any call issued to them during this war having any connection with the war.

We succeeded in proving that Irishmen are ready to die endeavoring to win for Ireland those national rights which the British Government has been asking them to die to win for Belgium. As long as that remains the case the cause of Irish freedom is safe.

Believing that the British Government has no right in Ireland, never had any right in Ireland, and never can have any right in Ireland, the presence in any one generation of Irishmen of even a respectable minority, ready to die to affirm that truth, makes that Government forever an usurpation and a crime against human progress.

I personally thank God that I have lived to see the day when thousands of Irish men and boys, and hundreds of Irish women and girls, were ready to affirm that truth and to attest it with their lives if need be.

(*Signed*) JAMES CONNOLLY.
*Commandant General Dublin Division, Army of the Irish Republic.*

Shortly after the news was received of the shooting of President Pearse, MacDonagh, and Clarke, a statement, made on first-hand authority, appeared in the Irish press of America to the effect that the Redmondites, in the British House of Commons, cheered the announcement of the execution of these men. At the present time it is impossible to obtain absolute verification of this statement. Therefore it is given here just as it appeared originally in *The Gælic American:*

We have been informed by a most reliable authority that, when Asquith announced the murder by court-martial, of Padraic H. Pearse, Thomas J. Clarke, and Thomas MacDonagh, the first three rebel leaders to be shot, all the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party who were present in the House of Commons stood up and cheered. Our informant was told this by a Member of Parliament who was present at the time and who is a truthful man. All the Irish papers, "Nationalist" and Tory alike, suppressed the news, but all Ireland knows it just the same.

## CHAPTER LXIII

### How Casement Died

THE thirst for blood of the British was not appeased by the lives that had already been taken. In the face of the opinion of the world, they had determined to take vengeance on Roger Casement, even though they knew that he had striven to prevent the Rebellion and had, in fact, been the immediate cause of MacNeill's countermanding order to the Volunteers.

After lying for weeks in a London jail, Casement was brought to trial at the Royal Courts of Justice, London, on June 26. His prosecutor was the Attorney-General, Sir F. E. Smith, one of the men who had been most prominently identified with the organization of the Carson Volunteers. Evidence was given of Casement's arrest in Ireland after his landing from the German submarine, and of the propaganda he had carried on amongst the Irish prisoners of war in Germany with the intention of forming them into an Irish brigade to join the Irish Volunteers. Most of this evidence was given by a man named Daniel Julian Bailey, formerly a soldier in the English army, who had joined Casement's Irish Brigade. This man went to Ireland with Casement in the submarine, and, on his arrest, turned King's evidence against Casement.

Casement was tried under a statute of Edward III. It was obvious from the first that the result of the trial was a foregone conclusion, but his counsel, including Mr. Francis Doyle of America, made a determined fight for the prisoner. The main plea in favor of the prisoner was that he was being illegally tried under the statute, as his offense, if any, was not committed within the realm of England, as charged in the bill of accusation.

When the jury had returned a verdict of guilty, Casement was asked if he had anything to say as to why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. His speech from the dock will forever rank with Emmet's as a most eloquent statement of Ireland's case as against England. Various incomplete and inaccurate versions have been published. The following is the full speech, as it was delivered by Roger Casement, at the conclusion of the trial, on Thursday, June 29:

My Lord Chief Justice, as I wish my words to reach a much wider audience than I see before me here, I intend to read all that I propose to say. What I shall read now, is something I wrote more than twenty days ago.

There is an objection, possibly not good in law, but surely good on moral grounds, against the application to me here of this old English statute, 565 years old, that seeks to deprive an Irishman to-day of life and honor, not for "adhering to the King's enemies," but for adhering to his own people.

When this statute was passed in 1351, what was the state of men's minds on the question of a far higher allegiance — that of man to God and His Kingdom? The law of that day did not permit a man to forsake his Church or deny his God save with his life. The "heretic" then had the same doom as the "traitor." To-day a man may forswear God and His heavenly realm without fear or penalty, all earlier statutes having gone the way of Nero's edicts against the Christians; but that Constitutional phantom, "The King," can still dig up from the dungeons and torture chambers of the Dark Ages a law that takes a man's life and limb for an exercise of conscience.

If true religion rests on love, it is equally true that loyalty rests on love. The law I am charged under has no parentage in love, and claims the allegiance of to-day on the ignorance and blindness of the past. I am being tried in truth not by my peers of the live present, but by the fears of the dead past; not by the civilization of the twentieth century, but by the brutality of the fourteenth; not even by a statute framed in the language of the land that tries me, but emitted in the language of an enemy land — so antiquated is the law that must be sought to-day to slay an Irishman whose offense is that he puts Ireland first!

Loyalty is a sentiment, not a law. It rests on love, not on restraint. The government of Ireland by England rests on restraint and not on law; and since it demands no love, it can evoke no loyalty.

But this statute is more absurd than it is antiquated; and if it be potent to hang one Irishman, it is still more potent to gibbet all Englishmen. Edward III was king not only of the Realm of England, but also of the Realm of France, and he was not king of Ireland. Yet his dead hand to-day may pull the noose around the Irishman's neck, whose Sovereign he was not, but it can strain no strand around the Frenchman's throat, whose sovereign he was. For centuries the successors of Edward III claimed to be kings of France, and quartered the arms of France upon their royal shield down to the Union with Ireland on January 1, 1801. Throughout these hundreds of years these "Kings of France" were constantly at war with their realm of France and their French subjects, who should have gone from birth to death with an obvious fear of treason before their eyes. But did they? Did the "Kings of France," resident here at Windsor, or in the Tower of London, hang, draw, and quarter as a traitor every Frenchman for 400 years who fell into their power with arms in their hands? On the contrary, they received Embassies of these traitors, presents from these traitors, even knighthood itself at the hands of these traitors, feasted with them, tilted with them, fought with them — but did not assassinate them by law.

Judicial assassination to-day is reserved only for one race of the King's subjects — for Irishmen, for those who cannot forget their allegiance to the Realm of Ireland. The Kings of England, as such, had no rights in Ireland up to the time of Henry VIII, save such as rested on compact and mutual obligation entered into between them and certain princes, chiefs, and lords of Ireland. This form of legal right, such as it was, gave no King of England lawful power to impeach an Irishman for high treason under this statute of King Edward III of England until an Irish Act, known as Poyning's Law, the tenth of Henry VII, was passed in 1494, at Drogheda, by the Parliament of the Pale in Ireland and enacted as law in that part of Ireland. But, if by Poyning's Law an Irishman of the Pale could be indicted for high treason under this Act, he could be indicted only in one way and before one tribunal — by the laws of the Realm of Ireland and in Ireland. The very law of Poyning, which, I be-

lieve, applies this statute of Edward III to Ireland, enacted also for the Irishman's defense "all those laws by which England claims her liberty."

And what is the fundamental charter of an Englishman's liberty? That he shall be tried by his peers. With all respect, I assert this Court is to me, an Irishman, charged with this offense, a foreign Court — this jury is for me, an Irishman, not a jury of my peers to try me in this vital issue, for it is patent to every man of conscience that I have a right, an indefeasible right, if tried at all under this statute of high treason, to be tried in Ireland, before an Irish Court and by an Irish jury. This Court, this jury, the public opinion of this country, England, cannot but be prejudiced in varying degrees against me, most of all in time of war. I did not land in England. I landed in Ireland. It was to Ireland I came; to Ireland I wanted to come, and the last place I desired to land was in England.

But for the Attorney-General of England there is only "England" — there is no Ireland, there is only the law of England — no right of Ireland; the liberty of Ireland and of Irishmen is to be judged by the power of England. Yet for me, the Irish outlaw, there is a land of Ireland, a right of Ireland, and a charter for all Irishmen to appeal to, in the last resort, a charter that even the very statutes of England itself cannot deprive us of, nay more, a charter that Englishmen themselves assert as the fundamental bond of law that connects the two kingdoms. This charge of high treason involves a moral responsibility, as the very terms of the indictment against myself recite, inasmuch as I committed the acts I am charged with to the "evil example of others in the like case." What was the evil example I set to others in the like case, and who were these others? The evil example charge is that I asserted the rights of my own country, and the "others" I appealed to, to aid my endeavor, were my own countrymen. The example was given not to Englishmen, but to Irishmen, and the "like case" can never arise in England, but only in Ireland. To Englishmen I set no evil example, for I made no appeal to them. I asked no Englishmen to help me. I asked Irishmen to fight for their rights. The "evil example" was only to other Irishmen who might come after me and in "like case" seek to do as I did. How, then, since neither my example nor my appeal was addressed to Englishmen, can I be rightfully tried by them?

If I did wrong in making that appeal to Irishmen to join with me in an effort to fight for Ireland, it is by Irishmen and by them alone

I can be rightfully judged. From this Court and its jurisdiction I appeal to those I am alleged to have wronged, and to those I am alleged to have injured by my "evil example," and claim that they alone are competent to decide my guilt or my innocence. If they find me guilty, the statute may affix the penalty, but the statute does not override or annul my right to seek judgment at their hands. This is so fundamental a right, so natural a right, so obvious a right, that it is clear the Crown were aware of it when they brought me by force and by stealth from Ireland to this country. It was not I who landed in England, but the Crown who dragged me here, away from my own country to which I had returned with a price upon my head, away from my own countrymen whose loyalty is not in doubt, and safe from the judgment of my peers whose judgment I do not shrink from. I admit no other judgment but theirs. I accept no verdict save at their hands.

I assert from this dock that I am being tried here not because it is just, but because it is unjust. Place me before a jury of my own countrymen, be it Protestant or Catholic, Unionist or Nationalist, Sinn Feineach or Orangeman, and I shall accept the verdict and bow to the statute and all its penalties. But I shall accept no meaner finding against me than that of those whose loyalty I endangered by my example and to whom alone I appeal. If they adjudge me guilty, then guilty I am. It is not I who am afraid of their verdict — it is the Crown. If this is not so, why fear the test? I fear it not. I demand it as my right.

That is the condemnation of English rule, of English-made law, of English Government in Ireland, that it dare not rest on the will of the Irish people, but exists in defiance of their will — that it is a rule derived not from right, but from conquest.

Conquest, my lord, gives no title; and, if it exists over the body, it fails over the mind. It can exert no empire over men's reason and judgment and affections; and it is from this law of conquest without title, to the reason, judgment, and affection of my own countrymen that I appeal.

I would add, the generous expressions of sympathy extended to me from so many quarters, particularly from America, have touched me very much. In that country, as in my own, I am sure my motives are understood, for the achievement of their liberties has been an abiding inspiration to Irishmen and to all elsewhere rightly struggling to be free.

My Lord Chief Justice, I am not called upon, I conceive, to say anything in answer to the inquiry your lordship has addressed to me why sentence should not be passed upon me. Since I do not admit any verdict in this Court, I cannot, my Lord, admit the fitness of the sentence that of necessity must follow it from this Court. I hope I shall be acquitted of presumption if I say that the Court I see before me now is not this High Court of Justice of England but a far greater, a far older assembly of justices — that of the people of Ireland. Since in the acts which have led to this trial it was the people of Ireland I sought to serve and them alone — I leave my judgment and my sentence in their hands.

Let me pass from myself and my own fate to a far more pressing as it is far more urgent theme — not the fate of the individual Irishman who may have tried and failed, but the claims and the fate of the country that has not failed. 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. For if English authority be omnipotent — a power, as Mr. Gladstone phrased it, that reaches to the very ends of the earth — Irish hope exceeds the dimensions of that power, excels its authority, and renews with each generation the claims of the last. The cause that begets this indomitable persistency, the faculty of preserving through generations of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, this, surely, is the noblest cause ever strove for, ever lived for, ever died for. If this be the case I stand here to-day indicted for and convicted of sustaining, then I stand in a goodly company and a right noble succession.

My counsel has referred to the Ulster Volunteer movement, and I will not touch at length upon that ground, save only to say this, that neither I nor any of the leaders of the Irish Volunteers, who were formed in Dublin in November, 1913, had any quarrel with the Ulster Volunteers as such, who were born a year earlier. Our movement was not directed against them, but against the men who misused and misdirected the courage, the sincerity, and the local patriotism of the men of the north of Ireland. The manifesto of the Irish Volunteers, promulgated at a public meeting in Dublin on November 25, 1913, stated with sincerity the aims of the organization as I have outlined them.

Since arms were so necessary to make our organization a reality

and to give to the minds of Irishmen menaced with the most outrageous threats a sense of security, it was our bounden duty to get arms before all else. I decided, with this end in view, to go to America, with surely a better right to appeal to Irishmen there for help in an hour of great national trial than those envoys of "Empire" could assert for their week-end descents upon Ireland, or their appeals to Germany.

If, as the right honorable gentleman, the present Attorney-General, asserted in a speech at Manchester, Nationalists would neither fight for Home Rule nor pay for it, it was our duty to show him that we knew how to do both. Within a few weeks of my arrival in the States the fund that had been opened to secure arms for the Volunteers of Ireland amounted to many thousands of pounds. In every case the money subscribed, whether it came from the purse of the wealthy man or the still readier pocket of the poor man, was Irish gold.

Then came the war. As Mr. Birrell said in his evidence laid before the Commission of Inquiry into the causes of the late rebellion in Ireland, "the war upset all our calculations." It upset mine no less than Mr. Birrell's, and put an end to my mission of peaceful effort in America. War between Great Britain and Germany meant, as I believed, ruin for all the hopes we had founded on the enrolment of the Irish Volunteers. A constitutional movement in Ireland is never very far from a breach of the Constitution, as the loyalists of Ulster had been so eager to show us.

The difference between us was that the Ulster champions chose a path they felt would lead to the Woolsack, while I went a road I knew must lead to the dock. And the event proves we were both right. The difference between us was that my "treason" was based on a ruthless sincerity that forced me to attempt in time and season to carry out in action what I said in words — whereas their treason lay in verbal incitements that they knew need never be made good in their bodies. And so, I am prouder to stand here to-day in the traitor's dock to answer this impeachment than to fill the place of my right honorable accusers.

We have been told, we have been asked to hope, that after this war Ireland will get Home Rule as a reward for the life-blood shed in a cause which, whoever else its success may benefit, can surely not benefit Ireland. And what will Home Rule be in return for what its vague promise has taken, and still hopes to take, away from Ireland?

Home Rule, when it comes, if come it does, will find an Ireland drained of all that is vital to its very existence, unless it be that unquenchable hope we build on the graves of the dead. We are told that if Irishmen go by the thousand to die not for Ireland, but for Flanders, for Belgium, for a patch of sand on the deserts of Mesopotamia, or a rocky trench on the heights of Gallipoli, they are winning self-government for Ireland. But if they dare to lay down their lives on their native soil, if they dare to dream even that freedom can be won at home by men resolved to fight for it there, then they are traitors to their country, and their dream and their deaths alike are phases of a dishonorable fantasy.

But history is not so recorded in other lands. In Ireland alone in the twentieth century is loyalty held to be a crime. If loyalty be something less than love and more than law, then we have had enough of such loyalty for Ireland or Irishmen. Where all your rights become only an accumulated wrong; where men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, to sing their own songs, to garner the fruit of their own labors — and even while they beg, to see these things inexorably withdrawn from them — then surely it is a braver, a saner, and a truer thing to be a rebel in act and deed against such circumstances as this than tamely to accept it as the natural lot of man.

Sentence of death by hanging was thereupon passed on the prisoner and this was duly carried out on August 3, 1916, at Pentonville Prison. At the moment of the death of the patriot the crowd of Britishers who had assembled outside the jail gave vent to their feelings by booing and jeering. The following is the cabled account of the execution, passed by the British censor, and dated London, August 3:

Roger Casement, Irish rebel, died a traitor's death on an English scaffold this morning in Pentonville Prison at 9 o'clock, and his body was buried in quicklime beneath the stones of the prison yard.

"I die for my country," were Casement's last words; "into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Jesus, receive my soul." The next moment the trap was sprung.

A great crowd began to collect outside the prison this morning as

the hour for the execution drew near, and as the prison bell began to toll, at 20 minutes to 9, the streets for two blocks in front of the gates were black with people, who alternately cheered and groaned at the heavy, measured strokes of the bell.

In the rear of the prison, as close as possible to the point where the scaffold stands, and huddled away from the rest of the crowd, was a little knot of Irishmen and Irishwomen who had gathered there, apparently with the hope that their fellow-countryman might feel that in his last moments a few friends were still near.

Just before 9 o'clock the bell ceased tolling, and a great silence fell upon the people. All knew what it meant — the doomed man was ascending the scaffold. Then, at 1 minute past 9, came a single, heavy, reverberating peal of the bell, and simultaneously the crowd burst, as though from an uncontrollable impulse, into an outcry which sounded as though compounded of a mocking, jeering yell and a half hysterical wail.

That was a sound which echoed over the stormy waves of the Irish Sea to rouse to a still grimmer pitch of determination a nation which, having tasted once more of the power of freedom, if for only the brief spell of one week, will carry on the fight till the Green, White and Orange flies in triumph over a free and independent Irish Republic.

# APPENDIX

## IRELAND'S ROLL OF HONOR

The following are the names of the men who were killed during the fighting:

The O'Rahilly
Sean Connolly
John O'Reilly
Gerald Keogh
Richard Murphy
Peter Macken
William Maguire
John O'Grady
Richard O'Carroll
Francis Burke
Edward Walsh
Sean Howard
John Dromean
Andrew Byrne
Michael Malone
James Corgoran
Harry Coyle
Patrick Whelan
George Reynolds
Joseph Kelly
Con Keating
Edward O'Reilly
Patrick Shortis
John Hurley
Edward Ennis
Domhnall Sheehan
Francis Macken
John Costello
Charles Darcy
John Crinegan
Richard Kent
Peter Manning
D. Murphy
William McDowell
J. Owens
Patrick O'Flanagan
John Traynor
Thomas Weafer
Philip Walsh
Thomas Allen
J. Geoghegan
Philip Clark
Thomas O'Reilly
James Byrne
Peter Wilson
Patrick Doyle
Charles Corrigan
James Quinn
John Healy
Joseph Byrne
John Adams
D. Murray
John Devane

The following are those who were sentenced by the Courts-martial, in addition to those executed:

Thomas Bevan, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Thomas Walch, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Finian Lynch, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Diarmuid C. Lynch, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Thomas Ashe, *penal servitude for life.*
Michael Mervyn, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Dennis O'Callaghan, *ten years' penal servitude.*
P. E. Sweeney, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Patrick M'Nestry, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Peter Clancy, *ten years' penal servitude.*
William Tobin, *ten years' penal servitude.*
George Irvine, *ten years' penal servitude.*
John Doherty, *ten years' penal servitude.*
J. J. Walsh, *ten years' penal servitude.*
James Melinn, *ten years' penal servitude.*
J. J. Reid, *ten years' penal servitude.*
John Williams, *ten years' penal servitude.*

Francis Fahy, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Richard Davys, *ten years' penal servitude.*
John M'Garry, *eight years' penal servitude.*
Thomas Hunter, *penal servitude for life.*
William Cosgrove, *penal servitude for life.*
Edward Duggan, *three years' penal servitude.*
Pierce Beasley, *three years' penal servitude.*
Joseph Maguinness, *three years' penal servitude.*
Constance Georgina Markievicz, *penal servitude for life.*
Henry O'Hanrahan, *penal servitude for life.*
George Plunkett, *penal servitude for ten years.*
John Plunkett, *penal servitude for ten years.*
Philip B. Cosgrave, *penal servitude for five years.*
W. Meehan, *penal servitude for five years.*
R. Kelly, *penal servitude for five years.*
W. Wilson, *penal servitude for five years.*
J. Clarke, *penal servitude for five years.*
J. Brennan, *penal servitude for five years.*
P. Wilson, *penal servitude for five years.*
F. Brooks, *penal servitude for five years.*
R. Coleman, *penal servitude for five years.*
T. Peppard, *penal servitude for five years.*
J. Norton, *penal servitude for five years.*
J. Byrne, *penal servitude for five years.*
T. O'Kelly, *penal servitude for five years.*
James T. Hughes, *penal servitude for ten years.*
Peter Doyle, *penal servitude for ten years.*
J. Wilson, *two years' imprisonment with hard labor.*
E. Roach, *one year's imprisonment with hard labor.*
James O'Sullivan, *eight years' penal servitude.*
Vincent Poole, *five years' penal servitude.*
William P. Corrigan, *five years' penal servitude.*
John Downey, *three years' penal servitude.*
James Burke, *three years' penal servitude.*
James Morrissy, *three years' penal servitude.*
Maurice Brennan, *three years' penal servitude.*
Gerald Doyle, *three years' penal servitude.*
Charles Bevan, *three years' penal servitude.*
Patrick Fogarty, *three years' penal servitude.*
John Faulkner, *three years' penal servitude.*
Michael Brady, *three years' penal servitude.*
George Levins, *three years' penal servitude.*
John F. Cullen, *three years' penal servitude.*
J. Dorrington, *three years' penal servitude.*
W. O'Dea, *three years' penal servitude.*
P. Kelly, *three years' penal servitude.*
James Dempsey, *three years' penal servitude.*
Michael Scully, *three years' penal servitude.*
J. Crenigan, *one year with hard labor.*

William Derrington, *one year with hard labor.*
Edward de Valera, *penal servitude for life.*
John McArdle, *three years' penal servitude.*
C. O'Donovan, *five years' penal servitude.*
John Shouldice, *five years' penal servitude.*
Thomas Ashe, *penal servitude for life.*
Frank Lawless, *ten years' penal servitude.*
James Lawless, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Richard Hayes, *twenty years' penal servitude.*
Henry James Boland, *five years' penal servitude.*
Gerald Crofts, *five years' penal servitude.*
Frank Drennan, *ten years' penal servitude.*
Charles O'Neill, *one year with hard labor.*
Bryan Molloy, *Galway, ten years.*
Michael de Lucy, *Enniscorthy, five years.*
John R. Etchingham, *Enniscorthy, five years.*
Robert Brennan, *Enniscorthy, five years.*
James Rafter, *Enniscorthy, five years.*
Richard F. King, *Enniscorthy, five years.*
James Doyle, *Enniscorthy, five years.*
James Joyce, *Dublin, five years.*
Fergus O'Connor, *Dublin, three years.*
Philip Joseph MacMahon, *Dundalk, three years.*
Michael Reynolds, *Dundalk, three years.*
John Quinn, *Dundalk, three years.*
Michael Grady, *Athenry, one year.*
Charles White, *Athenry, one year.*
John Haniffy, *Athenry, one year.*
Martin Hansberry, *Athenry, one year.*
Michael Higgins, *Athenry, one year.*
John Grady, *Athenry, one year.*
James Murray, *Athenry, one year.*
Thomas Barrett, *Athenry, one year.*
Patrick Kennedy, *Athenry, one year.*
Thomas Kennedy, *Athenry, one year.*
Murtagh Fahy, *Athenry, one year.*
Michael Donohue, *Athenry, one year.*
Patrick Weafer, *Maynooth, six months.*
John Greaves, *Maynooth, six months.*
Joseph Ledwick, *Maynooth, six months.*
Conor McGinley, *Dublin, three years.*
John Carrick, *Oranmore, three years.*
Michael Hehir, *Oranmore, three years.*
Christopher Carrick, *Oranmore, three years.*
William Corcoran, *Oranmore, three years.*
Patrick Fury, *Oranmore, three years.*
Eddy Corcoran, *Oranmore, three years.*
Thomas Fury, *Oranmore, three years.*
Michael Higgins, *Oranmore, three years.*

PATRICK FLANAGAN, *Oranmore, three years.*
JAMES LOUGHLIN, *Oranmore, three years.*
MICHAEL TOOLE, *Oranmore, three years.*
JOSEPH BURKE, *Oranmore, three years.*
JOSEPH HOWLEY, *Oranmore, three years.*
T. F. FURY, *Oranmore, three years.*
TIMOTHY BROSNAN, *Kerry, five years.*
COLAN O'GEARY, *Mayo, ten years.*
JOHN TOMKINS, *Wexford, ten years.*
JEREMIAH C. LYNCH, *New York, ten years.*
PETER GALLIAN, *Wexford, five years.*
PATRICK FAHY, *Galway, ten years.*
THOMAS DESMOND FITZGERALD, *Dublin, ten years.*
WILLIAM PARTRIDGE, *Dublin, ten years.*
MICHAEL FLEMING, SR., *Galway, three years.*
JOHN CORCORAN, *Galway, three years.*
WILLIAM HUSSEY, *Galway, three years.*
MICHAEL FLEMING, JR., *Galway, one year.*
JOHN (EOIN) MACNEILL, *convicted and sentenced to penal servitude* [*for life.*

A large number of men were arrested, deported, and confined in jail as criminals without any charges being preferred against them and without a trial. The following are the batches of prisoners and the dates on which they were deported:

Two hundred prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on April 30th, and lodged in Knutsford Detention Barracks, England, on May 1st.

Two hundred and eighty-nine prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on April 30th, and lodged in Stafford Detention Barracks on May 1st.

Three hundred and eight prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on May 2d, and lodged in Knutsford Detention Barracks on May 3d.

Three hundred and seventy-six prisoners arrested by the military authorities were received at Wakefield Detention Barracks on May 6th.

Two hundred and three prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on May 8th, and lodged in Stafford Detention Barracks on May 9th.

One hundred and ninety-seven prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on May 8th, and lodged in Wandsworth Detention Barracks, London, on May 9th.

Fifty-four prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on May 12th, and lodged in Wandsworth Detention Barracks, London, on May 13th. Among those deported at this time was Arthur Griffith, the father of the Sinn Fein Policy.

Fifty-eight prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on May 12th, and lodged in Stafford Detention Barracks on May 13th.

Two hundred and seventy-three prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks on May 12th, and lodged in Wakefield Detention Barracks on May 13th.

One hundred and ninety-seven prisoners were removed from Dublin on May 19th to Barlinnie Detention Barracks, Glasgow, and to Perth Detention Barracks.

Forty prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on May 19th, and lodged in Woking Detention Barracks the following day.

Fifty-nine prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks on May 19th and lodged in Lewes Detention Barracks on the following day.

One hundred prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on June 1st, and lodged in Wakefield Detention Barracks on the following day.

Forty-nine prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on June 1st, and lodged in Wandsworth Detention Barracks on the following day.

Fifty prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on June 1st, and lodged in Knutsford Detention Barracks on the following day.

Forty-one prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on June 6th, and lodged in Knutsford Detention Barracks on the following day.

Twenty-five prisoners were removed from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on June 15th, and lodged in Knutsford Detention Barracks on the following day.

An official list of two hundred and twelve prisoners confined at Richmond Barracks, Dublin, was issued on Saturday, May 20th.

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