

**A FRAGMENT OF 1916  
HISTORY.**

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*This fragment of 1916 history is confined to a very small portion of one district in Dublin during the Rising of 1916. The statements in the documents reproduced speak for themselves. They can all be substantiated by communicating with any of the persons whose statements appear, or with Sinn Fein Headquarters in Dublin. The writer's inquiries did not extend beyond the area shown in the accompanying map. There were many other reported outrages of a similar nature. When the English propagandists speak of German atrocities or Turkish atrocities their words fall on deaf ears in Ireland. We have known to our bitter cost the English methods for many centuries, and 1916 proves that the leopard does not change his spots.*

## A FRAGMENT OF 1916 HISTORY.

### HOW THE IRISH FOUGHT.

Captain R. K. Bereton, J.P., Ladywell, Athlone, who was captured by the Republican Army and held with ten other English prisoners from Monday evening to Saturday evening, said on May 14th, 1916:—

“What impressed me most was the international tone adopted by the Sinn Fein officers. They were not out for massacre, for burning or for loot. They were out for war, observing all the rules of civilised warfare and fighting clean. So far as I saw they fought like gentlemen. They had possession of the restaurant in the (Four) Courts, stocked with spirits and champagne and other wines, yet there were no signs of drinking. I was informed that they were all total abstainers. They treated their prisoners with the utmost courtesy and consideration, in fact they proved by their conduct that they were men of education incapable of acts of brutality.”

Mr. Asquith, British Prime Minister, May 11th, 1916:—

“So far as the great body of insurgents are concerned, I have no hesitation in saying in public they conducted themselves with a humanity which contrasted very much to their advantage with some of the so-called civilised enemies which we are fighting in Europe. That admission I gladly make, and the House will gladly hear it, they were young men, often lads. They were misled almost unconsciously I believe, into this terrible business. They fought very bravely and did not resort to outrage.”

One of a party, which included Judge Law Smith, and were captured by the Republican Army and held in the G.P.O. for several days, stated in an interview published in the Dublin Press, May 24th, 1916:—

“Connolly, Pearse, The O’Rahilly and MacDermott were most kind to me and I had plenty to eat and smoke. . . . I’d like to say, that while I was never a Sinn Feiner, the way the insurgents treated me I can never forget.”

Hugh Martin, Correspondent “Daily News,” writing April 30th, 1916:—

“A point which might not be forgotten and of which I have received ample evidence from residents by no means inclined to favour Sinn Fein, is that the Rebels began their movement on lines of discipline and restraint. . . . For all

goods not paid for in cash a receipt was given in the name of the 'Irish Republic,' and business people were treated with studied courtesy by the officers engaged in commandeering." mmmmm

"Civilians, whether they were English or Irish, were not interfered with by the Sinn Feiners."

An English Correspondent, London "Times."

"The rebels, like the soldiers, respected the Red Cross. During the hottest part of the street fighting an officer was seen making his way towards a group of wounded men with some stretcher bearers. The rebels immediately lowered their rifles and did not renew the fusillade till the wounded had been removed to shelter."

London "Evening News" Correspondent.

Valentine Heywood in the "Daily Chronicle":—

"The Sinn Feiners treated their prisoners with every courtesy and respect";

"But personal conduct redeems the worst of errors of judgment, and many of the men who led their fellows to ruin knew how to fight and how to fail. . . . Dozens of the boys of 16 and 19 fought in the ranks and took death and wounds without complaint."

W. H. Massingham, in "The Nation," May 20th, 1916.

"This man (an English soldier) was wounded and captured by the Irish Rebels, and I saw him in Jervis Street Hospital tended by the admirable doctor (an ornament to his profession) who saved his life in the Post Office. He was very well treated by the Rebels, who sent a priest across to the hospital for the doctor."

W. H. Massingham, "The Nation," May 27th, 1916.

## HOW THE ENGLISH FOUGHT.

### THE NORTH KING STREET MASSACRES.

The following statements deal with the massacre of 15 non-combatant civilians by the 2nd/6th South Staffords (under the command of Lieut.-Col. H. Taylor), between the hours of 6-7 p.m. on Friday and 10 a.m. on Saturday morning of Easter Week.

These 15 unoffending citizens were murdered by the military under circumstances which mark the crime as a cold-blooded and calculated atrocity hardly equalled in the blackest annals of warfare. None of the victims had any connection whatever with the insurrection, and indeed some of them may have been entirely

opposed to it. One of the murdered men, immediately before being shot, pointed to a pictorial representation of the Royal Standard which hung over his bed as a proof of non-complicity with the Insurgents, but no mercy was shown him.

The doomed men were torn from the bosom of their family, and despite all exposition and explanation regarding their views or identity, and despite the tears and entreaties of their terror-stricken relatives and women-folk, were led away to be slaughtered. In some instances requests were made that the military should at least make enquiries at the neighbouring police stations or obtain information from some of the prominent citizens to whom they were known. But all appeals were fruitless, they all shared a common fate at the hands of their cruel captors.

The young son of poor Hickey—a lad of scarcely 15 years—was at the last moment heard pleading pathetically for his father's life. Both father and son were butchered together.

The wife of one of the murdered men carried a baby a few weeks old in her arms; the wife of another gave birth to a child but a few weeks after her husband's murder. Both saw their husband's led away to death without even a moment's respite to snatch a last farewell to those they loved. The houses in which they were taken were never at any time occupied by the Volunteers; and no traces of arms or ammunition were found on the premises.

None of the murders was done during a sudden attack of assault, or in the heat of passion. In some cases several hours elapsed allowing ample time for consultation with the officers in command before the doomed men were slaughtered. The officers seem in all cases to have overseen or directed the "military operations." It would be difficult to find a parallel to these atrocious crimes.

At the inquest on Patrick Bealan and James Healy, Lieut.-Col. Taylor did not appear, but sent a statement to the Coroner in the course of which he said:—"No persons were attacked by the troops other than those who were assisting the rebels, and found with arms in their possession." General Maxwell afterwards made the sufficiently candid and luminous statement in the "Daily Mail" respecting the conduct of the troops under his command:—". . . . "Possibly some unfortunate incidents, which we should regret now, may have occurred . . . . it is even possible that under the horrors of this attack some of them 'saw red,' that is the inevitable consequences of a rebellion of this kind. It was allowed to come into being among these people and could not be suppressed by velvet glove methods, where troops were so desperately opposed and attacked. Some, at any rate, of the allegations are certainly false, and are probably made in order to establish a claim for compensation from the Government."

Repeated attempts were made to have a public enquiry into the facts of these military murders, but were opposed by the British Government.

The Volunteer North King Street position was one of the

advanced posts in the Four Courts Area, the latter building being Commandant Daly's headquarters.

The direct military attack on the North King Street position begun early on Friday morning. Parties of military advanced slowly westward down King Street from Bolton Street, taking cover in the houses on each side as they came on. The plan of attack adopted by the military was the same here as elsewhere throughout the city. They fired indiscriminately into all houses on the line of advance, paying no regard whatever to the safety of non-combatants, male or female, young or old.

The troops themselves were not under fire until they had passed North Ann Street and approached the Volunteer positions at the Church Street end of North King Street.

The houses in which nine of the murders were committed form the block in North King Street between Ann Street and Beresford Street—merely ten houses in line together covering a space of only a few yards. Four men were also murdered in Mrs. Lawless's house directly facing these houses on the opposite side of the street (27 North King Street).

W. O'Neill was killed on Constitution Hill, and John Beirnes was shot in Coleraine Street—both streets adjoining North King Street.

On Friday evening the military having passed a short distance beyond Ann Street, broke into 172 King Street in the middle of the line of ten houses already referred to. Then boring through the inner walls of the adjoining houses, they continued to work westward under cover inside the building until they reached Beresford Street.

The soldiers inside these houses were in no danger themselves, as they were safe from the Volunteer fire from Church Street, but as subsequent events showed, they were determined to wreak vengeance on the helpless inmates whom they found in the houses.

It is to be presumed that the pronouncements made by the judges who investigated the Bowen-Colthurst murders at the British Government's own "Royal Commission of Inquiry" apply also to the North King Street massacres:—"The shooting of unarmed and unresisting civilians without trial constitutes the offence of murder, whether martial law has been proclaimed or not." "We should have deemed it superfluous to point this out."

The historian Lecky holds the same view and the point is scarcely debateable with any nation claiming to be civilised.

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#### MURDER OF MICHAEL NOONAN (34) AND GEORGE ENNIS (51) AT 174 NORTH KING STREET.

Statement of an old woman—Miss Anne Fennel, a tenant still residing in the house who was present on the day of the murder:—

"Mrs. Byrne, now living at 31 Sitric Street, is a sister of the dead man, Michael Noonan. She kept the shop of this house (174 North King Street) as a small general provision store during Easter Week.

"She had occupied the premises during the preceding ten years, and was assisted in the shop by her brother, Michael Noonan, who was 34 years of age and a native of Dublin. On the day of the murder the house was occupied by Michael Noonan, by Mr. and Mrs. George Ennis, an old man named Smith, a bird fancier, who occupied a room in the top of the house, and myself. Mr. Noonan's sister (Mrs. Byrne) was not present as she had left to go to a relative's residence on Wednesday. We were all tenants in the house. George Ennis was 53 years of age and was a carriage body maker in Moore's factory close by. He was a fine strongly built man. Poor Noonan was a very quiet, inoffensive young man, and they were both greatly liked by everyone.

"As well as I can recollect, it was between 5 and 6 a.m. on Easter Saturday morning the military burst into the shop. There were one or more officers in command and about 30 soldiers. They burst in like wild beasts and shouted harshly at us. We four were in the back parlour behind the shop. The old man, Smith, was not with us. The officer shouted 'Hands up,' and ordered the two men, Noonan and Ennis, upstairs. They asked us were there any other men in the house. I told them an old man who kept birds lived in a room at the top of the house. I afterwards heard he had escaped by the back yard and hid himself in the outhouses.

"I nearly fell on the ground and clasped the officer's hand in terror, but he flung me off. As poor Mrs. Ennis saw her husband being led upstairs she clung to him and refused to be parted from him, and said, 'I must go up with my husband.' One of the soldiers pulled her off and put a bayonet to her ear and uttered the foulest language. She said, 'You would not kill a woman, would you?' He shouted, 'Keek quiet, you bloody bitch.' They then took the two men upstairs and locked us women in the shop parlour and told us not to move at the peril of our lives.

"The soldiers rushed everywhere searching about the house and ripped up the beds with their bayonets. We heard them a long time going through the rooms upstairs. Our men's caps lay on the parlour table beside us. We were surprised at the delay, and waited anxiously for them to return. But they didn't come. We could not leave the parlour as the officer had shut us in.

"After a long time, it must have been a couple of hours, we heard a noise at the parlour door, and to our horror poor Mr. Ennis crawled in. I will never forget. He was dying, bleeding to death, and when the military left the house he had crept down the stairs, to see his wife for the last time. He was covered with blood and his eyes were rolling in his head. He said to his wife,

'O Kate, they have killed me.' She said, 'O my God! for what?' He said, 'For nothing.' He asked us to go for a priest for him but we could not leave the house. I was terrified, and asked the dying man 'would they kill us all.' He spoke very kindly to us and told us they would not touch us. We told him to lie down on the floor and we said the last prayers for the dying kneeling beside him. He said, 'They killed poor Noonan too.' I stayed with him as long as I could.

"Poor Mr. Ennis did not live more than twenty minutes after he came into us. He died about two and a half hours after being shot.

"On Saturday evening, about 6 o'clock, I stole upstairs to get a cup of tea. When I went up I saw poor Noonan lying on the floor in a pool of blood. They must have bayoneted him as there was a great quantity of blood on the floor.

"Next day the soldiers wanted to take the bodies away, but Mrs. Ennis or Mrs. Byrne would not let them remove the remains, and we got them buried ourselves. The military must have shot them immediately they took them upstairs. We did not hear the report of the rifles as there was firing outside in the street.

"Five officers afterwards came to urge me to go to the Castle. I did not like to go, but I went at length when they cross-questioned me.

"Mr. Ennis was a native of Dublin, and his mother and sister live at 120 Cork Street. Mrs. Ennis now lives at Hill Cottage, Ballycarney, Ferns, Co. Wexford.

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STATEMENT BY MRS. KATE ENNIS, Hill Cottage,  
Ballycarney, Co. Wexford.

"I lived with my husband, George Ennis, in the three-storied house, 174 North King Street, Dublin, and was residing there during Easter Week, 1916. The ground floor was occupied by Michael Noonan, who kept a newsagents and tobacconist's shop there; two rooms on the second floor were occupied by Michael Smith; my husband and I occupied one room on the top floor, and a lady named Miss Anne Fennell occupied another room on the same floor. On the morning of the 29th April, 1916, all the above persons, with the exception of Michael Smith, were in a parlour at the back of the shop on the ground floor. At about 6 a.m. we heard the front door being knocked. Before we could open it the military burst in through the door and windows. One of them asked me how many men were in the house. I replied that there were three. Then he said he wanted to see my apartments. I went upstairs, accompanied by 13 soldiers, and showed them the room occupied by myself and my husband. They searched this room and the whole house as well, knocking down presses on the floor and thrusting their bayonets through the beds. I asked them could I come downstairs. They said I

could not until they were coming with me. After some time, as they were bringing me downstairs, we met my husband and Michael Noonan being brought upstairs by another party of military. I asked to be allowed to accompany my husband but they refused and said they were keeping them as prisoners. I asked our officer for God's sake to be allowed to go with my husband. In reply he ordered me to go into the parlour and to mind my brains. They were threatening me with their bayonets and using foul language all this time. Miss Fennell and I were locked in the parlour. At 8 o'clock my husband tumbled downstairs, struck against the parlour door which burst in, staggered over to me, and fell at my feet, a wound under his heart. He told me he was shot. I asked him who shot him and he told me 'the soldiers.' I said 'Why did they shoot you?' and he said he did not know. I asked him where did they shoot him, and he replied 'through the heart as I asked them,' and he then asked me to go out and ask them to come in and finish him. He asked me to get a priest for him, and just before he died he asked me to forgive the soldiers. He died at twenty minutes past eight (8.20). The military left the house immediately the two men were shot. They returned at 6 p.m. to release Miss Fennell and myself, who had been in the parlour all day with my husband's body. We then found Michael Noonan's body lying in a room on the second floor, lying in a pool of blood. He had been shot through the brain. There was another pool of blood on the floor where my husband had fallen. They again asked me how many men were in the house. I replied as before, adding that my husband was dead. They again searched the house. I asked to be allowed to go to my sister-in-law, who was also in King Street. I was brought there by two soldiers. Michael Smith concealed himself and was not discovered in the first search. On the last occasion when the military arrived they brought him away with them and detained him for a short time. The house was not at any time occupied by the Volunteers.

"I declare that the above is a correct statement of what I saw happening on April 29th, 1916.

"I also saw on May 1st, 1916, the dead bodies of Mr. Hickey and his son, James Finnegan, Patrick Hoey, James McCartney, and Peter Lawless, all of King Street, who had been shot also by the military. I know that none of these men had been fighting."

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#### MURDER OF MICHAEL NOONAN (34) AND GEORGE ENNIS, AT 174 NORTH KING STREET.

Statement of Michael Noonan's sister—Mrs. Byrne—now living at 31 Sitric Street, Dublin.

"I kept the shop at 174 North King Street, where my brother was murdered by the military. I had occupied the premises for

ten years, but on Friday of Easter Week was not in the house. On Saturday morning at 1 p.m. I heard my brother had been killed.

"I saw everyone who could give me information about the death of my brother. I have read the statement of Miss Fennell and it agrees in every respect with what I have heard from Mrs. Ennis. My brother was 34 years of age and was of a quiet, kindly disposition."

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MURDER OF THOMAS HICKEY (38),  
HIS SON CHRISTOPHER HICKEY (16)  
AND PETER CONNOLLY (39).

in the empty house, No. 170 North King Street.

These three victims were taken from Mr. Hickey's shop (No. 168), led through the tenement house next door (No. 169), and deliberately slaughtered in a ruinous disused house next door (No. 170).

Statement of Mrs. Hickey, wife of Thomas Hickey.

"My husband, Thomas Hickey, carried on the business of victualler at 168 North King Street, corner of Beresford Street. You can see the closed, deserted shop with the name over the door still, as I have long since left the premises.

"About 6.45 p.m. on Friday night I had gone across the street to Mrs. Lawless' dairy opposite. Passing the barricade at Langans one of the Volunteers told me to hurry back, 'the military are just now turning the corner of Capel Street and will be here soon.' I then went into Corcoran's next door, which is just opposite our house, and as the firing now became terribly heavy I was unable to get back, and Mr. Corcoran brought me upstairs. The fusilade continued all night, and we thought the house would be blown to pieces. Next morning I was terribly anxious to get home, and Mr. Corcoran, at great risk, went to the door and got an officer to pass me over the street. This was 10.30 a.m. on Saturday morning. There were five or six soldiers round our shop under cover and the firing was still going on. I said to one of the soldiers, 'I want to go into my home.' 'You can if you like,' he said, 'but there are a few dead bodies lying round over there, you can cross them if you wish.' I was too terrified to venture and returned to Mr. Corcoran's until Sunday morning. On Sunday morning I saw people passing returning from Mass and from the Technical School where they had been held by the military. I asked everyone I knew 'where is Mr. Hickey?' I went about all day searching the hospitals, etc., until I was nearly worn out, little thinking that my husband and son were lying murdered in the house a few yards across the street.

"About 5 p.m. on Sunday evening I again went round to our

house at the corner of Beresford Street. Two soldiers were on guard outside. I said 'this is my house. I left my husband and child here. I must go in.' He replied, 'No, you can't, you had better see an officer.' I then went to the front halldoor in King Street where I met Mrs. Carroll, the tenant in the next house. She said in a very solemn manner, 'I want to speak to you.' She then stopped and just said, 'Oh, poor Christy,' I knew then they were gone. I then rushed upstairs, the two soldiers following me and shouting, 'You can't be here; come on.' When I rushed into the room, there I saw my poor angel, my darling son. He was lying on the ground, his face darkened, and his two hands raised above his head as if in silent supplication. I kissed him and put his little cap under his head and settled his hands for death. Then I turned and in another place close by I saw poor Tom lying on the ground. O Jesus, I cried, 'my husband too,' and not far off lay the corpse of poor Connolly. I reeled round and remember no more as soldiers hustled me down the stairs and into the street.

"Afterwards I heard the full particulars from the old woman, Mrs. Kate Kelly, who helped us as a servant in the house, and from Mrs. Carroll, the tenant in the intervening house through which they were led to be slaughtered in the empty house, No. 170 North King Street.

"My solicitor, Mr. P. W. Russell, of 19 Ormond Quay, also took down all the particulars.

"I was brought for examination to the Castle and several times addressed the officers there asking them why they had killed my son, a young lad not sixteen years of age.

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Statement of the old woman, Mrs. Kate Kelly, now living at Lisburn Street, Mrs. Hickey's servant, who was present at the murder of the three men.

"I used to do house-work for the Hickeys and was in their house in Easter Week. When the military came in on Friday evening after Mrs. Hickey went across the street, Mr. Hickey and Mr. Connolly were chatting together in the street outside. Mr. Connolly was a carrier and had come over about the moving of two mirrors from Hickeys. As the military rushed up about 6.45 p.m. on Friday night, Mr. Hickey and Mr. Connolly ran into the house for safety. Connolly, although he lived only a few doors away, was never able to get back home. Connolly remained in the house with us all Friday night and was killed with Mr. Hickey and his son Christy next morning.

"That night Mr. Hickey and his son were lying on a mattress stretched on the floor. I was in another room close by. About 6 a.m. on Saturday morning I heard a noise of picking at the walls. I shouted to Mr. Hickey, 'Someone is breaking into the house.' He got up and soon after several soldiers dashed

through a hole which they had made in the wall from next door. They had broken into Mr. Hughes's four doors away and made holes in the walls all the way up to us. The soldiers had drawn bayonets and crowbars and picks. They rushed at us and shouted 'Hands up.' We were terribly frightened, and soon after an officer put his head in through the hole in the wall and shouted, 'How many prisoners have you there?' One of the soldiers replied, 'Three males and one female.' The officer then called out, 'Mind those prisoners till I return.'

"We were kept prisoners for four hours while the officer was away. Mr. Hickey and Mr. Connolly gave every explanation to the soldiers, and said they were not in the Volunteers at all. But it was no use. The officer returned. I remember well, the bell was just ringing for 10 o'clock Mass. We were then led in through the hole in the wall through the rooms of Mrs. Connolly next door (who lodges over Mr. O'Toole's, tobacconist). Passing through her rooms the military, which consisted of an officer and four soldiers, made us enter through another hole into the disused empty house next door—No. 170—where the men were to be slaughtered without mercy. The officer said, 'March on the female first.' Mr. and Mrs. Carroll and her daughter were in their room, and as they knew their neighbour Mr. Hickey well, they spoke to him. Mr. Hickey, as he passed, said to Mrs. Carroll, 'Isn't it too bad, Mrs. Carroll.' 'Yes, indeed, Mr. Hickey,' she said, and the last thing he said to her was, 'Very often the innocent suffer for the guilty.' As I came to the hole in the wall I stumbled, was frightened, and nearly fell down. Mr. Hickey stepped forward and said, 'Wait, Kate, I'll help you,' and assisted me through. Then the child passed next and then Connolly. I fell down on the floor of the empty house when I got inside and called out, 'I hope they are not going to kill us.' The soldier replied with a laugh, 'You are a bally woman, you're all right.' I was left lying in the front room and the men were brought into the back. Both Mrs. Carroll and I heard poor Christy pleading for his father's life—'O! don't kill father.' The shots then rung out, and I shouted, 'O, my God,' and overcome with horror, I threw myself on my knees and began to pray."

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STATEMENT OF MRS. CONNOLLY, now living at Church Street Cottages, wife of Peter Connolly, who was murdered in the empty house, No. 170 North King Street.

"My husband, Peter Connolly, was a carrier and general dealer. He was 39 years of age, and at that time we lived at 164 North King Street, a few doors from Hickey's. He left a family of eight young children.

On Easter Friday evening at dusk he had gone over to Hickey's to move two mirror glasses. When the firing began apparently he could not return home, and I never saw him alive again. I

heard no more until Sunday evening, when I heard he had been murdered by the military, and I was brought over to the empty disused house this side of Dunn's the butchers. The three bodies were left lying in the back room of the first floor upstairs. My poor husband was greatly marked and had several great gashes about the neck and head which appeared to be bayonet wounds.

MURDER OF MICHAEL HUGHES and JOHN WALSH (56),  
At No. 172 North King Street.

Statement of Mrs. Sally Hughes (wife of Michael Hughes).

"I kept a small provision shop at the house No. 172 Nth. King Street, where my husband was killed. We had only started in the business two days before the Insurrection, and part of the house was still unfurnished. At the end of the week there were several people in the house, and we allowed several refugees to come in who had left the Church Street area. On Friday night there were in the house my husband, who was afterwards killed, myself, and our three children, a young girl—my niece, Mr. John Walsh (a cattle drover), who was afterwards killed, with his wife and three children, who also came in for safety to our place. There were also Mrs. Roche and her daughter, as well as Mrs. Roche's father, an old man of 78 years. There was also an old blind man named Davis, who occupied a closet at the top of the house. Two young men, Thomas Davis and Joseph O'Neill, of about 20 years of age, were with us for some time, but were afterwards taken away prisoners by the soldiers to Thorpe's, the butchers, opposite.

"Some time very early on Saturday morning—I think about 5 a.m.—the military burst in on us by the front and the halldoor. They shouted 'Hands up.' They rushed about the house searching the shop, the kitchen, and the rooms upstairs. We said, 'We have nothing to do with Sinn Fein.' The military proceeded to search the men. I had left some jewellery of my own in charge of my husband for safety. The soldiers searched his pockets and took the jewellery, which was never returned to me. They then ordered us women and children down into the cellar and took my husband up to the top of the house. Mr. Walsh was brought into the front room on the same floor where we had been. Some time after I heard a voice upstairs say, 'What are you doing that for, we did nothing on you?' This was followed by a terrible thud as if the soldiers were moving, or had dropped some heavy article of furniture, such as a wardrobe. I little thought that it was either of the men who had fallen. We heard soldiers coming and going all the night upstairs. A wounded soldier was carried in to the hall, and I assisted him did all I could for him.

"The military broke passages through the walls of my house,

No. 172, up through the neighbouring house towards Hickey's in Beresford Street. Later in the day I brought up a cup of tea to the old man at the top of the house. As I went up the stairs a soldier called to me 'You are not to go up there.' I began to get nervous and anxious. As I passed the front drawingroom door I stopped and looked through the keyhole and to my horror I saw the figure of a man lying read on the floor near the fireplace. I asked the soldier, 'Who is it?' He replied, 'A rebel from one of the houses.' I was still doubtful, and came down trembling to Mrs. Walsh, and asked her what colour were the socks her husband wore, as I could plainly see the legs of the figure in the room. She saw I was terrified, and she became alarmed too, but I quieted her as well as I could for some time.

"After this I became suspicious and asked the soldiers several times 'Where is my husband?' They replied, 'Your husband was taken to the detention barracks.' I insisted on getting more information, and some of the soldiers said 'I would have to see an officer.' At length, about 10 p.m. on Saturday night, an officer came. After a long delay he allowed me to go upstairs. Before doing so he got a basin of water and a cloth from us and went upstairs to where the bodies were. This was done, I believe, to wash the blood off the bodies, as we afterwards found the clothes on the dead men quite wet. The officer then came down, and carrying a candle he accompanied me upstairs to an empty room at the top of the house where I found the dead body of my husband.

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STATEMENT OF MRS. ELLEN WALSH (now living at 93 Upper Church Street), wife of John Walsh (36).

"My husband, John Walsh, who was 36 years of age, was a cattle drover, employed by Messrs. Gavin Low. We and the children were living in this house, 93 Upper Church Street, during Easter Week. On Tuesday we were warned by the Volunteers that it was dangerous to remain. We then went down to Mrs. Sally Hughes' house at No. 172 North King Street. Mrs. Hughes was not long in the house and only some of the rooms were furnished at the time. About twenty families had come in there for refuge. We were not long there until the Volunteers warned us that this house also was dangerous. We all left then except old Mr. Roche and the blind man. We tried to get into the Chapel and into St. Michan's Schools, Halston Street, but they were closed and we could not get in. I and my husband and my children returned in about a quarter of an hour to Mrs. Hughes and stayed there until the end. Mrs. Hughes was the soul of good nature and did all she could for everyone. During the week she gave us the best of everything, cut up fitches of bacon and gave us bovril and other provisions from her shop. The

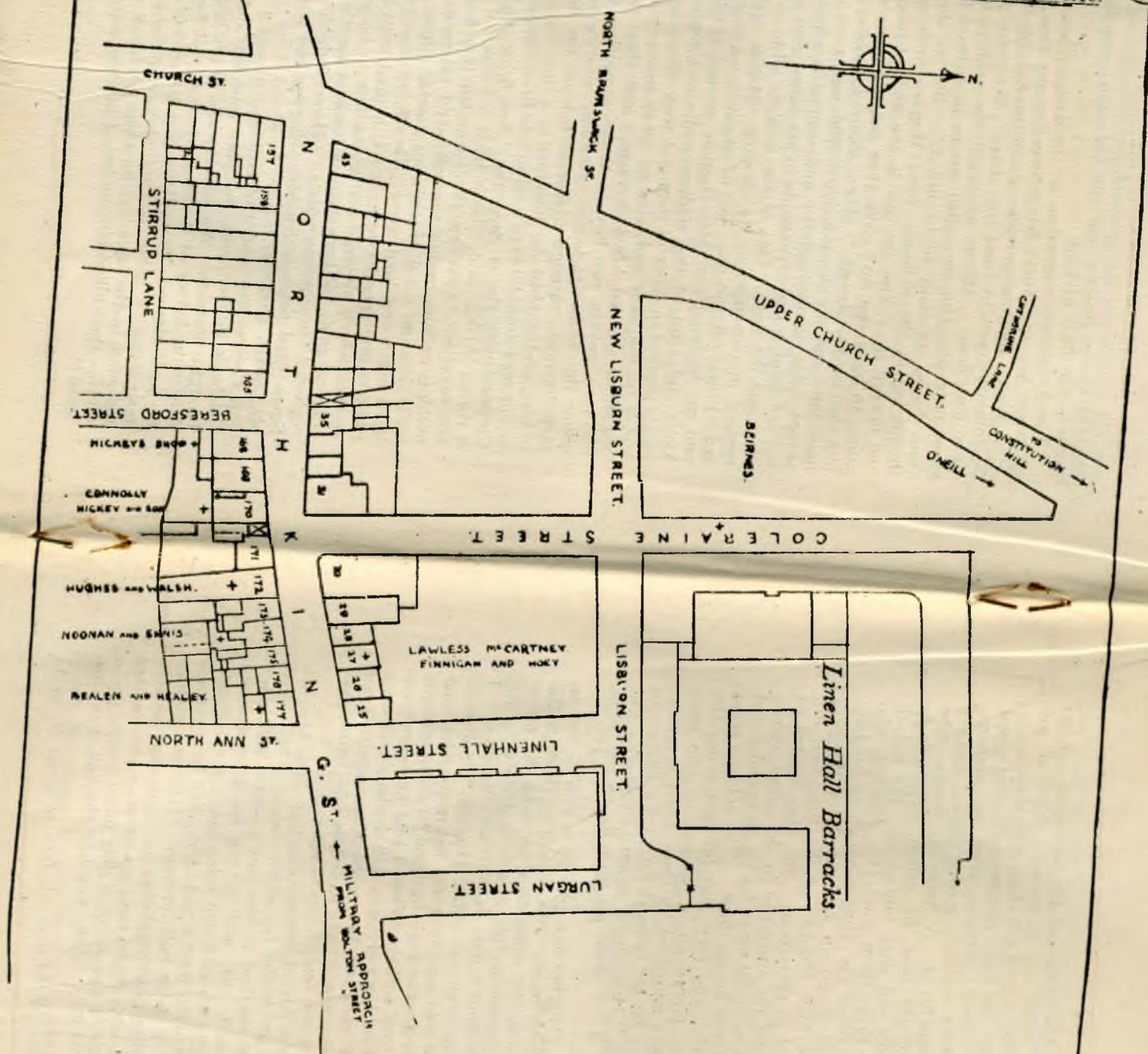
few others—the Roches and the old man—mentioned by Mrs. Hughes, remained with us.

“The Volunteers warned us of the danger, but never occupied the house No. 172 North King Street at any time.

“It was, I think, about 2 or 3 a.m. on Saturday morning when the military burst in from the street. We were all in the back room first floor. When we heard the soldiers banging at the street door Mr. Hughes called out to his wife, ‘Don’t open the door, Sally, we shall all be killed.’ But as the soldiers kept thundering at the halldoor, Mrs. Hughes at length went down and opened it. ‘You are just in the nick of time, we were just going to blow you up.’ We then heard a voice cry, ‘Are there any men in this house?’ Then about 30 soldiers rushed up on us. They ran up like infuriated wild beasts or like things possessed. They looked ghastly and seemed in a panic. There was terrible firing going on outside in the street and an armoured car was near the door. One of the soldiers with stripes on his arm seemed in command. He shouted ‘Hands up,’ and they presented their rifles at us. We all stood round the room in groups, and my husband and Mr. Hughes seemed petrified at the wild looks and cries of the soldiers and stood motionless with their hands clasped in front of them. I took off my husband’s cap and laid it on the table and tried to speak and explain. The man in command shouted ‘Search them,’ and they then searched the two men and the two boys. At the same time the others rushed about the house furiously searching everywhere. They thrust their bayonets through a feather tick on the floor and ripped it to bits, and stabbed the furniture in a hunt for ammunition. One of our men said, ‘There was no one firing from this house.’ The Corporal with the stripes said, ‘Not firing, eh! and pointing to a rip on his hat said, ‘Look what a bullet did for me. I nearly lost my life.’ When they searched my husband they found nothing on him except a small metal statue of St. Anthony in a little tin case. This he always carried about with him, a pen-knife and a few boot-laces. They went through all Mr. Hughes’ pockets and found two watches, a gold bracelet and some other articles which his wife had given him to keep for safety. The corporal said, ‘Where did you come across these?’ Mr. Hughes replied, ‘They are my wife’s.’ He replied, ‘That’s all in my eye.’ Seven gold rings which Mrs. Hughes had left in a drawer were also stolen from her.

“The women and children were then all ordered down into the back kitchen, and my poor husband and Mr. Hughes were brought upstairs. We were locked in the kitchen. I shall never forget the horror of it. Some time after I heard a voice upstairs crying ‘Mercy! Mercy! don’t put that on me,’ and some one resisting as if being tied up, or having the eyes bandaged. The old man in the upper room close by heard my husband crying, and as they killed him he heard his last words, ‘O Nellie, Nellie Jewel!’

SCENE OF MILITARY MURDERS IN NORTH KING, ST DUBLIN 29<sup>th</sup> APRIL 1916.



Nine men were killed in four houses on the south side of North King Street, and four men were killed in one house on north side of same street. Beirnes was killed in Coleraine Street and O'Neill on Constitution Hill at the end of Coleraine Street. The crosses respectively indicate the houses in which the men were killed; the numbers given are the house numbers on each side of the street. The total number killed in this small area shown on map WAS FIFTEEN.

“ With the great noise of the firing outside we could not be sure of the exact time they killed our husbands. With all we could not at the time believe they would kill them with their wives and little children around them, but later we found the devils had slaughtered them in cold blood without trial or enquiry. Throughout the night we heard soldiers moving about upstairs and some wounded were brought in. A Sergeant Banks, who was badly injured, was brought into the cellar. A military doctor was sent for who came and gave him ether. We did all we could for them and even made them tea. Mrs. Hughes, who was very kind-hearted, tore down the window-hangings for bandages. Mrs. Hughes offered to go up and get down the sofa for the wounded man. We little thought at the time that my husband was lying murdered in that room. She also wanted to bring down some sheets from the wardrobe in the upper rooms for bandages, but the soldiers would never let us go upstairs and would always cry, ‘ You cannot go up there.’ The soldiers went up themselves for the sheets, and they also brought down the sofa, and the sergeant was placed on it, whilst our two poor husbands were lying upstairs murdered by those cruel beasts.

“ About 3 p.m. a military doctor came down to the kitchen to look at us, and called out, ‘ How many women have you got there?’ and I asked then if we could go upstairs to get some food.

“ About 3.30 p.m. Mrs. Hughes brought up a cup of tea to the old blind man in the back room. She looked in through the keyhole of the front room, on the same floor, she saw the figure of a man lying over the fender on his mouth and nose. She came down to me terrified and falling out of her standing. I asked her ‘ What is wrong with you, Mrs. Hughes.’ She hesitated a few moments, and told me about the figure upstairs, and asked me ‘ what sort of socks has your husband,’ as she thought the body above wore military socks. When I told her they were green, she said ‘ Thank God,’ but she was still anxious and went up again and looked more carefully. She then came down crying and told me that she would have to tell me the truth, that it was my husband’s body she feared was lying above.

“ About 10 p.m. on Saturday an officer came and Mrs. Hughes told him she wanted to go to the top of the house. He asked her ‘ Why?’ and she said she had an idea her husband was killed up there. At first he said, ‘ O, no,’ but as she persisted, he said, ‘ If you don’t kick up a row I will bring you up.’ He then asked for a basin of hot water and a soft cloth, and he went upstairs and remained there about half an hour. He was cleaning the blood from the bodies, as the clothes on both bodies were quite wet when we went up. As he went up the stairs he shouted back excitedly—‘ If there is any more crying down there, go in and blow all their brains out.’ The sentry in the hall was then speechless drunk.

Poor Hughes’ hat was placed over his face to cover it, as he

lay dead on the floor. After the soldiers first came in the two young men, Davis and O'Neill, were taken down to the cellar, but they were left with us only for a few moments. Whilst searching Davis one of the soldiers shouted 'Give that Irish pig an ounce of lead.' They were both taken as prisoners to Thorpe's the butchers in Coleraine Street, and from there to the Technical Schools in Bolton Street.

We were kept prisoness in the house till Sunday, when there seemed to be free access about the place and people were coming in and out. I did not venture upstairs until about 3 p.m. on that day. Then, sick with fear and horror, I went upstairs by myself. My poor husband lay in the same position across the fireplace, his mouth and nose close to the hearth. I attempted to turn him over but could not do so. My father and three or four men came up later with a stretcher to take him to the Union Mortuary, to where several bodies had been removed. Mrs. Hughes would not let him go until she got permission to bury him from the house. We waked the two poor fellows in the shop and got coffins which were placed on chairs one on each side of the shop. Only myself and the hearse driver saw him buried, as we had to get a pass, and one hearse had to go the two journeys to Glasnevin. All day on Sunday the soldiers were going up and down the house, many of them drung and silly, looting anything they could seize.

"On Sunday afternoon I myself saw soldiers playing cards on a rug thrown over my husband's dead body. The rug had been taken from Dunn's the butchers next door. They were eating bully beef, drinking, laughing and jeering at everyone coming in. When my father came in he became infuriated and told them what he thought of them.

"Another sorrow came on me at the same time. Early on Saturday morning my young brother, William O'Neill, a lad of 17 years old, was shot dead on Constitution Hill at the end of Coleraine Street, near the Temple. He was with another man and had gone over to look at the body of Mr. Beirnes lying on the ground in Coleraine Street, as he thought it was his father who was killed. Both must have been shot by the soldiers in the window of Dunne's the butcher. This shop is in North King Street and is the only shop that looks up the street. It was full of soldiers at the time, and there was no other position where armed men could fire on the spot where my brother and Mr. Beirnes were killed. My brother was carried to Mrs. Kellers close by and only lived about five minutes. The only words he muttered were 'O, Mother, Mother!'

"My husband, who had been murdered by the soldiers, had been ten years in the army and was through the Boer War, one of my brothers was killed in France in the present war, and the other is home with his arm gone.

"I knew young Knowles who was murdered in 27 North King

Street. Mrs. Hughes and I both saw the feather bed burning over their grave in the yard.

"I have heard that Mrs. Hughes was taken by the military to some hospital outside the city to identify the soldiers. She also saw the wounded sergeant in hospital.

"The bodies of both my husband and Mr. Hughes were riddled with bullets, apparently more than a dozen being in the chest and neck."

MURDER OF PATRICK BEALEN (30) and JAMES HEALY (44),  
In Mrs. O'Rourke's Publichouse, No. 177 North King Street  
(corner of North Ann Street).

NOTE.—After the murder the bodies were buried in the cellar of the publichouse and were disinterred by the sanitary authorities on the 10th May. Owing to the accidental discovery of the bodies, and to the fact that a fortnight had elapsed since the Insurrection, it was impossible, in this case, for the Government to burk an enquiry. Fortunately a public inquest was held and the particulars of this atrocious military crime are given to the world.

In the military advance on Church Street this was the first house in the block met with, but it does not seem to have been entered by the military until some of the houses further on had been taken. Mrs. Mary O'Rourke, owner of the publichouse, gives the time as near 12 o'clock midnight on Friday when the soldiers first came to her house.

The two men cannot have been murdered until Saturday morning. Patrick Bealen was imprisoned in the cellar until that day, and James Healy did not leave his own house until 6 a.m. on Saturday.

Several terrible injuries were found on each of the bodies, showing the foul play to which they were subjected.

STATEMENT OF MRS. HEALY (now living in 32 North King Street), wife of James Healy.

"During Easter Week my husband and I lived at 143 Church Street, but were staying temporarily at my mother's house in 7 Little Green Street. My husband was employed in Jameson's Distillery in Bow Street since his 14th year. It was stated at the inquest that he was a labourer, but his employers wrote to the Press correcting the report and stating the position he had held in the firm was that of senior distillery clerk in the can-pit department.

"He left the house in Green Street at 6 a.m. on Saturday with the intention of trying to get to his place of employment—Jameson's in Bow Street—which is only quite a short distance off. I never saw him alive again. After the insurrection I searched for him everywhere, but could find no trace of him.

"About fourteen days afterwards I was passing O'Rourke's publichouse. There was a crowd and I heard they were taking some bodies out of the cellar. The police would not let me go near

but ordered me to "go home," and afterwards told me "to go to the Morgue." To my horror I recognised my poor husband at the Morgue. They were both terribly injured. Mr. Bealen had been buried in the cellar above my husband. My husband's head was terribly damaged and had been tied up. As will be seen by Dr. Maughan's evidence at the inquest, he received frightful injuries and had been butchered by means of some blunt instrument."

First Inquest on Patrick Bealen and James Healy held 12th May, 1916, as reported in "Dublin Evening Mail" same date.

**BODIES FOUND.  
DUG UP IN CELLAR.  
INQUESTS IN THE MORGUE.  
EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.**

To-day, the City Coroner, Dr. Louis A. Byrne, held inquests in the Morgue on the bodies of Patrick Bealen, aged 24 years, and James Healy, aged 44, which were dug up by the sanitary officers on the 10th inst. in the cellar of the publichouse, 177 North King Street, the proprietress of which was Mrs. Mary O'Rourke. Patrick Bealen was the foreman in the publichouse, and James Healy, who resided at 7 Little Green Street, and previous to the outbreak at 143 Church Street, was an employee of Messrs. Jameson, Bow Street. Bealen was a native of Loon, Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny, and had been in Mrs. O'Rourke's employment since August last.

The inquest on the body of Bealen was first proceeded with.

Mr. J. J. M'Donald, solicitor, appeared for the next of kin of both deceased men.

Inspector Travers represented the police.

The Coroner, opening the inquiries, explaining the circumstances under which the inquests were being held, stated that on the 9th inst. Sergeant Fox, 28D, was informed by Laurence Darcy, butler, King's Inns, that he had received information that there were

**BODIES BURIED IN THE CELLAR**

of the publichouse, 177 North King Street. He communicated the fact to the Public Health Department, and, as the result, Dr. Russell, Assistant Medical Officer of Health, accompanied by Mr. Moynihan, Deputy Borough Surveyor, proceeded to the place, and the bodies of the two deceased were dug out of the cellar by the sanitary staff.

The first witness was Michael Bealen, Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny, who identified the body of Patrick Bealen as that of his brother. He last saw deceased alive on Easter Sunday.

Mrs. Mary O'Rourke, publican, 177 North King Street, deposed that on the 28th ult. the military entered her house and made prisoners of all in the house, which included herself and her three children, her cook, and the deceased, who was her foreman. On the following morning the military took the deceased out of the kitchen and said they were bringing him to the guardroom. She did

not see him afterwards. He was in her employment since last August, and was a native of Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny.

The Coroner—You saw the military remove this man from your premises? The military took him out of the kitchen and brought him downstairs, and

#### I NEVER SAW HIM AFTERWARDS.

You have seen the body? No.

Witness was requested to examine the body, and on returning from doing so, stated she could not swear to it being that of Patrick Bealen.

Mr. M'Donald (to witness)—Did the military assign any reason for entering your premises and making you prisoners? They said they came in for safety.

How many military entered your house? I could not tell you.

Were there five? There were more than five.

They made prisoners of you and the other inhabitants of the house? Yes.

Did they assign any reason for doing that? No.

Have you had personally any sympathy with this insurrection? I have none whatever.

Before the military entered your premises had any provocation been given by you or any of the inhabitants of the house? None at all.

Where did they imprison the deceased when they entered? In the kitchen. They kept us all together in the kitchen.

On the following morning, when they took the deceased out, did they accuse you of having done anything? No; they just took him out of the kitchen, and told me they were making him a prisoner and taking him to the guardroom.

Did they give any reason? No.

Were any shots fired from your house during the night? No.

So far as you are aware, the deceased was a steady, hard-working man? Yes.

And as far as you know, he was not connected with the Sinn Fein movement? No.

The Coroner—The evidence given by this lady has caused me to think it would be very necessary to adjourn this case. Is there any representative of the military here?

Inspector Travers replied in the negative.

The Coroner—Did you notify the military?

Inspector Travers—Yes.

Mr. M'Donald said he agreed with the Coroner. "I think," he added, "it is a case in which the

#### MILITARY OUGHT TO BE REPRESENTED.

It is an extraordinary case.

The Coroner—There is a very serious charge here, and I think it would be only right to give the military an opportunity of being present. What I purpose doing now is: we have already heard evidence of identification in the case of the poor fellow, Patrick

Bealen, and I will take evidence of the finding of the body from the Sanitary Department. I will then adjourn to a date to be subsequently arranged. I will also take the doctor's evidence. I will also take the formal evidence in the case of James Healy, and then adjourn so as to give the relatives the remains.

Dr. George Pugin Meldon deposed that he made a post mortem examination on the body of Patrick Bealan and found six wounds on the body, which, in his opinion, had been caused by bullets. One was situated just below and to the outer side of the right nipple. Another was just below the central cartilage of the right side. There was a wound about an inch and a half behind the right ear and a wound on the right side of the neck. There were two wounds on the back, one situated at the root of the neck, in the middle line, and the other was over the right scapular. One bullet had passed through the right lung, smashing some ribs, and making pulp of the right lung. Another bullet had passed through the liver, pericardium, and right auricle of the heart, and right pulmonary vein. The wound in the head was a superficial one. Death, in his opinion, was due to shock and hemorrhage from these injuries.

The Coroner—From your examination of the body, would you say that the firing took place

#### AT CLOSE RANGE?

No, sir. It must have been at a considerable distance.

There was no singeing? No; there was no singeing. In my opinion the firing was not at close quarters.

Mr. M'Donald reserved cross-examination.

Dr. Matthew Russell, Assistant Medical Officer of Health, deposed that on the 10th inst., accompanied by Mr. Travers, Public Health Officer, and three of his men, and also Mr. Moynihan, he inspected the cellar at 177 North King Street. They examined the floor, and removed some clay which looked freshly dug up. They soon found a cap, and between 6 and 12 inches from the surface found the body of a man, fully dressed, who had since been identified as Patrick Bealen. Having removed this body, they found immediately under it

#### ANOTHER BODY,

fully dressed, who had since been identified as James Healy. He found in the pocket of James Healy's trousers a piece of notepaper with the address, 7 Little Green Street, stamped on it. Mr. Moynihan and witness went to this address, and the friends there recognised the writing as Mr. Healy's. They had the bodies removed to the Morgue.

Mr. M'Donald did not cross-examine.

Mr. Michael A. Moynihan, Deputy Borough Surveyor, stated that he accompanied Dr. Russell on the forenoon of the 10th inst. to 177 North King Street to inquire into a report made to him that it was suspected that some bodies had been buried in the cellar. They carefully examined every portion of the cellar. The absence of any "spoil" inclined to the belief that the report was not correct.

Subsequently search showed that a portion of the floor was somewhat softer than the surrounding portions. There was a shovel in the cellar, and with it he made a trial of the gravel where it was soft. He made an excavation about four inches deep. When the sanitary staff arrived they continued the excavation in his and Dr. Russell's presence, and

### FOUND THE TWO BODIES

in the manner described by Dr. Russell.

No further evidence was given on the case of the inquest on Bealen, and the inquiry was adjourned till 11 o'clock on Tuesday, 16th May.

The inquest on Healy was then proceeded with.

Mrs. Catherine Healy, widow of deceased, who gave evidence of identification, stated that on the 29th ult. her husband left 7 Little Green Street to go to the Distillery, and did not return. She never saw him alive afterwards. They lived at 143 Church Street until Easter Monday, when the Volunteers took possession of the house, and they had to go to 7 Little Green Street, the residence of her mother.

In reply to the Coroner, Mrs. Healy said she was informed that her husband never got to the Distillery.

A boy named George Fitzgerald deposed he was the Porter in 177 North King Street, and on the 8th inst. he was washing bottles in the cellar when he got a heavy smell where Guinness's men were taking out some barrels. There was blood on the barrels which splashed on his boots. He took the barrels out for Guinness and saw the cellar dug up.

Witness was not cross-examined.

Michael Brophy, attendant in the Coroner's Court, stated that when stripping the body of Patrick Bealen he found, tied with a bit or bootlace in the back of his shirt,

### £7 IN NOTES AND GOLD,

and one penny in his coat pocket.

Dr. Matthew Maughan deposed to making a post mortem examination of the body of James Healy. There was an entrance wound of a bullet on the left jaw; the bullet passed across the mouth, breaking the teeth, and emerged at the angle of the lower jaw on the right, shattering the ramus of the jaw in its passage. Another bullet wound entered the back of the right side and emerged in front slightly injuring the surface of the lung in its passage. The vault of the skull was shattered, apparently being smashed by some heavy blunt instrument, the under surface of the scalp showing numerous hemorrhages. The substance of the brain was broken up, the fractured pieces of the skull being driven into the brain. The fractures of the skull were not caused by bullets.

This inquest was also adjourned to the same day and same hour.

## CORONER'S LETTER TO PROVOST-MARSHAL.

The City Coroner has forwarded a letter to the Provost-Marshal informing him that at the inquest to-day evidence was adduced that on the 28th April the military entered the house 177 North King Street and imprisoned the occupants of same; that subsequently they took one of the occupants away from the others, stating they were bringing him to the guardroom, his name being Patrick Bealen, foreman of the premises; that this man's body was afterwards found buried in the cellar of the house with that of another named James Healy, and that under the circumstances he (the Coroner) had adjourned the inquest until the 16th inst., so as to give the military authorities an opportunity of being represented.

ADJOURNED INQUEST ON PATRICK BEALEN AND  
JAMES HEALY, 16th MAY.  
ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.

At the adjourned inquest on the 16th May the Officer who had been in command of the soldiers—Lt.-Col. H. Taylor, 2nd/6th South Staffords—did not appear, but a lying statement from him plainly contradicted by all the facts, was read in court. In the course of this document he stated:—"No persons were attacked by the troops other than those who were assisting the rebels and found with arms in their possession."

It will be noticed that one of the soldiers who shot Bealen, who may have had some vestiges of humanity remaining, seemed reluctant to shoot him but was compelled to commit the atrocious crime by command of some superior officer.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY O'ROURKE, owner of the Licensed Premises, 177 North King Street, at the adjourned inquest.

Mrs. Mary O'Rourke stated the military entered her house about 12 o'clock midnight of Friday, 28th April. Patrick Bealen was with herself, her three children, and the cook in the cellar for safety. They were there several hours when the military came in. A sergeant and a private came down and searched Bealen and witness's son, who was not 13 years of age.

The soldiers subsequently took them all to the kitchen, which was on the second flight of stairs. Two soldiers remained with them, and later on a third came in. An officer came in on Saturday morning and ordered the soldiers out of the kitchen, saying: "It is a shame to put them in the kitchen as it is so small." To the soldiers he said: "You have no right to be here; leave the kitchen to the ladies."

Bealen was taken away on Saturday morning an hour or two previous to the arrival of the officer.

STATEMENT BY MRS. ROSEANNA KNOWLES, 23 Lurgan Street, at the adjourned inquest.

Mrs. Roseanna Knowles, 23 Lurgan Street, which is close to 177 North King Street, stated that during the week of the disturbance a number of soldiers were billeted in her house. She had some conversations with them. She asked the soldiers, "Was there much killed?" One of them said, "There was a good deal of our men killed and a good deal of the others." He further said: "I only pitied the poor fellow at the corner (O'Rourke's) and the woman who was fainting."

Did he say why he pitied him? He said, "I pitied him from my heart, though I had to shoot him. He had made tea for me."

What else did he say? He said they had brought the prisoner downstairs in O'Rourke's. The soldier said that the man gave him his penknife and his ring. He produced the penknife, but said he had lost the ring.

What happened then? He said that when they brought him downstairs he had not the heart to shoot him straight, and that they told him (the deceased) to go up again, and at the foot of the stairs they shot him—"that they let bang" at the foot of the stairs."

After the inquest Mrs. Knowles made the following personal statement at her present (1919) home in Church Street Cottages:—

"In 1916 I was living at 23 Lurgan Street. As well as I can remember the military just came to our house about 9 p.m. on Easter Friday night. Some soldiers stayed in our house all night and we gave them tea and did what we could for them.

"The next morning (Saturday) a young soldier, quite a boy, came in and I was talking to him about the fighting and asked him was there much killed? In the course of the conversation he said, 'There is a poor fellow of yours killed that I pitied. A poor fellow over there in the pub. He is after crying bitter tears, tears of blood. I was sorry to kill him as he was kind to us and gave us our tea. I said, 'Is it poor Paddy out of Rourke's at the corner that you killed?' It was. He then said, 'We sent the women up out of the cellar although it was said we didn't. I pitied the poor woman too that we took up out of the cellar first. She was fainting from one weakness to another.'"

STATEMENT FROM LIEUT.-COL. H. TAYLOR, Commanding 2nd/6th South Staffords, read at the inquest by Major Rhodes, Assistant Provost Marshal.

"I cannot discover any military witnesses as to the manner in which the two men, Patrick Bealen and James Healy, met with their deaths, but I cannot believe that the allegations made at the inquest can be correct. Patrick Bealen was certainly never brought to the guardroom. To the best of my knowledge and belief, during the military operations in Capel Street and King Street, which lasted

from 6 a.m. on Friday, 28th April, until the truce was declared on the afternoon of Saturday, 29th (and which were, in fact, continued for some hours after that by the rebels in that area), only those houses were entered by the military which the exigencies of the case rendered actually necessary, and no persons were attacked by the troops other than those who were assisting the rebels, and found with arms in their possession.

“The premises, No. 177 North King Street, were indicated to me as one of the houses from which the troops had been repeatedly fired upon, and the troops were also continually fired upon both during the night of the 28th April and the whole of the following day from the distillery, at which the deceased man, James Healy, was stated to have been employed. The operations in the portion of King Street, between Linenhall Street and Church Street, were conducted under circumstances of the greatest difficulty and danger for the troops engaged, who were subjected to severe fire, not only from behind several rebel barricades, which had been constructed across King Street and other barricades in Church Street and the side streets, but also from practically every house in that portion of King Street and other buildings overlooking it.

“Strong evidence of these difficulties and dangers is afforded by the fact that it took the troops from 10 a.m. on the 28th April until 2 p.m. on the 29th to force their way along King Street from Linenhall Street to Church Street, a distance of some 150 yards only; and that the casualties sustained by the regiment (the great majority of which occurred at this spot) numbered five officers (including two captains) wounded, 11 N.C.O.’s and men killed and 28 wounded.

“I may add (1) that the rebels for some hours after the truce was declared continued firing on my men, who, although they sustained several further casualties, did not reply; and (2) that during these continued hostilities after the truce the rebels, by firing on the R.A.M.C. (one of whom were wounded) prevented the removal of some of our wounded for several hours, and the latter could only be ultimately removed by means of an armoured car.

“I am satisfied that during these operations the troops under my command showed great moderation and restraint under exceptionally difficult and trying circumstances.”

The Coroner having briefly addressed the jury, the following verdict was returned:—

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

The verdict returned on James Healy was in terms similar to that recorded in the case of Patrick Bealen.

## MURDER OF JOHN BEIRNES IN COLERAINE STREET.

Statement of Mrs. Elizabeth Beirnes, wife of John Beirnes, living at 80 Church Street.

"My husband, John Beirnes, was a native of Castleknock, and was about 50 years of age. He had been for several years drayman to Messrs. Monks, bakers, next door. He left five young children.

"During Easter Week we all lived in this house. Early in the week Com. Daly came to and fro to this house, and on one occasion I made a cake for him and his men.

"Later in the week the Volunteers warned us of the danger, and came to and fro to this house as my daughter was ill here, and I went with the others to the N.D. Union building for shelter, but wanted to see after my husband's meals. We all, including my daughter, had to leave this house and go up to the Union when the fighting became bad on Friday. My husband remained behind, and as this house was one of the forts held by the Volunteers, they advised him to leave, and about 7.30 p.m. on Friday night he went to Coleraine Street close by and stayed for the night at the house of Larry Fox, Mr. Monks's yardman.

"At 7.30 p.m. on Saturday morning he started from Mr. Fox's to try and make his way to Monks's yard close by to look after the horses. But he was shot dead a few paces off in Coleraine Street on leaving the house.

"The only place he could possibly have been shot from was Dunn's the butchers. This house is in North King Street and faces up Coleraine Street. It is the only house covering the street, and the soldiers were firing from the windows at the time. Young O'Neill was killed soon after in Coleraine Street near the Temple building. There were no soldiers or Volunteers at the other end of the street nor in any of the houses in Coleraine Street at the time.

"My husband received a terrible wound, the bullet blowing out his eye, and passing through the back of his head, left a large cavity.

"A respectable shopkeeper close to Dunn's positively states that he saw my husband shot by the soldiers in Dunn's, some of them calling out, 'Put that fellow out of the way!' or some similar words."

## THE MURDER OF PETER JOSEPH LAWLESS (Peadar)

(21), American Citizen. JAMES McCARTNEY (36), JAMES FINNIGAN (about 40), PATRICK HOEY (25), at the

"Louth Dairy," kept by Mrs. Lawless, 27 North King Street.

This appalling massacre, the last in this street, makes a terrible climax to the series of tragedies perpetrated by the military in North King Street. There does not appear to be the faintest trace of any circumstance in extenuation or mitigation of this awful occurrence. The wife of poor McCartney carried a baby of only a few weeks old. Full evidence was instantly given of non-complicity with the Insurrection by the men who were all well-known citizens and could

have been identified—as they themselves requested—in a few moments. No arms or ammunition was found upon the men nor was there any access to the roof.

STATEMENT BY MRS. LAWLESS, now living at 115 Upper Dorset Street, mother of Peter Lawless.

“ My son, Peter Lawless, was 21 years of age, and was born in New York, and was consequently a citizen of the United States. During Easter Week I occupied the house No. 27 North King Street, known as the ‘ Louth Dairy.’ My son assisted me in the business.

“ The military came to our house the latest in the street—between 8 and 9 a.m. on Saturday morning. At that time they must have had already slaughtered the nine poor unoffending people in the houses opposite my house.

“ On the Saturday the shop was closed and the following people were in the house :—

“ Two old friends of mine, Mr. James McCartney, who was manager of Gallagher’s tobacco store in Dame Street, and his wife with her baby three weeks old, and accompanied by their maid, a girl named Catherine McEvoy. My son Peter Lawless was there also, and two tenants of mine who lived in the house—breadcar drivers, employed in Brennan’s of Dorset Street; James Finnigan, and Patrick Hoey. Mr. and Mrs. McCartney had come over from their place in Exchange Street, thinking they would be safer in my house.

“ We had been sitting on the stairs for safety during the night, and when the morning of Saturday came the firing seemed to have ceased and we went upstairs thinking of going to bed.

“ Just then, about 8 a.m. (Saturday) we heard a great hammering and knocking at the door and the soldiers shouting outside. Soon a bayonet was thrust through the panel of the hall door. At length I heard my son below opening the door which was followed by the inrush of the soldiers. I heard my son saying, ‘ Mother, you all go up stairs to the top room, these men are only doing their duty, you need not be frightened.’ The four men were then driven up after us with their hands above their heads by the soldiers. The soldiers then lined us all around the walls of the room with hands up. They then proceeded to search the men.

“ I asked them ‘ What are we hear for? What have we done?’ The man in charge replied, ‘ We must take these men prisoners.’ I said, ‘ Where are you going to take them?’ ‘ To the nearest barracks, I suppose,’ he replied. Some one then said, ‘ That is all right, the police will then tell you who we are.’ I remember poor McCartney mentioned the name of some military captain of his acquaintance who could identify him. We women, who were in great terror, were then ordered out in charge of some soldiers. As I passed out my poor son, who stood near the door, came out on the landing to try and reassure me, and said, ‘ Mother, it will be all right. You go to Britain Street. I’ll find you there.’ It was

the last I saw of my poor son alive. It was then about 8.30 a.m. The soldiers then brought us down to a cottage in Linenhall Street a few doors off, where we stayed during the day. As I left the house I heard shots, for I remarked at the time, 'Are you going to put us out in the street in that shooting?' But I cannot be certain whether the sounds came from the house.

"In the evening, about half-past seven, I returned to our house accompanied by a soldier. A sentry was on guard at my door (No. 27), and as I attempted to go in he said, 'You can't go in there.' I said, 'Why cannot I go in there? Can't I go into my own house?' 'Well,' he said, 'there are four dead men in there.' Terrified, I said, 'Four dead men! Are they soldiers or Volunteers?' He replied, 'Neither, civilians.' I then said, 'I left four men there, and I'm going in to see. If you shoot them, you may shoot me too.' I then shoved past him, and the soldier who came with me from Linenhall Street accompanied me to the top landing. And then a scene of horror met my eyes. My son lay dead in the same spot I had left him—on the landing of the top-back room, his body half in and half out the doorway. Poor Mr. McCartney lay dead against the wall in a sitting position. Their brains had bespattered the curtains. Poor Finnigan was in the same relative position, but had fallen dead across the bed. Patrick Hoey was out of his old place where I had left him, but he must have received fearful treatment as his head was burst open and macerated.

"I was overcome with horror. I went to Ann Street Presbytery where the priests kept us all night.

"On Sunday morning the soldiers refused admission to the clergy as no doubt they feared that their foul deed might see the light of day.

"The soldiers buried the four bodies in the yard of the house, and replaced the tiles over the grave. They then burned the tick and clothes of the bed, as well as the curtains, in the yard. They were seen burning and smouldering by several of the neighbours.

"The remains of all were discovered on Monday morning and buried by us."

STATEMENT BY MRS. MARY McCARTNEY, wife of  
James McCartney.

"Myself, Mr. McCartney, and our baby only a few weeks old went over to Mrs. Lawless's, 27 North King Street, in Easter Week. We were accompanied by a maid servant, Catherine McEvoy. The Lawless's were very old friends of ours and I thought we might be safer there. I had been only twenty months married.

"On Saturday morning when the military came about 8 o'clock things were very quiet and we thought the fighting was nearly all over. The military, who rushed in, were a savage brutal crew, a disgrace to mankind. An ignorant sergeant, who seemed to be in command, seemed particularly cruel and would listen to no explanation. As we stood lined up in the top room, the sergeant accused

the men of firing from the top of the house. Mrs. Lawless spoke up to them, and asked, 'How could the men fire when they had no arms or ammunition?' His only reply was a brutal laugh, and 'Where have you hid them?' He was also asked how could the men get back when the military surrounded the house and where there was no fanlight or skylight. Pointing to a bullet rip in his hat he said 'How did I get that?' Mr. McCartney said, 'I could certify that I have nothing to do with the organisation,' and gave the name of a friend of his, a Captain Irwin of the Recruiting Office in Brunswick Street as a reference. Poor Mr. Finnigan said, 'I have never carried arms in my life.'

"I was terrified, screamed, and was almost fainting with terror. Poor young Lawless, who had known me for years, said, 'Don't cry, Mary,' and tried to comfort me. He would say, 'Can't you stop crying, the men will do you no harm.'

"But the soldiers forced us away from them. It was, although we could not believe it, a last parting on this earth. As we went down stairs I sat for a moment in the room below, sick with terror. I thought of the keys, and asked the maid to go back upstairs to Mr. McCartney to get them. When she went up the soldier savagely snapped the keys from my husband's hands, gave them to the maid and hurriedly thrust her away. The men had now become terrified at the foul demeanour of the soldiers. Evidently they were now intent on their bloody purpose and were determined to show no mercy, for the girl heard one of the men in the room say, 'O my God! What are they going to do with us?'

"I can never for one moment believe that any of those soldiers really thought that the men had fired on them.

"My poor husband's watch was stolen, also a safety razor which he carried with him. He had marked a sovereign which he kept as a keepsake to be given to his infant child in later years. It also was stolen. A diamond pin only, a present which his employer's wife, Lady Gallagher, had made him when he was appointed manager, was found upon his body. As his life's blood had trickled over it doubtless it escaped the covetous eyes of his executioners.

"One of the soldiers was afterwards heard to say: 'The little man made a great struggle for his life and tried to throw himself out of the window: but we got him:'

