

An tÓglach

Edited by Major General Piaras Beasláí.

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6d.

OUR PROGRAMME

IN presenting to the old soldiers of the fight for freedom from 1916 till the Truce a Journal written and issued by some of themselves through an organisation of old I.R.A. men, we can find no more appropriate title for the publication than AN TOGLACH. This was the name of the secret organ of the Irish Volunteers, founded in 1918, which from then to the Truce guided, instructed and inspired the fighting men throughout Ireland, and strengthened their morale through the darkest days of the War of Independence.

This new *Oglach* has a different task which it will endeavour to fulfil as faithfully as possible—to interpret and express the ideals, aims and objects of the men and women, survivors of the struggle of 1916-21, who have been brought together again in organised bodies, forgetting former temporary estrangements in the general interest. We hope to voice their outlook on big national issues, without meddling with party politics. We hope, also, to record their various activities, social gatherings commemorations and the like. News items of special interest to them will appear, and we invite secretaries throughout the country to assist us in the task by sending us summarised accounts of their activities. We hope also to publish articles on matters of national importance or historic interest, and contributions from persons who took an active and notable part in the fight for freedom.

In this undertaking we need, and request, the support and co-operation of all organised Old I.R.A. units throughout the country. The Association of the Old Dublin Brigade has agreed to accept full responsibility for the publication, but it has asked for and received promises of support and co-operation from the National Federation, the Council of the Old Dublin Brigade, and kindred bodies, such as the 1916-21 Club. It is trusted that a similar response will be met with from the veterans in all parts of Ireland, partitioned and unpartitioned.

To interpret and express the outlook of the old soldiers of Oglach na hÉireann should not be difficult for one of themselves, for it is really simple and obvious. It is evident to all that patriotism, devotion to the cause of Irish freedom, was the ruling motive of those who shed their blood or risked their lives in the struggle with England and remained in the country ever since, to leaven the general body with their ideals, and something at least of their old enthusiasm. Their allegiance has always been to Ireland and everything Irish, and no foreign influence from whatever side it comes will be allowed to deflect or weaken that allegiance.

The movement of which Oglach na hÉireann was a product was known as the "Irish Ireland Movement". The claims of the Irish

language, of Irish games, dances, music and customs were recognised and advocated by all; and preference was given to Irish manufactured goods over imported ones. Their political aim was complete independence. The members of Oglach na hÉireann to-day remain loyal to these ideals. All deplore the unnatural partitioning of our country, and also the excess-

passed away. They are also concerned with the plight of many of their comrades who, though survivors of the dangers of the past, have been unfortunate in worldly matters and in old age have to contend with poverty and with disease or disability which in most cases was brought about by the hardships and sufferings of the war period. Anything which can be done to alleviate their lot, and induce the Government of this country to do their duty by the old soldiers of Ireland will receive the whole-hearted support of old I.R.A. organisations. We hope to deal in more detail with various aspects of this question in later issues.

We hope to preserve and express again the spirit that inspired the "Irish Volunteer" and "An tÓglach" from 1914 to the Truce of 1921—the spirit which enabled



Old Dublin Brigade H.Q.

sive emigration of our young people. They are prepared to support any movement for the betterment of Ireland which puts the interests of our country first.

A task in which the veterans of the fight for freedom are specially concerned is the commemoration of the great episodes in that fight, and the dead heroes, their fellow-soldiers who died for Ireland, and to keep the memory of their deeds and sacrifices fresh and green. They cherish also the memory of other comrades, no less brave and patriotic, who survived the fight and have since

a despised and slandered minority in a country denationalised anglicised and demoralised by British and pro-British propaganda, to hold their own and by their courage and perseverance establish themselves and be accepted by all as the Army of Ireland and attract the best elements among the young of the country. In pursuance of this object we hope to publish from time to time interesting and instructive extracts from those old publications, which will bring back inspiring memories to our old soldiers.

DO LUCHT NA GAEILGE

NIÓR cheart go gcuirfí amach irisleabhar darab ainm "An tÓglach" gan roinnt Ghaeilge bheith ann. Go mór mór, níor cheart go gcuirfí amach irisleabhar do shean-tsaighdiúirí na hÉireann gan Gaeilge ann, mar bhí dlúth-bhaint ag lucht na Gaeilge le Cogadh na Saoirse. Níor mhiste a rá gur ar óigin a bheadh aon troid ann chun saoirse d'fháil muna mbeadh an obair a dhein lucht an Gaeilge le breis is fiche bliain agus an síol a chuireadar agus an spriod tír-ghrách a mhúsgladar ins na daoine i gConnradh na Gaeilge, i Sinn Féin, i gCúmann Bráithreach na Poblachta, ins na Fianna agus fé dheire ins na hÓglach.

Bhí breis is a leath de sna daoine ar an gCoiste Sealadach do chuir Óglach na hÉireann ar bun n-a nGaeilgeoirí. Seachtain na Cásca 1916 bhí Gaeilge ag ceathrar den mhóirshéisear do chuir a n-ainmneacha le Fógra an Rialtais Sealadaigh agus a fuair bás dá bharr, agus bhí baint ag foramhór na n-oifigeach agus na bhfear a bhí ag troid i mBaile Átha Cliath an tseachtain sin le hobair na Gaeilge. I n-aimsir na nDubh-Chrónach bhí foramhór lucht ceannais. Airm na hÉireann sáithe i n-obair na Gaeilge i bhfad roimis sin. Ortha súd a bhí an t-Aire Cosanta (Cathal Brugha), an tÁrd-Cheannphort (Risteárd Ó Maolchatha) an tÁrd-Chongantóir (Gearóid Ó Súilleabháin) an Stiúrthóir Faisnéise (Mícheál Ó Coileáin) agus a lán eile de Stiúrthóirí Árd-Staf an Airm, i dtreo is nár mhiste a rá gurbh iad lucht na Gaeilge a bhí ag stiúradh na troda agus bé an sgéal céadna é i na lán áiteann san tuaithe—mar shómpla i gCorcaigh mar a rabh Tomás MacCurtáin agus Traolach MacSuibhne i gceannas.

Dá bhrí sin, b'ole an mhaise dhúinn gan cothrom na Féinne thabhairt don Ghaeilge san irisleabhar so. Beidh fáilte roimh aon phíosa Gaeilge a chuirfar chugainn agus cuirfimid mion-aistí Gaeilge i gcló i ngach uimhir. Tá súil againn go dtaitneoidh son le na lán dár leitheoirí.

It remains for our readers and contributors to make this journal what they want it to be—an organ completely representative of their outlook and common interests, a forum in which they can express their views on matters of concern to us all. We ask their support and co-operation, and we are sure it will be as ungrudgingly given as in the old days.

ATTACK ON LORD FRENCH

LATE in 1919 the General Headquarters Staff of the Army of the Irish Republic decided to make an attempt to shoot Lord French, the British "Lord Lieutenant" in Ireland, as head and symbol of England's forces and institutions in Ireland and her claim to hold and control our country, a claim repudiated by the elected Parliament (Dail Eireann) and Government of Ireland.

To carry out this work fell to the lot of the Department of Intelligence, which had been recently re-organised and strengthened in number by the new Director, Michael Collins. Information as to Lord French's movements was difficult to obtain, but several ambushes were laid for him on information received which turned out to be inaccurate. Eventually correct information was received by a purely accidental circumstance, as shown in the narrative that follows.

The narrator, Commandant Vincent Byrne, was a member of the famous "Squad" attached to Intelligence, who were engaged in all the difficult and dangerous operations of this period. The first commanding officer of this unit was "Mick" Mac Donnell, mentioned in this narrative.

Martin Savage, who was killed in the attack, was the first casualty of the kind in the Dublin Brigade since 1916. He was a Lieutenant in D. Company, Second Battalion, and a man who had won the admiration of his comrades by his courage and efficiency.

Sean Treacy, Dan Breen, Seamus Robinson and Sean Hogan; as is well-known had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the R.I.C. in Tipperary by their exploits and were now carrying on the good work in Dublin.

Vincent Byrne is now Chairman of the Dublin Brigade Council and the Second Battalion Council, Old I.R.A., and Vice-President and Chairman of the Association of the Old Dublin Brigade. His narrative runs as follows:—

HOW IT BEGAN

On the night of the 18th December 1919 I was in the Sean Connolly Sinn Fein Club, North Summer Street, where I met Paddy Sharkey who was a member of my company, E. Coy 2nd Battalion. There were other members of the club present, all sitting around the fire having a chat. Paddy was sitting beside me. This would be about 9 or 9.30 p.m.

He said to me "I have to go early to-night".

I asked him "What's your hurry?"

He replied that he had to have his Father's basket ready, or words to that effect.

I asked him "What's the basket for?"

He said his Father was a guard on the Midland Railway, and he was going down to Roscommon to bring "Old French" back to Dublin, tomorrow morning (19th December).

I said "Oh, is that so?" I then asked him what time his father would be back in Dublin.

He replied "About eleven or twelve o'clock."

When Sharkey left the club, I immediately went to Mick MacDonnell's house, which is in Richmond Crescent, and reported to him what I had heard.

Mick said "That's the best bit of news I've heard for a long time." He ordered me to be at his house the next morning at 9 a.m. as

we might attempt an attack on French. I left for home saying "I will be seeing you in the morning, please God."

THE PREPARATIONS

The following morning I reported to Mick MacDonnell on time. There was a group of men in the front room, as I went in. Mick said "Byrne, you go to the dump and bring down any grenades that are there."



Commandant Vin Byrne

I did so, collected the grenades and gave them out to the party in Mick's house. He then told me who the men were. I knew Kehoe, Paddy Daly, Joë Leonard, Tom Kilcoyne, Martin Savage. Of the others he said "This is Dan Breen, Seamus Robinson, Sean Treacy and (I think) Sean Hogan.

We set off along the North Circular Road and out along to Ashtown all cycling. We halted at Kelly's public house. Mick MacDonnell, Dan Breen, Sean Treacy and Paddy Daly stood in a group having conversation. After a minute or so we all went

into the public house. Minerals, as far as I could see were ordered. When I had finished mine Mick called me aside and told me to get my bicycle, cycle towards the station and see if there were any signs of the train coming or if there were any military or police at the station.

As I was cycling towards the station I had only gone about fifty yards when I heard the sound of cars coming behind me. A motor horn sounded. I pulled into the side, when four cars of a military type passed me. I wheeled, cycled back as hard as I could and made my report to Mick MacDonnell.

In a short space of time we could hear a train. Daly, Leonard, Treacy, Robinson and Hogan went out of the back of the public house and into a field, taking up position behind the hedge covering the road. The remainder of us took up position at the corner of the main Navan Road and the road leading to the station. Mick MacDonnell, Dan Breen and Tom Kehoe rushed into the yard of the house and started to pull out a big farm cart. They had it as far as the dip in the side of the road, where it got stuck.

In the meantime an Inspector

a man in civilian clothes who, we learned afterwards, was Detective Officer Halley. He was firing from a revolver as the car came clear of the corner. We opened fire with revolvers and grenades. It speeded past us onwards towards the Ashtown Gate of the park.

The second car was stopped right opposite our men behind the hedge. This car was a closed one Khaki-green colour. The third car was a box type Ford with canvas top which flew by with a continuous fire on it.

The fourth car along was an open sunbeam type car, and in it were a soldier driver and a sergeant. The Sergeant was lying across the back of the car, firing from a rifle. Where we were standing we were an open target. You could hear the whizzing bullets.

MARTIN SAVAGE HIT

As the car was disappearing around the slight bend of the road leading to the Ashtown Gate of the Phoenix Park I heard Martin Savage saying something and it sounded like this "Oh lads, I am hit" the next moment he fell to the ground dead.

As we looked down the road towards the station, smoke was seen coming out of the car which was stopped, and a hand was waving a handkerchief. The man was the driver of the car.

Some one asked "Where is French?"

He replied "Blown to bits in the car."

No one took it upon himself to see whether he was telling the truth. It was in this car we believed French would travel but he travelled in the first car.

DAN BREEN WOUNDED

Dan Breen had been hit in the leg but did not notice this at the time. When things calmed down a bit Breen said "I am hit in the leg."

Martin Savage's body had to be left behind as we had not any means of getting it away.

We were then told to get back to town the best way we could, to travel in twos and threes.

As Breen was wounded and mounting his bike, he felt the leg very sore. Paddy Daly rode alongside him, Breen leaning on his shoulder. I was detailed to act rearguard to both of them.

We proceeded along the Navan Road towards Dublin and I did not believe we would ever make the city. I thought that the Military stationed at Marlborough Barracks (now known as McKee Barracks) would have been alerted and would have cut us off, as there is a road leading from the Navan Road towards the Barracks. However luck held with us this time.

We travelled along until we came to the Cabra Road and proceeded down as far as St. Peter's Church, where we turned to the left and along down to Connaught Street on the Phibsboro Road.

At this time I was near Breen and Daly. Daly said to me "You carry on Vinny. We are all right now. I will look after Dan."

I proceeded across town in nice time for my dinner. I later was informed that Paddy Daly had brought Dan Breen into Mrs. Toomey's house at No. 88 Phibsboro Road. Her sons Joe, Jack and Eddie were all members of the Volunteers.

THE ATTACK

As the cars approached, the men behind the hedge opened fire with revolvers and grenades. The first car to come was a dark blue one. Sitting beside the driver was

OUTSIDE A CORDON AT LIBERTY HALL

By Cathal O'Shannon

CATHAL O'SHANNON, a member of the Labour Court, played a prominent part in the struggle for Irish freedom from 1916 to 1921. His anecdote illustrates the close association and co-operation between those fighting for Ireland and the Irish Labour Movement, in which Cathal also played a prominent part.

An unrecorded incident in the week following the Bloody Sunday of 1920:—

The incident is of no great historical importance but if it hadn't happened just in the way it did—and that was by mere accident—finis might have been put that evening to the career of a colleague who has made history in more fields than one in these last forty years and the career of the present writer, too.

On Sunday forenoons I generally called into Liberty Hall to chat with Sean Rogan and others in the office about Union affairs and the current events in the Black and Tan war. It was in Liberty Hall that 21st of November, 1920 that I learned of the I.R.A.'s execution of the fourteen officers of the British Intelligence and Murder Gang that Bloody Sunday morning in the Mount Street area.

That gave Rogan and a couple more of us plenty to talk about and speculate on, when we adjourned to an establishment known as "The Widow's" in Marlborough Street after the office had closed at lunch-time for the day and the taverns had opened at 2 o'clock, the legal hour on Sundays in those days.

At that time I was staying in the home of Roddy Bent in Fitzroy Avenue which abuts on Jones' Road, not far from the entrance there to the G.A.A. grounds at Croke Park. Mrs. Bent was a daughter of the indomitable Mrs. Mary Anne Toomey of 88 Phibsboro Road, to which Paddy Daly had brought Dan Breen when he was wounded in the attempt on Lord French at Ashtown, and mother of Joe, Jack and Eddie Toomey, active I.R.A. men, and of Stasia and Nellie Toomey, members of Cumann na mBan.

I cannot have stayed in "The Widow's" for I got to the Bent's door just in time to see the enemy lorries roar along Jones' Road and as I stood watching outside the door I heard the first shots in the massacre of players and spectators in Croke Park, described next day in the *Evening Telegraph* as a "battue".

My call through the hall brought the Bents to the door, but not, I think, Stasia Toomey who happened to be lurching with them that day. And as we stood there the wild rush of spectators from Croke Park swept past us helter skelter up Fitzroy Avenue.

From that panic-stricken flight one bare-headed man, out of breath and in great agitation, stopped for a moment at our door and excitedly exclaimed: "For God Almighty's sake give me a hat".

Mrs. Bent stepped back into the hall, took from the stand there the hat nearest her hand and gave

it to the man, and when the uproar was over and we were inside and Stasia asked what hat had her sister given to the man we found that it was the not very feminine headgear Stasia had worn in the fighting ranks in the General Post Office in Easter Week, 1916, her only personal relic of the Rising.

Next morning we learned of the murder in the Castle of Dick McKee and Peadar Clancy, both well-known to our staff in Liberty Hall, who were mostly I.R.A. men and Cumann na mBan girls, and of Conor Clune.

For the Wednesday of that week a conference had been arranged between certain G.H.Q. men of the I.R.A. and William O'Brien, Thomas Johnson and myself and I think, Thomas Farren, but of this last named I'm not quite sure now. O'Brien, Johnson Farren (if he was to be of the group that day) and I were to meet in Liberty Hall before going on to the I.R.A. leaders, and I believe I had some rough notes of what we were to discuss at Liberty Hall or at the conference.

But as I was about to leave Fitzroy Avenue for Liberty Hall Mrs. Bent told me that a cordon of British soldiers had been drawn round Jones' Road—Binn's Bridge area and that a raid must be going on in one of the streets inside the cordon. As I would have to get through the cordon to board a tram to near Liberty Hall and as I would probably be searched I remained on in Bent's until the cordon had been drawn off.

While I waited for a tram at Binn's Bridge I was told that a raid had been going on for some time at Liberty Hall and that news made me destroy immediately the notes I had on me.

And when I got to Eden Quay I took my place among the crowd of spectators outside the heavily armed cordon of Auxiliaries and military, with an armoured car and lorries, drawn from the corner of Lower Abbey Street and Beresford Place to Butt Bridge and from there across Eden Quay half-way to Marlborough Street corner.

And outside the cordon I was joined by Joseph McGrath, then Manager of the Union's National Health Insurance Section. Like myself Joe should have been in his office in the Hall at that time but he had gone to a bank before the raid and on his return, luckily for himself, found entrance to the Hall barred against him by the enemy cordon.

As we watched from outside we saw raiders take out documents and band instruments and pile them into a lorry. And in a fire lighted near Butt Bridge I recognised a Red Flag, bundles of the weekly "Watchword of

Labour" I was then editing, books, pamphlets and other material from my own office. After the raid I found my office in a complete mess and the walls splattered with ink and paste. But with great presence of mind Sheila Bowen, one of the girls in the Union Head Office, had taken some things out of my room before the raiders got into it, and among these were my membership card of the Irish Citizen Army and a copy of the British Army Regulations I had got from Dick McKee.

When the raiders drew off they brought with them to the Castle a number of prisoners: William O'Brien, Tom Johnson, Tom Farren, Seamus Hughes, Ernie Nunan, and among others I think was Davy O'Leary. Hughes had been one of the penal servitude men after Easter Week, 1916, and he had composed the music for "The Watchword of Labour" and other songs written by James Connolly. The Nunan brothers and O'Leary had come from London to the Kimmage garrison and take their part in the Rising.

In the Golden Jubilee volume "Fifty Years of Liberty Hall" I have printed a photo of Johnson and Farren, in a lorry and a soldier and an Auxiliary piling the band instruments into another.

And when the enemy had cleared off and McGrath and I had got from the remaining staff details of the raid inside, Rogan and a few others of us adjourned once more to "The Widow's" and over brimming glasses congratulated ourselves on our escape and speculated on what might befall our comrades who had been taken off to the Castle.

At least two of us had cause to rejoice that we had been on the right side of the cordon that day.

The prisoners were released from the Castle later in the night but for some time to come I saw only one of them, and he was Bill O'Brien. When I saw him he had a grim enough tale to tell. In the Castle, somewhere near where Dick McKee, Peadar Clancy and Conor Clune had been brutally done to death not so many hours before, he and Seamus Hughes had overheard two Auxiliaries—I think it was two—talk about what they would have dealt out to this narrator if they had laid hands on him in Liberty Hall and brought him to their quarters in the Castle. McGrath's fate we can be sure, wouldn't have been any different.

And with that dire knowledge haunting him O'Brien on his release searched the town high and low for me until at last, and pretty late, he found me in Mrs. Toomey's in Phibsboro Road. I have known Bill for many years, have seen him in many difficult situations, and have marvelled at the extraordinary coolness, imperturbable balance and iron self-discipline of him even at moments of great personal danger for himself, and I must say that in all the long years of our comradeship I have never seen him so deeply moved, so much concerned as he was for my safety that night when he told us in Toomey's of what he felt would have happened to me if I had been his fellow-prisoner in the Auxiliaries' quarters that third evening after the Bloody Sunday of 1920.

And that night I spent in O'Brien's own house in Botanic Road and several more nights

I.R.A. Federation 1916-1921

DUBLIN BRIGADE

The Dublin Brigade is in a good organised state. An inter-battalion question time contest for a valuable cup was arranged and the Third Battalion emerged worthy victors. As the Cup is a Perpetual Challenge Trophy, a new interbattalion contest will be arranged during the coming autumn.

The following are some of the functions in which the Brigade participated.

The unveiling of a Memorial to Fathers Albert and Dominic O.F.M. Cap. under the auspices of Fianna Eireann at the Capuchin Retreat House, Raheny, Co. Dublin, in June last. The Dublin Brigade Annual Rosary Ceremonies at St. Saviour's Priory, Dominick Street, October and the Annual Ceremony at the Connaught Rangers Mutineers' Cenotaph at Glasnevin Cemetery in memory of James Daly who was executed in India 1st Nov., 1920. Also the Annual Commemoration at Dublin Castle where Brigadier Dick McKee, Vice-Brigadier Peadar Clancy and Volunteer Conor Clune were murdered by British Forces on the 21st November, 1920, and the unveiling of the Ashbourne, Co. Dublin Memorial to the men who gave their lives in the gallant fight during 1916 in the Battle of Ashbourne.

The Brigade paraded in strength to the recent showing of the film "Mise Eire" at the Regal Cinema, Dublin.

The Annual 1916 Commemoration under the auspices of the Dublin Brigade held on Sunday 24th April, the actual date of the declaration of the Irish Republic. A Commemoration Mass was celebrated at 10.30 a.m. at the Pro-Cathedral after which a parade headed by Armed Colour Party proceeded to the G.P.O. where the 1916 proclamation was read in Irish and English, the Last Post and Reveille sounded, and a wreath placed on the Cuchullain Statue in the G.P.O. A wreath was also laid on the 1916 Leaders' Graves at Arbour Hill.

The Brigade Council, which is composed of Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Hon. Sec. and Hon. Treasurer who are elected at the Annual Meeting of the Brigade, together with two delegates from each battalion meets once per month. It is with regret we record the death of Capt. Joe O'Connor, who was chairman of the Brigade for many years. R.I.P.

We hope to see records of other units throughout the country published in these columns.

and days, until I was able to make my way to my mother's in County Antrim and stay there on the run 'till after Christmas and then cross via Larne and Stranraer with the then Governor of the Six Counties, the Duke of Abercorn aboard—to London to fulfil speaking engagements, with Jim Connell the author of "The Red Flag" in the chair at one of them.

An incident all this of no particular historical importance, as I have said, but not, I hope, unworthy of telling after these forty years.

DEATH OF THOMAS ASHE

By ART O'DONNELL

THE writer of this, a Clareman, was court martialled in Cork and sentenced to two years "hard labour", commuted to one year in the autumn of 1917. He was then, with other sentenced prisoners, conveyed to Mountjoy Gaol, Dublin, where he took part in the famous hunger strike which culminated in the death of Thomas Ashe, from forcible feeding unskillfully performed. Art O'Donnell's simple, straight forward narrative will be read with interest.

We were removed to Mountjoy Gaol, Dublin, where we were put in solitary confinement and put to work sewing mail bags in our cells.

Paddy Brennan, Austin and Michael and Peadar O'Loughlin of Liscannor were already in Mountjoy, and after a few days when communication between us was established each prisoner asked to see the Governor of the prison and demanded open air work and association with our own comrades.

In a few days we were all put chopping wood in the "wood yard", each prisoner having a small compartment to himself. While this meant association, it was not in fact free association and each man was confined to his own compartment, which was open in front, and permitted in a limited way some little conversation with his immediate neighbour. After a day or two the men went to each other's compartments freely.

Fionán Lynch was sent to his cell by the warden in charge, whose name was Scally; then Austin Stack followed; this resulted in a general mix-up. All the prisoners, now numbering about forty, went to each other's cells and threw off all restraint imposed on them by prison regulations. We were taken back to cells one by one until all had been again confined.

PRISONERS REBEL

There was no more exercise that day, but on the following day we were taken out to exercise in a different yard under the ordinary prison conditions—three or four yards apart—and walking around two or three concentric cement paths, these paths being four yards apart also. We ignored this and walked around in groups, talking freely with each other despite the warders threats of dark cells and bread and water.

When exercise time came on the following day no move was being made to take us out. On looking through my cell window I saw one of our men, Bertie Hunt, walking around the exercise yard on his own, and it immediately occurred to me that we were going to be given exercise singly. I shouted to Bertie Hunt to refuse exercise unless we were all together, and I then shouted across the corridor to Austin Stack who was in the same floor and told him what was happening. Bertie Hunt was taken back to his cell immediately.

"SMASHING UP"

An order was then issued for the simultaneous ringing of the bells which were attached to the cells. To stifle the din thus created the bells were muffled; this led to the smashing of the glass in the cell windows to let in some fresh air. The authorities retaliated by visiting each cell

in force, removing our boots and beds and bedding.

This was the 20th September, 1917, and was, I believe, on a Thursday. I succeeded in wrenching off the bell, which was a solid horn-shaped piece of iron about 2 lbs. in weight, and with it there came attached about 14 inches or so of round iron which went through the cell and was connected with the other bell fittings on the outside. This could be used like a hammer and I was soon able to bore through my cell wall to my next door neighbour, who was Michael Trayers of Gort. Sean Treacy, who was on the other side of me, had in the meantime bored into mine, so that now we were able to see each other and talk freely. The openings were not, however, large enough to permit us to visit each other. A general call then went round for a hunger-strike, and thus was started what has since been called the "Tom Ashe Hunger-strike" on Thursday, 20th September, 1917.

HUNGER STRIKE BEGINS

We were left in the cells without bed, bedding or boots for the next two nights. There was no glass in the windows; the floors were strewn with mortar, broken bricks and glass, and looking back I believe that these two nights were the toughest I ever experienced. The food was taken round as usual but nobody touched it and it remained outside the door. The only thing the men took was water.

On Saturday the Chief Warden and Governor visited the cells and said the beds would be given back if we gave an undertaking that we wouldn't break or tear them up. No undertaking was given, but the beds were brought back to the cells on that Saturday evening. On that evening, too, forcible feeding was commenced and the hunger-strikers were fed for the first time with milk and eggs pumped through rubber tubing into the stomach. The operation was repeated on Sunday, twice on Monday and once on Tuesday morning.

I was taken to be forcibly fed on this Tuesday morning. A new doctor named Dr. Lowe was in the cell where the food was forcibly administered and he proceeded to insert the tube, which I thought hurt more than usual, and on the first stroke of the pump I coughed violently. Dr. Lowe withdrew the tube, re-inserted it after the fit of coughing had ceased and then completed the operation. I was on the ground floor and after I was taken back to the cell I saw Tom Ashe going to be forcibly fed.

After a short while I saw a warden go to his cell, which was placed on the next floor over mine and opposite to me, (the number of his cell was 34) and I then

saw the warden return with his overcoat. I wondered, and on that night I heard he had collapsed when being forcibly fed by Dr. Lowe and was taken out to the Mater Hospital, where he died that evening, the 25th September, 1917.

On that day we were forcibly fed once only, but on the next day, Wednesday, we were forcibly fed twice, twice again on Thursday, on Friday and on Saturday.

On Saturday night, the 29th September, Austin Stack had a visit from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Ald. Laurence O'Neill, who informed him that the authorities had agreed to treat us as prisoners of war. The strike was accordingly declared off and we had our first meal for 10 days on the following Sunday morning. Our cells were thrown open all day and on that Sunday, 30th September, 1917, we were able to catch an occasional glimpse of the funeral of Thomas Ashe as it went on to Glasnevin, where he was laid to rest in the Republican Plot.

Tom Ashe's death swept over the country like wildfire and by now all support for the constitutional methods of the Irish Parliamentary Party had ceased to exist. We had self-government within the prison and everything went on grand. We were allowed visitors, our menu was all right, we had concerts, debating societies, classes on military matters, tactics, morse code and general training.

Confined in Mountjoy at this time were a number of "Conscientious Objectors", one of whom we knew as Francis. He was a carpenter. He was asked to make a special forcible feeding chair during our period of hunger-strike and refused. When one of our men asked him one day why he did not join the British Army, he said he was a Quaker and, conscientious objector. When asked was he always a Quaker, he said no, he was only a Quaker since the conscription racket commenced. "Necessity, you know", he said, "is the mother of conversion".

We learned that Dundalk Prison was being prepared to house all political prisoners, and we were transferred there on the first days of December, 1917.

LECTURES IN A.O.D.B.

THE Association of the Old DUBLIN Brigade, Oglagh na hEireann opened their winter session early in October with a lecture by Cathal O'Shannon on James Connolly, which attracted a large and interested audience. Cathal's lecture consisted largely of personal reminiscences of the famous Labour leader, with whom he was intimately acquainted, stories and anecdotes that built up a vivid picture of the man. Incidentally he spoke with scorn of the legend of Connolly being

The Late Joe Gleeson

THE death of Joe Gleeson removed from us one who had played a big and courageous part in the struggle for Irish freedom from a very early period. His father, a Tipperary man, had raised up all his family of Liverpool-born Irish in the old Fenian tradition—and all his brothers and his sisters took part with Joe in the national movement.

Joe joined the I.R.B. at a very early age, and won the approval and praise of Tom Clarke, and by 1915 he was a member of the Supreme Council of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, representing the North of England. He was also liaison officer between the I.R.B. and John Devoy, by means of Tommy O'Connor, who made contact with Joe whenever his ship arrived in Liverpool from New York. By this means all the communications with Germany in connection with the Rising got through safely.

In 1916 Joe came to Dublin with his brother Martin, to play his part in the Rising and was subsequently interned without his identity being discovered.

In 1918 his young brother Aidan a Volunteer prisoner in Mountjoy, under the name of "Redmond", died of the influenza epidemic.

Later the Gleeson family had a tobacconist's shop in Aungier St., and there in 1920-21, "an tOglach" the secret organ of the Army of the Irish Republic, was set up and printed. The place—a small room at the back of the shop—was never discovered by the enemy.

In later years Joe was a member of the Association of the Old Dublin Brigade, of which his brother Martin was for a time secretary. For the last few years he has been in precarious health. All who knew him will mourn the loss of one who was a sincere, unselfish and courageous soldier of Ireland.

"Kidnapped by the I.R.B." in 1916 and described an accidental discovery by himself of the true facts of the case told to him by a living witness, Frank Daly. A number of interesting items of information were contributed to the debate on the lecture by subsequent speakers who included Denis MacCullough P.C. Daniel MacDevitt, and Professor Liam O Briain. The chair was occupied by Major-General Beaslai, President.

A.O.D.B. DOINGS

THE annual Commemoration of Arthur Griffith and General Michael Collins's deaths took place in Dublin on August 21st, when, after mass for the repose of the souls of the dead leaders at St. Joseph's, Berkeley Road, a large body of members of the Association of the Old Dublin Brigade, Oglagh na hEireann and other old I.R.A. men marched to Glasnevin, headed by the O'Connell Fife and Drum Band. The parade and graveside ceremonies were in charge of Commandant Vincent Byrne. At the two graves wreaths were laid by Maj.-Gen. Piaras Beaslai, President, decades of the Rosary were recited in Irish by Mr. James Mallon, Vice-President, and the Last Post was sounded.

Two nephews of General Collins, Commandant Collins-O'Driscoll and Mr. Michael Collins were among those present, as well as Mrs. Griffith, Nevin Griffith and Mrs. Gray (son and daughter) and Shane and Nora Gray (grandchildren). General Mulcahy was represented by his son, Mr. P. Mulcahy, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin by Mr. F. Mullen. A number of distinguished and noteworthy figures in the struggle for freedom were also present.

Honour for S. J. O'Reilly

In September, Mr. Stephen J. O'Reilly, was elected Honorary Vice-President of the A.O.D.B. for life in recognition of his great services to the Association, in which he was an active member and hard worker from its foundation, over thirty years ago. Mr. O'Reilly occupied various important positions in the organisation, attended practically every meeting of the Executive, was an unsparing worker, devoting nearly all his spare time to the Association. We congratulate him on his well-deserved honour.

The New Hall

The great event of the year in the Association of the Old Dublin Brigade is the opening of a fine new hall in the premises of the Association. Great credit is due to those responsible for this work, which has been executed with skill and efficiency. The hall is attractive and comfortable in the extreme.

To celebrate the official opening of the hall, a showing (by kind permission of Gael-Linn) of the famous film "Mise Eire" took place on Friday, October 28th. The large hall was crowded by a rapt audience who saw with intense interest and occasional bursts of applause the many pictures which brought back to them the early days of the struggle for freedom.

At the conclusion, Maj.-Gen. P. Beaslai, said they must be all very grateful to their good friends in Gael-Linn for allowing

this fine film to be shown in their hall, reviving so many old memories. He mentioned that one of the printed items shown was the beginning of an article by himself in "An tOglach" in 1919.

Lecture on James Stephens

A large and representative audience listened with rapt attention to Desmond Ryan's lecture "New Light on James Stephens" on Friday, November 4th. It is curious that though a Fenian leader of 1865 was for a time a public figure in which all Ireland and the English Government took a great interest, and later a subject of stormy controversy, very little is generally known about his private life and character, and still less about his life before and after the great Fenian period—though he had a long life and died in Dublin in this century. Desmond Ryan has compiled a life of Stephens in which he has made use of a great deal of hitherto unpublished matter, including a vast number of letters by Stephens's friends and contemporaries, and diaries. He showed Stephens as an extraordinary man, devoted to the cause of Irish freedom and content to live in semi-starvation in Paris for years in pursuit of his ideals, a notable linguist, unselfish materially, but vain and addicted to flamboyant statements and extravagant claims—withal a wonderful organiser of the Fenian organisation.

Mr. Denis MacCullough, in proposing a vote of thanks remarked that Stephens had much better and stronger material for a rising in 1865, than we had in 1916. It was a pity he had not struck a blow at the right time—after his escape.

Mr. Alec MacCabe, seconding, differed from Mr. MacCullough on this point. He thought we had many advantages which the men of 1865 had not.

Mr. Cathal O'Shannon said that they would all be looking forward to reading Desmond Ryan's book when it appeared.

The Chairman told the audience what Tom Clarke said to himself about Stephens. Discussing Larkin's activities in the 1913 strike he said "Larkin is just like James Stephens—a great organiser, but hopeless as a leader."

Congo Irish Soldiers

At a meeting of the Executive of the A.O.D.B. a vote of sympathy with the relatives of the Irish soldiers who had died in Congo in the cause of peace was passed in silence.

"Bloody Sunday" Commemoration

The members of the A.O.D.B. participated in the Commemoration of the deaths of Brigadier Dick McKee, Vice-Commandant

Peadar Clancy and Volunteer Conor Clune, attending the masses, the ceremony at the Castle and the parade, each member in his own Battalion and unit.

Easter Manoeuvres

In the last number of the "Irish Volunteer" to appear before the Rising of 1916, the date being April 15th, there are a series of orders and notes with regard to what is called the coming "Easter Manoeuvres". These are worth reproducing here, as an elaborate example of the effort to mislead the enemy as to what was really contemplated. It is the only case in history where an insurrection of the kind was announced long beforehand in the official newspaper of the insurgents. We read:

EASTER MANOEUVERS 1916

General Orders

1. In connection with the Easter Manoeuvres ordered in General Orders of 3rd April, 1916, one-day or two-day bivouacs may, at the discretion of Brigade or Battalion Commandants, be arranged in suitable localities.

2. In cases where it is not possible to arrange for field operations, route marches or concentration of neighbouring units will be held.

3. While the point of mobilisation may or may not be announced to the Companies beforehand, in accordance with local conditions, an effort will be made to send the mobilisation order to every individual volunteer, so as to test each company's ability to get into immediate touch with all its members.

P. H. PEARSE, Commandant

Director of Organisation

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street.

In "Notes from Headquarters" the effort to mislead the enemy is carried still further. "The word manoeuvres is perhaps too ambitious a description of the kind of operations which Headquarters had in view. The exercise is really intended as a test of our power to get our men together in full numbers and with full equipment. . . . In some bivouacs to extend over one of the nights of the Easter Holidays are being arranged for. Elsewhere a route march, or a concentration of two or three local corps will perhaps be sufficient."

Lectures in A.O.D.B.

THE tragically sudden death of Patrick J. Stephenson, a Chief Librarian of the Dublin Corporation, member of D. Company, 1st Battalion, in 1916, renders it pathetic to record that he gave the second lecture of the season to the Association of the Old Dublin Brigade on November, 27th, 1959. In previous years he gave an account of his experiences in the Mendicity Institution in 1916, and again lectured on "The Invincibles" of 1880. On this occasion his subject was "Revolutionary Dublin", and dealt with the buildings which fulfilled useful and important functions in the fight for freedom from 1916 to 1921. The lecture attracted a large assembly of "old timers", who displayed a lively interest.

The night before his untimely death, Paddy Stephenson informed the President of the Association that he had another lecture ready for them whenever they required it. Alas! The warm and kindly promise cannot now be fulfilled.

Those who braved the cold and rain of February to hear Colm O'Lochlainn on "Irish Ballad Music" were richly rewarded. Colm entertained them quite royally by singing an amazing number of ballads, mostly of a humorous nature, to his own accompaniment. Altogether a delightful evening.

The lecture on "Robert Emmet" by Leon O'Broin, Secretary of Posts and Telegraphs, in March, attracted a large and distinguished audience.

The lecturer, after a brief summary of the leading facts in Emmet's short life, dealt with several neglected aspects of his career, and particularly refuted the idea that he was a foolish, romantic and impractical idealist. On the contrary, Emmet's plans were carefully and admirably worked out in detail and the miscarriages were not due to himself but subordinates and to accidents that could not possibly be foreseen.

Emmet had a scientific mind, invented explosives and rockets and kept himself abreast of the science of his age.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Monsignor P. Brown, seconded by District Justice Donagh MacDonagh. Other speakers were: Messrs. Desmond Ryan, Cathal O'Shannon, Michael Noyek, Sean Murphy, etc.

The Chairman (Major-Gen. P. Beaslai, president) paid a tribute to the military excellence of Emmet's plans. If he had a drilled and disciplined body to carry them out, such as in 1916, the result would have been very different.

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OBITUARY

DANNY McDEVITT

AN unrecorded incident in the story of the veteran Danny McDevitt, Belfast tailor, Irish Volunteer and Labour man who died in Dublin some months ago a few days before his 93rd year, had a connection with the famous escape of Eamon de Valera, Sean MacGarry and Sean Milroy from Lincoln Jail on the night of February 3rd, 1919.

The connection is indirect but it is interesting as showing the use that was made of anybody and everybody—some of them unwillingly—in the fighting years and the kind of sidelines Danny used to pursue in his tailor's shop in Rosemary Street, Belfast, in the city centre and only a few hundred yards from the police headquarters.

Danny's was known as "The Bounders' College", the "Bounders" or "The College", from the nickname bestowed on it in sarcasm by the rather conservative secretary of Belfast Trades Council but affectionately adopted by its frequenters. These frequenters were the cream of the advanced and militant but small minority groups in Belfast, Socialists, Sinn Feiners, Anarchists, Co-operators, Independent Orangemen—all propagators of political and social ideas that made them be called "cranks" and "soreheads" by Joe Devlin's supporters on one side and Sir Edward Carson's followers on the other. It was a great resort of visiting socialists propagandists and journalists from Great Britain and other places abroad who came to report for their newspapers the critical situation in Belfast at the height of the agitation over the third Home Rule Bill introduced in the British Parliament in 1912.

And in the 1914-1918 war it was a helpful place of call and refuge for English, Scottish and Welsh conscientious objectors who

were befriended and jobbed into employment by or through the influence of the men of The Bounders. Some of these "Conscientious Objectors" remained in Belfast after the war. That's how the Lincoln escape, engineered by Michael Collins and Harry Boland, came into Danny's story.

Harry Boland in Belfast

In January, some time before the escape, Harry went to Belfast not in connection with the Lincoln affair but to visit Irish Volunteer officers in Crumlin Road Jail. I think he was on the run at the time but at all events he went to Danny's to get the low down about visiting the jail. Danny tried to persuade him to give up the idea because of the risk of his being recognised and detained.

However, I believe that Harry was determined to do what he had gone to Belfast for and he managed to get in and see his men.

One of the men introduced to Harry in The Bounders happened to be a quiet, inoffensive, simple and innocent "Conscientious Objector" from Lincoln. And when Harry heard he was from Lincoln he suavely, and without disclosing undue interest or his purpose, politely inquired about Lincoln and its people and institutions.

And by a happy chance discovered that a brother of the C.O.'s was a friend of one of the warders in Lincoln Jail. That was enough for Harry. Before he and the C.O. parted in mutual admiration of each other's positions as rebels evading arrest Harry had got all he wanted to know then about Lincoln and a warm and useful introduction to the Lincoln man who was a friend of the warder's.

What use Harry made of all that I don't know but it may have been helpful in the arrange-

ments for the jail break. And neither Danny nor the Lincoln C.O. knew anything of Harry's connection with the escape until long afterwards. When Danny heard of the escape he kept his surmises to himself until they were confirmed in a later year by Harry Boland himself.

Danny and James Connolly

It was in Danny's tailors' board in Rosemary Street I had my first quizzing from James Connolly on Fenianism and Irish independence. That would be in 1910 a few months after Connolly's return from America. I had gone to Danny to get the use of a room for a few nights until we could get a room of our own for a new G.A.A. club of which I was secretary in the Dock area. As a young member of the Belfast Circle of the I.R.B.—we had only one Circle at that time in Belfast—I had got the lads to agree to call it the C. J. Kickham G.A.A. Club, and it was that name that prompted Connolly to ask me why I had called it after Kickham. Examination of Fenianism and its objectives followed naturally.

Danny and some of his fellow-Bounders were interested listeners to how I stood up to Connolly's examination.

My second quizzing by Connolly on drilling of boys and girls and armed insurrection was in the following year when I went to his home to get him to permit his daughter Ina, to become secretary of the girls' sluagh of Fianna Eireann which we were adding to the boys' sluaighte in an old military hut at Willowpark at the head of the Falls Road. Connolly's home was at Glenaline Terrace, a few hundred yards from Willowpark. It was as we walked from that Fianna-Volunteer hut to his house at Glenalina that Connolly on a Sunday night in

February 1916 told me that the date for the Rising had been fixed but that he couldn't then disclose it to me because he and five others were sworn to secrecy until the right time came.

As the historic event was to show, the five others were the members of the Military Council: P. H. Pearse, Tom Clarke, Sean MacDermott, Joseph Plunkett, and Eamon Ceannt. Connolly was then co-opted on the Military Council, either during the conference at Dolphin's Barn at which members of the M.C. and Connolly came to agreement or after it. Thomas MacDonagh's co-option was later and it completed the Provisional Government and the group of signatories of the Declaration of the Irish Republic signed on Easter Sunday 1916.

Danny McDevitt's own home was on the opposite side of the road to Willowbank and Glenalina and it was Danny who found the house for Connolly when he went from Dublin in 1911 to become Secretary of the Belfast Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Elsewhere I have told of Danny's long connection with the national movement and trade unionism in Belfast, of his internment in Ballykinlar before the Treaty, of his enforced transfer to Dundalk and Dublin, of his help in elections and of his activity in organisations here.

A characteristic saying of his may be recalled.

Louis J. Walsh, a fellow-internee and one of the first of our Irish speaking District Justices, once described McDevitt as "a Belfast Papist - Fenian - Socialist - Republican". With typical explosive ejaculation Danny said "He might have mentioned that I'm not a bad tailor either".

C. O. S.

JOE TOOMEY

ALMOST the last time the late Joe Toomey appeared among his old I.R.A. comrades was at this year's Griffith-Collins commemoration at Glasnevin cemetery. It was like Joe to insist on turning out that day although ill from the sickness that brought about his death.

After the ceremony that day he was one of a group—most of them like himself Easter Week men—that made their way to the A.O.D.B. in Parnell Square and there swapped recollections of the years in the Irish Volunteers before and after 1916 and of old comrades who have answered the final roll-call. As happens sometimes their memories of events and persons didn't always tally.

That day in the A.O.D.B. Joe told of his rushing around with

his gun in the confusion of the morning of Easter Sunday trying to find what the position was and his meeting with a journalist friend of a well-known volunteer personage who was one of those opposed to insurrections.

To Joe's urgent inquiry this journalist's answer was to advise him to go home and break up his gun and not be a damned fool, or words to that effect. This so angered Joe, quietest and least aggressive of the three Toomey brothers, that he said the man who gave that advice ought to be shot.

And that Sunday in the A.O.D.B. anger again stirred in Joe as he told of that encounter forty-four years ago, a rare display of temper in the calm-spoken placid man he was.

Joe had been a member of the

I.R.B. for some years before the Irish Volunteers and the Easter Rising and his was one of the addresses in Dublin through which John Devoy in America sometimes communicated with Tom Clarke in Dublin. All the Toomey family, from his mother downwards, had a sound national record. One of his mother's many services in 88 Phibsboro Road where she lived with two other sons and three daughters, all active in the movement, was to shelter Dan Breen when Paddy Daly brought him, a badly wounded man, from the attempt on Lord French at Ashtown on December 19th, 1919.

Joe and his brother Jack and sister Stasia were in the fighting ranks in 1916. Their younger brother, Eddie, and younger sister,

Nellie, best singer of some of Peadar Kearney's ballads—shared in the fighting years from the Rising to the civil war.

In hospital the afternoon before the operation after which he didn't recover consciousness, Joe was apparently in such good form that visitors at his bedside didn't expect that death was to take him in thirty-six hours or so. He was listening-in to the broadcast of the football semi-final in Croke Park.

And it was fitting that before his funeral with military honours he was laid in the church which for years had been the Clontarf Town Hall in which meetings of the Supreme Council of the I.R.B. had been held when its caretaker was Mick McGinn, Tom Clarke's old Tyrone friend and colleague.

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1916-1921 CLUB

ON Thursday, 19th November 1959, Sean Murphy presided at the first general assembly of the club since his election as President. The occasion was a lecture by Dr. Herbert Mackey who gave a most brilliant exposé of the "Forged Casement Diaries."

At the conclusion of Dr. Mackey's address and the supporting words of Jack O'Sheehan and Kevin O'Shiel, Sean, in that soft but trenchant voice so typical of him stressed the complete determination of the club and all such organisations to give their unwavering support to Dr. Mackey and the Casement Repatriation Committee in the work to which they have set themselves.

Sean Murphy as club president is a worthy successor to the late Sean McGarry, M. W. O'Reilly, Eamonn Morkan and Ben Byrne. Although a veteran among veterans he still seems to exude the youthful purposefulness of a half century ago. Although still determined in national affairs he nevertheless tackles each succeeding problem with a light-heartedness surprising in one who

can truthfully say that a lifetime of national activities brought no rewards for self.

We must go back to the opening of the century for Sean's entry into active nationalism when he was first sworn into the I.R.B. and in less than three years elected Centre of the Thomas Clarke-Luby club. He devoted more than a reasonable time to the I.R.B. work until the formation of the volunteers in 1913 when he joined A. Company of the 3rd Battalion who elected him as adjutant. Practically the first man on duty at Howth in 1914 for the landing of rifles from the yacht "Asgard". Sean had subsequently the difficult task of bringing 50 of the rifles from Howth, through the fight on the Malahide Road and right through the city to the pre-arranged dump at Clanbrassil St. He served with MacDonagh and MacBride in Jacob's during Easter week of 1916 and was afterwards interned in Frongoch. Released, he was again elected Centre of his Circle in the I.R.B. and in addition was appointed on the staff re-organising the Volunteers

in the midlands.

In the municipal elections in 1918 Sean was selected to contest the Wood Quay ward for Sinn Fein. He was elected and became Chairman of the Housing Committee, a member of the Finance Committee, the Waterworks Committee, and other representative bodies. His work in the National movement attracted the attention of the leaders of the movement and he became attached to the staff of Michael Collins.

After the cessation of hostilities Sean joined the staff of the Oireachtas and in 1925 was appointed Curator of Dublin Castle a post he held until recently.

As president of the 1916-1921 Club for the year Sean Murphy is still the same vigorous driving force in National affairs as he was in 1901 when first sworn into the I.R.B. He emphasised that he was not taking the office of Club President solely as a tribute from his old associates for any work that he had done.

The above tribute to Sean Murphy as president was written

a year ago. Since then Lieut.-Col. Joe Guilfoyle has been elected president, and Dr. Mac Carthy has succeeded Dominick Mackey as Hon. Sec.



Lt. Martin Savage who was killed in the Lord French ambush.

A Song of Portland

AFTER the Rising of 1916, over 160 prisoners were court-martialled, and the great majority of these were convicted and sentenced. Fifteen were executed, many others were sentenced to death, afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life. In all about 130 were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Fifty-seven of these were sent to Portland Convict prison where they were subjected to the most harsh and degrading conditions, compelled to dress in convicts' dress and submit to treatment as criminals. One of their number, to keep his spirits, composed the following song, which is now published for the first time. The second half of the third verse is missing.

We're a highly remarkable band
Of felons so daring and hearty,
We stood up and fought for our land
And now we're a sack-sewing party.
The foe thought our nerves were so spent
From burning and shooting and slaughter,
For the good of our health we were sent
To a seaside resort across water.

Sure Portland beats Skerries or Bray,
It's the quietest place under heaven,
In silence we sit here all day,
Our Company's just fifty-seven.
Our country we do not forget,
The Saxon we're hoping to tame, boys
He's not on his knees to us yet
But we've sacks on our knees all the same, boys.

In the very best of circles we move—
This is when we're out exercising—
On our drill, sure, you couldn't improve,
The way we keep step is surprising.

Our costumes are tasteful and neat
The red and the blue look entrancing;

And the nice little brogues on our feet
Would set any man thinking of dancing.
O the warders' enjoyment is great
They gaze on our garb with delight, boys,
And they get in a terrible state,
If one's coat isn't buttoned up right,
boys.

Our beauty they surely suppose
Would play havoc with Nancy and Mary,
With our hair cropped so short and so close,

And our chins all so bristly and hairy.
So never a sight of a skirt
Have we had since the day that we came, boys,

And many the devil's own flirt
Is forgetting the rules of the game, boys.

Did they think we'd be scared by their gaol,
Any more than their rifles had scared us?
Did they think that our spirits would fail
At the vengeance and shame they'd prepared us?

For the "shame" we don't care a traithnin

Their vengeance or pardon we scorn it,
We'll bear all for the sake of the green
As our fathers before us have borne it.

Kilmainham Prison—A National Memorial

ALL who took any part in the fight for freedom in the period 1916-21 will rejoice that the grim fortress prison of Kilmainham, that memento of the sufferings of Irish patriots at the hands of the British, will be preserved as a national museum. The work is being done by a volunteer committee of old I.R.A. men under the chairmanship of Sean Dowling, and the actual labour of reconstruction is being done by Old I.R.A. volunteers, skilled in their various trades. It is to be hoped that all will contribute ungrudgingly to the fund required if the work is to be completed. This is a matter not only for Dublin but for all Ireland, and all old I.R.A. units who are

in a position to do so should contribute their mite to such a worthy national cause—a memorial of the struggle and sufferings of many generations of patriotic Irishmen, many of whom, like the heroes of 1916, met their death within its walls.

There was great disappointment that the scheme of erecting a "Garden of Remembrance" in Parnell Square, agreed to by the Dublin Corporation could not be proceeded with, owing to the erection of hospital buildings on the site. The preservation of Kilmainham Prison seems to achieve the same object—a monument to preserve the memory of the heroes and martyrs of the fight for Irish freedom for many generations.

The late PATRICK J. CANNON

THE death on 9th December of Patrick J. Cannon of Mountain View, Castlebar added yet another to the roll of veterans who have joined the great majority. Paddy was Battalion Commandant in the West Mayo Brigade and was a prominent member of its Famous Flying Column. He fought at Skirdagh, Carrowkennedy, and Kilmeena, and saw the inside of various British jails.

In after years he was very modest about his achievements and the surest way of embarrassing him was to start a discussion on them, which we fear we maliciously did on various occasions to get his reaction.

He became the first secretary of the Mayo Board of Health and the modern hospitalisation in which Mayo was foremost among the counties was the direct result of his wise administration. His chief recreation was shooting and he was a fine shot. His untimely death at 61 has left a void in the life of his native town and in the county.

He is survived by his wife and his three daughters, Olive Cannon (Lucan); Patsey Cannon (Rathdrum) and Mrs. Jennett (Plymouth) to whom we tender our deepest sympathy. May the sod lie lightly on a soldier of Ireland and may his soul rest in peace.

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The Battle of Ashbourne

THE large hall of the Association of the Old Dublin Brigade was crowded on the 12th December on the occasion of a lecture by Colonel Joseph V. Lawless on "The Battle of Ashbourne" one of the outstanding events of Easter Week, 1916. Col. Lawless, himself an active participant in the fight, with his father and uncle, though very young, at the time, gave a vivid account of the episode in which a small body of the Fifth, or Fingal, Battalion, commanded by Thomas Ashe, defeated and captured a body of more than double their number of R.I.C. forces with far superior arms and equipment. He brought out the fact that the inexperienced Volunteers did better than they realised themselves and demoralised their opponents by the accuracy of their shooting, besides completely deceiving them as to their actual strength. They were surprised when the R.I.C. men surrendered. They had suffered heavy casualties from our ill-armed men. The English official report shows

that their commanding officer, the County Inspector was killed as well as the second in command, a District Inspector, two Sergeants and four constables. Fifteen R.I.C. men were wounded, some severely.

Colonel Lawless's description of the fight was followed by a lively and interesting personal account by General Mulcahy, who played a big part in the engagement. He paid a high tribute to Thomas Ashe and Frank Lawless, T.D., and referred to the tremendous effect Ashe's death had upon the people of Ireland and the movement he stood for. The General enlivened his narrative with some humorous touches. He read an official report of the action by a sergeant of the R.I.C. who was present and gave a very exaggerated account of the numbers and armament of his opponents.

Mr. Martin Walton proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer and to General Mulcahy and this was seconded by Mr. Justice Lavery and supported by Col. Broy and Lieut.-Col. Joseph Guilfoyle. Maj.-Gen. Piaras Beaslai, President, was in the chair.



Mr. Sean T. O'Ceallaigh (former President of Ireland) unveiling the Ashbourne Memorial.
(Photo, Courtesy "Irish Press")



Scholarship and Prizewinners, 1894/95. (Westland Row C.B.S.)

P. H. Pearse is on extreme right.

Liam Breen

THE Association of the Old Dublin Brigade has suffered a heavy loss by the death of Liam Breen, who for a number of years acted as assistant secretary and gave the Association most of his time, attention and work, and the benefit of his experience. Indeed his services were invaluable and he can hardly be replaced.

Liam had been active in the national movement during the "troubled times" and was well known to all, and from the early days of the Association he had been a steadfast friend and helper. As an auditor and a director of the Educational Building Society he gave his assistance in the acquiring and purchase of the present premises of the Association. A cheery and kind-hearted man and an unflinching worker he was immensely popular with all the members. All the officers of the Association, members of the Executive and a number of members attended to pay his remains the last honours.

With compliments

DAVID COUGHLAN,

BRAY.