

Notes

by Mrs Grant Usher. 1914-1925

G/9 (70)



Directions for using the Binder

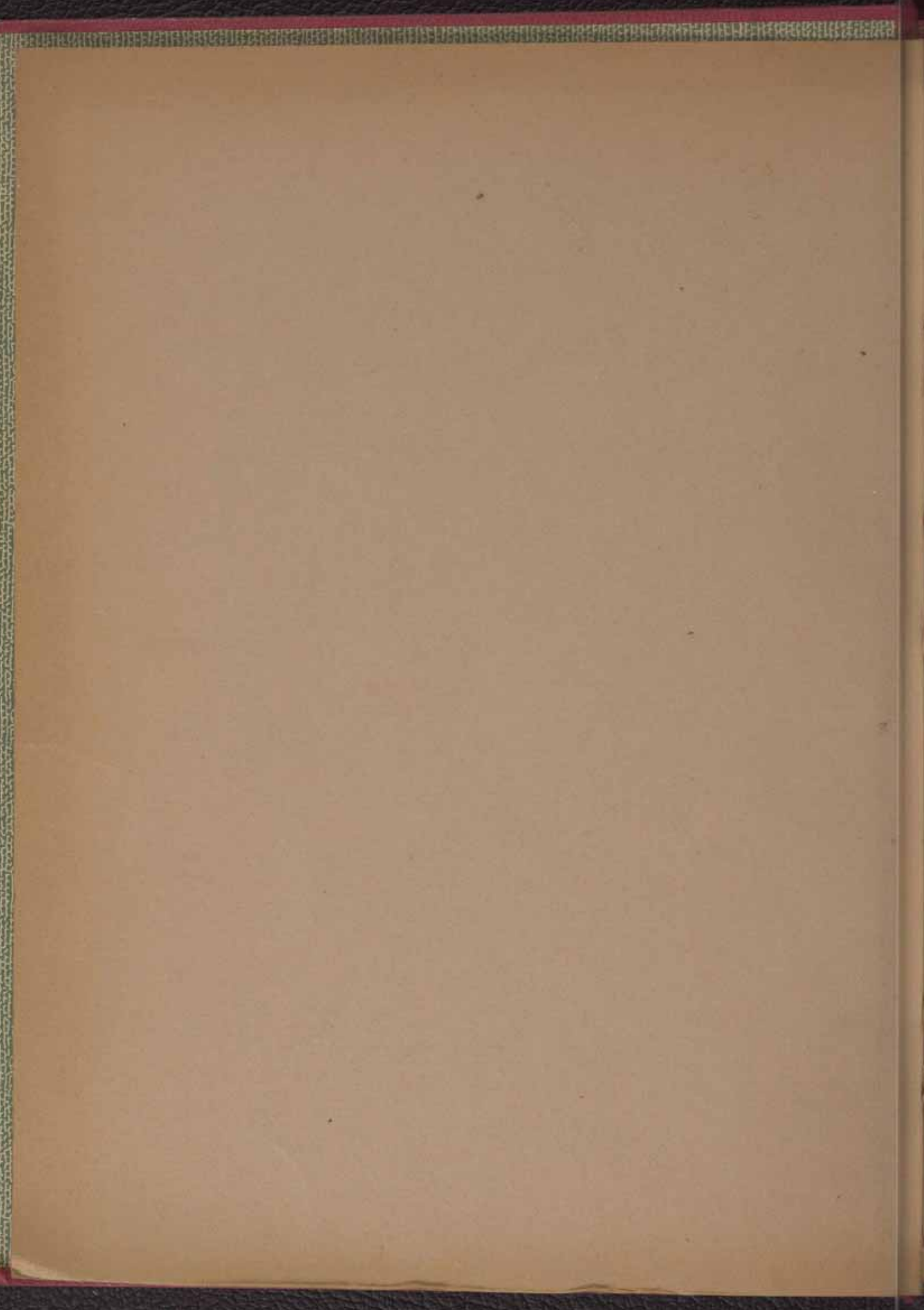


1. PLACE BINDER FLAT ON DESK OR TABLE AS SHOWN.
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Year
1914

When we (Beresley, Percy and I) settled down at Cappagh for good, the atmosphere was electric. Whispers told of arms being smuggled into Ireland, North and South; it was even reported that our N.T. (National School Teacher), woken by the sound of motor cars in the small hours of the morning,

THE TRUE STORY of a REVOLUTION.

or what one of my Reviewers called

"The Rushing Tragedy of Munster Life".

so be organizing a southern army, in anticipation of Home Rule - then imminent - with Colonel Kilmartin (our agent) first in command, and Colonel Unfreville (our agent in old Cappagh House) his second.

Life at Cappagh from the Spring of 1914, to the Spring of 1925, when all ended for us in a happy wedding.

by E.H. USSHER.

Cappagh House of the Unionist gentry (and they were all Unionists), so ~~none~~ were never invited. The sound of their gathering cars came to us through the woods, but nobody troubled the Giant's Peak which we occupied as intruders. We were known to be Liberals, and that was enough. The Mellisons, always kind, once asked us to a woman's party. Nobody spoke to us except heat and hostility, though I remember

* 1914 Beresley Great Britain 2007

Year
1914

When we (Beverley, Percy and I) settled down at Cappagh for good, the atmosphere was electric. Whispers told of arms being smuggled into Ireland, North and South; it was even reported that our N.T. (National School teacher), awoken by the sound of motor cars in the small hours of the morning, had seen the rifles on their way inland, and it was commonly believed that General Richardson, of the Grange Volunteers, who lodged in Lismore and who rented our woodcock shooting, was busy with more than sport. He was said to be organizing a southern army, in anticipation of Home Rule - then imminent - with Colonel Kirkwood (our agent) first in command, and Colonel Umfreville (our tenant in old Cappagh House) his second. However this may be (and the rumour is interesting as showing what sort of speculations surrounded us) the General and the two Colonels were continually holding receptions in old Cappagh House of the Unionist gentry (and they were all Unionist), to which we were never invited. The sound of their gathering cars came to us through the woods, but nobody troubled the Giants Rock which we occupied as intruders. We were known to be Liberals, and that was enough. The Collisons, always kind, once asked us to a tennis party. Nobody spoke to me except host and hostess, though I remember

* Mr & Mrs Beverley Grant Mosher - a son of 13.

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Even the old gentleman who one
 putting in a good word for the Royal Family, as being decent
 human beings undeserving of the particular species of brickbat
 which was being hurled by those present who suspected the
 King of favouring Home Rule. Somebody boasted of evading
 Death Duties, and I tactlessly said I supposed he disliked
 the policy of building Dreadnaughts. These remarks were
 received with hostile silence.

A few months later, more than one of the party had given
 his life in the Great War. In fact, I seem to remember being
 told that all had been killed except my husband and my host.
 "It is a pity", Mildred Dobbs said to me one day, "that you
 publish your opinions, you lose all the influence you might
 have had". And she added it was generally supposed we were
 Government spies, sent over by Asquith to spy out the situation.
 We had come very naturally by Beverley's old inheritance. His
 family had lived in this quiet valley before any of our then
 neighbours were heard of. So the supposition was a strange
 one, and I have often wondered since whether more was not afoot
 than we ever dreamt of at the time. Old Cappagh House would
 have been such a grand place in which to store arms! Near
 a sea port, and full of hidden chambers! It was strange, too,
 that no occasion was ever lost by the gentry around for saying
 insulting things about points of view which we did not con-

* The equivalent a publication of views
 # D. Dobbs might also it did some further

Year
1914.

sciously obtrude unduly. Even the old gentleman who one day gave me a lift on his carriage for a mile or so, asked me what ought to be done with the Liberal Government, and then answered himself - "They should be hanged in a row!".

Personally, I was more interested in social undertakings than in politics, and was very much surprised when I found the neighbouring ladies had no wish to become "United Irish-women".* Mrs Umfreville did, indeed, attend a course of sewing and cookery classes at our Village Hall, and once she came to a lecture on some harmless subject by that good Quaker lady, Miss Pim; but unfortunately Percy dropped in with his friend Padraic O'Daly, then Secretary of the Gaelic League, who proposed a hearty vote of thanks, saying that a meeting in our Hall was equal to a meeting of the Gaelic League (then † "unpolitical") any day. That finished poor Mrs Umfreville. She got up and ran out, and never came near us again! Later on, when we were hard put to it to finance the Industrial Show which we ran for six years, we got hardly a subscription from anybody in the country houses. I shall never forget our delighted astonishment when Sergeant Johnson got five shillings from the Forsayeths. But then he was a Sergeant. Old Mrs Walsh of Ballylemon, V.P. of the U.I., shared many an unseemly joke with me of how willingly we would wave a

* The equivalent a predecessor of Womens Institutes.
† O'Daly resigned when it did become political.

ear
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farewell to them all from our shores and never miss them after. We little dreamt we would live to see them all go, and to wish them all back. Every empty house has left the country less able to pay its way, and stands desolate in its own little puddle of unemployment. In those days so many, oh so many, seemed to be just unsympathetic pleasure-seeking parasites, and when they began to boast of maintaining their old ascendancy by force, it became only natural to reply in similar accents. Hence arose the National Volunteer movement, of which John Redmond foresaw all the evil potentialities, and which he tried to chain up as a defence force, instead of allowing it to drift into rival aggression. Their existence was plausible enough when Orangemen were threatening to march to Cork. "What have you made the little loophole for over your dairy door?", I asked old Downey. "To shoot the Orangemen on their way", he joked in reply. We all took up the challenge of the North.

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ss.

Sir Edward Carson, in the House of Commons, July 23, 1920:

"The arming of the South and West lead to the arming of Ulster."

Sir Edward Carson, at the Ladies Grand Council of the Primrose League, May 22, 1914:

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I am not sorry for the armed drilling of those who are opposed to me in Ireland. I certainly have no right to complain of it; I started that with my own friends.

1914
-15.

The O'Rahilly addressed a meeting in Dungarvan, where Beverley evoked great applause by declaring "There is at least one Protestant in this room". Nobody, however, was prepared to support him when he begged that Volunteer arms should not be distributed broadcast, but should be kept under responsible custody. Percy, in native costume, his young face all aglow, I was told, sat on the platform. On his return he declared with solemn emphasis (words of graver import than he knew) "Mother: I am a Volunteer". He attended drill meetings during his Easter holidays, and later on I found myself painting a large wooden target, and Sunday after Sunday we superintended shooting in a gravel pit with two rifles, which I had carried home for the boys from Waterford. (No wonder when these doings were noised abroad, as they doubtless were, the poor gentry found it hard to be civil). The instructor, an ex-sergeant, joined up with several of the fellows when war broke out, and did not return till 1918, a survivor of Suva Bay. In fact, the war brought drill and rifle practice to an end, for nobody (no ex-service man, that

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To the teaching
 is) was left to teach. Then, too late, it struck the Government that here was material for recruits. They exhorted the gentlemen of Ireland to take an interest in the movement which they had hitherto ridiculed. Accordingly, young Forsayeth suddenly appeared at a drill meeting, and when he tried to improve the occasion, one of the men made this startling remark: "If the Lord would the Kaiser in a dhream that he was goin' to git Ireland, He would him the hell of a big lie". Another man, however, who was being invited to join the Volunteers, asked why he should do it, and was told he might help to repel a German invasion. He answered: "Let the German or the English come, it is all wan to me".

[see appendix I]

Nevertheless, from whatever motive - generally perhaps mere love of a scrap - men flocked to the recruiting offices in numbers which will never now be known, only to be turned back in countless cases, on the most trivial of excuses (the

+ The town of ^A Sty sent a heavier percentage of men than any other in the British Commonwealth of Nations, except one small town in Scotland.

§ According to a Royal Commission on the Rebellion, between reservists and recruits the contribution of the National (Redmond's) Volunteers = 30,161, and of the Ulster Volunteers 29,617.

+ Over 150,000 altogether, so when Pugh, before he died, paid a splendid tribute.

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Tories were determined that Redmond's offer of Volunteers should appear to fall flat! While English people were asking "Why does not Ireland play up?", Redmond was declaring that "Ireland had a larger proportion of her sons in the firing line than either "England, Scotland or Wales".

The small firm of Hearne, in Waterford, was glad to keep open 27 berths for absent men, and one of the directors, returning from a business trip to Leeds and Birmingham, told me Irish cities compared on the whole favourably in the matter of recruiting. Again, I was told that half the recruits who presented themselves in Cork had to be sent home again, and in fairness it has to be remembered that Ireland's population, especially in rural areas, carries a heavy percentage of the unfit. This readiness to enlist spoiled the Unionist argument. Neither did it suit the argument that a war-work party of the farmers or cottagers class should be turning out swabs etc. galore at Cappagh House. (The gentry would not join the party, although invited by me. They simply ignored it). When we offered the big house to Captain Umfreville, as being drier than his own older place, and suitable for recovery from rheumatic fever, he declined without thanks, saying

+ Over 150,000 altogether, to whom Foch, before he died, paid a splendid tribute.

14-15 he would not appreciate the company of farmers' daughters. (employed in making swabs!!). This was written on a post card, if I remember right. Later, however, the offer became irresistible, and the family took up residence, in spite of the war-work party's presence. Once a week Mrs Umfreville gave me kind leave to use the dining room, and welcomed us with a Union Jack flying over the back door. She entertained a rival tea party (not for war work) in the drawing room, and my friends, who missed the piano which they usually played, retaliated by singing "The Wearing of the Green" without accompaniment. They called themselves the "evicted tenants", and called a proprietary piece of khaki cloth (not sufficient for a shirt) with which we were presented, "the rent". Afterwards the Umfrevilles took the Union Jack back to their own house, and hung it out over our yard, where our men promptly hoisted a green emblem. Popular feeling was rising about Easter week, of recent occurrence, and I feared what might follow. So I asked to have my Union Jack returned to me, which it was, and I put it out of harm's way.

The work party, while it lasted, completed nine hundred articles, most of which were sent wherever our dispensary doctor (at the front) directed. Sinn Fein propaganda had

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begun, and the Red Cross was looked upon as one of John Bull's pocket perquisites. So much so, that when the R.C. curate spread a rumour that an impending fête at Cappagh would be given in aid of the Red Cross, it had to be most carefully explained to all and sundry why no patriot need hesitate to support the function, which, in spite of all, was a great success.

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We always had tea after our making of shirts and swabs, and Kate Cullinene used to tell us our fortunes in our tea leaves. Then used to follow the prophecies of Columcille. After the Great War (which he had foretold) the war in Ireland would begin. At this point, I regret very much to be writing after an interval of ten years, because nobody will believe me. How much more poignant and striking this tale would be if I had jotted it down from day to day! And then to watch from page to page the striking fulfilment of many of these folk-sayings! A story grows comparatively cold, too, in retrospect. It misses the agony of daily uncertainty, the horror of things unfulfilled. On the other hand, things seem important at the time, which turn out trivial, or even irrelevant, in the long run. And trifles of the hour sometimes attain to meaning. If I had been writing at the time, would I ever have troubled

915 to record the phantasies which follow? Kate told to
 unbelieving ears the things her father (a man of 80) had
 heard when he lodged, as a boy, with an old Mason, employed
 on building Cappagh House. Here then was an oral tradi-
 tion, trickling pure through three generations - and for
 how much longer? "A fine house we are building", said the
 old mason, "but when those days come, it will be open to
 anyone who wishes to walk in and sleep there". The two sons
 of the 13th King of Spain would land, nobody knew how or
 where, in the South, and the Spaniards would sweep the
 country, the banks would be closed, and there would be no
 newspapers for three days.

ARREARS OF NEWS

There is no precedent in living memory for the
 almost complete stoppage of newspapers throughout
 Great Britain and Ireland during the period of
 three days which ended yesterday. For the first
 time, all the morning journals agreed to suspend
 publication on St. Stephen's Day, and a Sunday
 Christmas Eve coincided with this arrangement.

The dog tax would be raised, in order to discourage people
 from keeping dogs? Because their bark warned the house-
 holder of the approach of raiders (thus identifying the
 Government with a raider, in a puzzling way). The rates
 would be raised three times, and then would come a Black
 Rate, which nobody could pay, and which would have to be

915 collected by soldiers. But not English soldiers, apparently, for these would be in their ships on the sea, looking on. The Duke of Abercorn (not then heard of) would break loose out of the North, and run half way to Cork, till his tired-out men would throw their coats away, and then (but temporary reconciliations would have preceded these things) there would be a battle in the Valley of the Black Pig, and North and South would never come together any more. There would, nevertheless, be peace then for 1,000 years! There would be a Parliament in Dublin in these days - "a real Parliament", she insisted. And Westminster would be boycotted by Members, who would not attend there. "I hope, Kate, the war won't come our way", I used to say, laughing. "Armed men will walk up and down over Cappagh", she solemnly replied, "and the last battle will be fought not far from this". So convinced she was, we had to shiver in spite of ourselves. "And what will bring it all to an end?", I asked. "The Spaniards", she replied, "will hear Mass said in Irish on the Comeragh Mountains. Then it will come to them that, after all, they are fighting their own friends, men of their own religion, and not enemies at all. They were deluded, but now they understand - Then they will leave off fighting".

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"Where will we be then, Kate?". "I do not know, except that it will be between the hay and the corn, and many would sow who would not live to reap. Between the 8th and 15th of August, three fierce days would finish the "real war". This was when Cork fell, in 1922. Turks and Huns (people not then heard of!) were to lay England waste. England would "ruck up into Scotland". So ran the lurid prophecy. "But all the gentry will leave the country". "Oh, Kate", I would exclaim, too incredulous to be sorrowful, "how could we leave the country?". And Kate would only insist she did not know, but this she did know, people would walk in and out of the house we sat in, uninvited. That house of exclusive tradition!

"How did such terrible things begin, Kate?". "They began by a young man betraying the country".

It was in 1915 that Cardinal Mercier sent over Father Brohé to collect money for Belgian nursing mothers by lecturing on the war in Belgium. (Father Brohé's brother was a professor in the University of Louvain, which for centuries had given scholarships to Irish priests. At the request of Eleanor Hull, I got Father B. to stay with us, and organised his tour in Co. Waterford. I used to work the lantern, whilst the priest lectured. Again the

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gentry were not helpful, but in most places the R.C. clergy willingly lent us schoolrooms. Difficulties, however, were raised in one or two centres of the advancing ^Shⁱnⁿ Fein culture. Monsignor Power, in Dungarvan, made frivolous excuses on his own behalf, and on behalf of two of his curates who could not take the chair at a meeting. But I knew the third (a junior) curate, and instead of asking if he might come, I went out and found him, and he declared he would do anything "for Belgium, with a heart and a half". I hope he did not get into trouble for fulfilling his promise. Already some of the clergy were hoping for a German victory, with its resulting material power for the Pope. Afterwards, when Father Brohé toured the diocese of Limerick (or was it Killaloe?) he found things extremely difficult in that storm centre, but merely observed to me that human nature - idle or energetic as the case might be - was to be expected in clerical as well as in lay beings.

I often think of one perspiring old curate whom we imagined to be painfully shy, and wonder whether it was really shyness which afflicted him, or whether the pull of conflicting parties was making him literally perspire. "Ce bon gros"!, exclaimed Father Brohé. "Le voila réduit en compot!". A year later, in the Spring of 1916, I

915
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undertook a lecture tour of my own. I felt it was very hard luck on our men, who were occupying so many particularly hot corners, that they should so seldom be mentioned in dispatches, and that the Irish press should not give more prominence to Irish doings. But S.F. propaganda had left a long track behind it, and now the schools under clerical management were mostly withheld. Although mine were not recruiting lectures, I had to take refuge in barns and creameries. I was once again surprised (for I never could get used to their ways) that the gentry did not offer so much as a coach house. I asked Sir Richard Musgrave for the use of Coolnesmeer R.C. National School, which he owned, but after long waiting in vain for an answer, I connived with the schoolmaster to give the lecture without permission. Weeks later I got leave "provided I said nothing about Home Rule". Thus, profoundly, even then did the domestic question outweigh every other consideration, and how sure was this old gentleman that where politics were concerned, ordinary considerations of honour and decency would not weigh! My slides had been specially prepared by Mason, in Dublin, and I got crowded audiences in all the remote places, including Coolnesmeer, except in the single locality where "le bon gros" was curate, and

here a group of men stood outside the (disused creamery) door, and discussed whether my lecture was better value than a drink. The drink had it! When I went to Dungarvan (where I secured a room in the Court House), I asked the Resident Magistrate to put me up. He was an old friend of my father-in-law and I longed, for once, to be saved a drive home alone in the small hours of the morning. Nobody had ever interfered with me along the lonely mountain roads behind the slow old pony, but I was getting oh so tired! The R.M. consented, but he did not attend, and I got a butcher, who afterwards became a prominent Sinn Feiner, to stand at the door and take the entrance pennies (intended for Cappagh Show), which he most kindly and willingly did. The R.M.'s housekeeper gave me supper afterwards and I went to bed. Next morning the R.M. in a rather forbidding and reticent humour, appeared for breakfast with his niece. He rang the bell for family prayers, and when the housekeeper appeared, he opened the large Bible with much unction and read in the book of Jeremiah! about the watchman on the walls of Jerusalem who failed to warn the people of the enemy's approach. "Their blood will I require at his hand, saith the Lord", and, added the R.M., with driving emphasis, "the watchman who failed to warn the people the Germans were coming was Lord Haldane".

the company to which Beverley made his explanations.

16. (here he closed the Holy Book with a resounding slam).
 ("and I will requite him saith the Lord of Hosts - Let us pray".
 But even worse than this awaited us by the mouth of a
 Diehard of another description, namely, a colleague of "le
 bon gros" - the junior curate of the same parish. My lectures
 had been only too successful in the sense that they had
 evoked some feeling for men at the front. Such, at least,
 is my interpretation of the subtle onslaught made, not on me -
 too subtle for that - but on my husband. Poor Beverley had
 been spending endless labour and ingenuity in building up the
 ruins of his estate, and nobody doubted, least of all the
 curate, that he had spent endless money, too. Where could
 he possibly have got the cash, except from Germany? The
 servants of the Umfrevilles were in touch with the curate,
 and the Umfrevilles were in touch with members of the Grand
 Jury. Beverley had originally been called to the Petty
 Jury, we suppose because he was a Nationalist. But county
 relatives expostulated, and in due course he attended a
 Grand Jury dinner. It was Colonel Kirkwood who played the
 part of a friend on this occasion. He warned him he was
 being privately and universally dubbed Sinn Feiner, and pro-
 mised to give him an opportunity of clearing himself by
 publicly challenging him, which he did. It was a very hos-
 tile company to which Beverley made his explanations.

1916

To those who do not know the way an Irish country side is ruled by tendencious gossip, it may seem far fetched to connect events the way I have done, but I was satisfied at the time that I was not far out in what is, after all, a conjecture. It is no conjecture, however, but a well ascertained fact, that the same curate marched into Killishal school and told the children that Father Brohé had been shot as a German spy. The lie, which had been calculated to undo the effect of Father Brohé's lectures, spread all over Southern Ireland, and finally a high ecclesiastic in London felt himself obliged to send a denial of the rumour to 11 leading Irish papers, which probably few read - the mischief was done. I took a post card from Father Brohé, which he wrote to me from Belgium, in order to convince the ^{Parish Priest} ~~PrP.~~ of his integrity. This old priest had provided Father Brohé with opportunities for celebrating daily Mass in Modelligo, and was gravely concerned at the rumour. He studied the p.c. with visible relief, and declared he always believed in his visitor's integrity. But it was clear to me that even he had been shaken.

A man who offered a series of lectures on mechanical contrivances connected with the war, was absolutely declined by various localities, and had to abandon the project.

And yet, even so late as the early summer of 1916, the feeling amongst, at any rate, the old people concerning the

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1916

Martyrs, i.e., the rebels who were shot (after the first Dublin rising, in the Spring of 1916, organised by the Sinn Feiners) of Easter week, was anything but enthusiastic. Was there not enough bloodshed abroad without starting it at home? And what did these foolish young people mean getting married in prison the night before the bridegroom's execution? It all seemed very senseless. The normal peasant is not sentimental. But let it be remembered, all the same, that it was these very same people who, in a frenzy of enthusiasm, had helped to kindle a score of bonfires around us on the night when news reached Ireland that the King had signed the Home Rule Bill. That was two years ago, and although constitutionalists still, they were becoming bitter in their patience.

Then down the quiet valley came a train carrying guns for Cork. "To shoot down the poor Irish", somebody said.

For gradually, by means of carefully organised requiem Masses* (and much propoganda, we may suspect, on the part of teachers and of the younger clergy)

runs on page 21

* see next page

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1916

Vide Press THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD June 1916

(See Appendix II)

Requiem Mass in Dungarvan.

MEMORABLE CEREMONY.

Hearing the end of the Mass, Rev. John O'Shea, C.C., addressing the congregation, said in pathetic but clear tones:

On Tuesday there was a Solemn Requiem Office and High Mass in the Parish Church, Dungarvan, for the repose of the souls of those executed in Dublin and elsewhere recently as well as for all the other Irishmen who lost their lives during the rebellion. There was an enormous congregation present. In response to the public notice issued by the Urban Council to the shopkeepers, all premises were closed from 12 o'clock to 2 o'clock, while the country folk came from long distances also to be present at the solemn service. Long before 10 o'clock the spacious sacred edifice was thronged, and the Right Rev. Monsignor Power, P.P., V.G., and his zealous curates were busily engaged in showing the public to their seats. When the Office began, there was not a square inch of space that was not occupied. It was a most imposing sight, and the overwhelming majority wore badges in commemoration of the sad occasion. It was certainly a most devout congregation, and save the chanting of the Office, not a sound was heard. Previous to the Office, Mr. John Fallon, organist, played some delightful old Irish airs, amongst them being an old Donegal melody entitled "A Lament", which was very much appreciated. After the High Mass, he played Chopin's "Funeral March", and after the final absolution at the catafalque, and while the congregation was filing out of the church he gave, in a finished style, Handel's "Dead March in Saul."

We may here mention that the Dungarvan Urban Council assembled at 9.30 o'clock at the Council Chamber, and marched to the Parish Church in state.

The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. M. Walsh, C.C., Dungarvan; deacon, Rev. John O'Shea, C.C., Aglish; sub-deacon, Rev. Peter Walsh, Dungarvan. Right Rev. Monsignor Power, P.P., V.G., president. In the choir were:-

Rev. P. Byrne, P.P., Abbeyside; Rev. J. Maher, Adm., Touraneena; Rev. M.O'BRIEN, C.C., Dungarvan; Rev. John. Cullinan, C.C., Abbeyside; Rev. E. Hassett, C.C., Ring; Rev. P. Kearney; C.C., Aglish; Rev. E. Keohan, C.C., Touraneena; Rev. Jas. Walshe, E.C., St. Mary's, Clonmel; Rev. L.A. Casey; Dungarvan; Rev. C.T. Cowman, O.S.A., Rev. J.F. Thompson, O.S.A.; Rev. J. Brady, O.S.A.; Rev. H. Conway, Rathlead; Rev. Father O'Toole, Dublin.

Nearing the end of the Mass, Rev. John O'Shea, C.C., addressing the congregation, said in pathetic but clear tone:-

"Your prayers are requested for the eternal repose of the souls of the following, for whom this Mass is offered:-

P.H. Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, Sean McDermott, Thos. J. Clarke, Eamonn Ceannt, James Connolly, Joseph Mary Plunkett, Michael O'Hanrahan, Cornelius Colbert, Michael Mallin, Edward Daly, Major John MacBride, J.J. Heuston, Thomas Kent., W.J. Pearse. And also for those of our fellow-countrymen who lost their lives in the recent rebellion.

Many a sob was heard as this announcement was made, and fervent was the 'Amen' given in response. Mass being over, the priests marched in procession to the catafalque, being led by the acolytes and the crucifix, and accompanied by the mournful notes of Chopin's "Funeral March". It was most weird and yet most beautiful, and the thousands present were deeply impressed. The services being over, the congregation slowly left the church, and led by Right Rev. Monsignor Power, P.P., V.G., all formed up in a circle outside, where, under the conductorship of Mr. Fallon, organist, "Who Feels to Speak of Easter Week" was sung by all in a most thrilling manner. This was followed by the singing of "A Nation Once Again", after which loud and prolonged cheers were given for the old land by young and old, weak and strong. The whole ceremony was such as to live for generations - eye for centuries - in the minds of the people of the Old Borough and the surrounding parishes.

popular feeling was massing itself behind Sinn Fein. Typewritten copies of the Martyr's dying speeches used to be circulated, and ancient memories, ever slumbering and never dying, were getting linked on to present circumstances. It all accorded well with Tory schemes and hopes. Our neighbours declared "Home Rule is dead. The Act will never be a fact". The same was said by those in the trenches of their men, as I have been told. Our Orange steward rushed out of his house, when the news came of Easter Week, and shouted to a fanatical old Nationalist in our employment that he would never see Home Rule now. "How", said Lady Muir to me, at the Cappoquin tennis club, "they (the executed) will never know who won the war!". I do not know which surprised me most in this woman of the world: her vindictive pleasure in this strange thought, or her complete and total inability to understand the other man's point of view. Many years later, a Sergeant of the R.I.C., whom I befriended in his need, told me that the barracks throughout the country had been in possession of all the plans which matured during Easter week, and that the police were well aware of the American emissaries who were laying them; yet they were held back impotent and forbidden to raise a finger. The innocent and overzealous soldier - [this was General Sandford, a dug-out R.E., who was commanding at

Brackets
enclose
what
should be
footnote

Queenstown when the Rising took place - he declared he would suppress Rebellion without bloodshed, and did so. Not only he, but his staff, expected to be covered with medals. They were retired instead. This was told me by Colonel Villiers Stuart, who, too quickly and thoroughly, quelled the rising in the provinces (with the help of National Volunteers), and who expected promotion; they were retired instead.

By the way, a Wexford lady told me that, standing in her hall door, she heard the gathering Sinn Feiners yapping through the woods - yap yap yap, the fox cry that had mustered rebels in '98, and doubtless Fenians also in their turn, for they also, so Mother tells me, imitated cries of bird and beast when assembling.

One day old Walsh, a small farmer in Glenawoddera, came to the Giants Rock, to enquire if I had had any news of his son in the trenches. And then he told me the following story with as much indignation as if the event had happened the day before: When Cromwell occupied Dungarvan, two of his soldiers strayed away into the mountains, and, being thirsty, they stopped at a farmhouse and asked for a drink of water. When one of them had had his drink, he stabbed the girl from behind who had brought it to him and killed her. His companion was so wroth, that he fell on the murderer and slew him. Then

he was afraid to go back to Cromwell, and as the people on the farm were pleased with him for having avenged their daughter, they allowed him to live with them, and in the end he married and acquired land, and his descendants live in *near Colligan* to this day, and "Sure you can see the stone at the corner where it all happened; and what worse did the Germans ever do?". A farmer's daughter, who afterwards got on well as a trained nurse in England, helped me in the house. "How long ago did Cromwell live?", I asked her. She had not the vaguest idea, and was greatly astonished when I told her. All through this year of 1916, tension grew apace between the Sinn Fein and the National Volunteers. The former were dominated by the Intellectuals, and the latter by the old Party politicians. I never saw more dangerous elements harnessed than those which assembled in the Mansion House to protest against the withdrawal of grants from the Irish colleges (active centres of propaganda). The vast semi-circular platform was filled with literary and educational lights: Professor McNeill, Nelly O'Brien, etc etc, many of them people who probably never dreamed their theories of Nationhood would end in Red Riot (in 1922); whilst the body of the Hall seemed packed with semi-educated folk and youthful "Fianna" in full scout costume, and many conspicuous slummers who greeted the defiant speeches with hoarse applause. Thus begins

in the Hall, and sometimes we had over 100 present; and
Revolution. Yet people less intimately in touch with the
drift of things, still looked on Sinn Fein as a peaceful
proposal for cultural development; or at most, for economic
boycott. Percy created great indignation among his fellow-
students of Irish in Carryaholt, ^{Irish College [See Appendix III]} so the Matron told me, by
explaining to them (they had to speak in Irish) they were
really Fenians, not Sinn Feiners at all. They did not know
enough Irish to repudiate his accusation of anything so old-
fashioned ^s as Fenianism. It is said by some that, to the very
end, Griffiths himself never approved of physical force.

I must now go at a swift canter through the years which
saw the complete breakdown of constitutionalism, and which
gave England her excuse to send over the Black and Tans. This
is not because they were not most deeply interesting, but be-
cause I was overwhelmed with social and economic undertakings
of a quite local sort, bearing no doubt very much on human
relationships later on, but unexciting to narrate. (We,
the "United Irishwomen") ran six Industrial Shows in Cappagh,
which set the pace in after years for similar things in other
places. They cost up to sixty pounds apiece, and all this
money was earned by entertainments in our village hall, or by
a big garden fete held four years running in the grounds. We
also had a party at Xmas for all the cottage boys and girls

in the Hall, and sometimes we had over 100 present; and each got a garment and a toy.⁺

We also ran an egg depot for 18 months, where we sold 67,000 eggs, and by this means got the neighbours out of the hands of the higglers, who were giving much too little for eggs. In 1918 a Co-op shop was started, with 170 members.[†]

Percy's pacifism, too, alienated us from direct belligerent sympathies, oneway or another, with those around us. Well, to be brief, the day Lloyd George thrust the unread, laborious findings of the Convention into his pocket, and uttered his threat of conscription for Ireland.

+ Quite an understatement, I see, in a letter to Mother about one of these annual festivals that 77 Mothers were invited and most had large families! Each girl, each boy, and each Mother got a garment. There were 56 girls! [See Appendix IV]

§ The Convention was the last constitutional effort to arrange matters between Ireland and England-. It had been proposed by Asquith and Lloyd George, after their visits to Ireland, subsequent to the Rising. The majority findings were supported by the Unionists (except the Ulster representatives) and the moderate Nationalists, including Redmond. Only two people, so far as I remember, signed the Minority Report. The discussion had been inordinately protracted.

announced she had picked up a leaflet on the roads headed "Better Death than Conscription". "This was the very words, my dear" (in shocked accents). "Och, tis a down-trodden unhappy country. . . . and" (with a prodigious wink "the times were never so good!" -25- produce was fetching fabulous prices). "I would shoot all who won't join up!" exclaimed

Sinn Fein became the militant necessity of the hour. "The Act would never be a fact", the War was not for small nations. Irishmen who had hitherto fought as volunteers, began to dribble home; disillusionment was complete. A young farmer, whose high sense of honour and chivalry we had good cause to appreciate during "the trouble", had wanted to enlist in 1914. His father died, and he had to stop at home to mind the farm for his widowed Mother. He had had some engineering training, and he comforted himself for his disappointment by inventing some patent method for exploding bombs. (The War Office thanked him, but had already got the idea from somebody else, and were about to use it). Now, he declared, he "would fight like mad" to resist being taken. This attitude of mind was typical. Some of the Unionists used to allude to the coming enforcement of conscription as "fun" they hoped to see! According to a letter I wrote at the time to my Mother, "a solemn League and Covenant" on the Ulster model was being signed around us to resist conscription. Old Mrs Jamsie McGrath announced she had picked up a leaflet on the roads headed "Better Death than Conscription". "Thim was the very words, my dear" (in shocked accents). "Och, tis a downtrodden unhappy country. . . .and" (with a prodigious wink "the times were niver so good!" - farm produce was fetching fabulous prices). (" I would shoot all who won't join up!" exclaimed

the Protestant curate, Skuse, "I'd shoot every tenth man!". "It is clear you are an Irishman", I replied, "and you so fond of the shooting!".

The old fashioned Nationalists who had been supporting Redmond at the Convention, returned home to be bitterly attacked as traitors who had played England's game. Some of the Unionists used to allude to the coming enforcement of conscription as "fun" they hoped to see. A "solemn league and covenant" on the Ulster model was being signed by those around us, who were not Unionist, to resist conscription. Lloyd George broke faith with Redmond over the temporary agreement with Ulster which had been engineered as a last resort and Redmond, a broken man, came to make his last appeal to "his own people of Waterford who had never failed him". I never attended political meetings, but I was so sorry for the old leader that I went to this one along with our neighbour Nicholas M., a farmer. The meeting was late. The doors of the Town Hall were closed and the Mayor, in full regalia, walked up and down amid a waiting crowd outside, asking for the caretaker "drunk, he supposed, as usual, who had lost the key". At last, apparently, the missing worthy was found, the doors were opened, the crowd surged in. Redmond was drawn, I might almost say dragged, by hand down the steps of the Imperial Hotel by Murphy the brewer, the latter red from drink, garlanded with green ribbons, an emblem of Party nemesis. Redmond, pale, eyes fixed afar on some dread horizon, contemplating doom, tragedy incarnate. Nicholas got me through

the crowd and on to the platform, where we listened to an impassioned speech. ^{Richmond} He said he would withstand intimidation like the cliffs of Moher. Not till a fortnight later did I discover that the Town Hall had been held by Sinn Feiners, who had been chucked, one by one, through the back windows, so that the meeting might be held!

What about the gentry around us, doomed, according to Kate, to "leave the country", and doomed, many of them, to much worse fate than mere exodus! Had they misgivings? Of course they had, but usually misplaced ones, like a man in the dark who fears a blow but is uncertain who will deliver it, or where it will come from. "I told them" (the Unionist members of the Convention in 1917), said our friend, Ned Lysaght, "that if they made the Convention only an excuse for tea parties and walks in Trinity Gardens, they would wake up to find all their throats cut". (He also told us that he looked on the cry, already going up, for a Republic, as a bargaining one. It will be remembered that A.E. and himself were supposed to represent Sinn Fein on the Convention. ^{they had signed the Minority Report.}) He visited Belfast, and was horrified by its slums, just as the Irish Times was printing "Members of the Convention cannot fail to be impressed by the glories of the Northern capital").

It was Mildred Dobbs who declared tragically (when the prospects of the Convention seemed rosy) "There is nothing for Ulster to do but to emigrate to Vancouver or somewhere"!

"What do you suppose will happen to our class if Ireland gets Home Rule?", asked Miss Power O'Shea, the public spirited and able representative of an old Roman Catholic family. "I suppose", I conceded, "they will have to stand a bit of a racket". The day was yet to come, when on the blackened ruins of her home, she would be seen groping for shattered heirlooms and relics, looking (I was told) "dreadful". I remember Gordon Forsayeth giving me a great scolding one day whilst he ate our good breakfast in the Giants Rock, before snipe-shooting. He wished I would leave off "doing good". I protested that I merely wished to live on neighbourly terms with those around me. He said I was making "life impossible for all of us. If you will go on like that, we shall have to leave the country". "If you are so unhappy here, you had really better go now", I tartly replied.

The Forsayeths are all gone (but not through my doings!), and are very much missed by those they employed and befriended. For they also did good in their own way.

We slid at last into the great Sinn Fein election of 1918. Candidates of other parties were threatened (nearly all) into

retiring when it came to the County Council elections. Dublin
Beverley persisted in standing "to keep the rates down"
(they were rising alarmingly). He only got 18 votes, and
created much indignation by insisting on standing. It was
no moment, the farmers said, to be thinking of mere rates.
What was wanted was a united front to secure self-government.
This election, as it took place in Counties Limerick and
Clare, was described to me by the Traffic Manager of Limerick
Station. The young people (egged on by the curates!) ran
it, and actually, in many cases, locked the old people into
their homes, so that they might not be able to attend the
booths.

There is a great story, however, about one old man in
Co. Clare, who voted for De Valera without any compulsion,
because he identified him with the King of Spain in Colum-
cille's prophecy!

The Sinn Fein M.Ps declined to attend at Westminster.
Kate's prophecy had begun to be fulfilled (i.e., that West-
minster would be boycotted, and that there would be "a real
Parliament" in Dublin), and all that I have so far written
is a mere preface to the exciting events which followed from
1920 on.

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During the interval, 1918, 1919, I was away in Dublin or in England. Kate had told me that one of the latter end Portents would be the rising in England of the masses against the classes, and it must have been some time in 1919 that I asked a labourer in "Hell-bottom Parva" (Ogbourne St. George, a lonely Wiltshire village), if he and his friends were talking of revolution. "No", he replied, slowly, "we don't be talking, but we do be thinking".

The strike of the Triple Alliance took place in the autumn. (Railway, Transport, and Miners' strike).

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In the Spring of 1918, God sent me my daughter, though I little knew then what she would become to me, more and more, every year. *

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In 1920, Beverley became High Sheriff, the third of his family, and the last but one, to occupy the office. Whilst he went to the Spring Assizes in Waterford, and Em (already a daughter to me) spring cleaned, Percy and I roved to Clonmel, visited ill-fated Marlfield (afterwards burnt down) and explored the beautiful riverside walk opened to Clonmel every Sunday afternoon. No tripper

† Emily Whitehead arrived as my companion - help, & ended by marrying Percy.

had ever abused the privilege, so Mrs Bagwell told us, and we heard all about her soup kitchen run under the auspices of Lady Aberdeen's National Health Association, and the embroidery industry under the Home Arts and Industries Association, started under the inspiration of Mother (whom she had known), and her Home Art friends. Then Percy and I went on to Carrick on Suir, and attended a crowded R.C. mission service, men kneeling even in the street outside the door; and afterwards we explored the town at a late hour, looking for lodgings. I well remember the nervous jump a poor policeman made when we came up unexpectedly behind him. "War" was already being waged upon the R.I.C. Next day we were driven out to see Cwmshincwm, the weird tarn of the Comeraghs, by one of Willie Redmond's men. He was with Willie when he died. He took the photograph from his breastpocket and kissed it. "It was never wounds he died of. Don't think it. He died of a broken heart. He used to go to Westminster out of the trenches, and every time he came back to us, he was sadder than before. He knew English promises were broken. It was a shame to do in a man like Willie Redmond. A bitter shame, so it was to do him in". On our way back to Carrick we visited an old herb-doctress who mixed us herbs with prayers. If

I remember right, she had had nine sons at the War. The whole neighbourhood was full of memories of the great conflict. The son of the chief hotel proprietor in Carrick had served his machine gun for days and nights on end, of which he could never speak, such was their horror, and was of course permanently the worse. Will England always ask "Why did not Ireland play up?" ~~to-be-suspected selves.~~

It must have been about this time we visited Wexford too, and found that town, also, packed with memories of the War. And of many wars before the last and greatest. We made the acquaintance of Mr. Synnott, the ironmonger, descendant of Colonel Synnott, who had held Wexford against Cromwell. He lived in the former Town Hall, and showed us a copy of Cromwell's ruthless dispatch to Parliament, announcing the occupation of Wexford and the massacre of its inhabitants, which lay in the sideboard drawer. On the massive oak table in the middle of the room was the pike of a "Croppy boy", [i.e., the "Croppy boy" was originally ^{the Pentan} ~~Pentan~~ (with cropped head), who fought side by side with the RCs for Emancipation, and the name came to be applied to the latter too] and beside it the weapon of an English yeoman. They had died side by side, in the house of the Croppy Boy. The Synnotts had never received back their Estates. Being Catholics was perhaps the reason.

*Footnote
in
brackets*

When the Restoration came, they were forgotten.

Past and Present go ever hand in hand in Ireland.

Now the burning of the R.I.C. barracks began.

We had two great friends, the old Sergeant O'Connor, of Colligan, and Johnson of Cappagh. One on each side of the hill, they had done, as I now believe, more than anyone else to keep harm from our much-to-be-suspected selves. Percy had attended Irish Colleges. ("Why does his Mother allow him to go to such places?", asked Mrs Forsayeth. And, a young friend, "Girlie", had placated her by saying, with her ready wit, that she had heard J.Ps. must in future know Irish, and she supposed I wanted Percy to be a J.P.). Then instead of going to the War, he had imported his friend of German extraction, Voigt, for a holiday. Voigt translated German papers for the English press, and these papers kept coming to the post office. Naturally, the post lady, of gossiping fame, "let on", and the ex-Secret Serviceman, Capt. Smyly, suffering from shell shock and recovering at our expense in the Giants Rock, was not long in communicating with the police. Fortunately, Voigt had no more to do than to produce his Army papers. "Why did you not come in your uniform?", I asked him. "Because I was told Sinn Feiners would shoot me if I did", he replied. (He was afterwards

arrested as an English officer in the Ruhr, so he was never safe!). Over and above our Gaelic enthusiasms, we were Home Rulers, and our R.C. neighbours were our friends. What more was needed to get us into trouble? But not only the Sergeants understood us, but their wives helped us in all our social undertakings. The O'Connors were Catholics. The Johnsons were Protestants. Mrs Johnson joined the United Irishwomen, on the understanding she would never be asked to work or play on Sunday; and her scruple was respected. I had to explain it carefully, however, and reminded my hearers that keeping Sunday quiet was, to most Protestants, as important as fasting on Fryday was to Catholics. I was listened to most attentively, and one of the girls said to me afterwards how much she respected Mrs Johnson for her principles - she had no idea she had any"! It looked to me as though it would pay in Ireland to take a bit of trouble to explain oneself - and one's friends! She turned out to be a woman of great organising power, and she was an invaluable help whenever it came to catering for our frequent entertainments. For five years she had run the teas at our Show - a terrible undertaking in an open field, far away from shops. She not only had provided cheap refreshment on these occasions for three or four hundred people, but made a profit as well.

* See Appendix V

(We always barred intoxicating drinks). She was aware of having inspired much good will for many miles around, and could not believe that anyone would find it in their heart to do anything to her home. Mrs O'Connor, too, found it impossible to believe. Nobody had ever anything, so she told me, against herself or her husband. Neither of these poor things was able to realise that they were the victims of concerted policy and that probably, when the inevitable day came for it to be carried out, the deed would be done by people from afar, knowing nothing about them. Meanwhile, the husbands were withdrawn into concentration barracks at a distance, as the authorities were finding it impossible to protect the more lonely and distant outposts. It seemed strange, nevertheless, that the authorities should have been powerless to do anything at Cappagh, ^{Police Barracks *} which lay halfway between the important towns of Cappoquin, Lismore and Dungarvan, on a high road. The Inspector even told Mrs Johnson that nothing could be done, and strongly advised her, if raiders came along, "to do everything they told her". This is a strange commentary on Archdeacon Burkitt's proposal for the pacification of our district, viz., that the road between Cappoquin and Dungarvan should be lined all the way, on each side, with English soldiers! We were

* See Appendix V

not long in making up our minds at Cappagh that nothing could be done to save the doomed home, and we begged Mrs Johnson to bring up her things to our house, for us to store them, and prepared "a flat" for her habitation in the shape of a bedroom and a sitting room in our basement. It was a great relief to her to see the preparations, and yet still she hesitated, utterly unable to grasp the situation. It was the same with many of us afterwards. We saw the familiar things around us, and could not believe all might be gone in a single night. She ended, however, by packing some trunks, which she placed (with the help of her son home from school) in a shed at the back of the barracks. Then one night the raiders came. The first we heard was the click and rattle of the old perambulator which carried her poor imbecile little daughter. The child uttered a cry at the back door. Then we ran down to find Mrs Johnson escorted by two men, who asked her "Will you be alright now?", and her white faced boy followed behind her with two more. He had asked them why they did this thing, and they had replied they were under orders. They told Mrs Johnson, in answer to her entreaties, that they would spare her things "but spare your home we cannot. We are under orders to utterly destroy it". Which they did! We were warned the house was surrounded

with pickets, and that we must not attempt to leave it. We stood at Em's window, and presently saw tongues of flame leap up high above the intervening firs. Mother and son seemed stage-struck. They hardly spoke, and would not stir from the window till all was finished. They are burning our quarters now", Mrs Johnson said once. And then: "What a pity I left those two loaves on the kitchen table. They would have done for breakfast!" It is a mercy from Heaven that, in moments of anguish, our minds run on trifles. Beverley, too, had lost all sense of proportion. Far more unhappy he was at the idea of his hay being possibly used for the bonfire, than at the loss of his building. "I must go and tell them to leave the stack alone!", he declared. A revolver shot instantly rang out beneath the window, and we made no more proposals to leave the house! Two men were stationed at the ash pit, and we knew others to be around, from the light of matches struck by smokers in the bushes. Towards morning, all was quiet. The raiders did their work quickly and efficiently, and had rushed away to destroy Villiers town barracks before daybreak. "They have burnt the barracks", I announced to Mrs Norman, at breakfast. (She and her husband were staying with us in connection with business of the Blackwater Valley Co-operative Society). They had heard nothing, and were

amazed, although fully expecting the catastrophe. In fact, Mrs Norman had expressed great indignation at Mrs Johnson's refusal to come and live with us sooner. "Waiting for all her blankets to be burned, knowing she will have yours!!" Down at the steward's house, next door to the barracks, and only a thin partition wall between, great excitement prevailed. They had all been locked in - mother, father and six children, plus the Manager of the Co-op store. The latter put his head through the skylight to remonstrate, only to be asked: "Did he stock paraffin in his store?" Poor Mrs Johnson, after hardly any sleep, put on her Sunday best and was ready to receive commiserating callers, but none came except Archdeacon Burkitt. I realised her tensity, but not his, and in the endeavour to avert hysteria, I made some little joke to help her. It was instantly misinterpreted. "Burn them all down!", he exclaimed. "Yes, burn everything down in the country! a very good plan" (with intense irony) "a very good plan!" He went on in such a ridiculous way, that in the end he accomplished what I had vainly attempted, and poor Mrs Johnson was smiling at me over his shoulder. It is incredible that during the three months Mrs Johnson lived with us, none of the Protestant neighbours, fellow-worshippers in the wee church, came to see her. They

were all afraid (except the Venerable one). Even Miss Low, in Old Cappagh House, never visited her. On the contrary, she warned me I was doing a very dangerous thing in housing her. Miss Low had always talked about "the poor, dear police", lent them books and, when there was a row on in Waterford, she had hoped "they would all kill each other, so long as they did not harm the poor dear police". The poor old Sergeant felt Miss Low's present neglect dreadfully, and would hardly salute her when he used to come over from Lismore to see his wife. (Anxious times for me. I often wondered, watching the sunshine on the Terrace flowers, would I live to see blood on the step, especially when Mrs Wood told me she had heard two men discussing the Sergeant in a 3rd class carriage, and declaring a bullet was ready for him). Amy Forsayeth once posted a missionary tract to Mrs Johnson. "Take the holy book away", exclaimed Mrs J. with a mixture of humour and indignation. "She could not even bring it to me herself". The poor thing used to speculate whether the people to whom she had served tea in the old days had helped to burn her down. It all seemed incredible still. Few of the farmer folk with whom she had worked at our entertainments came near her, and the cottagers turned away their heads when she passed. It was all pecu-

liarly bitter when our sixth (and last) Show came to be held and she refused to go near it. We were guarded in the show grounds by the Volunteers, for disorder was a rising tide, and the Committee had received threats. We had races in connection with the Show, and when the big crowds began to disperse, the Volunteers linked up, hand in hand, forming a great cordon, and swept all loiterers off the field and down the road before them. All passed off quietly - as we thought. Meanwhile, Colligan barracks had been destroyed too, and Mrs O'Connor described herself led away between two raiders to a neighbouring house, clutching a bottle of Wincarnis, the only thing she could think of saving in her moment of utter amazement and despair. She was a most sober, respectable lady, very proud of her household gods and of her jewellery, and the last, one would imagine, whose thoughts would run to Wincarnis. She was very bitter, and utterly unable to understand why the world "had turned against her".

It was during Mrs Johnson's time with us that I was one day driving the slow farm pony through Ballinamula. Suddenly round the corner came a motor car at top speed. Although it gave me a good deal of trouble to get the pony out of the way in time, I nevertheless took in at a flash the intensely repellent faces of the four men in the car. They

looked so evil, that the sun seemed to fade from off the face of the fields. Three wore trench coats, and the fourth sat leaning back in the car. He was in civilian dress and no hat. His expression was very set, as if he were determined to dare and do, no matter what dreadful things. It was the haunting face of a fanatic. I little dreamt where I was destined to see it again. In August, 1922, I was in a Dublin Picture Exhibition. On the wall hung a huge forbidding canvas "The men of the South", i.e., the I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army), tolerably hard bitten fellows, painted from life. awaiting a military convoy and in ambush. In the midst sat a man in civilian dress, leaning back, a set remote look upon his face - the face of a fanatic. "They look just like that!", I exclaimed impulsively. "How do you know?", asked my companion, with natural surprise and suspicion. And for a while I could not tell myself how I knew. Then it all came back. "The artist, Frank Noylan, painted them so that they should never be forgotten. The man in the centre is a schoolmaster", said my friend. But I would never have forgotten them anyhow! For a moment I hesitated. Should I turn round and go home? It was the High Sheriff's house, and Mrs Johnson was in it. But what could I do if I did turn back. That racing car, if it was going there, would get to Cappagh long before myself,

and what could I do? I pulled myself together to finish my errand behind the crawling pony, and was very thankful when I got back to find all serene. A few days afterwards I read of a dreadful affair at Timoleague, in Co.Cork, where police had been killed. The perpetrators, running towards Dungarvan, would have been on the road where I met them, at the hour when I did. Who knows?

Lismore, where our local R.I.C. were concentrated, was in a continual state of being "Shot up", or on the brink of it. Our old Sergeant was terrified of the Black and Tans in the barrack. He did not know whether his life was not safer outside than inside. After a drunken orgy of window breaking, during which somebody "was killed dead for the rest of his life", and some looting, the Gardeners were told: "we all in Lismore are kill't dead after the night. Are ye alive at all at all?" Things got so bad that Douglas brought his Mother to stay with us for peace and quiet. It was then we got the famous threatening letter, anonymous, of course. Unless we got rid of Mrs Johnson in three days time "worse would befall". Mr. Quanten's (big farmer in neighbourhood) funeral took place that day, and was attended by the whole farming community. I put my ear to the ground^{*} and discovered that the "talk in circulation" was to the effect that we

were about to be burnt down, and what a pity it was. But apparently this fatalistic conversation contained no suggestion of possible remedy, and furnished no clue as to the writer. We appealed to Father Gleeson, P.P., who undertook to do his utmost to find out the writer, but who, whilst tendering much sympathy, assured us he possessed no influence that he could exert in the matter. I wrote a letter to Brennock, the butcher, who had become the leading Sinn Feiner of the town, and told him that, for the credit of his cause, it might be well to discover the writer and stop the mischief. Months later he confided that his friends were so suspicious of him (and especially when they noticed a letter from myself amongst his correspondence, for, of course, in many minds we still, in spite of all, represented the old tradition of ascendancy) that my letter passed into the hands of the I.R.A. Censor, and never reached him till long after the developments which ensued. This was an interesting glimpse into the inner circle of conspiracy, where nobody trusts anybody else! Meanwhile, all I knew was that I got no answer. I also wrote to Percy in Dublin, and prepared his mind for possible catastrophe. Posts had become slow and uncertain, and I wondered if he would get my letter before something had actually

happened. That something would happen we all felt pretty sure, but Beverley and I were determined not to throw our poor friend to the wolves, and tried to keep the threat from her. Beverley took some jewellery and silver to the bank (where it remained on account of "the trouble" till the Spring of 1925), and also a few valuable papers. Mary Gardiner, her nerves already thoroughy upset, was crying such gallons that I feared the household would guess we were in danger. So I shut her up in my bedroom, and let her pack the things for the bank there, which she did over and over again, fearing she had left something out, and mingling her tears with the wrappings. I took the two big "Sacred pictures" from Italy (copies of Raphael) to the two R.C. churches of Ballinmulla and Modeligo, where I hope they may hang ~~about~~^{forever} they last as a symbol of the goodwill I have laboured for with what has seemed at times but scant success. Having done all this, there did not seem much more to do in a hurry, "and the evening and the morning were the third day". The notice had not expired, and as these picturesque time-limits were usually observed, even by the most anarchic, I felt pretty sure we would be left in peace at any rate till the following morning. Nevertheless, when I went to bed, I felt a most unaccountable presentiment that something was going to happen before morning: not any attempt to carry out the threat, but something, and what? I had slept

ing downstairs in my nightdress (holding it together because

the two previous nights, but this night I could not sleep- I lay awake listening, little dreaming of all the nights in years to come, when I and so many others would do the same as a matter of desperate routine. But these first anticipations were as hard as any, perhaps worse, because unaccustomed. At last, to relieve myself, I got up and walked all round the place at midnight under a beautiful moon- down to the yard, the kitchen garden, all around. Not a mouse stirred! Hardly a bat! I crept back into the house but ^{still the premonition was with me,} still I could not sleep and still I listened, surprised that I should be so unreasonable, for whatever was going to happen, I still did not believe could be an attack upon us- Nevertheless I put my clothes beside me all ready to jump into, and lay awake for another couple of hours- hardly ever before in my life had I been awake at that hour for I always slept like a top- Then at 2 a.m. the front door pealed! It is impossible to describe the effect of that sound in the dread stillness of the night. We were destined to hear it very often in the future but the anxiety of it only grew with time. I jumped up and of course in my haste could find nothing that I had left ready. I pictured the feelings of the poor woman in the basement, expected to hear her idiot child scream, knew her boy to be on edge with nerves, feared the little servant girl would get hysterical (Em was away) to say nothing of the poor old cousin who had been crying all day, wondered what Beverley would say and do if he got to the door first, and ended by flying downstairs in my nightdress (holding it together because

the buttons had come off) and the bell pealing a third time! I rushed to the hall door, feeling inclined to say nothing but hush! hush! and opened the bolts. There stood three young men under the moonlight, and I could see at once how pleasant were their kind faces as they tried not to notice my deshabille. "We have to apologise for disturbing you at this hour", they said, "but we have received a special dispatch from our Minister of Defence to say we must protect you. It is no part of our programme to wage war on women and children", they added proudly. "And the Sergeant is a special friend of mine, so it is a great pleasure", said the Captain. The Sergeant (just like O'Connor on the other side of the hill) was a good-humoured popular old fellow, who found it very hard to understand the new times. After the police were wiped out and the country was full of disorder, in the winter of 22 - 23. I heard a woman in the Store exclaim: "T'is now we do appreciate the Sergeant!". (I found out afterwards that the Sergeant had avoided Captain Tommy Dee's (I.R.A.) drill meetings, pretending not to see them). "You know", I hazarded, "that Mr. Ussher is High Sheriff?" "We will make every allowance for that", they replied, "so long as he does not interfere with us". "You had better come in and sit down while I fetch him", I suggested. So they sat down on the old Spanish sofa in the hall, and I prepared to go upstairs to wake Beverley. Then I saw Mrs Johnson, her head in curl papers,

crouching behind a pillar, and I told her to go back to bed, assuring her that these men had come to protect her. "If the same boys who burnt me out have come to look after me, then all I can say, it is a comic opera!", she declared. "Well, perhaps it is", I agreed. "Leave it at that and go to bed!". Then I went upstairs and had quite a job to wake up Beverley, the insomniac, who was sleeping soundly. When I roused him at last, he sat up in his pyjamas on the side of his bed, rubbing his eyes and saying "This is a very awkward position!". Finally he went down to the boys, whilst I went and dressed myself. By the time I got to them they were all laughing together loud enough to wake the whole house, and declaring they would make Beverley their first High Sheriff in the S.F. Republic! They told us they intended to send two or three men every night to guard the house until such time as Mrs Johnson could find a home elsewhere. "And supposing we wish to communicate with you or you with us?", I asked. "Put a note under the door mat", promptly suggested Beverley - - and I trying to get the housemaid to shake that mat every morning! We finally agreed upon a flat stone outside instead of the mat, and when they all resolutely declined drink - for the I.R.A. in those days was a temperance movement - I promised I would put lemonade and cigarettes instead into a prickly bush outside the door which we called the "cellar". In this way I was able to check every morning

how many came. Sometimes all the bottles were empty. Sometimes there were one or two over. But not till a month later when this vigil ceased, did I find my stores untouched. At first I used to leave the doors open so that they could come inside, for it was a pouring wet month of July. Then I came to the conclusion that the house might prove a snare for them - one never knew when suspicions might be aroused in Black and Tan or military circles - so I wrote a note to say I'd lock the doors and leave a wood-shed open for them instead. Anyhow, they had the run of the place and never all the time did we miss a single thing! Only once through that month did I get up to so much as look through the window. I woke by accident and looked out. There on the terrace, overlooking the lake, were three boys standing on the steps, gazing across the valley!

It was a great mystery to themselves and to us how the Minister for Defence had come to hear of our plight and of how he had got a message conveyed to them (the I.R.A.) long before a post could do it. The first part of the riddle was read when Percy returned later from Dublin. The absent-minded poet-philosopher had had a fit of practical inspiration! He was horrified at the contents of my letter and had rushed to some guide to ascertain who was the ^{T.D.}(M.P.) for our district. It turned out to be one Charles Burgess, alias Cathal Brugha,

and to him he appealed personally in Gaelic!. And he did not even know at the time that Brugha was Minister for Defence! I got light on how the Minister probably conveyed his message in 1921 when I found myself alone in a third class railway carriage ~~with~~ with a man who, after scrutinizing me narrowly, went and stood beside the window of the carriage, leaning forwards out of it. I saw he was looking towards some men working on the line and as he passed them he dropped something. At the same time a young man came running out of a farm house, doubtless to pick up the message. For message it must have been. In my fellow-passenger's hand were a number of rolls of paper, tied each with string round something heavy! He was a carrier of dispatches!

At the end of July 1920, Mrs Johnson secured a little home in Cork and left us. Searchlights played all over Cappagh the following night and English soldiers arrived the following day to look for the men whom they heard haunted Cappagh! They had allowed them to complete their good work first, and it rather reminded me of the French boys who allowed the nest they had found to be undisturbed until such time as the young ones would be old enough to make a pie! Those boys had seemed to me to take very great pride and pleasure in doing the decent thing which appealed to their sense of chivalry, and it gave me an odd

feeling as I went about the country, then and since, to meet those who may have helped to do us this good turn and not to know them. Even boys I got to know very well afterwards and never let on they had helped. It leaked out by accident one day that Tom Purcell had been among the number.

Meanwhile, bitterness grew apace all round us and every method seemed to be adopted which was likely to intensify it.* Liberally minded people became more and more indignant. Mrs Bryce tried to get to England to speechify against the Tans and was prevented (though she succeeded in the end). I determined I would make up for her failure by going myself. Anything to stop the hideous state of things into which we were sliding. Also, from a private and domestic point of view, I began to realise the extremely critical place we lived in, and if policy did not alter we were likely to see more and more "armed men walking up and down over Cappagh". The fulfilment of Kate's prophecy had woken me up to our extremely interesting geographical position. (See diagram ^{mountains & cut off by roads} ~~wh. shows us incircled~~ by The Mallow Old Railway bridge was blown up, it is said, by foreign engineers, and was the last achievement of Childers, who superintended, during the civil war. The town bridge was only saved from his attention by the Protestant and R.C. clergymen living upon it with members of their congregations. produced by railway men

A comment made on destruction (particularly that of Clifden Wireless Station) by a Republican lady in 1922 was: "It is worth that and everything else in order that Ireland may find her soul again!"

The back drive to the house actually provided the most direct, secluded and best short cut between Youghal on the sea and Clonmel commanding the central counties. Did they realise the use of our rough mountain roads, over the watershed between the Comeraghs and the Knockmealdown Mountains, when the Government first placed a police barracks at Cappagh Cross? They certainly knew well what they were about when they provided a great fortress of a place, first for Military (in the reign of Charles 11, if not earlier) and then for the R.I.C. at Ballinamilt about nine miles distant. We hesitated whether we should sell Old Cappagh House, but I was eager to do it when I thought of the grand accommodation it and our buildings might afford to a whole regiment of infantry, and there was great talk now of bringing infantry over. Well, I waited till Old Cappagh House was actually sold and then, public and private conscience equally well appeased, I told B (who I knew would be frightened for me if he knew my whole programme) that I was going to see my Mother at Forest Edge. Trains had become few and far between, owing to dislocations produced by railway men

who refused to carry soldiers or war equipment. However, by sleeping in Dungarvan I managed to secure a seat on an early morning (chiefly goods) train, and caught a cattle boat in Waterford. As I was going aboard, I saw Gerald Villiers Stuart embarking also. He was going to make private appeals to influential politicians, so we were both on practically the same errand. A young school teacher on her way to teach in England who shared a cabin with me (a daughter of the schoolmaster at Coolnaemear, who four years previously had arranged for my lecture on the Irish Regiments) talked to me as we went to sleep about the terrible times we lived in and confided that the deeds of violence from which ordinary Volunteers recoiled, were performed as acts of necessity by a specially selected "Flying Column". So it had been whispered in the Mountains around her home, but as yet few people really knew.

As I went along on the train to London I wondered how I should start my campaign, as I knew few influential people and had stuck so long at home in our back of beyond, except when I went to visit Mother ^(i.e. Miss Louise Jebb, Ellersham, Shepshed) and Bun. Then I remembered my sister, ^{* [Jebb]} Eglantyne, having frequently mentioned a certain Lord Parmoor as being interested in fighting European famines. When I got to London I found he was away week-ending, but I waited about till he got home again with his charming Quaker wife, and they instantly promised to get a drawing-room meeting together, with press reporters, and to invite as many useful people as possible.

Before very long this came off, and in order to avoid getting into goal (like Mrs Bryce) on my return, I addressed the gathering as an "Unknown Lady" - very much more interesting than unknown Mrs Ussher! Of course everyone speculated who I might be, and this added spice to the proceedings. Then, rather stage-struck by my daring exploit, and fearing in spite of all precautions what might happen next (as I did not in the least covet a martyr's crown), I rushed down Fleet Street and corked up the Irish press, which promised not to report me. Then I asked the English papers to give me (as the unknown one) as much publicity as possible! I remembered Lord Parmoor had failed to secure the Daily News representative (he was away), so called at the office and the Editor sent a young man to interview me. I chatted away about my manœuvres in leaving home, and then a horrid qualm siezed me. "You will tell me, of course, when the interview begins?", I said. "It is going on all the time", replied Mr. Midgeley, with a roguish smile. Perspiration then began to pour, and I read all about my pious intention to visit my Mother in the Daily News next morning, just as, shortly afterwards, my startled husband and household read it all at Cappagh! (We took in the Daily News, so they got the story complete!) *

After that I addressed four more drawing room meetings in London, whilst making Forest Edge my head quarters. Everywhere

Irish gentry turned up to make their own share of expostulation. I remember seeing a good many of these poor disturbed people at the Percivals. They gave a dinner party where one or two big landowners (including Lord Monteagle) were present. The conversation turned on the confiscation of estates in old days, and all agreed they would not like to have their title deeds

I vividly remember an Indian lady at one of these meetings while another speaker examined! was describing Black & Tan doings. She sat in front of me resplendent in Hindu costume. "Just the same with us" she commented.

But we are like ostriches hiding our heads in the sand.

later on
During the strike of 1922, the people who were cutting down our trees said "All these big places is confiscated". When Percy explained that two wrongs did not make a right, they appeared to listen and desisted after a while. Old men once knew old men who had seen old men begging the roads, their title deeds wrapped up in a handkerchief - and a French writer at the end of the 17th century said that "only now are the Irish beginning to forget that the landlords are not the real owners!"

And everywhere I met one or two English folk almost or quite tearful - others puzzled and half convinced. / Afterwards I addressed another and much more intelligent grade of society in two places - the High St Literary Society's room attached to the Unitarian Chapel in Shrewsbury - the police had previously prevented Mrs Midge (an Irish cousin) from holding a meeting - or ended, I think, by giving permission provided no events after 1800 were mentioned!) and in the Primitive Methodist Chapel boys", I said, "what do you want? 'Arass, arass!', they

of Ellesmere, where Beverley formed one of the congregation, and we afterwards went back to Ireland together. He, meanwhile, had had his own share of startling adventures. Our motor car was several times commandeered by the I.R.A. - sometimes, we suspected, for joy rides with the girls, sometimes, however, for "business", as the marks of petrol tins on the damaged cushions showed. On one occasion he was in the drawing room, and turned ^{my} round from his desk, and was confronted by a belligerent who covered him with his revolver whilst making his demand. It must have been an astonished moment. The car was second-hand, of an unusual make and difficult to drive. May Forrest, our Secretary, and Em. never forgot this evening, when the High Sheriff was commandeered, as well as his car, to show them how! We had to walk home, so did not return for a long time and they were terribly anxious, fearing he might have been kidnapped. Very soon, however, the old car went completely out of action through the mistakes made with it, and then we had peace for a while till the next phase in its history began.

I have forgotten at what date raiding for arms on the part of the I.R.A. began. It was probably long before all this that one early summer night, just as I was dozing off, I heard leaves rustling outside, and when I went to the window eight or nine masked men jumped out from under the weeping elm on the terrace. "It is a very unneighbourly hour to be calling boys", I said, "what do you want? "Arums, arums!", they

replied. We had not even our old sporting gun in the house, and said so. (We ought to have given this up to the Military, but never would). They were disposed to be gruff, if not rough, and I told them there was no need - had I not taught them all to shoot in the old days? This was interesting. "Where are the guns?", they asked. But I did not know. As a matter of fact they had long since been handed over to the I.R.A. by those who had the custody of them. After some parleying, they insisted on coming into the house and searching. They all followed each other into the cupboard under the stairs with their revolvers full cock on. If one had gone off, they would all have been shot in a heap. At last they went away, satisfied we had nothing, and promising to attend

some sports we were getting up. Just as the party were going off E.H.U. invited them to attend a football match the following ~~arrange these gatherings after 1920 and I think this~~ Sunday; whereupon one of them burst out "Well!, Mr.Ussher, ~~probably made plans for 1929 but could be cancelled~~ you have a jolly wife!" ~~going to the garden and the garden by the Black~~

~~and Tans.~~
It became impossible to arrange these gatherings after 1920 and I think this raid probably took place in 19¹⁹19. But similar occurrences were going on all around us, with counter raidings by the Black and Tans. Poor old Mr. Wyse of Belleville Park was knocked down and kicked when he resisted the

the raiders and he resented the indignity and felt the ingratitude (as a benevolent old gentleman) so much that he was the first to uproot and leave the country (I think in 1921). The man who treated him so badly acted out of pique because Mr. Wyse had befriended a boy he disliked. Thus many of us were victims of jealousies with which we had nothing to do. Mrs Wyse was bitterly missed by the poor around her. One old woman declared she never passed Belleville without leaving a curse on those raiders, and many noted the justice of Heaven when they came to a bad end.

I think the case of the Wyse's victims of local people was rather exceptional. As a rule these acts of violence, leading to the exodus of the gentry, were performed by roving bands who had little compunction in dealing harshly with people they knew nothing about.

That the celebrated key was made to help the Republican funds.

I think it was in the Spring of 1921, [Yes, it was made on us on May 10th. On May 13th some of "the boys" (I.R.A.) "commandered" a good midnight tea in the basement served by P. and Em. after the servants had gone to bed.

Towards the end of May the old woman gathering sticks in Carriglee was shot by the Black and Tans, and about this time all carts were being turned away out of Dungarvan (also by the B. & T's), for fear they should contain the sinews of war, to

had to fire at anything moving. carts driving in front of a Black & Tan who fired volleys into the hedge.

the great detriment of markets. Milk carts which did not comply, had their contents poured into the sea. On June 10th and 11th Miss Montgomery stayed with us, anxious concerning the house of her clan, for reprisals had begun by the I.R.A. She was not unjustified, for she returned to find Castle Coote, in Co. Cork, burnt. On June 14th we lunched at Cloncoskraine, behind barbed wire entanglements, with a machine gun over the hall door] ~~that the celebrated Levy was made to help the Republican fund.~~ ^{For the Levy} Everybody was assessed according to his rateable value and three neighbouring boys, whom we knew well, seved an assessment on us for twenty pounds. Beverley was away and I refused. I maintained that money to prolong the strife would only lead to the undoing of the strivers - that physical force would never accomplish the object in view, but only lead to more bloodshed. Percy the paaffist, strange and unaccountable, burst upon the scene and upbraided me (when he got me aside) with reminders of William Tell and other forlorn people who fought loss causes - and won. He said if I would not subscribe, he'd find the money himself - which he did. He had been saving up to go to France and had got just twenty pounds in the world and no more. He poured it out in a heap, which I think touched our visitors, who I fancy were used to having to make threats, and they handed him a receipt, which would have got us all interned if Black and Tan raiders found it, so I slipped it

behind the chimney piece and the wall in my bedroom, where it remains till this day.

We never knew the moment when we would be searched ourselves, and I think it was entirely due to the influence on the Black and Tans of the old R.I.C. in the different barracks that we led a charmed existence. One of these called one day padded out, like Sancho Panza, with body arms (he resembled an armadillo) so that he could hardly get through the door to deliver his message. "Have you come to raid us?", I asked, and he replied "Oh No...o", in a voice of reproving affection, which I never forgot.

I felt very dissatisfied with the results of my lecturing tour. I realised how very few people could be got at this way, and how densely ignorant people in England were of the methods being pursued in Ireland. I thought I would consult somebody in Dublin as what best to do next, but did not feel inclined to appeal to the male leaders of revolt, because my sympathies were still with the old Nationalist leader, whose heart they had broken and whose work they had undone. This was not to say I did not sympathise with the poor boys up and down the country who, following the S.^F. command more or less blindly, were ploughing ^{more} unenviable, as well as undesirable furrows with infinite hardship. Also, it must be remembered that many of the clergy were doing their damnest to incite them, on the model of the English

persons who indulged in the recruiting mania. "What are all you boys doing here?", (to a group sitting on a wall in the sun). "When your sons are out at night", said a missionary, addressing the mothers of a congregation "Ask no questions". It was God's work, altho' already the grim joke was being made (a propos of the disapproving Bishop of Cork) that what was "murder" in Cork diocese was not so accounted elsewhere. No, many of the "murder gang" were heroes, and the end of our blood-stained struggles was destined to be the end of Ireland's heroic age! Yet woe to those who thrust innocent boys into revolting deeds which have cost, not only their lives, plus the lives taken, but the reason of many who are "put away". Well, my feelings being this tangled, I decided at last to consult a lady, known to members of my family, who as yet was not well known to be a prominent firebrand, Mrs Erskine Childers. I found her lying on her sofa as usual and she received me most kindly, drew interesting parallels between the American and Irish Revolutions, and recommended me to write an Irish "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Hence "The Trail of the Black and Tans". I was engaged upon this work one day, June 24th, 192¹, when a motor load of B & T's tore up the drive and into the yard below (I threw my MS into a bush). Two of the number jumped out and accosted Em, coming out of the dairy, with an enquiry

for Mr. Ussher. She was terrified, and whilst they rushed back into their lorry in order to bring it up to the front door, she rushed up to the back door to warn us. The first instinctive act of the maid's was to rush to their bedrooms and remove all signs of personal occupation. Disgusting remains haunted them. And in the end it turned out that all that the B & T's wanted to do was to deliver a summons to Beverley to serve on the Grand Jury! They were powdered from head to foot with white dust. Mrs Poyner declared the "dust" greatly improved them. I suppose she meant the white powder took off their corners and softened the impression, as each wore besides a rifle, two revolvers sticking in his belt and one out of the top of his leggings - really terrifying apparitions, and they were going on to lonely houses with other summonses, some on women, whom the authorities seemed to think would be more willing to serve than men! They must have spread absolute terror before them on that journey. Meanwhile five (!) lorry loads of them had stopped outside the Clancy's house and got Birdie, the pretty daughter, to fetch them drinks of water and to pick roses for them off the wall of the house. Then they offered to teach her to shoot, and one of them brought down an old rock from the top of a tree, to show off his marksmanship. But she shook her head and did not rise to the suggestion that they should take her away with them on their lorry.

Then the motor which had been up to our front door rejoined them, and it and the five lorries, all with silencers on their wheels, went away. Sixty-five men to do the one old Sergeant's job! Our retainers were peeping round every corner, all terrified of course, but Birdie's parents must have been most frightened of all, especially the poor Mother, who was "expecting" and who had had a bad fright the week before. We had all heard, one Sunday at dinner, from fifteen to twenty-five shots which seemed to go off under our table. Our servants had just returned from Mass. They crept down the drive and saw three lorry-loads of soldiers at the Cross, and came back faster than they went. Poyner heard the men in the first lorry call back to those in the second "We were fired upon", and the reply came back from the second lorry "You lie, you fired yourselves". The soldiers emptied out and deployed whilst they fired after a fugitive who had never been summoned to halt. He dashed through Clancy's house and fled across our turnips, leaving blood from a wound to mark his track. Behind the hedgerow he turned and emptied his revolver upon his pursuers, who flung themselves flat, as the practice is when an ambush threatens. This gave young Molony time. He dropped on his knees, then rose and ran, then dropped again, then fled on once more, over hedge and ditch till he got to the O'Briens of Canty. Madge

The baby she carried must have died during the pursuit of Molony when he rushed in at her front door and out through her back door. The whole incident had been characteristic of the times. First: three "boys" playing hand ball after Mass, against the burnt barracks wall. Then the advent, on "silencer" of the three lorries. Then one of the boys, young Sheean (who I dont think was a gunman, or if he were, a gunman by coercion) lost his head and bolted. (It was precisely this which caused the shooting of young Mermion, killed this summer of 1921). He got away and hid in a neighbouring house, shaking like a leaf and had a nervous breakdown. One of his companions, Molony, who was a Capt. in the Volunteers, and who carried a revolver, knew then that the game was up and that he would be pursued himself, the revolver found - and then? So he ran too. Seeing two men bolt thus suspiciously, the fiction they had fired was started in order to justify pursuit. This at least seems the probable explanation.

It was during this same Spring and Summer of 1921 that many direful things occurred in our immediate neighbourhood. An old woman was shot in a wood near Carriglea whilst she was gathering sticks - "Something moved"! "Poor old Grannie!", commented one of the Auxiliaries (the B. and T's). But the man who did the deed only laughed.

While all this ambushing and burning was going on, there was a Labour Congress in Dublin. The President said of the seizures of creameries in Limerick by the *Transport* and ~~the~~ G.W.U., that this was the most inspiring business before the Congress and (since Deputy) Johnson told the Congress that the action of the workers at Knocklong and Arigua (Mines) was "the most important question that could be raised in the Labour movement. It is a challenge, and let us make no mistake about it, to the rights of property. It says: though you happen to have a parchment which allots to you the right to use or possess this machine or that particular factory; though you have the power under legal enactment, henceforth that is not enough. We are responsible to the workers, ^{that} ~~say~~ these material things shall be continued in use so long as the community requires the product. That is the issue raised, and it is a contention that the Labour Party in Ireland, I hope, will continue to espouse and put into action".

Yet in March ¹⁹²² Tom Johnson, now Leader of the Opposition in the Dail, wanted to get the support of the small farmers, he wrote to 'The Statesman' about how, in Denmark, Sweden and Finland the small farmers assisted the Urban Labour parties to form Governments and they have not proposed to take the land from the farmer to be worked by the State as a nationalised in-

Leader of Labour Party in 1922

dustry. "And no one in his senses ever suggested such a policy in this country either".

return: There was a terrible ambush near Dungarvan when an heroic R.I.C. Sergeant - Hickey - was put up against a tree and shot by I.R.A. men, who could not face him to do the deed but fired with averted heads. An unguarded, or quite insufficiently guarded lorry of Munitions was sent out from Dungarvan barracks to the scene (an old R.I.C. sergeant told me this who was quartered in Dungarvan at the time) and of course "the munitions went off to the mountains to keep the ball rolling". The enormous pay of Auxiliaries and of Black and Tans was sufficient inducement, to his thinking, for them to keep things lively. But the severe nature of official reprisals disguised the fact for the general public. Not indeed the "shooting up" of Dungarvan, which was averted through a prisoner of the I.R.A. being liberated. But no less than three women's houses were singled out for a punitive expedition along the road where the ambush happened. I have fully described what happened to poor old Mrs Dunlea, ^{*}a retired bread merchant (who has been an invalid ever since) in "The Trail of the Black and Tans". But with this difference. The destruction of Ballycoe House was performed by the Regiment of the Buffs, whose officer really asked "What associations have we with you but those of hatred?"

Mrs Coote, who had been noted for charity, left the spot for
** Her son was chaplain at the Front.*

ever, an old woman rushed out with weans and groans to bid Tallien, Commissioner of the French Convention, who put emigre nobles to death in 1795 likewise asked: "What legal bond can exist between us and rebels if it be not that of vengeance and death?"

I went to see the Dunleas directly I heard the news, knowing how fearful most people would be of calling on them for fear of seeming implicated. The old lady of course was not there, but the two daughters showed me the roofless house, the wrecked rooms, the mutilated "sacred pictures". The whole thing was done on the morning of Good Friday.

I well remember the horror and dismay on every face at the Cappoquin tennis club when counter reprisals began to be undertaken by the I.R.A. and the first country houses perished in flames. They had not turned a hair over the fate of the Dunleas and others - but now! It was a sad thing that people of active and benevolent temperament were often those whose conscientious, if unfortunate, politics, made them uphold the British connection with brave lack of caution or open defiance.

The Cootes, near Fermoy, gave a dance at a time when the I.R.A. prohibited dancing as a sign of National Mourning for fallen rebels. The Cootes got a British aeroplane to guard the house. It was a beautiful house, panelled with Irish timber

Mrs Cootes, who had been noted for charity, left the spot for

ever, an old woman rushed out with moans and groans to bid farewell, declaring "how we will miss you". "I hope you may", was poor Mrs Cootes very natural hard, dry rejoinder. Like most Unionists, she was probably entirely at a loss to distinguish between terrorised local friends and the official plotter. Four years later I travelled (unknown) with a poor woman from that neighbourhood who told me what a bitter loss they had sustained. No more charity, no more employment even! And farmers around, who had bought neighbouring vacated country houses, "did nothing for nobody". Meanwhile, poor Mrs Coote, seeking a fresh house in England, wrote to Grace Montgomery saying how hard it was for old people like themselves, how hard and how strange, to have to begin all over again!. Some of the old people were determined to resist the process. Two old ladies lived close together in a big house in Co. Kilkenny, near the coal mines. One of them informed the Military that an ambush had been planned, which was accordingly prevented. The information was tracked and a party of I.R.A. arrived at the house to destroy it. The English soldiers had already persuaded one sister to leave along with them, but the other stuck to the place, and when told it must be vacated for burning, she absolutely refused to go. After much argument, she disappeared from view and the place was remorselessly fired. It was supposed she must have perished in

the flames. But in reality, she had climbed into the W.C. water tank under the roof and remained in it all night with only her head above water, whilst the flames roared around her. The commercial traveller who told me the tale, never heard how she reached the ground afterwards, or what happened next to this indomitable old soul. Such stories savour more of the middle ages than of the 19th century.

While horror after horror was being enacted around us, we still strove at Cappagh to keep a few peaceful things going. It was no use however, to think of our Show, which had been such an event for six long years. Our friend, Michael Cunningham, had had a dreadful adventure, all thanks to our last one, which had seemed to go off so well. He had discovered that Burke was letting people into the grounds gratis, in return for a tip, through holes in the hedge which he had been set to watch. Words followed, and Burke, in order to wreak vengeance, had lodged a false report against him (Cunningham), with the Military. Michael was arrested and lodged in the Lismore barracks. A policeman who knew him, gave him up his bed and forgot his gun in it (he apparently always slept with a loaded gun beside him!). Michael was found in the morning peacefully sleeping beside the gun, and the fact that he had not attempted to hold up the barracks with it must have made a very favourable impression. Anyhow, Beverley did what he could and got Michael off. A picturesque minor vengeance of Heaven

21 was wreaked upon the Burkes some time later, when their friends off a lorry called in and devoured the whole of the children's tea, so that when the poor urchins arrived from school there was nothing left for them in the poor cottage to eat or to drink! I see by old letters to Mother that in spite of all we had a dance in the Hall on July 24th, the first for ten months, at which a "pick brigade" (a brigade for digging trenches across the roads) was present in great force - the young men who were responsible in many places for three fold trenches dug across the roads, to say nothing of obstructing trees. (The Military used to round "boys" up from time to time to remove those, especially at Mass hours).

The truce however began on July 11th, so this dance must have been something in the nature of a celebration. More noteworthy is the fact that Em. and May were able to carry on their Badminton Club all through the early summer. They played on our tennis lawn every Sunday, and had tea in the basement afterwards. Also on every Thursday afternoon, I wrote to Mother in May: "the two men in the Co-op Store, the dispensary doctor and the neighbouring farmer folk, make up very happy parties and give each other tea by turns. As one of them said: "It is like a bit of Heaven, and nobody could imagine a war is on". Every now and then, somebody on horseback, however, would

921 interrupt the proceedings, and a whisper would go round
"Dispatches!".

Although Badminton became such a popular game, I can well remember having to defend it's reputation by discovering in an Encyclopaedia that it originated in the East - not in England! The Summer Assizes were held in Waterford, just before the truce (during the first week of July 1921, as I can remember). Beverley, as already narrated, had been summoned as a Grand Juror. A few days beforehand, a whisper reached us that he was to be kidnapped at Cappagh Station.

So we set out two days in advance, and I copy a description of what happened next, which I sent to Mother.

"The train was packed with troops and the civilians crowded in carriages to themselves, so as to be as far from a conflict as possible. There was nothing for it, should an ambush take place, except to pile portmanteaux against the window. But the ambush was reserved for two days later, and meanwhile the only event was the seizure of the Sheriff's bag by a member of the I.R.A., who escaped with it over the station wall in Dungarvan just before the soldiers arrived who were to secure good order on the platform. They drove up a minute late in a charabanc protected by a Lewis gun mounted in the midst of it, and by an

armoured car. They were unconcerned and did not know what was "just after happening", of which the only remaining sign was blood on the face of the Sheriff's man who had been struck between the eyes and on the nose, so that, stupified and astonished, he let go the bag. We arrived safely at a seaside hotel in Tremore, which was full of lawyers on circuit and priests on holiday, of old ladies nursing their nerves, of young couples having a Sunday flirt to the sound of music and to the accompaniment of cards, whilst far away, below on the beach, a merry-go-round whirled boys and girls on "a stud of (wooden) hackneys, race horses and hunters!". The drought which was starving the cattle, the sunshine which was giving us incomparable days, the approaching Conference and the prospects of peace, such were the topics which accompanied a five course 6/- dinner. An orchestra played to us in the crowded lounge, beginning with "The Bogey Colonel" and ending with "Peace land". Next day, at breakfast, the footsore maids, who had not recovered from their Sunday of waiting on eighty-three people (and dancing with some of them afterwards) whispered to us that the rails were torn up and that nobody could travel by the toy railway which led to Waterford Assizes! Regardless of kidnapping risks, the Crown Solicitor set off on an outside car with his clients. (Two K.C's and the rest of the circuit, anticipating trouble, had left the night before).

The station was indeed closed. Nevertheless, a great throng of workers and police enabled the train to start three quarters of an hour late. One of the two small cases for Assize were drawn. The other was dismissed because there was neither witnesses nor petty jurors to decide it. The judge made a melancholy charge. The Grand Jurors returned to their wives at the sea-side with stories of a deserted town (-deserted but for the tank and armoured cars and the cohorts of "Forces" guarding the Court House), and filled with perplexities regarding how to return to their homes for a derailed engine and three telescoped carriages of the Rosslare express lay across the main line.

The other ambushed train, which in ordinary circumstances we would have travelled by, dashed through the gates closed against it at Cappagh to escape shots fired from both sides of the line, and with broken windows, but without further casualties from shot, was blocked further on by the derailed engine. This was so heavy that an implement had had to be sent for to Dublin to remove it. It might be there for days Tuesday a.m. arrived, and with it nothing to do but to sit still and watch the pale blue waves break white on the pale yellow beach and see the orange sunlight play on bathers' skins, whilst wondering, in the absence of letters, whether reprisals were going on - for noonday had brought a newspaper. It spoke,

not only of outrages, but of thousands waiting and praying
outside the Mansion House, of cordial greetings and hopeful
auguries within those doors of doom. In our hotel old people
dreamt in arm chairs of Peace. Young people hired a car for
races miles away and took planks with them to get across the
trenches The sun sank over a world still and
breathless in its golden haze. The gold turned to apricot
and was lost in the mauve distances of that Southern Sea, or in
the lilac sky. The race-goers returned with gambling games.
They had bridged twelve trenches and avoided yard-wide holes
which punctured the roads like a solitaire board. Chorus
songs kept us awake till 1.30 a.m.

On Wednesday, July 6th, we returned thirty-seven miles
(divided into three stretches) over roads which were obstructed
by five broken bridges, boulders four feet high set up over the
road like a group of nine pins on a board, fallen trees, great
craters of holes, trenches fifteen feet across. The first
stretch (to ~~the~~) we performed in a motor car
per Permit with a plank lashed to its sides for use over
bridges and gaps. The second stretch (to Dungarvón) we covered
in a closed bread van minus Permit, with a Major beside the
driver, who undertook to placate the Military. (They had
imprisoned somebody the day before for getting a lift without

a permit). The third stretch was performed in a second hired ^{car} ~~one~~, under a second Permit, driven by a lad in a hurry! He "had to be out all night".

I think it was on Thursday, 8th, the truce was announced, which began on Monday, July 11th.

"Thursday, if I remember right, is the Feast of St. Elizabeth, Patroness of Peace, and July 11th that of Oliver Plunkett". This description, written near the time, brings back many details to me which I had quite forgotten, or which I associate only with the troubles which followed and which were destined, by the violence of their impact, to shove everything I have yet written into a dim background. It is fortunate we do not know what lies ahead of us. I think many of us would have lost all courage if we could have guessed we were only half way through "the trouble". In fact, now in 1925, when people speak of "the trouble" they usually allude to the civil war and end by declaring they wish the English were back!

During the anxieties which preceded the Truce, Dorothy [Buxton] visited the Childers in Dublin, hoping to find them anxious for peace. On the contrary, said Mrs Childers, there was a great ^{deal} more to be done in the line of warfare, such as wrecking passenger trains in England! She was very kind in the matter of advertising my book (which she had originally advised me to

write) and I went to thank her, the early Spring of /22 and in June /22. On the first occasion she deployed a scheme for the Free State (which had "heaps of money") to finance the farmers, which nearly brought off the hair of economists when I mentioned it. On the second occasion, she was too eager about the Republican cause to realise in the least the economic consequences of civil war. She must have known about the onslaught on the houses of her class (Childers is supposed by some to have helped to burn them in Kerry) because she entered upon a gratuitous argument concerning their uselessness and would listen to nothing I had to say in their defence. Neither was she able to realise (in spite of her wish to be kind) what we were personally going through - only wanted me to apprehend that they (her family) had had "nothing but sorrow". This was long before the execution of Childers.

From first to last the annals of our railway line held a good deal of comedy as well as tragedy. A story was told of Archdeacon Burkitt on the platform at Cappoquin cautiously seeking a safe seat in a carriage well removed from the English soldiers. These however caught sight of him dodging away and peremptorily beckoned to him to get in with them, which he most reluctantly did. "You see, reverend gentleman, we are h'expectin' a hambush, an 'though we are a mixed lot

in 'ere, some of us Catholics, still we'd like to 'ave a
clergyman with us in case of 'haccident".

Many stories were told of people being shot through their
sleeves or their trousers and of getting under the seats for
safety. "Shall I have to travel all the way under the seat?"
asked a friend we had invited to stay with us. Jokes and
the ~~xxxxx~~ usual little daily occupations, many of them anyhow,
persist whilst an old order heaves and cracks around us; and
thus the human race endures. All the same, as I read again
in another letter dated Oct. 27/21 "Molony hardly thinks it
worth while to mend a door, or Poyner to cut down a thicket,
because there may be war again tomorrow". It was becoming a
rash speculation to do these daily things! In the same letter
I tell Mother that "drills, parades continue galore". And I
find it was now that Mr. Wyse finally decided to sell up and
leave the country because he was asked (on the top of the
insult already narrated) to put up and feed ten Volunteers
during "manoeuvres". Then I tell her how "everyone is more
or less in debt and hanging on to bank deposits, which alone
stand between them and the winter" - cattle having been un-
saleable. The lean years had begun, which are to run the
proverbial number of seven, according to Columcille (in
succession to the fat ones of the War) before our Irish
Millennium can begin - and "the potatoes sprouted three times".

He had foretold that too. All the old men in 1921 were vocal over the fulfilments of Columcille, especially when peace actually came "between the hay and the corn". But Kate's old father shook his head and declared there would be worse to come yet, and that we would all live to see a "squib of a war".

We had a great dance for the White Cross at the Hall this Autumn of '21 (American Relief Fund for Ireland), and cleared thirteen guineas. A record for one night.

(the book I had written)

"The Trail of the Black and Tans" appeared (I think) in October. All bad language had been obliterated as being "unfit for Nuns" (our only reading public), and the publication, due months before, had been delayed till the Truce was assured, and thus my purpose in writing the book was completely frustrated. But even now I hear of people reading it still, in order to recapture the spirit of those days, and at the same time it was a wonderfully popular work - I suppose because it did faithfully reflect then present ideas. Then too, so far as people were concerned who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, they liked to trace the familiar happenings, and to speculate as to who the originals of my characters might be - Farmers, clerks, shopkeepers, labourers - all read it usually at a rapid gulp. Everything they knew ^{as fact} was there, except the two crowning incidents of a Major

shooting his Colonel, and then doing the old man to death. But these too had their foundation in the current rumours of the time and could easily be paralleled by events we had all heard of. The book was confiscated in Dublin and Cork bookshops by the B & T's, who, however, possessed themselves of seven copies for perusal in Dungarvan barracks, and who bought 80 at the Westland Row bookstall before they finally returned to England - (as witness to the tales they told their shocked families when they got there?). Some of these men came of good families, and enlisted with quixotic resolves; others are known now to have been deliberately culled from prison and from slum. For instance, Patrick Mahon, the notorious Crumbles murderer, was recognised by people who had enjoyed his acquaintance in Waterford, when his picture appeared in the press. The most credible explanation I have ever heard for this extraordinary Government policy is that it was modelled upon a scheme applied with success in New York, where the Municipal Authorities, unable in any other way to get rid of a gang of determined criminals, enlisted a counter gang to deal with them. This plan possibly appealed to politicians who were utterly unable to realise that they had to deal with, not ^{with} a gang, but with badly directed idealism. It was out of this same mistake that, doubtless, the idea arose at all that

the Irish case was one for the police (whether good police or bad police) to deal with. The I.R.A. had declared war, and if things had got to be fought out instead of being decided constitutionally, it would have been better and shorter to accept the challenge. In one phase, at any rate, the army and not the police dealt with the situation, and shelled the camp of the I.R.A. at Pettigo. It was the accuracy of that shelling which convinced the Republican Commander of the "futility of physical force", to quote his own expression, when, like many another, he told me the tale of his exploits. I had promised a copy of my book to those who had helped me to write it, by telling me all they knew.

So one afternoon I drove off with a copy for Captain Tommy Dee, who had guarded the house in 1920, and who had by this time presented me with plenty of vivid descriptions of what happened inside the doors of "lockups"; and another copy for an old R.I.C. Sergeant, who gave me equally graphic accounts of what went on outside the doors. First I drove to a desolate little farmstead on the edge of the moorland which crowns the mountain ridge we see from our windows at Cappagh, via a real ^{ee} "Canty Cross" and up a ^(boran) boran which ascends like the wall of a house. Mrs Dee was at no loss to guess what had brought me, and eagerly led me to where her son was chopping sticks in a wood. He greeted me with shy dignity, saying

* Canty Cross figured in my book

"I am not in my regimentals this time". We walked together to the top of the ridge to "the Ministers Mound", a place where the mock funeral of a clergyman had been held during the old anti-tithe agitations. There he took from his pocket the little diary, evidently weather-stained, from a hiding place, and read to me his doings, whilst I wondered, partly at the tale and partly at the wonderful panorama spread out in grey shimmering peace beneath us. The boy had evidently been more or less stage struck at the situation in which he found himself, doing however nothing very violent as times went; on the contrary, reassuring and comforting the victims of the fray where he could (including a lady on a lightship in "high-stericks"), but always to the sound, so it seemed to me, of peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, and of fog horns. Then he showed me the corner of a plough field with nothing remarkable about it, which he said covered a dump, and then tobacco leaves which he had been drying in a shed, showing that in spite of his environment he was not without economic interests. He introduced me to a wild-looking shock-headed brother, who was doing volunteer police work under the I.R.A. over a huge tract of country. Then I sat down to tea with the "peeler" and the Captain, when the latter suddenly be-thought himself of something else he wanted to show me. He rushed into his bedroom and brought out a handful of green

powder which he threw on to the fire, instantly producing a small explosion, and filling the room with fumes of sulphur. Mrs Dee rushed in exclaiming "Oh the boys, the boys", and opened the windows. "A bucketful of that would blow up a lorry", explained the proud manufacturer. In fact, it was this same infernal substance which had blown up a number of poor little band boys at Youghel a short time previously. When I was going away, the spirit of mischief seized me, and I frightened them all by declaring that now I was going to visit a peeler of a different description. They were much relieved when they found I only meant old Sergeant Corcoran, who was living near them, trusted and immune from persecution, because he had had the good sense to retire betimes from the R.I.C. as a protest.

At Xmas time some of the boys of the neighbourhood begged me to lend the house for a dance to celebrate the Treaty. "But the Dail has not ratified it yet", I reminded them. "Perhaps there will be no Treaty". But they would not hear of this at all. They were sure it would be all right! Would I not just lend the rooms for once and leave them to do the inviting. This, I found, was because they dreaded my democratic leanings, and they wanted only Officers! They also wanted to exclude the Bricky corps. Altogether, the

22 path bristled with pitfalls, and I declined. These same boys who were so anxious to celebrate the Treaty, afterwards became the most determined anti-treatyites of the neighbourhood. In the same way, Molony the ironmonger in Bridge St (brother of the man who was wounded at the Cross) positively smacked his lips when he discussed the Treaty with me, and said "Is it not lovely?" He became one of the leaders of revolt against the Treaty in Dungarvan. It was just the same in Dublin. Friends who know the people concerned said that Madame Markievitch and Mrs Childers were both delighted beyond measure until de Valera spoke. "He wont have it!", exclaimed a man, in accents of consternation, just as I was handing in money one morning at the bank. There was a rush for the newspapers. Too true. People seemed unable to believe it. And then the cleavage began.

Musters of Volunteers were gathered in different places and harangued. Oaths were re-imposed. "Let anybody who is in favour of the Treaty step out and say so", exclaimed the officer at Cappagh Cross, with a cocked revolver ready. The sight of it was enough. Nobody stepped out. This man afterwards changed his mind, slipped out of a dance into somebody's car and made off for Kilkenny (the only Free State or pro Treaty garrison, besides Dublin). His Volunteer colleagues at the dance soon missed him, got into a lorry and crashed along in pursuit. The

turncoat was only saved by some railway gates which closed behind him in time, and he reached Kilkenny just as his pursuers were upon him.

We had a dance ourselves that night in the Hall. The local Transport Union had forbidden a play because they had quarrelled with some of the performers. Sooner than be dictated to, the Committee decided to push through a dance, and a large Volunteer contingent guarded the proceedings.

Outside the house of a notorious rough, Michael O'Niell, Volunteers paced all night. Why, we never found out.

Taken altogether, it was a lively night in the district. But nights were getting lively, and were destined to be livelier yet.

"What is it about the Oath?", I asked Tommy Dee. "What is all the trouble about?"

"Well, there are three Oaths", replied Tommy, "one more serious than another. The first got you to join the I.R.A. and obey orders. The second was all that, but you had to give a month's notice before leaving. The third was worst of all, and you had to swear it by the blood of all the Martyrs". "Oh, save us", exclaimed his mother, who was listening. "You had to swear you would do all in your power lay to get a Republic. Well, I consider I done it, so that's why I'm for the Treaty!"

On Feb 8/22, I wrote to Mother: "It is quite amusing the way reviewers (of the Trail) get longer and longer, and more and more appreciative, the more my friends, the Black and Tans, remove themselves. I was told in Waterford station bookstall that the book was being read everywhere, and it is uncanny how people of quite opposite persuasions like it. An old Nationalist Auctioneer called it "a magnificent production", and a Unionist family near us expressed themselves "touched and delighted" - so how they are all pleased, Heaven knows! A retired police sergeant tells me it has been extensively read in barracks, and is pronounced "a very fair picture", "and indeed", he said, "if it had been much blacker, it would still be very fair!". (This, I think, was Corcoran of Ballinamalt, whom we had housed as caretaker in Old Cappagh House, nobody being willing to let him have a house to live in for fear of seeming to befriend an ex-enemy! Even poor old Corcoran had resigned as a protest! (against the uses the R.I.C. were put to). I also told Mother in the same letter that I thought people at large were sick for peace and order, and determined to have both, and very confident of ultimate success. "I feel everywhere a hope of spring in the air, checking anxiety. Never in Ireland were there more extraordinary or exhilarating times. Everywhere the forces of occupation and repression

1922 moving out and the I.R.A. taking possession of all the citadels and barracks, organising its standing orders and police force, and finding themselves installed in the very premises where not long ago they were being "done in". (Here, after the lapse of years, I pause to make another note. One of the most fatuous things the British Government ever did was to hand over barracks and military equipment to the I.R.A. without ascertaining whether or no it was pro treaty. Alone Dublin and Kilkenny declared for the Treaty, and this in itself was fortuitous. The rank and file followed the lead of commanding officers unquestioningly and as in the days of the English great Rebellion, most of the Army was out to resist Parliament in order to be top dog itself.)

With regard to the "police force", I was told an illuminating story. "How do you recruit for it?", asked the widow of a former member of the R.I.C. who many years before had retired on to a farm near us. "Oh, we just go down the street, and when we meet our friends, we tell them to join us". "And who cooks for you?", pursued the questioner, rather shocked. "Oh, Paddy so and so. He'd much sooner be cooking for us than cutting turf off the mountains". To see these men, undisciplined and wild-looking, tearing round on the lorries of their predecessors, soon made us all understand that the majority were out to copy the worst traits of the

1922 model recently set before them. When Michael Collins came to Dungarvan to speak in favour of the Treaty, Pandemonium reached its height. The lorry on which he stood with his supporters was driven full tilt towards the edge of the Quay (just as Brennock with his big mouth wide open was beginning a speech), and but for a revolver to the driver's head the whole party might have been in the sea. Shots were fired in every direction, in order to intimidate the speakers, who behaved with extraordinary courage.

When de Valera shortly after came to town, he addressed a melancholy small meeting in the wind-swept square, whilst a voice monotonously reiterated "Give us the 14 Points, give us the 14 points!". He looked so dejected, my tender heart felt quite sorry for him. He seemed to the doctor to be "in need of a rest-cure".

I did not go to either meeting. I was more interested in the people around me than in their leaders.

Beverley attended the above meeting in Dungarvan. In the course of his speech de Valera said "I suppose there is no one standing in the crowd who desires to be a subject of King George? I have asked the question at 50 meetings, and no one has answered "I do". Beverley was just going to shout out "I do", when a perfect hail of revolver shots fell all around. He threw himself flat, as did many other people, and could only suppose that this was part of the stage management! The same week, when speaking at Garrick-on-Suir, de V. used the words "I anticipate that before long we shall be wading in the blood of our brothers".

~~Document~~, Ex-Black and Tans ~~add~~ in many cases 'joined up', like the gentleman in the cave on Kerry cliffs, who so long held the Free State Army at bay). To resume my letter: "the most serious menace is the attitude of Labour on the one hand and 'Ulster' on the other. There is widespread unemployment - - - much desultory and unorganised striking on the railways and it was given out yesterday that unless a 'settlement' was arrived at by 12 last night, the men would put 'Document' No.2' into operation, viz "take over the lines and run them themselves". (The "settlement" which eventuated that summer was indeed very "settling" for the poor railway men when the line was put completely out of action for, was it? eighteen months! My letter winds up by saying "Isabel is with us and rubbing her eyes still over the strange situations which she finds, one of which is the attitude of many former Unionists towards the Ex-Government - they are prepared to live anywhere, anyhow, except under the British flag!"

On the 23rd of February, /22, the Sinn Fein Clubs met in Convention. Last year I met an ex volunteer lad who told me how the meetings which were called to elect delegates were in many places summoned either at too short notice or in a hole-and-corner way. Thus responsible Sinn Feiners, bitterly disappointed at Dev's attitude, and hoping for accommodation, were not elected,

and those who went up were asked to vote on the bald question, did they prefer Free State ("Freak State the intransigents called it) or Republic, and were never warned that on the issue hung peace or war. Many who naturally said they preferred a republic, recoiled in horror at the consequences, yet did not like formally to recant, although some few did so.

There is scant sense of public honour in our primitive communities, and I can well believe that all this was so. Many is the meeting on some lesser trifling issue which I have seen packed or bullied into passing resolutions it did not mean. Meanwhile the Communist labour leaders must have been well aware of the split that was coming, well aware too of how a situation was developing in Ireland which held just the possibilities that had fructified in Soviet Russia. I read Charlie's account of a Russian village, in which his host tells him how he acquired his sixty or so extra acres of land, and my blood ran cold, for I knew that there was nothing around us to prevent similar happenings. Boycott of this person and boycott of that one who displeased the Labour world was going on all around us: McGrath, the Secretary of the Farmers Union, was picketed against food supplies because he had dismissed Maurice Lynch. This man

Dunton

more than one good turn, but who nevertheless became a tool

is an interesting psychological study. He had a wife and child in a cottage of ours which we had altered to enable them to marry. After the strike was over we employed him because nobody else would. A sulky scowl never left his face. "Victory is to the strongest", he said, and he seemed sodden with the doctrines of the physical force party. He did not believe in human goodness, though one day he remarked indulgently, that he did think I cared for the labourers. Soon afterwards he deliberately cut down all the foxgloves in a wood which he was "slashing" (this was in 1924) because it seemed I had asked him to spare them! It was not till the following winter 1924-25 that the scowl left his face and he began to look human (his wife likewise). I had always said we must employ fewer people if we bought a motor car and B. bought one - albeit secondhand. Somebody had to go but, thinking half a loaf better than no bread, we divided the work between Maurice Lynch (the last man on) and our special friend Maurice FitzGerald. This was an odd cause for good humour after so many sulky years, but we had at last furnished a proof that we did not possess inexhaustible wealth to divide out among the proletariat, and also we had not "victimized" an ex-striker for the sake of one who had always stood by us - a man who owed him more than one good turn, but who nevertheless became a tool

in the hands of boozing Transport Union Secretaries. Our Cooperative Store was warned it must not serve McGrath with food. The Manager was a member of the Transport Union, and for the sake of peace I arranged (as Sec.) with the Committee that he should not be asked to, disobey his Union, but that he should be instructed to send for myself or some other member of the Committee if McGrath or his wife called, and we would serve them. All this took place and provoked much expostulation from Willie Ryan, the Sec. of the Ballinameela branch of the T. Union. A full dress meeting between himself, Landers, of Modeligo, Nagle the T.U. Organizer, Butler of Dungarvan, the chairman of the Modeligo and Ballinameela Committees on the one hand and of our Cooperative Committee on the other, was arranged to take place in our Coop. shop. Beverley endeavoured to explain that the request of the Transport Union that the Coop. Committee should boycott certain of the Finisk Society's shareholders, was illegal. "There is no law" declared Nagle triumphantly. "I believe in force. But I suppose "leering across the table at me) you believe in Griffiths and Collins!" (Leaders of the Free State Party. I felt the electric thrill of anxiety which went through the poor cooperators, who saw in this an attempt to sidetrack the issue. "Believe? believe?,

the cooperative rules should be kept. I was very much
Mr Nagle," I replied, perplexedly, "I believe in God!"
There was a great silence. Afterwards Tom Hurley said to
me "You are tip top in the pulpit - you should always be
in it". Blarney perhaps, but anyhow they were relieved,
and the talk got back to business, which did not prevent
Nagle dropping a few more pearls, such as "The times never
were so good", that is for the labourers starving with unem-
ployment all over Ireland. Few people said much except
Nagle and Landers. Beverley appealed to two labourers whom
Landers had brought with him for an opinion, but they could
get no further than declare repeatedly "What Mr. Lander says
we thinks!", so they got the nicknames ever afterwards of
B. of "Lander's children". "You had better give in", said
fat Butler (a T.U. Sec. in Dungarvan), almost kindly. "I
know I would, if I was going to get into trouble!". When he
and Nagle (both afterwards T.Ds) went off in a motor car, I
bid them goodbye, saying "Peace and good will go with you",
and I shall never forget the ironical way Nagle repeated
(although he could not help being amused) "Peace and good
will!". We had finally agreed to call a general meeting
(of our 170 members) to decide what should be done. Of
course only a handful turned up, be it recorded to their
credit, although some were labourers, and although I left
the room so as not to put pressure upon them, they voted

the cooperative rules should be kept. I was very much relieved, though I knew that now we were in for serious trouble and a further complication had arisen so far as we were personally concerned, because a request had been made by the Transport Union that we should either force our men who did not belong to them or who belonged to other Unions, to join up, or else dismiss them, which of course we refused to do. There were four men involved: old Glancy the steward, who belonged to the Farmers Union, Joe Brown the chaffeur, who belonged to the Engineers and Mechanics Union, Michael Sexton, the gardener, who was in the act of trying to join the Gardeners Union (though his correspondence on the subject was apparently being tampered with in the Post Office, where a Labour censorship was becoming evident), and John Power, ex-soldier, was helping Sexton (on a training grant for ex-soldiers who wished to become gardeners). So all our skilled men were likely to be in difficulties with us, except Molony the carpenter, a dark horse, and too old to be in any Union at all.

Seeing how dark were the gathering clouds, I one day took the farm pony and cart down to the store before anyone was about to tell tales, and bought up a load of tea, sugar, flour, etc etc., which I stored in the house, and never was foresight better rewarded as the event proved. Then I

went over to England for a short visit to Mother, hoping to be back before the storm broke. It was not to be.

I was recalled after a week by telegram, and was asked when I got to Dungarvan "Was it not sad about poor Clancy (the steward)?", but nobody could tell me exactly what had happened. Full of anxious foreboding, I took a car out to Cappagh. A deadly silence seemed to prevail over our little hive of industry. I met two boys who were not in our employment, bringing the milk out of the creamery. Percy and Em. were feeding the calves. An old sow was about to farrow, and I spent the rest of the day (on the top of my long journey) in the sty.

There had been terrible goings on in my absence, which I find it hard to set quite in order, for every day and hour seemed to carry its own crisis in some direction with it. In the first place a train load of roughs had been imported from the city of Waterford (armed with sticks), to enforce a lightning strike against the proposed reduction of wages (from 35/- to 30/- in our case) which had come into force on May 20th, 22.

(And none of the labourers had protested. There had been an onset in a number of directions at once. Roche, the shop manager, was commanded to give up the keys of the store to Willie Ryan's (local Sec. of Transport Union) crowd, which he foolishly did. The gardener was ordered to give up the keys

of the garden but stoutly refused, and was sent home to starve with his large family, i.e., picketed in his house. The proposal of the Transport Union was to hand over the garden to a certain drunken sot called Barry, who was to work the garden and divide the proceeds with the Transport Union. A mob invaded the yard which the Cunninghams could hear howling and shouting from Drumroe two and a half miles away. They told me they never expected to see the place standing afterwards. They threatened to shoot Clancy if he would not join the Transport Union. Clancy, unexpectedly fortified by the stout presence of Joe (the groom), refused to join, and both men were told to leave by the next train - which was commuted to the first train in the morning. Apparently it created some little flutter of consternation when the Clanceys and Joe really went, the poor little children carrying a few pet possessions and their mother's picture to the station. Luckily there was an uncle's farm house in Co. Wexford to receive them, and Joe went to his family near Cork.

In the course of subsequent doings, our water supply was cut off - and then restored! The bank balance of the Shop was demanded to be transferred to the Transport Union by a crowd of men who called in the middle of the night and were grievously disappointed to find only 7/6d was there!. "Why,

it would not even buy a drink". The Coop. Committee met in the cross roads, not being allowed to meet in the store, and published a statement in the paper that they were no longer responsible for the conduct of the store or for the debts it had contracted! This seems to have ultimately scared some of the wilder spirits in command, for, after a brief period of feeding the pickets out of the shop, they left it severely alone, after taking the precaution of picketting it so that none but labourers (i.e., Transport Union Members) might continue to deal there. An effort was also made to persuade shareholders to "recover their shares" by not paying for the goods they bought. This proved a popular proposition in many quarters. Burke, for instance, promptly ran up a bill, still unpaid, for over five pounds on the strength of his 4/- share.

I do not know whether half-understood C.W.S. leaflets about the Cooperative Union being the "Commissariat of the Labour Party", i.e., in time of lock-outs no Co-op would shut its doors, were partly responsible for initial eagerness to "take the shop over". I think a foggy notion obtained, even among shareholders, that the shop might be a recognised way for obtaining food gratis in strike time. However this may be, it gave way to a far from foggy notion on the part of the Transport Union Secretaries that here was a glorious opportunity for financing private enterprise, and they posted all the hedges

with a placard "Finisk Valley Coop, Landers Ryan and Company"! These worthies took the Manager in to Dungarvan to interview a Solicitor, presumably in order for him to make out the title-deeds in their favour! He was the same man who had defended our late Manager in an embezzlement suit, and he probably so frightened them with stories of financial embarrassment and the liabilities they were undertaking, to say nothing of the criminal nature of their proceedings, that they came home with altered minds. Anyhow, the posters announcing the new Company disappeared as though by magic. We did not get the key back till Sept. 12th, after all readilysaleable commodities had disappeared and the place was locked up and left by the despairing Manager, who buried the cash in the garden for the Committee's return! In the end, the T.U. was very glad to try and wriggle out of ^{sc}final responsibility and to let the Society back peaceably without the intervention of the Free State Commandant in Dungarvan who was prepared to send out two dispatch riders on our behalf! But there were plenty of thieves by this time (who had already broken in twice), and for a long period we carried on two days a week in the basement of Cappagh House for safety. Then we returned to the cross roads for a couple of months and were burnt out in Feb. 23. for our errors, for the wrongs and the injustices which still pollute and afflict this earth". Ireland has now

22 I think I cannot do better here than copy out verbatim, even at the cost of some recapitulation, the account I wrote in August /22 of this period, and the most terrible in my life in it's heartbreak if not in its danger (for perhaps danger was even worse later on). But I was doomed to see all the enterprises and long hopes of years frustrated by the very people I had longed to benefit. This is the fate of all philanthropists, great and small, like myself during revolution. - an old old fate. There was a Marquis of Condorcet in 18th Century France of whom an historian says: "His tolerance, kindness and stout common sense had made him an object of suspicion. He had given all and received nothing". He was found with some Latin book in his pocket by the roadside and villagers threw him into a lockup because he knew Latin, bound him and left him for trial next day, and in the morning he was dead. Did his bonds kill him? No, I say it was the great heart which had made him write, when the French Republic was first proclaimed: "Nature has set no limit to our hopes and the picture of the human race, now freed from its chains and marching with a firm tread on the road of truth and virtue and happiness, offers to the philosopher a spectacle which consoles him for the errors, for the crimes and the injustices which still pollute and afflict this earth". Ireland has now

22 opportunities she never had before and is beginning (in this year 1925) to shew her new spirit of self-reliance sobered by repentance. Let us remember this when we write of 1922. My record runs: "Return at once. Strike on". And on May 27th, 1922, I returned to the silent and deserted hive. Twenty-four hours of travelling, of anxious headache, of business in London, of travelling again, were succeeded by a long day of farm work. Miss Whitehead and Percy were feeding the calves when I turned in. Charlie Lamb was groom. I became yardman to the extent of there and then superintending the birth of sixteen little pigs.

The strike had been heralded by violent speeches from secretaries and organisers and by the "taking over" of our Co-op store on May 23rd, as recorded in the minute book of the Society. That night a mob had assembled in our yard, in front of Clancy's house, and told him to join the Transport Union or clear. "Shoot me", cried Clancy, throwing up his hands, "but I won't join". "Rifle men, come on!", roared Sec. Landers. But as there were none at this date to come on, the incident closed with Clancy's decision to leave next morning, which he did, in spite of perspiring entreaties from the now sober Landers and from Sec. Ryan not to be "driven out". He "cleared" with Joe, the groom, and a street of crying children, who carried beginning our water supply was out off, but by the time I

away the mother's photo, wrapped in newspaper - all that was left of her. He went to his brother's farm in Wexford.

Joe, of the Motor Driver's Union, went to his brother's farm near Cork. The gardener Sexton, of the Gardeners' Union, refused to deliver up the key of the garden. He was told if he would come out quietly he would get strike pay. He came out (whilst retaining the key) and was left to starve with his wife and five children. John Power (ex-soldier and once R.J.U.'s "man" or more truly friend), trainee under the Ministry of Labour, also left the garden, refusing to join the T.U. Mary Walsh, widow with six children, also refused to "be made a slave of". She was threatened with sticks by pickets, dragged from the laundry, and promised money she never got. There remained belonging to our staff, Tom Murray, ploughman, Willie Walsh, Tom Dalton and young Murray of the farm. Dan Dunne, yard man, John Hayden, Mason and Pat Molony, carpenter. He was too old, but all the rest belonged to the T.U. These men were all either dragged out, or they came out for 35/- a week, instead of the 30/- they had agreed with us for as from May 12th for a year. They got 15/- (or should have got) strike pay. Unemployed men were imported from Dungarvan and even from Waterford, as well as from the villages around, to oblige contented men, by means of stick and threat, to join the discontented. In the beginning our water supply was cut off, but by the time I

arrived on the scene it had been restored. It supplied
others than ourselves with water (the animals too, ultimately
destined for other owners!), and it appears to be taken as a
rule by the T.U. not to meddle with water supplies. B., his
sister, E. Whitehead, Charlie and Percy had all attempted
milking, and all had more or less failed, with aching muscles -
even though one of the young Clancys, previous to the exodus,
had tried to lure the good humour of a cow by singing to her
and by stroking her tail! It was due to these failures that
we arranged to pay two pickets 35/- a week to milk. They
rationed us, and distributed the surplus to their friends.
Neither the Clancys nor our two little maids (15 and 16 years
old) were allowed to help us. E.W., apart from her independ-
ent Tipperary character, could not be considered a "farm hand",
and Charlie, thanks to his red beard, was looked upon as our
cousin. So these two - Charlie for a while at any rate -
were allowed to feed and harness the hunter and farm pony,
clean the stables, fetch water from the distant well, feed
calves and twice a day and an expectant sow,
whilst the family of sixteen, with its mother, required con-
stant attention for the first two days. The two chief pickets
Luke Queally and John Tobin, were at this date good humoured,
and gave us valuable advice in our unusual tasks, and it was

2 chiefly thanks to them that Percy did not put the collar over the horse's tail! From first to last pickets collected at the lodge gates to prevent food reaching the house. During the first five weeks they also occupied strategic points in the grounds, and I squatted by the road-way leading to the back door on the first Sunday after I got home, discussing the Russian famine with John Tobin's father (a neighbouring cottager, who was now picket!), whilst he watched to see no joint should reach us for our Sunday dinner. Two things struck me very much. One was, that he did not care two pence about the famine, how it came to be, or who died of it. But the fact that the land had been siezed was interesting, and already known to him. The second point was that if he possessed our land, he could work it to much better advantage than we did ourselves. He was coolly critical of the follies of our stewards, contemptuous of our ignorance (had not his son warned us we should not give raw mangolds to a nursing sow?), and sufficiently certain of the almighty power of the T.U. to be fairly tolerant of our (doomed) opposition. He only got angry and vehement in his denial that Clancy had been "driven away", which would have been a breach of the Union rules. (Or was it perhaps, after all, because even in the full flood of ruthlessness these men were sometimes sorry about faces when they met us outside the meeting. No. I had

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for their fellows? But I saw no sign from first to last of
compunction for the cruel suffering inflicted on labourers
like themselves. These "had a right" to join the T.U.
That was all! So much for the belief that "dog respects
dog") On June 5th, nine days after my return, I had spent
the morning carting mangolds with B. & P, in the afternoon
in arranging miles of string and paper streamers over the
new potatoes, which the crows were destroying in the kitchen
garden. Then, at 6 p.m. I harnessed the hunter with Charlie's
help in the dog cart, and set off to Cappelquin to fetch Bev.
from a landowners' meeting. It had been a long day, for
I had weeded the onion bed before breakfast, from 6 to 8 a.m.,
and I was feeling sad and tired out. I supposed neighbours
in our own circumstances, gentry in other words, would realise
our position and be sympathetic, especially as it seemed at
the time as if we were fighting their battle vicariously,
for they were not, so far, picketed, and they had met to
consider if they could comply with the T.U. demands or not.
They had agreed, it seems, that they could not give more
than 30/- compatibly with retaining their full complement of
men, but they declared themselves willing to go in for
Arbitration (afterwards refused). It was an anxious moment
for them, but I do not think their anxiety accounted for their
aloof faces when they met me outside the meeting. No. I had
must tell you what kind of people we are, and that we are not

asked (by request of the Finisk Society) the chairman of the Ballinameela branch of the T.U., one O'Dwyer, to meet the Finisk Committee about our Cooperative dispute, along with the Transport Union secretaries, and I suppose they did not understand what had actually happened, and thought I had in some way queered the pitch for them. Anyhow, I had behaved in a friendly and conciliatory way towards what had become the class enemy, and B. and I went home without one word of sympathy or encouragement from any of them. At 10 p.m. (Summer time) we reached the lodge gates, to find thirty pickets sitting beside them. "Poor foolish lads", I said, "I cannot bear to think of the harm you are doing yourselves". "It is of no use arguing with them", admonished B. "Yet they never hear any but their own side", I expostulated. Most of them had young faces, hard and critical. They searched the trap for food and opened B's bag. "What you are doing is quite unlawful", he said, and I thought they winced. Half an hour later I crept out of the house and down to the gate in the gloaming. They had removed into the "40 acre". I went to where they all sat on the ground, around their two secretaries.

"Boys", I began. "You never hear but one side. For your own sakes I want you to hear ours. The life we have always led amongst you, since we came here eight years ago, must tell you what kind of people we are, and that we are not

your enemies, whatever you are now told. The first thing we did, without being asked, was to raise the wages of our men".

Voice: "And you were the first to lower them".

Self, squarely: "That is a lie". (We had dropped from 35/- to 30/- along with the big employers of the district on May 12th). Pause. "Tell me, lads, how do you expect to get milk from a dry cow?"

Voice: "Set the bull at her!" General laughter and approbation. Old Kate afterwards told me, pityingly, that I should have asked how to get blood from a mangold, and I would not have laid myself open to repartee. Alas, my inadequate wits! I simply did not know what to say next. I was dumbfounded by the crass brutality I had encountered. But still I argued on whilst Sec.Landers threw himself on his back on the ground to wallop more at ease, wagging his fat short legs and glapping his stick airily about with his fat short arms, for all the world like some foolish cur which had rolled over on its back amongst confiding friends with its four paws waving above him.

"Look at your substitute for King George!", I cried.

"Your little whisky king whom you must all obey, and who, I sadly suspect, is drinking your money!"

Landers, angrily: "What is that word?" ~~I suspect!~~

"I suspect," I repeated. Landers, with airy indifference to his crowd, and still lying on his back:

"When did I ever not pay you your money regularly?"

Chorus of approving voices: "Never!"

Old Tobin: "We did not come down here to listen to this woman".

Landers, jumping to his feet: "Come lads, let us have a drink of whisky!"

Chorus of approval.

All got up to follow.

Self: "Is it whisky will save Ireland? Are all you young lads going to drink it?" - - - - I'll walk with you"

(following).

Voice: "We know what you said that night in the Hall".

Self: I am just after saying it again. I strongly suspect your Secretaries are drinking poor men's money".

Voice: "An' you let the gunmen come on us" (the I.R.A. had protected the last entertainment).

Self: "Willie Ryan had said he would bomb up the Hall that night if anyone went to it".

Voice: "Here Ryan, come and answer for yourself. Listen to what she is saying".

Self to Ryan: "I repeat it and also that you were totally drunk when you gave it out".

Ryan, furiously: "I'll find out who told you that"

We had reached the lodge and behind the crowd which was seeking to elude me (they never met for chats in the 40 acre again) followed Tom Dalton and Tom Murray (two of the people forced to join the T.U.), white and frightened, but Murray's livid hue was heightened by black smears on his unwashed face, and by the staring eyeballs, the pupils gleaming blacker and the whites larger than I seemed to remember when I had last beheld him, twice as fat, brown and cheerful, mounted on his pride, a great chesnut farm-horse (now wild on grass). A gaunt spectre had Tom become, a soul that was exploring un-dreamt of hells. I remembered how he prayed by his dead wife's bedside that he might never drink again, and how well and nobly he had abstained, and how he had been mother as well as father to a crowd of cherubic, full-moon-faced, rosey little ones. What were they like to-day?

"Come on, come on", yelled Landers and Ryan to their stragglers. "Murray, come on". I seized Murray by the arm.

"You are never going with them?", I asked.

"I must", said Murray, in a voice of anguish.

"Come on!", cried Landers, who planted his fat little body under Murray's nose and shook a knobbly stick up in his face. I give ye a last chance, Murray!".

"You boozing little Black and Tan!", I cried, and then I don't know what took me, but I slapped Landers! - or boxed his ears, as all have it to this day. Which was it?

"That's right, my girl", he exclaimed, cheerfully.

"There is money in that". At this moment, dismayed, Percy moved majestically upon the scene, and taking my arm, said:

"Come away". "You know," he added, turning to the crowd, in final appeal, "my father is your best employer".

Voice (gentler than the one which had answered me) "We know that".

"We simply have not got the cash," pursued Percy.

Landers and Ryan, peremptorily: "Come on, lads, let's have a drink of whisky".

Percy, low and desperately to me: "Tell them they are compelling us to leave the place. It might bring them to their senses".

Self, (aloud): "Lads, I have a very serious announcement to make. We cannot sign a dishonourable promise (an allusion to the 'slave docket', which most of the farmers had by this time signed, promising a pound a week and food - the old wage of prosperous times) We cannot pledge ourselves to give you money for a whole year which we have not got. If you insist, we must give up the place. There will be no

T.U. However, he would do his best (on serving Sexton's behalf) provided -109-

2 more Usshers at Cappagh. You will have driven away your friends".

Renewed shout: "Come and let us have a drink of whisky". And the whole crowd went away down the road into the darkening night, followed at a distance by the reluctant Toms, Murray and Dalton, looking as though they had received their death sentences. Nobody else seemed to care a jot. Not Poyner, who had been with us - is it thirty years? Was his indifference the late aftermath of having been employed by my father-in-law on fine days only? His wife had got into post office work in order to keep her family over wet weather, in the years when four children were born. Poyner had always appeared faithful, though gruff and outspoken. But now the post office had become a centre of conspiracy, in which Ryan and Landers constantly hatched their schemes, and where letters were opened and read. We went home in the dark very sad. Next day, on June 6th, I went to Dublin and took a lease which we had made out last Feb. in Sexton's favour, so that he might run the garden as a market garden to his own profit. I took this to the head quarters of the T.U., and a blue-eyed young visionary acknowledged that this lease by rights should hold, but he was not sure whether the local branch would recognise it, as the gardener did not belong to the T.U. However, he would do his best (on starving Sexton's behalf) provided we reaped no benefit. "You can easily

22 picket the garden against us", I said, drily.

"You speak very fair now", he replied, eyeing me with amused curiosity.

"In any case", I continued, "We are not likely to trouble you for long - we are down and out".

"That is very curious", he commented, uncomfortably.

"Several people have been here to-day, saying they were living on their losses, and the like. It seems impossible to discover the truth!"

Self: "Except by examining books. It might be well to do so before ruining industrialists".

I saw he was attentive, and added, remorselessly: "But you have no local secretaries - perhaps not even organisers capable of understanding books". (I remembered how the bank book of the store had been examined up-side-down, and how the difference between debit and credit side had to be explained).

The Visionary: "What kind are your local secs? . . . do you know them?"

Self: "Of course I do. They are not without intelligence, but they are both hopeless drunkards".

The Visionary heaved a tremendous sigh. "I will do what I can about the garden", he said, "but it would be much easier if the gardener belonged to the T.U."

Self: "Put that out of your mind. The Union has carried on so disgracefully in our neighbourhood that it stanches in

the nose of all respectable men".

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22
Visionary: (sighing again) "I fear many excesses have indeed been committed, oh the pity of it all"!

So we parted in agreement, and Sexton was restored to the garden in the nick of time, for the T.U. had announced its intention of "taking it over", like the shop, and of running it with an unemployed drinking jobber. But the Secs. did not allow Sexton back without further plots, for they took his lease to the local attorney to see (vainly) if some flaw could be found. (This was on the same day that they took legal advice about the Finisk Valley Co-op).

Before leaving Dublin, I visited Tom Johnson, who as usual received me kindly, although I administered harsh rebukes for his rash letter to Ryan, in which he had said (after praising the cooperative trading method) "but if a cooperative shop is made a handle against the workers, it must be dragged into the fray". "I stand by that", he added stoutly.

Self: "And if cooperative capital is to be no more secure than any other capital which you attack, how do you propose workers should ever finance farm or factory?"

Johnson was silent. It is not the first time that this able man had had no answer to a vital question. What wonder if workers' minds are befogged? "You must think out your plans better", I admonished, severely.

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He took the rebuke humbly and silently, with a wistful

22 expression on his interesting face. Is he an honest man? And has he ever thought of all this since he became Leader of the Opposition?).

I got back from Dublin on June 9th, and on June 10th B. went there to see if he could arrange for Ulster Catholic refugees to make use of our house. On Sunday, th, during Mass hours, we packed up "cousin" Charlie (who had now been told by a picket that no nephews, only sons, should help) on the dog cart, and I insisted on sending him away to his home in Connemara behind B's hunter with all his artist's paraphernalia, and P's luggage (clothes and philosopher's notes in a sack), and instructions to call in on the garrisons of Clonmell, Tipperary, Limerick and Galway, and with sealed letters to important Dubliners, in order that this innocent-looking Bohemian might raise a fiery cross of warning.

Of course, Charlie's fiery cross had no effect, because wherever he went he found the same things going on and found also that the I.R.A. were unwilling to interfere beyond a point (on account, presumably, of being held back by headquarters). The farmer's sons in the movement are to this day unaware, however, most of them, that there was any official liason between themselves and the labour movement.

(Only this year (1925) a Cork farmer told B. how the I.R.A.

22 had "done in" a Russian propagandist who landed in Cork in 1922 with literature for distribution.) (It was not till some time in the following winter that John and Percy fetched the mare and dog cart home. I drove them to the Gap of Knockmealdown, and thence they walked to Cahir, where they got a train at last to Limerick and thence to Galway. They passed many blackened ruins, whence the gentry had been "hunted". The bosses had indeed been fought on "An all Irish front" - to quote the Voice of Labour). This understanding, which must have existed in so many places between right and left wing, i.e., the Republican farmers and the Communist Labour people, broke down in our case, and that saved us. One of the men who later occupied Cappagh House told Em. that Landers had submitted a plan for the division of our place to Dung. barracks, and our friends there had turned it down. (Many of them had been entertained at Cappagh over and over again). I had become sure that we were in the midst of nothing less than a communist conspiracy. Charlie had never failed in his humble ^{useful} cheery/companionable ways, and had gossiped much with pickets. He, too, was persuaded that land, not wages, was the real objective. Then the food blockage had been tightened. Pickets had been looking in at the windows of some of his land would be taken from him. (Young Walsh

922 to see what we were eating, and had sat up all night outside the back door, pelting it with pebbles, asking when we were going, and had tried to frighten the little servants with a dummy wooden rifle. In a week's time it would be the day of the General Election, and I pictured the terrorised farmers, both those who had signed and fourteen stalwarts of Ballina-meela who had not, intimidated to refrain from voting, penned up in their homes with pickets, likewise Duke's agent, Sir John *Kearne*, the Dromana agent and sundry gentry who had refused, like ourselves, to "sign". I pictured gangs of labourers going to vote, armed with sticks (and some were reported to have rifles) and returning drunk from booth and bar to threaten the isolated propertied men with violence and death, unless they yielded their possessions. And this I shall always believe might have happened easily - if! Well, Charlie under his crumpled grey Bohemian hat, smiling through his red beard and out of his calm grey eyes, departed for the Mountain passes leading to Clonmel, in which latter place he had once turned an R.C. Church into "a kind of sugar-stick" - with decorations which he had never ceased to deplore. He had worked for the P P, who was brother to our neighbour M. Walsh. We had been told Walsh "signed" and then sent away one of his men. He had been told he must go on employing two, or some of his land would be taken from him. (Young Walsh

however assured me later they never signed). One of these men employed by Walsh was an ~~extraordinary~~ ^{extraordinarily} decent boy, who, sooner than "walk" or "march" a half-witted "scab" (i.e., a blackleg) round the parish as an example, had paid Landers the fine of one pound, and had afterwards thought it prudent to "clear".

These were great days for propoganda. It was impossible to believe the tendencious talk, most of which had been invented for some special objective - probably in pubs. Here the Secs. drank and gambled evening after evening. Never had drink flowed so freely. Now, when some desparate small farmer, who had begun by holding out, "signed", he had to pay a fine for incurring the T.U. in the expense of delay, and one man had the satisfaction of seeing a pound, so paid, drunk in front of him.

After Charlie left, whilst the maids were still at Mass, I hid a ten stone bag of flour behind the piano. The day might soon come when we would be asked to feed the pickets, or when, as they were reported to have done in cases, they raided our remaining food! "It is a very queer kind of strike", said a farmer's wife significantly, and later on her husband assured me that I was indeed correct in my surmises - "they had all the big desmesnes divided up and marked out between them".

22 We gave a month's notice to our two maids and kept on packing up and clearing the house for refugees, although rumour warned us that it had been settled at the p.o "they would not be let come"! Our house was to be "occupied" according to the speech-makers at the Cross, and we used to picture the violent altercation, sure to take place, over who should have the drawing room floor! Jacky Niell, in anticipation of his glorious prospects, proclaimed to Ballinaneela one day that "he had slept in Ussher's bed"! What a strange triumph!

Jack belonged to the Citizen Army and was the terror of the neighbours on account of a revolver which he kept in a rabbit hole.

"It is the last night we'll be watching here", chuckled the pickets. They pictured the girls had received a week's notice and that he would leave when they did. The job of watching our carcass was becoming irksome to the vultures, in spite of fine weather, pay and porter. Time hung heavily on their hands, and Luke was glad to borrow novels, including one called "Love in the Wilderness". "I could almost write a story with that title about the relationship between us", I said to the lad who had so far been good-humoured and almost obliging. He laughed aloud, well pleased at the joke, and pleased with me because I had publicly praised him for not robbing our goods

(other than milk) during his term of office. (Half the milk was still being daily distributed by himself and John Tobin amongst their friends, and they still received 13/- each for doing it. But Luke, alas, in spite of his brown speaking eyes and genteel good looks and generally gentle manners, preferred porter to milk, which led to a crisis later. On June 12th I determined to go to Dungarven and to try to arrange for a message to Waterford barracks, the only important local centre which would be missed by Charlie in his pilgrimage. It is strange that in the general pre-occupation over this County strike, it did not occur to us that we were dominated by a Republican Brigade, far more anxious to secure labour votes in the coming election and support for the Collins-de Valera pact (to the exclusion of Independents) than to secure the most elementary law and order. Of course, this same Republican Brigade took all its orders from the Four Courts Executive which had told the Lismore barracks not to interfere with agricultural pickets. The Cappoquin and Dungarvan barracks, containing farmer boys friendly to us, could obtain no instructions at all. Cappoquin, as hereafter told, ended by befriending us without instructions to do so, and Dungarven hatched a scheme of putting a Wireless Station on our roof, so that the wireless operators could befriend us! This scheme was never carried out, altho' wireless sets were

See Appendix X & XI

"commandeered" off vessels in Waterford Harbour for the purpose!

Neither did I foresee that the Free State Candidate would be almost equally anxious at this juncture not to meddle. Dr. White, the F.S. Candidate for Waterford, was delighted when he heard the pickets milked for us. "How good of them", he said. And if we had bread and butter in the house (a large lump of salted!) we certainly might be expected to survive till the middle of the week subsequent to the Election when, he promised, there would be developments. (This was the date promised in Dublin also, as one which would usher in a competent police force). But perhaps, I suggested, the doctor's supporters would not be allowed to register their votes! * This was indeed serious - he would mention the matter to a meeting of candidates that night, and plans would be laid to ensure there should be no terrorism. A prominent supporter of Cathal Brugha also promised me to introduce the subject, but added in earnest accents "I do assure you a plan is made". I think a young farmer divulged this plan when he told us the I.R.A. had promised to burn the ballot boxes and nullify the election if any attempt was made to prevent the farmers from coming to vote. I believe this it was that saved us on the eventually quiet polling day of June 16/22. As a result of this General Election, Nagle

See Appendix X & XI

* See Appendix XII

F see Appendix XIII

and Butler both became T.D.'s - law makers instead of law breakers. Some months afterwards I met Nagle in Waterford, and asked him why so much money had been spent on the strike, or "poured down publicans' sinks", as I put it, as would have sufficed to buy a farm for landless men in every parish. He never denied all this money had been spent, "but", quoth the ex-communist agitator, "the Irish labourer is not sufficiently educated to hold land communally"!!!

Meanwhile, food supplies were becoming an ever more cruel difficulty. Our tenant Kiely had "signed" because his children could not digest home made bread, and both shop and p.o. had refused to sell a loaf. Our other tenant, Colclough, was angrily accused of bringing in loaves to them. "I will feed starving children any day, no matter whose children they are", he replied. (This is pleasant to remember of an otherwise mean fellow; but in what unexpected lights was everybody showing himself!)

M. Cunningham insisted on visiting us about some business. The pickets were not anxious we should see our friends, and in the case of some of our boycotted neighbours, had turned away callers. † It was concluded that he wished to bring us food at night, and that he had come to make arrangements for doing so. Consequently the road between his road and ours, two and a half miles apart, was lined with pickets (as we discovered on goodly

* See Appendix XII

† See Appendix XIII

22 authority) between 2 and 3 a.m. Another young farmer ran
the gauntlet successfully with a leg of mutton, which he threw
in at our door during the small hours. But on a later occa-
sion he was prevented from repeating the exploit. James
McGrath, the Sec. of the Ballinameela Branch of the Farmer's
Union, was watched by a row of men, who sat on a wall opposite
his door. He had baked his last flour, and his children were
crying for food, when, on the night of June 18th, the farmers
of Clashmore (who had all held out in a body and were well
organised) brought him a dorry load of provisions, they chased
away the pickets and made others swear on their knees that they
would not persecute James any more. This of course bred a
desire for retaliation, but the election was now over, and
on the evening of the 20th, when revenge had been planned,
the Commandant of Dungarvan barracks at last arrived with
his "police" and a Thompson machine gun, and declared that
the starvation blockade was illegal, and that picketting on
private property was trespass. He did this on his own
initiative. He had again and again applied to the Four
Court (the general Head Quarters of the Republicans) for
instructions, but could get no answer out of them. He gave
out that anyone molested in the buying of food, or on his own
grounds, should at once complain to the barracks. Although
we lived five and a half miles away, our own pickets promptly

* see Appendix XIV

retired for a while to the high road, except when they came to milk.

Another thing which discouraged the strikers at this time was the defection of fifty-seven Dromana workmen. They had originally pleaded hard for arbitration, but had been told they must strike. (The landowners' offer to take arbitration had also been refused, and this we discovered to be a policy emanating from Liberty Hall (Headquarters of T.U.) Just as the mistrust the farmers felt about arbitration had been one of the causes of the strike, so now the workers' mistrust of the same prolonged the struggle). The Dromana men had originally been threatened with mob law if they did not come out, but after ten days they seemed to have either acquired arms or to have become conscious of the strength of their own numbers. At any rate, they bid defiance to those who would take a comfortable living from them and returned to work on June 19th (in groups together, with arms hid in adjacent bushes, so Nesta Villiers Stuart said). On the 20th I met a former I.R.A. Captain, now a F.S. Agent employed to "Argue with Republicans". He warned me these Republican Volunteers were prolonging the trouble between farmer and labourer to meet their own ends. This evident probability had never occurred to me before. I went to Cork to see if we could be of any use in the housing of refugees from Belfast, and there met Mary McSweeney with her

* see Appendix XIV

2 thin lips and peering little eyes - a most uncongenial personality (but I met her at an unfortunate moment, for she had been trying to make political capital out of how the people who had come to the rescue of Belgian refugees cared nothing for our own refugees, and my mission queered her pitch. She gave it not a word of thanks or encouragement, although she had possessed herself of the Chair at a Committee called to deal with the refugee problem). Lord Mayor O'Gallaghan, who I also met, had just been failed at the bottom of the polling list. "The best hated man in Cork", according to my jarvey, because he was suspected of having postponed building schemes in order to prejudice the Free State, who would have got the credit of the buildings.

I returned from Cork on June 22nd, to find Luke had been absent two days from the milking. (As a matter of fact, he had been locked up two days in Dung. barracks for drunkenness) In the evening a crisis arose because B. refused to pay the other picket double money. Nobody turned up in the morning to milk, and Landers himself was the unexpected means of driving them back to work in the evening. "Don't move off this spot", he adjured B. in his best peremptory manner. "The I.R.A. are coming to see you. Did I not tell you." (to the pickets) "you should milk?" "You told us not to milk",

2 men for their work on the potatoes. (An early crop of these - about thirty pounds worth - had already been lost to the garden before Sexton's reinstatement). On June 25th the farmers collected to meet the labourers, but the latter merely sent a message to say their organiser could not attend, and therefore they would not attend themselves. This was perhaps an act of revenge as the farmers had previously postponed a meeting until their County Sec. could be present. B. took a beautiful essay to the meeting on the joint interest which both parties have in agriculture and how the industry should not be taxed out of existence by excessive labour bills, and yet the labourer must be sure of reasonable hire, not certainly obtainable except by collective bargaining. He justly contended that the employer could not always be trusted to put a just value upon labour. But essays, in these passionate days, fall on deaf ears, and some of the farmers are still bent on standing out for individual bargaining. So the dispute drags on. On June 26th I overheard an amusing encounter between our maids and the pickets "who refenged their minds upon them". Kitty threw the dregs of a tea cup into John Tobin's face, threatening a "kittle of suds next time", and then "slashed the door" in his face. He said he would call in "Punish it" (the nickname of Landers), and Kitty would be so frightened she would have ~~...~~, including a man they had cruelly used and "searched",

922 "to fly down an augur hole before him". She retorted she she would report John to the I.R.A. Her short, square, dirty, gipsy-like figure squared up to him defiantly, and it struck me that horse play would not improve our prospects, and that her's was only another mouth to feed, with the imminent prospect of Clancy being brought back by Bev. in a delusion that the steward's presence would hearten the men to return. So I sent her home, and on the 27th Percy left for a hard-earned holiday, and Clancy did actually return, bringing his son Willie, aged 15, and of weak heart, with him - also the Mother's picture! Clancy had been assured by Ryan that he would not be molested any more, and that he had been in too great a hurry to leave on the first occasion. On the 28th June, so soon as I had recovered from sickness due to tinned food, E.W. also left for Dublin, but returned next day. Her train had been stopped at Gorey, on account of "trouble in town". This was the first we heard of the outbreak of civil war! Percy had presumably reached Dublin, just in time to hear the first guns boom at the Four Courts. They had started at 4.10 a.m. on the morning of the 28th.

On July 2nd, I watched a strange game of pitch and toss outside the lodge gates. The players were apparently careless and gay, but what a strangely assorted crowd they were! Pickets, including a man they had cruelly used and "marched",

Sexton, who had been rescued from starvation by such narrow chances, Poyner - all were there. Sexton was the only one who smiled on me or spoke to me. The man to whom I had sent a sack of potatoes just before the strike (because he was out of work) looked uncomfortable. (We had not seen a potato for five weeks). Poyner, however, called off his dogs who were nosing around me. These men were pretending to be friends with each other, and not to be friends with me.

It was just a week after this, on July 7th, that a "homeless hero" from Gallipoli broke into the village Hall and took up residence there with his wife and children. He was probably acting under the influence of a "Direct Housing Committee", which seized houses in another place (so far as I remember, it was in Limerick City), for the idea was in the air. Our U.I. Committee met to ask an explanation on Sept. 15th, 1922. The wife was in situ, and we sent for her husband, ex-sergeant Jim Molony. "Jim", she cried, as he approached, "Come and turn out these bloody tramps". In spite of comparative civility on Jim's part, he continued in the Hall till he was evicted out of it in the Autumn of 1924. (It was the first eviction in Ireland which commanded no sympathy for the evicted). Thus did the social endeavours of my life touch bottom in 1922. I felt it too deeply to write of it at the time.

On July 3rd, we heard that the Free State had given the men in Dung. barracks three days notice to quit. The subsequent response was road mining, commandeering of supplies etc, etc., but B. unable to see the abysses into which we were drifting, continued to remind the local I.R.A., of our defenceless position. Especially when, on July 5th, four masked men appeared in our yard and told Clancy he must leave by the next train. Their masks and suits were black, and they wore black streamers tied to their arms. One of them carried a rifle. When they had delivered their threats they bolted, some say on horseback. There was a dead set on stewards at the time, but we did not know it. Later, when I tried to find a place for Bridie Clancy, and told the story of her father, I heard of other Stewards "hunted" in Counties Wexford, Kilkenny and Tipperary. One of these men would have lost his life but that the house party rescued him. By this time every parish was isolated from every other by broken bridges etc, and distances had stretched to a kind of Russian vastness. I see I wrote to Mother on Aug. 10th from Dublin: "Cork seems to have been taken on Tuesday - at any rate the landing at Queenstown (by the Free State) was on Tuesday morning, and there has been no hint of this in the papers till to-day, and also no news of a landing supposed to have been effected in Youghal", etc.

Willie's weak heart appeared to be affected, and he sobbed all the rest of the day like a baby, and could not sleep or eat, though we took him and his father into our own house. A renewed attempt at negotiation with the labourers having failed, it seemed necessary on the boys' account to let Clancy go home again. Both left on July 6th, having spent eight clear days with us, and carried back Mrs Clancy's portrait once again. It was during their visit that I thinned a portion of the mangold field, and got myself too stiff to move. On legs like pokers I hunted around for Clancy's enemies, and told the neighbours that "who sheltered scoundrels were scoundrels themselves", and preached sermons on civilised custom, which commanded scant attention and no effect. Nevertheless, I got the impression that shame and remorse were beginning to sprout in a few quarters. Here are two strange conversations of this period:

H.W. (a farmer, referring to the wage dispute): "Would it be an honourable thing to sign an agreement you were not certain of being able to keep?"

Tobin Senior: "But sure ye are doing as much and more?" (The Woods, although boycotted, were paying more than the wage demanded!) ~~This was because they were siding with the employers.~~

H.W.: "We are to-day; and in a fortnight's time, the way things are, we might not be able to go on. You have not answered my question: Do you hold it would be honourable?"

T. "Well, now, ye are professin' a great religion entirely. There's nothin' like honesty, that's certain".

H.W. "What is all the trouble about, then?"

T. "I'm blessed if I know!"

Self: "Could you make 35/- a week for 10 men winter and summer, out of this place?"

Luke: "I'd make it pay anyhow".

Self: "That's not my question. Could you make 35/- a week for men winter and summer?"

Luke: "I could not go so deep into it at all".

Self: "But hadn't you ^{better} try to go into it, before telling other people what to do, and practising frightfulness?"

Luke: (fiercely) "How's that? I've never interferred with ye. If ye had seen how pickets carried on in other places!"

Self: "But you are not proud of them, surely?" Luke dropped his eyes. "But now, Luke, if you had a farm of your own" -

Luke: (bitterly) "But I just have n't. I've no luck."

Self: "But if you had, would cattle pay you?"

Luke: (confidently) "Yes, good by the last fair". (Farmers'

Gazette report: "Noticesable drop in sales and values. Slow sales. Poor values"!) a mob of men (gathered from urgent buy-

making for the purpose). Bev. and Landers, who called out

Self: "Where you prevented us from selling ours!" Luke laughed with sly triumph. "But anyhow, most people did not think the price good".

Luke: "Pigs, then, Pigs is surely fine".

Self: "Would you suggest, then, that we should turn Cappagh into a pig farm?"

Luke: "Well, I could not look into it so deep as to say! Anyhow, where's the use of talkin' about me farmin', and what I would do? Nobody can farm without capital".

Self: "Well, perhaps it is as well I should save a little in spite of you by going to thin the mangolds. So long!"

Luke: (in the height of good humour) "So long!" and will drop out of my clothes.

He was mightily amused, and said, "Take care I don't come alone On July 7th (the same day that our Hall was commandeered by a homeless family) we paid off the pickets, determined to let the seven cows go dry sooner than prolong the strike by paying milkers. Farmers however took them all, and also the last unsold sow, with nine "bonavs". These transferences of stock were effected with much guile, and the strikers could not make out what had happened, and spent their time spying. Then, on the 11th, the cows were driven back from their several quarters by a mob of men (gathered from urgent hay-making for the purpose). Bev. met Landers, who called out

* He afterwards compared to a duck a man that in a speech - say

~~was raised~~ cheerfully, "Your cattle have strayed
Mr.U., we are bringing them back". B.: "What are you
going to do with them?" "We are going to milk them our-
selves" - which they did, into stolen pails, and then dis-
tributed it all without giving us any. Kiely, who had
taken three of the cows, had ~~this~~ three men dragged out
from hay making "as a punishment till further notice".

That night at 10 o'clock, the Commandant of Cappoquin
barracks ^{*} came along and "commandeered" Clancy's house, into
which he intended to put three men to protect us! Some days
previously I had been hastening to catch a train with him in
Dungarvan. "Run on boy", I said, "if I run the food will
drop out of my clothes". (sausages surreptitiously obtained).
He was mightily amused, and said, "Take care I don't come
along one day with a joint on a lorry". "You will be a
jewel if you do", I had replied. But he did not allude to
these jokes now, only said he had heard a load of coal which
we had ordered from Cappoquin had been forced by violence
to return, and that "Bolshevism was going too far with us".
On July 17th two Volunteers took up quarters and, pending
expected help from a "prisoner" (!) they made Luke milk for
themselves, us, and the calves! The prompt result was that
Luke proposed at once to fetch members of his Committee to
effect a "sittlement"! But we had taken a momentous reso-

** He afterwards emigrated to America & was shot in a speck-cessy.*

lution and our train was due! Percy had returned. We would leave him in charge (with E.W., John Power, and Mary Ahearne) and take a few days' rest in Dublin. We walked to the station carrying two little clocks and other valued trifles - we might never see the place again! * "This house will be made a Four Courts of", prophesied Percy. "I hear sixty are living in Cappagh House", said the station master. Did coming events cast their shadows before? The porter would not even cord the sack into which we had thrown our clothes, and which friendly Haden had dropped out of his donkey cart on to the platform an hour or two previously. And thus we left the home of our so many labours with the labour pickets and the I.R.A. pickets glaring at each other on either side of the lodge gate! (This is the only place however that I have heard of where they did not cooperate!). It was the last train destined to run over the doomed railway line before the destruction of Ballyvoile viaduct, and thus it came about that we were marooned in Dublin with many another in similar circumstances. I got to the peaceful little flat in Milltown utterly exhausted, feeling as if I had been mauled by hyenas. On July 18th we got a letter to say the volunteers were really doing police work. Within limits only. When asked to stop the digging up of potatoes and the cutting down of trees, they replied they were merely there to see "the bally house was not burnt down"!

* Ours was the only neighbourhood where the Right & Left (farmers' unions Labour's wings of the Republicans) did not play into each other's hands.

92 But Colclough (tenant at the *Rock*^{*}) had been told by Landers he must clear out in a month. The Commandant had laughed and said Landers would have something else to get busy about in a month. Then no more, and a great silence closed down till August 5th, when we got a wire from Percy to say the men had returned to work! As neither posts nor wires were working in our district, we did not know how it had come. On August 8th we got a letter, written on Tuesday 1st, and slipped into the pocket of a commercial traveller who was leaving Lawlor's Hotel for Liverpool by sea, where it was posted to us. John and Percy were trying to save hay and mangolds, but the men were not allowed to work overtime by the T.U. "Poor Lismore Castle is full of lovely pictures", was the phrase whereby Em intimated the occupation of that place. On August 11th B. could stand suspense no longer. He met a chemist from Dungarvan, and they travelled to Waterford together at an hour's fluttering notice to me. Shortly afterwards the Waterford Sub. Sheriff came in, very agitated, to try and dissuade B. from rash acts. He had had two letters which corroborated each other in saying there was a reign of terror in Dungarvan. Hundreds of pounds had been extorted from individuals at the pistol point, "and the town hourly expected to be blown up". But we could not communicate with him now, and next day I heard he had reached Waterford and

** a small house on the top of the hill behind Cappagh House*

proposed to motor to Dungarvan in Molony's meal lorry. He had been told thirty men had left Dungarvan on Wednesday night, carrying mattresses out towards Cappagh. And then I read this slip in the Irish Times! I knew that Cappagh House was occupied!

DUNGARVAN FREE

1922.

Aug. 12

Irregulars Leave The Town.

On Wednesday the last of the Irregulars left Dungarvan, and retired to Cappagh, six miles distant, on the road to Cappoquin. On Tuesday night motor cars and lorries frequently passed up and down the streets. The major portion of the Irregulars marched on Tuesday to the Railway Station, and left on the train for Fermoy. A report had reached the town that the National Army had landed at Youghal and Rochestown. On Wednesday an aeroplane hovered over the barracks, and some rifle shots were fired at it.

During the day loads of material were taken from the barracks. The poorer classes of towns-people were given a good many articles, such as doors, windows, metal pipes, corrugated iron, parts of motor cars, etc., and various articles of furniture, such as iron beds, tables, chairs, all of which were carried away. At about four o'clock, word went round that the barracks were on fire. Petrol had been sprinkled on the floors, but the place burned slowly. When the fire had done its work, in a few hours the gate was opened, and the last of the Irregulars passed out and scattered about the town. The fire continued to burn during the evening, and at night the large square of the barracks was crowded with people watching the flames. Boys were there with hammers, breaking the door posts, or smashing the slates on the roofs, for the spirit of destruction seemed to have taken possession of most of them. The old tower of King John, a specimen of twelfth century architecture, was attacked with crowbars, and later on fired, but the walls were six or eight feet thick, and could not be destroyed, and the flames were left to burn themselves out. People looked on with regret at the destruction of this historic building.

While the Dungarvan barracks were in flames, a similar process of demolition was taking place at Ballinacourty, where the new buildings of the coastguard station were also burned. There were about a dozen beautifully-built houses there, where some of the Irregulars had their quarters for some time past. When the Irregulars reached Cappoquin, they demolished the stone bridge that spanned the Blackwater. They then blew up the railway bridge, another fine structure. Thus, Dungarvan is shut out from communication with Cork on the west side, and, owing to the destruction of the Ballyveile bridges, with Waterford on the east. No Dublin papers have reached the town for several weeks, and there is no telegraph or telephone service. It is hoped something will be done soon to relieve the situation.

[see Appendix XV]

(On Aug. 12th Cork was announced taken and Griffiths died)

On Aug. 14th, I got a wire to say the occupation had ended and that B. was hoping to reach Cappagh that day. And on Aug. 21st Em. and Percy came to me. We sat up till midnight whilst they told desperate tales with all the insistence of the Ancient Mariner - tales which culminated in the story of the occupation - of how five lorry-loads of men had crashed up the drive at 2 a.m and had every bell ringing, every door banged with every curse, every shout to frighten, as they thought, their three comrades whom they thought to be alone there (instead of down in the yard), and pretending they were Free State troops come to destroy them. Then the officer recognised P. and E.W. (who had given him tea in the old days when he was "on the run"), and little Mary and John Power. -

The Catholics drove out from Ballinacourty *† My father-in-law, Richard Lamb, was a*
friend of Griffiths.

an old friend of his. So he apologised then for the racket and promised to keep his men out of any rooms which they did not wish frequented, and gave orders (fairly exceptional and unique) that there should be no thieving nor burning. Thirty men had to be accommodated in the drawing rooms, but these had fortunately been cleared for the refugees who never came. * Four officers slept in the spare rooms. Three orderlies took possession of the kitchen. They flung out of their lorries thirty new mattresses, (which they intend to "burn on the mountain" when they have done with them), bags of sugar, boxes of tea, of bombs, of ammunition, and of hand grenades, which were stacked in our hall and on the doorsteps! John, who was sleeping in the house, had hastily removed the white falcon safely out of harm's way. † Not a matchbox was "lifted" during the occupation. But a bullet mark over the pantry sink showed where the scullery boy had nearly been shot by his fellow orderly, whose revolver had gone off by accident, the bullet "parting his hair" on his friend's head before lodging in the wall. ‡

On Aug. 22 I got back to Cappagh at 8 p.m., having motored with a butcher and an egg merchant from Waterford over lanes, high roads, bog tracks, and through a stream. We heard the news of Collin's death. "Shove in Mick, make room for Dick" (Mulcahy) ran the heartless Dublin couplet. On the evening

* i.e. the Catholics driven out from Belfast.

† My father-in-law, Richard Usker, was a famous ornithologist.

92 of Aug. 23rd the Free State troops reached Dungarvan, and got a great welcome.

Cappagh House had been well spring-cleaned, but the charwoman advised me to avoid a certain green velvet arm chair, because the officers had been "very fond of it". A dog called "Ambush" was warranted to bark at everybody except Irregulars (as they were now called). A spent bullet stuck in a mouse hole kept E.W.'s door ajar, of which the handle had been removed for purposes of safety! Our men were very cordial. Mrs Kelleher said about the strike: "The poor men could not help it. God is good. It might be a long time before such a thing rises out of Cappagh again!". On Oct. 13th P. and E.W. returned to the sound of guns being fired over Cappagh, [as recorded on slip (copy) below:-

Oct. 13th/22. (F.S.)

An open Crossley tender, with troops and a coffin, proceeding from Lismore to Dungarvan for the remains of Volunteer Dooley, were fired at from a wood at Cappagh. Troops in a covered Lancia following, in charge of Captains M'Grath and Stafford, opened fire with Lewis guns on the attackers, with unknown results. On the return journey, a mine discovered near Cappagh Post Office was disconnected. The funeral of Volunteer Dooley, which took place at Lismore, with military honours, was very largely attended.

fact note

and to see the children picking up empty bullet cases as mementoes. P. wore a canary-coloured waistcoat and a Prussian blue tie. He carried "The Whole Theory of Man and of His Conduct in Life" - an Essay completed during absence and leisure!

This, and the Confession Album which the Irregulars filled in and left as a souvenir upon my desk, may be considered our documents of the period!

Three men, one of them Commandant Curran, who had originally sent the three Volunteers to befriend us, and one of them Morrissey. One of these latter had demanded tea in the kitchen on that afternoon, and I had argued at great length with them, asking them why they were destroying the country, and they had replied: "so that it would be of no good to anybody, and so that if the English came back they would find nothing there". I seemed to produce no impression, and they went away saying they "still had a great deal to do". Then the firing began. It seemed to be right over our heads, and our men working in the place had narrow escapes.

One dark night soon afterwards, two men came asking for a bed for the night. I asked them (through a window) to strike a match and show who they might be. They were very civil and obliging about it and let the light play all over what Keniry calls "the variations" - the trench coat, the Sam Brown belt etc, etc. They slept in the "officers" spare room and went away after breakfast, their machine gun hanging on the hat rack outside the kitchen door whilst they ate it.

It was all very well, but we were treading on terribly thin ice, and never knew the moment when it would break under the country, dropping pamphlets but of his ear to say it might

us, i.e., when the house might be burned down. We buried all the best china in a drain (it was discovered there eighteen months later by one of the men at an awkward moment, when we had been putting everything away for a farmers dance!) A Xian Brother came on his begging round and found me mournfully packing up a tea set to send to one of the Odells, in the midst of our dismantled drawing room, strewn with the old clothes of the Clancy's, which I was trying to mend for them. He said later, "nothing troubled Mrs Ussher except the books". He persuaded his good old Superior to house them for us. They took five donkey loads and put up shelves at their own expense for them in a room apart (at their Monastery at Dungarvan), where they kept them for nearly two years. One loves to remember these gleams of human goodness through the darkness. We also got a great deal of sympathy from old Father Burke, P.P. of Modeligo, who one day suggested he should take me with him in his car to look for a man trap!. He was always urging me to write down the exciting story of our days, before all would be forgotten. He was much disliked by his Republican parishoners, on account of his fiery sermons and doings. "Which of you" he exclaimed one day, "when you burn a mansion down, could build a hen roost?"

I described in a letter to Mother in Sept. how the I.R.A. had been forced to go on with the destruction ('Dev'. toured the country, dropping pamphlets out of his car to say it might

not stop - although he afterwards repudiated the policy.

Special intercession was made for a fine bridge at Cappoquin - but no! The Curate stood on it, and said that the hands of anyone who touched it would come off; but hands did not come off! And so the bridge was broken by some fine young men of the R.I.C. type. They lodged for the purpose with the former Resident Magistrate, whose witty wife argued with them. They told her they could not take the oath, and she told them they were well able to take everything else - life, property and all - therefore why not the oath as well?

Later on, when Mrs Brugha asked where should she go to address the electorate, a voice replied: "On to one of the bridges, mam!"

I will leave this terrible heart breaking year of 1922 with extracts from a letter which I wrote to my Mother, on the last day of it: "B. is going to a farmer's meeting by motor to Waterford tomorrow, trams having once again become things of the past, even at fourteen miles distance! ^{Burley said;} ^ 'Do you think, John, I'd better attempt it? I hear the train was burnt yesterday' 'No, Sir' (solemnly and reassuringly) 'only derailed'. 'Why, I heard it was sent flying off the lines down a side valley, and totally smashed?' 'Only slightly injured, I believe, Sir'. However, in spite of John's reassurances, the motor was decided on, and the other farmers

will share it. We will see if it can travel. There is a 6ft wall, six ft thick, across the road between here and Dungarvan, but detours through fields and gardens and even bogs, are thought nothing of. Nobody now allows themselves to be deterred by such trifles, which are nevertheless designed to harrass everybody into such a desire for peace that concessions will be made to the obstructors! Some do, indeed, in consequence become more peaceably inclined, but others are infuriated, like the old farmer I heard declaring one day that nothing short of executions would "climatise us" (to the rude blast of liberty?), and therefore the more executions the better! And there is much unfamiliar speechifying in favour of "law and order" in quarters supposed, by all tradition, to be against either!"

I think it was in January, 1923, that we had some very disturbed nights. The Free State forces in Dungarvan, well aware of our anomalous position, took the trouble to raid us, and carried off in triumph the fuses used for firing our kiln in old days (with gelignite). We had all gone to bed when loud knocks and rings summoned us to the doors, and we found the whole of the little yard outside the back door thronged with Free State soldiers. After they had surrounded the house and searched it, they went down to old Cappagh, and repeated

the process there. I have since thought it strange that they made no very thorough search of our bedrooms. The truth was that the belligerents, except in cases where revenge was concerned, were not, as a rule, anxious to do each other in: they had been friends yesterday and indulgent opponents to-day. This was particularly the case with the F.S. people, who hoped to wear out their opponents, rather than imprison them. The Republicans were much more bitter, and when F.S. soldiers deserted to them, the information so received was often a cause of dire events, particularly in the case of country house dwellers. It would go round that so and so had "informed" or "sent a message to the barracks", and a burning would ensue.

(the next county)
A journey into Wexford and back

which cost 3/10/0.

On November 19th '22, I decided to go and see what had happened to our poor old Clancy in Co. Wexford. First I had to drive to Durrrow, fourteen miles or so, and missed the train. There was no station left, only a stripped platform, with a gaunt chimney stack standing up in the middle of it. I took refuge in the neighbouring Co-op., and heard these

lurid tales about the commandeering of goods and about the fate of a boy whose clothes had been dragged off him "hunting for a revolver" by Irregulars, and his purse and his cigs. taken from him after he had been shot through the lung. When I at last got a train to Waterford, late in the p.m., I was told the train might get half way to Wexford, but it would be dark by then, and perhaps not safe, and it would be impossible to get any further, as the Bridge at Ballycullene was broken. So I spent the night in Waterford, to the sound of occasional shooting, and next day drove in a hired trap from Ballycullene to Wellington Bridge, where an old man told us how de Valera had been promising "the boys" that all destruction would be made good if they triumphed - plenty of money forthcoming, and how in the meanwhile they got 10/- weekly (for destroying), and it had recently been risen to 15/-. I also heard that twenty binding machines had been destroyed in that neighbourhood during labour troubles the year before. At last we got a train again and went slowly over a repaired bridge, reaching Wexford at 11 a.m (twenty-four hours after getting to Durrow). 800 unemployed in Wexford. Poor old Clancy, living on his brother's farm, was delighted to see me. He told me about a recent feud in Murrinstown, where the parties had to be separated by a priest. The labourers were accusing the Irregulars of taking their living from them by the des-

traction. I was told the return train was likely to be ambushed, and travelled next day with a very excited woman. "Oh glory be to goodness why are they (Free State soldiers) getting in here at all? I have a weakness and am not able for it. Mercy on us, but we are at the back of the train! I think I'll be getting out! Shall I then?...The Lord be praised, we are past Glenmore. There nearly always do be an ambush there!"

Back past all the burnt signal boxes, into Durrrow with its Bashi-Bazouk looking Free State Guardians crouching around. ("I like the F.S. soldiers", said Charlie Lamb once, "such an atmosphere about them!"). Into a safe motor home, for I was told that if a single one is fired upon, the chief local Rep's house will be burned! Motors and even push bikes were at this time "prohibited" by Reps. and liable to be fired upon.

A few nights after the Free State raid, we were once again awoken by a loud peal at the backdoor. John had slept in the house ever since our return, and I met him on the landing. "Free State troops", he explained, "I'm just going down to let them in". "Do nothing of the sort", I said, "they may not be Free State at all". I adjured them through the back door to light their matches and show themselves before we opened. This was my customary request, and for

you wash". More fury. More smashing. A demand for

the first time it was refused, or rather, the men said they had no matches. "Well, then, I'll push them under the door", I replied, and fingers took them, but still no light! Instead, they asked if we had any boys hiding", and I told them they could see for themselves if we had or not, but first there must be a civil introduction. They had only to surround the house and even if boys were in it they would not be able to get away. "Begob and she is surrounded enough if she knew it", whispered voices under Em's window on the other side of the kitchen. (She was restraining B. from joining John and myself, who had now retreated to the side of the door for fear of shots coming through. Just in time! "I shall consider you are ordinary thieves and not soldiers at all, if you still refuse to show yourselves", I declared. Therewith came a volley of abuse and of shots, accompanied by a crash of glass in the barred window beside the door! Silence. "You have one of us kill't", said a voice. But I heard no groans of wounded or dying. "Will ye let us in now?" "Come along", I said, "we are only waiting to see what you look like". Renewed fury. Then fresh parley. "There's me poor brother dead out of an ambush, and we want a bicycle to go over the mountains". "If your poor brother is dead out of an ambush, I should think it is a bed, not a bicycle, you want". More fury. More smashing. A demand for

ten pounds. Then, thinking too hastily that they might both be bought off and tracked by means of a marked 10/- note, I told them there was not ten pounds in the house, but I'd give them 10/-. They evidently thought half a loaf better than no bread, for the offer was accepted, and when I went up to my desk, I could see light following me round (through shutter cracks) to see where I could find the money. When I handed it through the broken window, the boy who was waiting to receive it seized my hand violently. I gave a counter pull, which he had not expected, and saw how he averted his face whilst he tried to drag his arm away. (It was pitch dark, impossible to see anything clearly). "You have no uniform on", I was, however, able to say, on seeing the sleeve near my face. "I left it behind this time", he replied. "Fine soldiers!", I jeered, sure now that we had to deal with thieves, and so I added "I'll inform on you"! This was an unnecessary threat, and it was recompensed by a tremendous noise of smashing beside the other door. The dining room plate glass windows lay in smithereens, by blows which seemed to come from rifle butts. But there was no attempt on the shutters, and no more shooting. Probably ammunition was short. But two nights later, at two in the morning, somebody came back. Ping, ping ping! And bullet

holes were found on each side of the balcony window, and a third bullet had gone through the upper pane, and made a hole over the bedstead where it had gone down behind the plaster. Luckily nobody was sleeping in that room. Afterwards most of us slept on the floor, to be out of range, until one day a Free State gunner boy came along and put our beds into safe corners, and told me I would be much safer in mine than under the draughts where I lay!

It was now that Em. and I, after the thieves raid, decided to stay awake turn about, till the first dawn of day between 3 and 4 a.m. It did not do to be all there when raiders came. How were we to identify the parties half dead with sleep and blinded by some match we had suddenly struck? Everything depended on knowing whom we had to deal with, and women were safer than men.

Oh the weary horror of those interminable nights! All found us in the woods the Republicans were signalling and whistling to each other. Sometimes the whistles seemed to be under our very windows, and we never knew what they might mean. We looked through the windows at the moving shadows and the fitful moonbeams outside, careful to show no light ourselves, listening, listening, always listening for steps - whispers - that most awful 2a.m bell! How many were doing, or had done, the very same thing in countless lonely homes,

3 and how many in vain! Only last year I heard of a poor little Irish boy in some Welsh preparatory school, who used to jump up in the middle of the night, fling a blanket round himself, and rush screaming out of the astonished dormitory. Somewhere he had heard the final knell which had destroyed all he knew.

One morning, waking on the floor (!) late after a long vigil, during a particularly wild wet night, I was told the poor little Co-operative Store had been burnt to the ground. *It stood* five minutes away, next the ruined barracks behind the trees, and I had heard and seen nothing! The last relic of all our social striving seemed to be gone. And doubtless it was destroyed by those very people whom it had been intended to benefit. Popular suspicion pointed to Burke, whose wife I had been reminding about her debt. But of course it was easy to blame the I.R.A., whose initials were promptly scratched on the burnt walls. Their local representatives hastened to assure me they had done no such thing, and indeed they need not have told me, for I knew an outrage of this sort was the work of spite. But what spite! Our friends told us later that they felt sure we were now doomed.

But this time, unlike our first experience in 1920, they did not all shiver fatalistically. The Hurley twins and Michael

2 Cunningham determined to protect us. These three brave boys, who were working all day, sat up night after night, either in our basement after the maids had gone to bed, or patrolling the grounds outside. They had helped us in all our social enterprises, and now they stood by us in our hour of bitter need, and stood to us at the risk of their lives had they been discovered, or suspected even, by the contending parties. Michael had to come to us over two and a half miles of exposed road, and it is an entire marvel how he escaped. Paddy Hurley was discovered in the basement during a Free State raid, and arrested, but got off on the strength of our explanations, and also, no doubt, owing to his own quiet good past. When I think of these boys, and what they endured and risked for us, and not only for us but for our very ungrateful and worthless Protestant tenants in the Giants Rock, I recover faith in human nature, hope for Ireland, hope, (so nearly destroyed) for all mankind.

I do not remember whether this plan had already started when Em. came to me (after her turn of a night) to say she had had "the Free State Army" in the basement till the small hours of the morning. Three men had arrived after 10 o'clock, so heavily armed with every murderous device they could hardly stand up, and had silently played cards together (and drunk

the tea she made) in the dark window-less room of the basement. They had heard we were to be burnt down that night. We did not believe them at the time, but many months later Mrs Cunningham was told "by a mountainy woman" that the same roving band of Republicans out of Tipp. (who burnt Sir John's house the following night) had set out to burn Cappagh and Whitechurch House, but hearing that the Free State Army had quarters in Whitechurch, they turned back. However this may be, Sir John Keane's house was burnt the following night; also, on the other side of the mountains, Major Poer O'Shee's; The Hunts; the Miss Fairholmes; and, we may add, the Langleys, who, however, escaped bad total destruction, through having sent away most of their furniture, and the petrol in their garage, only the night before!

Five country houses and our store - all burnt within a week, if I remember right, and all within a few miles as the crow flies!

I think it was in that same week in early February that we had the most lovely full moon shining over our demented world, and the wood pigeons, in its light, cooed as though it were day. Ripples and waves of cooing - what a lullaby for us all! Supposing, I thought, in this same night a

* Re journey from Dublin, D.K. told of 20 - 30 villages destroyed between Clonmell & Durtford, & miles of wretched tracks being taken slowly away for repairs.

95 train is hurled to destruction with a roar over the broken
edge of Ballyvoile viaduct! And it was! The engine fell
150 feet, and a truck was left suspended behind it for many
days. The train was empty, and the motive sheer destruction.
By this time the embankments in many places on the Great
Southern Rly. were strewn with this wanton wreckage. Some-
times, we may fear, it was for loot. Whispers went round
of farmsteads which were stuffed with the contents of houses
and trains - "like Tutankamen's tomb", said a witty member of
the Dail. It is hard to say why all these houses were burnt
if not for loot. We may except, perhaps, that of Sir John
Keane, he being a Senator, and a threat having gone out
against all Senators' houses, to punish the owners for having
taken office. (This is strange to think back on in 1925,
when Republicans are standing for election to the Senate).
It is true that on the morning of his burning, old people were
saying to each other "Where is Shaun the Burner now?", this
being a reference to an evicting ancestor, who had burnt the
dwelling he did not wish reoccupied. But so ancient a memory
(100 years at least?) would not stir people to action who
actually lived by Keane's energy and enterprise (the Bacon
Factory, for instance), and Sir John was greatly valued by
the farmers as spokesman for their interests. In fact, the
farming community is rapidly working itself out of the old

* Re journey from Dublin, B.U. told of 20 - 30 bridges destroyed
between Clonmell & Watford, & miles of wrecked trains being taken slowly
away for repairs.

Land League mentality and discovering (as one of them wrote to the Irish Times) that they are actually landlords themselves with interests similar to Sir John, who is therefore a fitting representative for them! However all this may be, it is sufficient to remember that it was a roving band out of Tipperary which burnt him out, and which had planned to burn us out too, and Whitechurch House as well. The Forsayths had gone to England the previous autumn, for fear of these very roving bands. They had no fear of their neighbours any more than we had ourselves. When it comes to the other houses on the Waterford side of the Comeragh mountains, it becomes more difficult still to know why they were attacked, and in the case of the Miss Fairholmes, it excited the utmost public indignation among all sorts and conditions of people who knew them to be the souls of goodness and benevolence. One of them was sitting in evening dress at her fire-side when the raiders appeared on Sunday evening, and was not given time even to put a shawl over her shoulders, or allowed to carry out a clock she particularly valued. They had to see their cherished home burn before their eyes. But even so, they would not leave the ruins, but lived for weeks in their dairy. A legend (they deny the truth of it) spread far and near that Miss C. Fairholme had said to one of the men she knew to be the son of a neighbouring farmer,

"I am sorry to see you here, Keating. But there is a verse in the Bible 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord'". Afterwards when Keating died a painful and horrible death, this story was told again. The poor O'Sheas were away when it happened, and poor Miss O'Shea arrived on the scene as soon as she could, to find crowds of "respectable" looters, on foot and driving, coming to see what they could pick up. The O'Sheas, too, had served their neighbourhood well, and had built School and Chapel. They are a very old Catholic family, and have suffered in bygone generations for their faith. In the penal days, they only retained their estate by transferring its nominal ownership to a Protestant friend whilst they gave their children a foreign education. I read a newspaper report of some unfortunate gentleman who asked the raiders whether they were going to burn him out because he was a Protestant? "No", they replied, "we have no religion". Yes, the old lines of cleavage are disappearing, and the O'Sheas were not protected by their faith. Neither were they destroyed for land hunger, because they had already sold their farms under the Wyngham Act, and one can hardly imagine a mere park would have made the ^a Act worth while. They were, of course, like their neighbours who suffered, old-fashioned Unionists, but many such escaped unscathed, some of whom

had no social virtues to recommend them. Merit, in fact, was neither here nor there and some of the best, as in the French Revolution, were those who suffered most. The most plausible explanation is that the whole "divvilment" was first conceived as part of a class war against Capitalists - an "irregular" land bill in most cases - and that, towards the close of the struggle, when enthusiasm was getting to a low ebb, the unhappy members of the I.R.A. were told they must show something for the money they were getting, and went then for the houses next them. "My brother will rebuild a storey higher than before", declared Miss O'Shea to sympathisers; and the Major, after surveying the wreck, waved away condolence with a gesture of his hand. That was the proud old spirit. It was at this time that two lonely women in the Rock house began to be frequently attacked by mysterious beings who stoned the windows and banged the outer doors, and committed petty thefts and depredations in the night outside. The I.R.A. was not "operating" in our most immediate neighbourhood just then, and when they did, they were wont to make their presence felt in more summary ways. Our boys, with two more to help them (who afterwards fell under suspicion of playing a double game) combined their watchfulness over by the aspect of one of them, a fine upstanding soldierly

us with watchfulness over the Rock, but without being able to discover who the play boys might be. One day Miss Colclough told me she had particular reason to believe they were going to be broken into, and I begged a gunner boy whom I knew, belonging to the Free State army, to have an eye to the Rock that night. "I cannot come along before 3 a.m", he replied. "Very well", I said, "come then", knowing that by that time our tired-out guardians would have gone home. At 3.a.m he was passing the Grand Lodge sixty feet or so below, when he heard Miss Colclough's cries for help. He turned a machine gun on ⁵the spot and her assailants fled through the woods! Next morning the trees round the Grand Lodge carried notices: "Beware of the I.R.A.". Thus, wherever two parties were concerned, the I.R.A. was always brought in as a third.

After that night the poor old women enjoyed comparative peace until the I.R.A. did indeed occupy our woods in some force, and then, on a particularly rowdy occasion, when patriotic songs were being sung far and near in the small hours of the morning, shots were fired into the house, one of which entered the wall just over their bed. On a Sunday morning in the early Spring of 1923, two of the I.R.A. came to ask for timber to make a dump. I was particularly struck by the aspect of one of them, a fine upstanding soldierly

figure in his wideawake hat, out of which drooped a gay
cock feather. I had a great talk with them as to whether
I could possibly be of any use in the peace discussions
then informally attempted by more than one agonised onlooker.
I said of course I did not know that I would have any oppor-
tunity, but I would like to be useful if I had, and I asked
them their views, which they readily gave. They agreed
that they had no wish to alter the civil constitution as laid
down under the Treaty (which meant, in other words, a readiness
to accept the Treaty, so it seemed to me); but they wanted
the Free State Army to be scrapped ("What business had they
to be enlistin' those kids instead of us!"), and a new army
to be created which would be open to all of military ambition,
whether Free State or Republican. ^{Foot Note} [This working for spoils
was not a secret. In 1922 the Republican Commandant of
Dungarvan barracks (a plumber, who had gone on hunger strike
for nineteen days in Ballykinlar internment camp, and hence
his office) told Beverley the support which the Dungarvan
Garrison would give the Free State depended on "how they treat
us". When they were "greated" to expulsion from Dungarvan,
and some of them occupied our house, they pointed to the
initials I.R.A. on one of their lorries, and, laughing quite
shamelessly, declared they "stood for Irish Robbers Associa-
tion"!] (run on)

123 From posts to plunder, the train of thought was identical. In the end they accused their own leaders of only working for "what they could get", and of course this gibe was always levelled ~~levied~~ at the Free State supporters who enjoyed emoluments. Old-fashioned Nationalists even began to maintain that envy of post-holders under the British was the original main-spring of Sinn Fein.] = end of first note
"But", I objected, "it might turn out too big an army, and besides, you know" (to my friend of the gay cock feather) "you are said all to want to be Brigadiers". He smiled sadly, and said that for his own part he had had quite enough of fighting, and would retire gladly into civil life, as would also most of his friends. Soon afterwards B. was able to tell Senator Douglas, the Quaker, this story, and Douglas replied he could quite believe it; he had heard the same proposal from many quarters of rank and file, but the leaders were intransigent, and would listen to nothing.

But at last, in March 1923, was held the last meeting of the Field Head Quarters at Ballinamult, when rifts were reported in the lute, and soon afterwards, April 10th, 1923, Kate's old prophecy seemed to be fulfilled, for, if not on the Comeraghs, yet on Creogh (the last spur of the Knockmealdowns over the Water Shed which divides from the Comeraghs) the last "battle" took place, and Liam Lynch,

Appendix XVI etc on final Repression policy

93 Commander in Chief of the I.R.A. was killed. Thus ended

the war a few miles from our door.

But did "the war" really end? The great strike of the summer of 1923 may have been part of the "very cute plan" with which de Valera was now credited.* And indeed it would have been a very cute plan to hold up all agricultural labour in connection with all the ports of Ireland. And all the Free State ports were held up except Dungarvan (whilst London and Barcelona enjoyed a similar racket elsewhere). Co. Waterford was chosen for the Transport Union's trial trip amongst the agricultural labourers. But not for nuts would the poor disillusioned men around us (in West Waterford) listen to the voice of the charmer. They "hunted" the organisers. I see in a letter I wrote to Mother on June 3rd, 1923, that our labourers spoke of the strike as a "trap", and that they threatened to "level the backs of anyone with sprong and shovel who would try to drag them out!" Sec. Landers had driven about in a handsome trap, which he had bought "out of the strike", till his life ceased to be safe, and he fled to New York. But in East Waterford, which had given in the year before and signed the "slave docket", a fierce struggle began. The farmers said that, if we in West Waterford, the year before, without protection of police or soldiers (not quite the case at Cappagh!) had managed to hold out, why

93 should not they in East Waterford resist, under the wing of the F.S. Army? And so much stronger is class partizanship than any other, that even Republican farmers deserted their labouring allies, and applied for the protection of the Free State Army! This naturally infuriated their former friends, and the burning of farmers' houses began.* Thirteen were seen smoking together one night in the very district which had witnessed the fires I have mentioned. And then came retaliation - labourers' houses were burnt. B. expostulated with one of the best men he knew, a fine old farmer, who in face and character resembles Abraham Lincoln. He was defending the indefensible, and finally declared: "I would take the torch myself!" The age-long isolation of farm houses was completely broken down. Lorry after lorry-load of young men, collected from the recesses of "Bo^{he}reens", (lanes), arrived in well-organised rotation, standing tightly packed on the lorries, to work Dungarvan creameries, shops, docks; and even on one occasion, to take the ship across channel! "Class-consciousness" had evoked its counterpart amongst these farmers, who forgot their suspicions, aloofness, jealousies, politics even, and who hailed each other good humouredly "hullo Scab!" for long months after their victorious ending to the struggle. Their ~~friends~~ funds were helped by sympathisers in other counties, well aware that this was

Tom Keniry, a neighbouring farmer's son, had begged

* see Appendix XVIII

a trial encounter, and that the heather might catch the blaze from end to end of Ireland. Why did the Transport Union choose the district they did to fight this extremely costly fray? * It contained "the republic of the Nia" - so called long before civil war began, and presumably support was expected from the small mountain farmer who lived amid the closing scenes of de Valera's campaigns. It all strengthened my suspicion of a close alliance between the I.R.A. on the right, and the material for a Red Citizen Army on the left, - In other words, the Transport Union which meanwhile, as a comprehensive civilian Union, engineered every form of class hatred by means of strikes etc.

An able creamery manager in Co. Tipperary has since confirmed this view, and told me that Cleeve's ^[butter & cheese manufacturer] chief "commandeered" (and ruined) factory was used for making munitions, a few miles from his home. But the farmers' sons in the I.R.A. do not realise anything of the sort, even yet. As the history of the 1923 strike shows, they are no lovers of Bolshevism where their own class-interests are attacked. No wonder, however, that the garrisons of Cappoquin and Dungarvan could get no instructions in 1922 as to how to deal with us, although in Lismore they were told (by the Four Courts Executive) "Not to interfere with agricultural pickets".

Tom Keniry, a neighbouring farmer's son, had begged

* £80,000 it is said.

3 me to take him to his relations in London, for fear he should be "forced to do what he shouldn't", but Tom Hurley had persuaded him not to run me into danger by his much suspected presence (he had embroiled himself with both sides in the "War"), and so it was arranged I should seek out his relations without him and fix up in London that he should follow later. Whilst on this pious errand, I came across a head clerk under the Port of London Dock Authority, who described to me all the anti-Union doings of dockers on strike. Then he suddenly wheeled around and exclaimed "All your troubles in Ireland are organised in the same place by the same people - Soviet House, and the man who planned the late police strike!". It was while this interesting conversation was going on ^{in London (I think)} that Tom fired shots into a farmer's house, exclaiming "Your money or your life". The shots just missed the farmer's wife, in bed with her children, and the infuriated father and uncles siezed Tom, who wore a mask, and discovered his identity. (His masked companions escaped). When Tom was imprisoned for robbery under arms (for which the death penalty had been recently threatened) his sister went about saying "If they shoot Tom itself, he dies for his country"! *So confused did everyone's ideas become.*

Another incident, which happened in the early spring, equally illustrates the current confusion of young minds.

123 The wretched bell had pealed one night, and a volunteer, clad in what old Keniry calls "the variations" * stood in the middle of the coach ring, clicking his rifle (he probably had no ammunition left), demanding new boots. (He was careful to keep clear of the window sills, where I had piled old weights off weighing machines up to half a cwt, and I had given out that whoever did not introduce himself civilly as a beligerent, and illuminate his uniform, whatever uniform it was, should have the weights brought down on his head!). A good many pairs of boots had to be thrown out before the young man was finally fitted, and he went away exclaiming "All for the sake of Ireland!".

He afterwards came back and fetched the boots which had not fitted him! Rumour says he had a dump of second-hand goods on the farm of his uncle - a wealthy cattle dealer! There had been considerable differences of opinion amongst members of the household as to whether he should have the boots or not, and when we had finally taken the course which the Anglo Saxon pursued with the Danes, and had got rid of our troublesome visitor, without having the front door smashed in by his confederates who were lurking around, we met John White, and, trembling on the landing, he told us he had been within an ace of shooting ^{our good friend} Paddy Hurley! Some time for the heads of our ass - 163 - and he told me after a few

* i.e. the 'official uniform' varied to suit Irregulars.

1923 previously he had besought me to give him the family fowling piece (much the worse for having been hidden in a drain during "the trouble"), saying that a single shot would have saved the Poor O'Sheas. We had actually found some cartidddges which had escaped the notice of successive raiders, in a biscuit tin in Beverley's study, and thus equipped, John had knelt at his bedroom window, the muzzle pointing at the back door, in case of an attack in the rear. When a boy come round the corner, and actually shook the back door, poor John had nearly fired, not realising, till in the very nock of time, that here was one of our best friends who, on his accustomed prowls, was making sure we were duly locked in! This story illustrates well the risks people ran with firearms, possibly worse risks than if they were without them. There may have been something, after all, to be said for leaving us without any weapon "except the family poker" (as Mrs O'Dell, of Cloncoskraine, put it).

It was in the spring of 1923 that Percy's half German friend, Voigt, came back to visit us, after an interval (since his arrest in Cappagh) spent in every European storm centre - St. Petersburg, Vienna, Belgrade, Berlin, the Ruhr - as Press Correspondent. He appeared to be quite unmoved at the sight of the weights lying on our window sills, ready for the heads of our assailants, and he told me after a few

days that Ireland impressed him as a country which was settling down very much more quickly than any of the others that had suffered upheaval.

He had been puzzled by a Jarvey, who had told him in Waterford that there were, however, still a few Die Hards about! This was the name for extreme Conservatives (instead of their extreme opponents in the Ireland he has known!)

By the time "Cease Fire" sounded, not an accessible window was left, far or near, in any place above a cabin, that had not bars across it, and I could remember the time before any were put up - except our own dating from Land League days - and even these I had taken down in 1915 - only to put up again in 1920!

Homer says: "Without kindred or law or hearthstone is the man who loves war among his people". And this man, this "Young man who betrayed his country" according to old prophecy, was indentified either with de Valera or with Collins, to suit the point of view. Thus are Delphic Oracles fulfilled.

In June, 1923, I wrote to Mother that troops were safeguarding endeavours to hoist up the Engine where it had been precipitated over the broken end of Ballyvoile viaduct (150 ft). "Also there are constant rumours of a repairing gang working gradually towards us from Mallow" (where the other broken railway viaduct was).

* Note by O.P. Duxton. The beginning of his retreat troubles. His heart got into a very bad state & was the cause of his premature death in 1917, aged 43.

"Do you know what ought to be done to him?" asks Kate.
The Civic Guard was established in the Autumn, and four
men and a sergeant took up residence in Clancy's forsaken yard
house. Two I.R.A. boys came to say goodbye to me - they
wished to clear themselves of all connection with Tom Keniry's
shooting affray, and to enquire if I could "find posts for them
in Canada". One of them, Jammy Fraher, in the opinion of an
intimate friend, had done "very cruel things". He had a sensi-
tive refined face, a face anyone would take to at a glance.
We talked over old times, and I told him how I had felt during
the great labour strike of 1922, how sheer heartbreak prevented
me from keeping my food down^{*}, and how I had lived in a low
fever. "That is exactly the state I am in now", he gravely
replied. "I thought I was working for Ireland, but the people
have turned against us, and do not want us any more". (He had
said much the same thing, I afterwards heard, when under an
anaesthetic, during the extraction of a bullet. "I thought
I was fighting for Ireland. I wish it was through my head"!)
He added he had not received "so much as a bonus" for all he
had done! (Many had hung on to the I.R.A. in hopes of this
same bonus).

Two boys in Waterford Asylum blame each other from
morning till night for a deed which each repudiates - Another
cries from dawn till dark over the past that cannot be undone.
An aged cottager declares de Valera to be Anti-Christ.

* Note by D.F. Duxton. The beginning of his internal troubles. His heart got
into a very bad state & was the cause of his
-166- premature death in 1925, aged 63.

"Do you know what ought to be done to him?", asks Kate.
"For what is he after telling the boys? He should be put
on a stove and his mouth filled with water till it boils!"

And thus, in misery and madness, we watched the heroic
age of Ireland finally fade away.

In fear and want of wit,
I could not live with you,
Though life grew tense with longing,
And so I saw,
That peace might come by wronging
You whom I loved too much.

2.

A peasant cock crows in pitiless pride,
For he is arrayed in gold -
But the wee soft rabbits creep and hide
away from the bitter frost and the cold,
And the insidious frost-red hood swings high
in a vivid stone-cold purple sky
To mark a love that grew old.

Geoffrey Coulter.

(He was with the Irregulars)

After the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars, it was

asked, did the people wish for see la liberte?

- *La peuple,
- *La liberte Non ?
- *La raison Non ?
- *La religion Non ?
- *La constitution anglaise Non ?
- *D'absoluisme Non ?
- *Rien de tout cela mais le repos*

THE COWARD.

In aid of
the Co-op.

A very successful and enjoyable dance was held at Cappagh House, on Sunday night. There was a large number of people from all quarters of the county. The dancing was kept on till the greatest pleasure was experienced, and dances included all the latest innovations as well as quadrilles, longers, etc.

I.

I loved you more than life,
And so I have broken you
In a grotesque dire strife
In fear and want of wit.
I could not live with you,
Though life grew tense with longing,
And so I slew,
That peace might come by wronging
You whom I loved too much.

2.

A pheasant cock crows in pitiless pride,
For he is arrayed in gold -
But the wee soft rabbits creep and hide
Away from the bitter frost and the cold,
And the insolent frost-red moon swings high
In a vivid stone-cold purple sky
To mock a love that grew old.

Geoffrey Coulter.

After the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars, it was asked, did the people wish for la liberte?

- "Le peuple,
- "La liberte Non ?
- "La raison Non ?
- "La religion Non ?
- "La constitution anglaise Non ?
- "L'absolutisme Non ?
- "Rien de tout cela mais le repos"

Vide Press. In aid of
the Co-op.

FARMERS' DANCE

A very successful and enjoyable dance was held at Cappagh House, six miles from Dungarvan, on Sunday night. There was a large assemblage of people. They came from all quarters of the county, and the large yard was packed with motor cars, bringing the visitors to the entertainment. The dancing was kept on till the morning. During the night the greatest pleasure was experienced, and dances included all the latest innovations as well as quadrilles, lancers, etc. The large house was kindly lent by Mr. Ussher, the proprietor, and the spacious room afforded splendid accommodation for the purposes required. The music was rendered by the efficient Dungarvan Pierrot Band. It was their first public engagement, and all present were loud in their praises of the excellent rendering of the airs suitable for the dances; the Dungarvan local combination playing with excellent zest and harmony.

"The Republicans are wib Feb. 17th, 1924. back".

"Ten Irishmen would weep on the grave of one Englishman" said Columella.

Much of Kate's prophecy has been fulfilled from the trivial to the tragic. The fine house has indeed been open for anyone to walk in and sleep there. Banks have been raided, closed, shot and broken into, occupied by both sides. The dog tax has been raised, and as have the rates.

123 The day before Beverley found a young man wandering
round at a loose end (he had motored the piano tuner over),
and asked him if his daughter (!), the young woman with him,
would like to come in to see the house. "She is not my
daughter", replied the seeming chauffeur, and it was then
discovered the lady was a typist, and himself the new
sheriff for the county!

I had pressed him to have tea in the kitchen, which
he declined. He said afterwards he was very sorry not to
have been introduced to me. He did not know I had written
the Trail, a book he much admired. He had passed a drive gate
in 1920, where "bits of boys" were hanging up in the trees,
blown there by a mine they had been laying, and to divert
his mind he had gone to a bookshop and bought the Trail!

"When the enthusiast of revolt has stood a thing on it's
head, there is nothing revolutionary for him to do but to put
it on its legs again".

"The Republicans are wishing the English back".

"Ten Irishmen would weep on the grave of one Englishman"
said Columcille.

Much of Kate's prophecy has been fulfilled from the
trivial to the tragic. The fine house has indeed been
open for anyone to walk in and sleep there. Banks have
been raided, closed, shot and broken into, occupied by both
sides. The dog tax has been raised, and so have the rates.

1923 Each year has seemed to bring the Black Rate which nobody
-24. can pay, and yet, with compensation dues added, it still
increases. As early as 1922 a machine gun had to help
in the collection, and in the "republic of ^{the} ⁿ ^{*} [?] ~~Nia~~" people have
been forcibly expelled from their farms who could not pay
them (and are cursing the Republican propagandists, who told
them not to!). The Duke of Abercorn has long since governed
Ulster with heavy breathings concerning law and order. The
gentry have fled or been "hunted". A "real Parliament" sits
in Dublin, and armed men have indeed walked themselves sore
over Cappagh. Their last battle has been fought close by,
and they have lost because they recognise they have been
fighting their own people, and their own people have turned
against them. Twice a relative peace came to us "between
the hay and the corn", and those who sowed did not live to
reap - their decaying bodies pecked by crows have been found
in the cornfields around Clonmel, and every lonely tract
holds its unknown graves.

And each side say it is all because "a young man"
(Collins or de Valera?) "betrayed the country".

But Kate says that young man is not yet, and when he
comes his head will be cut off and thrown into the Liffey,
which will have broadened to the width of the Thames. Those

* a neighbouring river valley

two sons of the 13th King of Spain have yet to land (did not de Valera have a long secret interview with the Spanish Minister for Defence, O'Donnell, of Irish descent, at the Races Conference in Paris?, so she reminds us); the Duke of Abercorn has yet to make his dash for Cork, the classes have yet to rise against the masses in England, and Turks and Huns invade her before Ireland is really free".

And while I write here, in England, September 22nd, 25. a great fear grips many and many a heart around me. The people have passed their "thinkin'" stage (even in sad sodden "Hell bottom Parva?")^{*} "they do be talking".

There is nothing to add but a postscript concerning certain interesting people in the year 1924.

A representative of the burnt-out-class (so called refugees), Sir George LeHunt, from Co. Wexford. I met him next door^{to Fort St George †} in the missionary-minister's drawing room. "I must post that parcel to Ireland", I said, throwing down a parcel of old clo's for the shop. A silent figure in the background rose, tall and impressive, out of its chair, - a fine type of the Anglo-Irish race. "Ireland"?, he asked. Did you say "Ireland?". And there was a dream and craving in his voice. "What part do you come from?" And then he told his tale, eloquently, breathlessly, to the astonished room, which had never heard it. And, as he spoke, a hard look came over

* = nickname for a Wiltshire village, Oxbourne St George.

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† E. U.'s mother's home at Cranborough, Surrey.

23-24. his kind old face, which they had never seen. He spoke of generations of benevolent activity - of a boycott in the Land League days which took place in spite of this past, of the final tragedy, aided and abetted by the machinations of a young R.C. curate. "You need not mind such people now", I said, soothingly. They have all been sent on distant missions". ("Poor heathen"), murmured our missionary host. The tale concluded in the usual way - a heap of ashes. The lodge gate still lying in a river bed. The land sold for a song to a cattle dealer. Nothing left but the family burial ground. "Go back all the same", I implored. "They will carry you on their shoulders - now!" "I will never go back", he replied, in a voice like a knell, "but", with rising voice and anger "wait a bit!; they (the English) will catch it worse here than we ever had it. They will get it in the neck! I see all the signs. I know it's coming!". He has died since.

The old I.R.A. I met them, four boys in the Fishguard express, going back to Ireland. I dated them and drew them. They had been to visit Wembly, and had had their fortunes told by a statue which rolled its eyes "and knew". Had it not described Pat's character exactly? A man who would occupy a post of danger and responsibility with credit to himself and benefit to others. Pat had occupied such a post along with themselves. Were they not four out of

the eleven who had held the R.I.C. barracks in Limerick for the Free State when surrounded by Irregulars in all the Military barracks! "And to this day when we meet them in the street they say they'll do us in, but they haven't yet, and they are not going to!". "What made you so determined?", I asked, rather breathlessly. "Why would n't we be determined then? To see these hundreds of boys who never did nothing but spy in the old days for the Black and Tans? An' then they turned around to fight us! We'd hold Limerick again, so we would, against the lot of them. But we are all civvies now, see?". And they showed me a photo of themselves, taken at Wembly^e. "It cost us 1/- extra to have 'British Empire Exhibition' stamped in gold across the corner, but we thought it worth while; so there it is. Looks fine, don't it?"

The ex soldiers of the Great War on Armistice Day '24 came out of all the retired corners, where they had hidden since 1918 and thousands - was it 25,000? - filled the square in front of T.C.D., ^(Trinity College, Dublin) and sang "God Save the King", whilst T.C.D. (I'm sorry to say) hoisted the Union Jack. In Dungarvan there was a spontaneous gathering into the market place and they enquired for one of their R.C. officers to lead them to Mass. But these gentlemen, not yet quite

24 sure of the country, were all out hunting. Protestant Captain Mitchell worked quietly, as usual, behind his counter in the Provincial Bank. They pulled him out, and he led them to Mass, whilst onlookers whispered "Them's the rale soldiers!" Before this time the soldiers of the Great War used hardly to dare to acknowledge they had taken part.

Major General Hickie, of the British Army, headed the poll for the Senate in Oct. 1925.

On June 19th, 1924, the Rosslare Express ran over Ballyvoile once more, and startled us by boisterous and exultant whistling, as it rattled past. The guard and engine driver got down, to shake hands with the station master. "Anarchy has not won this time - by God it has not!", ejaculated Mulcahy, the station master.

The last train which ran over Ballyvoile had taken us to Dublin, in that dreadful July of 1922.

"The wheel comes round again", says dear old Sergeant Johnson, in Cork.

USSHER and WHITEHEAD, April 13th, 1925, at Whitechurch, Cappa, by Rev. J. Going, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Burkett, Percival Arland, only son of Beverley Grant Ussher and Mrs Ussher, Cappa House, Co. Waterford, to Emily, elder daughter of Christopher and Mrs Whitehead, William St. Nenagh.

The pickets of 1922 gave them presents, and the Quarter Master of the "Occupation", Jim Power, drove them to church to be married.

Mrs Grant Usher's notes

Appendix.

Note on Mrs Grant Usher's life
by her sister Mrs Roden Buxton

Mrs Roden Buxton wrote
this note in July 1936.

PREFACE

Notes on the life of Emily Horsley Ussher, by her sister, Dorothy Buxton

longed to devote himself to cultural pursuits, but in his

Emily Horsley Ussher (nee Jebb) was born in February, 1872, at The Lyth, Ellesmere, Shropshire. She was of very mixed Celtic and Saxon blood. Her father, Arthur Trevor Jebb, (born 1839) descended on the paternal side from old yeoman stock of the borders of Shropshire and Wales. The Jebbs were noted for independence of character, and a somewhat headstrong, combative disposition. A strain of public spirit ran through them. Records remain of a Richard Jebb (the ancestor of several of the same name) in the 18th Century who, while agent to the local magnate, fought his employer over some question of local ~~grievances~~ grievances, and won the case. This tradition was maintained. Personal interest in this and succeeding generations was often sacrificed, ~~in this and succeeding generations~~ and fortunes, if made, were not retained.

Arthur's mother, Eliza Edwards, brought a gentler and more aristocratic strain into the family. Her artistic Scotch mother was a pupil of Romney's. Her father was descended from the Gamuls, who won fame as supporters of King Charles in the Royalist struggle in the West, which ended with the siege of Chester. Eliza was artistic, poetical and deeply religious. She died in middle life,

when her son was a young boy, but her influence was never lost upon him. Arthur was poetical and scholarly. He longed to devote himself to cultural pursuits, but in his position of country squire, the call of small local public duties intervened. He was at everyone's service but his own, and never spared himself. He died prematurely at the age of 51. Emily Ussher, his eldest daughter, was a great admirer of her father, and her own career, in a very different setting, ran somewhat parallel to his.

Arthur Jebb married his namesake, Eglantyne Louisa Jebb, of Killiney, Dublin, a daughter of an old Irish family, whose connection, if any, with the Jebbs of Shropshire is not known. Her grandfather, Judge Jebb, his half-brother, the Bishop of Limerick, and his cousin, Sir Richard Jebb, Court Doctor to George III, were well known figures of their time. Nichols, in his 'Literary Anecdotes', says of the Jebbs, that "few families have produced more persons connected with the literary history of the last Century" (i.e., of the 18th Century).

Eglantyne's elder brother was Sir Richard Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and famous for his edition of Sophocles. She herself was a highly idealistic person, with artistic gifts, and a great reader of Ruskin. With

a family of six young children still on her hands, and living a secluded life in remote Shropshire, she felt moved to bring the sense of beauty and delight in creative work into the restricted lives of a country population. A carving class held in the Lyth dining room rapidly led on to classes for handicrafts of many kinds in the neighbouring villages. Out of this grew the Home Arts and Industries Association, which held its annual Exhibition for many years in the Albert Hall, London. Emily Jebb's earliest years were crowded with varied interests. A quick, precocious child, and very unselfish, she early entered into the full life of her parents, and caught their enthusiasm for public service. But this happy period was of short duration. Her mother had plunged into a great movement, but to remain its leader and inspirer proved too much for her strength. After a few years she suddenly broke down in health, and became an invalid. It fell to Emily to give companionship to her father, to wait on her mother, and to help in mothering the younger children. Her own artistic interests suffered. Except for six months spent in Dresden, at the age of 18, when she hoped her second sister (Louisa, afterwards Mrs Roland Wilkins) might be old enough to take her place, she never found time to follow them up. This six months was the happiest, and certainly the most

peaceful time of her life. She studied painting and leather work⁺, and became proficient in the German language. Wherever she went her social gifts won her great popularity with her German acquaintances, and she made great fun of how a German General (aged 60) proposed to her. In 1894 her father died, and more than ever Emily was needed at home. After some years, in her late twenties, she married Beverley Grant Ussher, the son of Richard Ussher, of County Waterford (the Ornithologist). Beverley was a school inspector in England. Not long before the Great War he came into his father's estate. Emily used to make a great joke of how odd it was that it should fall to her, of all people - the most democratic member of a democratic family - to live in a stately country house! The stately country house, however, could offer no barrier between her and her poorer neighbours. On the contrary, its doors were always open to them, and Mrs Ussher's most intimate friends were to be found among the women, who would leave their two-roomed cabins to wander over the moors and down the hills into the beautiful garden of Cappagh, and find their way through the open garden door, all unannounced, to look for their beloved Mrs Ussher, wherever she might happen to be.

Note. A small book E.U. published for teachers, 'Observation Lessons in Plant Life', beautifully illustrated by herself, shews her keen interest in Nature and something of her artistic powers.

Appendix IVa). This was started with the help of her

Uproarious peals of laughter would often mark the arrival of such a guest. More Irish in some ways than the Irish themselves (she adopted a broad Irish accent), she loved to crack jokes with her friends, and the ebullience of her spirits was irresistible. These visits were apt to be very protracted, but she never showed signs of weariness. She had her own version of the line in Grey's 'Elegy'; 'The short and simple annals of the poor'. In her experience, she said, they were 'the long and incredibly complicated annals of the poor'. But while so sensitive to the troubles and difficulties of others, she would find endless sources of merriment in her own.

A thirst for beauty, and sensitive to it in all things, (and with unsatisfied artistic powers surging within her) Emily was proportionately alive to all that was dark and unlovely in the human life around her. She never tried to close her eyes to it, nor hesitated in the year-long struggle to do something to help. But perhaps her greatest solace and source of strength for each day's task lay in the feast of natural beauty which she found in the surroundings of Cappagh.

From the first, she threw herself into the lives of the people, and among her most important activities on their behalf was the work of the Finisk Cooperative Store (see Appendix IVa). This was started with the help of her

younger sister, Eglantyne Jebb, who at one period of her life devoted herself to the work of the Co-operative Movement. Emily's work, however, and the spirit in which she carried it on, is well indicated in the Diary to which these notes form a preface. Her buoyant spirit and keen sense of humour, and the warm glow of her sympathies, shine through all that she has written.

For several years before her death, her heart had got into a condition which to most people would have been extremely alarming, but she habitually made a joke of its peculiarities. It was only when the sudden collapse came, bringing death in ten minutes, that some of us realised the full seriousness of her trouble.

The following is an extract from the obituary notice in the 'Dungaryan Observer' (June 8th, 1935).

and status and as a centre of recreation and amusement, and the focus towards which the young people turned for work and play. For Mrs Fisher, with her generous mind, had full appreciation of what social intercourse can do to develop not only happiness in the individual, but that spirit of cooperation and self-help so needful to all in this age.

In the dark days of the Black and Tan régime, she threw in her lot with her oppressed fellow countrymen,

("Dungarvan Observer" , June 8th, 1935.)

the injustice of the Death of Mrs E.H. Ussher, Cappagh House.

The late Mrs Ussher had done noble work since she came to Cappagh some 30 years ago. Her chief aim and ambition was ever to improve the lot of her poorer neighbours and bring all classes together in friendly intercourse. And how she succeeded is a matter of common knowledge. She touched nothing she did not adorn and she put her great energy into every movement which she believed was for the good of the people amongst whom she lived. She established Cappagh branch of the United Irish Women and taught all its members what self-reliance and co-operation can do when properly directed. Cappagh Hall which she established for the training of the young girls of the district in arts and crafts and as a centre of recreation and amusement, was the Mecca towards which the young people turned for work and play, for Mrs Ussher, with her masterly mind, had full appreciation of what social intercourse can do to develop not only happiness in the individual, but that spirit of cooperation and self-help so needful to all in this age...

In the dark days of the Black and Tan régime, she threw in her lot with her oppressed fellow countrymen,

and by pen and lecture tried to awaken English opinion to the injustice of the doings of those days. Her novel, "The Trail of the Black and Tans", focussed public attention to the misdoings of those boys, while a lecturing tour she gave in the English cities at the time drew much comment from the British Press. She was always doing good amongst those she lived and to make them happy, ~~and~~ prosperous and contented was her aim. In recent years, in spite of failing health, she was known for her untiring work on behalf of the Finisk Co-operative Store, which became a meeting ground for farmers and labourers brought together in the good cause of making life easier for each other. No list of her public activities can give any idea of that neighbourly love which was hers, and which simply ignored all barriers of class, politics or religion. It is as the friend of humble folk that she would have wished to be remembered, rather than as the organiser of any spectacular movements..."

9

Supplementary list of dates giving events at Cappagh. (noted
protect Cappagh. — Down by C.R. Baxton)

- 1919-1921. The "War" between Ireland and England.
The "Old" Irish Republican Army, united, and
total.
- April 1920. Barracks burned down at Cappagh.
country houses burned down too (Sir John Keble's
included).
- July 1920. Threat of burning Cappagh. I.R.A. men came to
protect it.
- May 1921. Second battle of Durrus (Waterford).
- Dec. 1921. The Treaty.
- Aug. 1921. House let to Civic Guard at Cappagh.
- June 1922. The 'Pact' between Free Staters and Republicans
for the Elections.
- May 22-Aug. 4, 1922. Strike at Cappagh. Steward driven out -
Irregulars pickets sent to protect them against
strike pickets.
- June. Percy went to Galway - the same thing all the way.
- April 1922. The "Four Courts" occupied by Republicans.
- Aug. 11-18, 1922. Occupation of Cappagh by 33 Irregulars,
retreating before F.S. (Miss Whitehead's
information).
- July 1922. The "Four Courts" bombarded. The "Civil War"
began. The "new" Irish Republican Army.
June 18.
- August 1922-April 1923. Robbery & Raiding period continued.

Jan.1923. Threat of burning. Free State soldiers came to protect Cappagh.

Armed raid (special one).

Cooperative Stores burned down at Cappagh.

4 country houses burned down too (Sir John Keene's included).

April 1923. End of period of violence. Liam Lynch killed.

May.1923. Second strike ⁱⁿ East ^{Co} Waterford.

Aug.1923. House let to Civic Guard at Cappagh.

The recruits who protected themselves in Cork had to be used here again, and in fairness it has to be remembered that Ireland's population, especially in rural areas, carries a heavy load of the work, the fit having volunteered for service.

+++++

1923-1924

Vide Press.

They and the Counties that were what they had done in the great work, which unfortunately, in the fit state of conditions. He thought that it was not good that the work of Army and District was only made by the other work in the British Commonwealth of Ireland in the presence of the fit state to the war, and that was by a little team in 1923-1924. Over 2,000 men went from South Kildare.

+ + + + +

While English people were asking "Why does not Ireland play up"?, Redmond was declaring that "Ireland had a larger proportion of her sons in the firing line than either England, Scotland or Wales"; the firm of Hearne in Waterford was glad to keep open twenty seven berths for absent men, and one of the directors, returning from a business trip to Leeds and Birmingham, told me Irish cities compared, on the whole, favourably in the matter of recruiting. Again, I was told that half the recruits who presented themselves in Cork had to be sent home again, and in fairness it has to be remembered that Ireland's population, especially in rural areas, carries a heavy load of the unfit, the fit having emigrated for generations.

+ + + + +

1929. KILDARE MEN IN THE WAR

Vide Press.

They had the Countess Haig there that day to carry on the great work, which unfortunately, he was not able to continue. He thought that it was not known that the town of Athy and district was only beaten by one other town in the British Commonwealth of Nations in the percentage of men it sent to the war, and that was by a little town in Scotland. (Applause). Over 2,000 men went from South Kildare.

The vast majority of them served in France, and a great many of them served under their President, General Sir William Hickie. In January 1916 the record for the Navy was 9,516. As this country has at least supplied 159,422 men to the armed forces of the Crown.

IRELAND'S CONTRIBUTION

One of the returns submitted to the Royal Commission on the Rebellion by Sir Matthew Nathan gives the total number of men from this country who were in the Army before the war broke out and the number who joined up to April 16th, 1916, either as reservists or recruits. Although there were in the regular army 20,780, the special reservists numbered 12,462, and the reservists who joined the colours on mobilisation came to 17,804, or a total of 51,046. To these have to be added the recruits who joined the colours since mobilisation, and they numbered 99,837, giving a grand total for this country of 150,183. Among the recruits were 22,546 National Volunteers and 25,265 Ulster Volunteers. The reservists who were in the National Volunteers numbered 7,615, while those in the Ulster Volunteers came to 4,352; therefore, between reservists and recruits the contribution of the National Volunteers was 30,161, and of the Ulster Volunteers 22,617. The National Volunteers of Dublin contributed recruits,

and altogether the recruits from Dublin numbered 17,536. To complete the return, we should have the number of persons from this country who have joined the Navy. In January last the return for the Navy was 8,546. So this country has at least supplied 159,422 men to the armed forces of the Crown.

Sir,

I have always been struck by the fair way your paper voices conflicting opinions, and therefore I feel assured you will publish this letter, although it runs counter to the "expressions of a 'Visitor'" recorded in your last issue.

In the May number of the "19th Century and After" are quotations from two important documents recently circulated in Germany, and which the Government there has been at infinite pains to keep for perusal at home. Nevertheless, there has been a partial leakage through neutral countries, and thus we learn that the leaders of thought, and the most important trade federations of Germany - the whole nation if we exclude the Socialists - unite in recommending the permanent annexation of all conquered territory as a bulwark against the rest of Europe; but because annexation proved to be a source of continual trouble in Alsace Lorraine, the mistakes of "Lunigenoy" committed there are not to be repeated elsewhere. The remedy is Belgium, the French provinces, Poland, etc. etc. to be twofold - confiscation of all property and disfranchisement, wholesale and

complete, of THE RISING, 1916. In other words, the right of conquest is interpreted, by at any rate the agency of Germans, to sanction slavery on a scale unknown in the history of civilisation.

To the Editor of the Dungarvan Observer. To make the blood run cold,

Sir,

I have always been struck by the fair way your paper which are peculiarly revealing to the Irish mind. I have seen voices conflicting opinions, and therefore I feel assured and this appeals particularly to the Irish mind. I trust you will publish this letter, although it runs counter to the "impressions of a 'Visitor' " recorded in your last issue.

In the May number of the "19th Century and After" are quotations from two important documents recently circulated in Germany, and which the Government there has been at infinite pains to keep for perusal at home. Nevertheless, there has been a partial leakage through neutral countries, and thus we learn that the leaders of thought, and the most important trade federations of Germany - the whole nation if we exclude the Socialists - unite in recommending the permanent annexation of all conquered territory as a bulwark against the rest of Europe; but because annexation proved to be a cause of continual trouble in Alsace Lorraine, the mistakes of "leniency" committed there are not to be repeated elsewhere. The remedy in Belgium, the French provinces, Poland, etc etc. is to be twofold - confiscation of all property and disfranchisement, wholesale and

complete, of every living soul. In other words, the right of conquest is interpreted, by at any rate the majority of Germans, to sanction slavery on a scale unknown in the history of civilisation. The impression left was such as to make the blood run cold, and it is an impression which all your readers would at once share on reading the texts, because these are ambitions which are peculiarly revolting to the Irish mind. Further, and this appeals particularly to the Irish mind, transplantations on an enormous scale are to be undertaken of these conquered tribes, these former friends and benefactors of Ireland, whose motto in France is still liberty, equality and fraternity - the motto which endeared them to the men of '98, and the motto for which they are fighting under the walls of Verdun, the bloodiest, most strenuous series of battles in history. France is opposed there to a nation of which the motto has become slavery, spoliation and hatred. Instead of proclaiming the brotherhood of man, the German Apostle says: "Faith, hope and hatred, but the greatest of these is hatred". Is it possible that holy Ireland has been expected to shout a loud Amen? Yet the recent rebellion, if it had succeeded, would have been Amen and goodbye to any hope, here or elsewhere, for the principles dear to the men of '98. We are generous, pitiful people. Do not let us be led astray by our virtues. We are bound to reason, and reason-

ing in this case can only lead to one conclusion. Already the onlooker is prone to say that we have become so shortsighted in our self-centred aims that we would be willing to take the good gifts we covet from the hands of the greatest Devil Power that walks the earth. Oh, holy Ireland! Not yet, I do believe, are you so polluted. Your sons in the trenches, above all those stalwarts of Limburg camp, give the lie to any such suspicions and have prevented the crown of shame (even though it be the crown of success) from being rivetted around the fair brows of Erin. Let us pity those who erred in their love for her; let us pray for them - but if we admire them, then let Emmet and Wolfe Tone judge us! From the starry spaces, looking down upon us, may they, may they forgive us!

Believe me, sir,

Yours very truly,

E.H. USSHER

Cappagh, 28th June, 1916.

W
E

DUNGARVAN OBSERVER.

Saturday, September, 9th, 1916.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE

To the Editor of the "Dungarvan Observer"

The language cause has gone through some vicissitudes of late, and in spite of the very cruel misunderstanding to which it has been exposed, the Gaelic League enters with undiminished vigour upon a fresh campaign of thankless valour for the ideal of an Irish-speaking Ireland. For fear the opportunity should be lost, I should like to make through your columns a strong appeal to all your readers to co-operate with a renewed and greater enthusiasm with us who are trying, almost despairingly, to save the soul of the nation from ~~extinction~~ ^{extinction}. We are not unaware of the causes that have led it to the verge of extinction. The century-long campaign of suppression which has almost succeeded in effacing the last vestiges of our distinct national culture, has moreover instilled a false sense of shame and an artificial restraint in those who still retain by force of nature the fine speech of their ancestors. We should have thought, however, that now that every encouragement and facility is given to learn and speak the dear old tongue, we should have availed ourselves of the opportunity offered, and

a reaction would have set in against the system under which we have groaned so long. The Government, to which we are accustomed to attribute unthinkingly every ill under the sun, no longer stands in the way; in fact, it has made us several important, if grudging, concessions. The clergy, as a whole, are favourable. Irish is included in the curriculum of every Roman Catholic Secondary School in the country, and it is taught in nearly half the National Schools. What, then, prevents the return of the National language to the old and proper position which it should occupy - that of being the spoken language of Ireland? There can be only one answer. Our people themselves are guilty of a crime to Ireland and to posterity, of which they do not realise the seriousness. That is the plain fact. The Irish-speaking parent who habitually neglects ^{to speak} his native language to his child is doing a deadly injury to his native land, though he may regard himself as a patriotic Irishman, and sing "A Nation Once Again" with enthusiasm at Home Rule Meetings. Ireland is fast losing her individuality, just as Switzerland is, because her sons have bartered their birthright for temporary expediency. What must be the fate of Ireland in another few decades, if the present apathy of the mass of our people is allowed to continue? We shall be a nation without a soul, because we have lost the

Appendix IV (see page 25)

only medium through which an Irishman can adequately express the thoughts which are surging in his soul. The present time is critical. Ireland is in the melting pot, and it is for us to see whether she emerge from it in the full strength and vigour of the Ireland we have known and loved, to take her place in the family of nations, or as a tottering, lifeless wreck to perish irrevocably in the inevitable loss of her spirituality and her intellectuality. Let us choose before it is too late. The curse of unborn generations will be upon us if we fail in our task of handing down to them the culture which we possess.

Yours faithfully,

PERCY USSHER.

...Cappagh. We say mention that the proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to aid the Cappagh Show to be held on May 1st. The principal attractions were visiting the garden, sitting on the lake, dancing on a stage, listening to the Starred Troupe from Cappagh, and having excellent refreshment in Cappagh House.

Mrs. Usher was the life and soul of the fête. She was here and there, seeing that everybody was enjoying themselves and that all were happy. The fête was her own idea, and it was a huge success from every point, and especially from the

Vide Press of view of the cooperation of all June and July, 1916.

especially dear to her heart. The fete was representative

of the GARDEN FETE AT CAPPAGH. All did their share

of the work and that is why it was crowned with success. If

only we could have such fetes around us how happy we

would be for the necessity, and how much it would do for

Cappagh under the auspices of the Joint Associations of the
United Irish Women of Cappagh and Cappoquin. Cappagh House

and grounds were kindly placed at the disposal of the U.I.W.

by Mr and Mrs B.G. Ussher, and all who had the pleasure of

being present are highly grateful to them for their kindness

and generosity. The fete was most enjoyable, and the large

attendance from Dungarvan, Cappagh, Cappoquin and the surrounding

districts went home hoping that e're long such a pleasant after-

noon would be theirs again. We may mention that the proceeds

of the fete are to be devoted to aid the Cappagh Show to be held

on July 13th. The principal attractions were visiting the

garden, rowing on the lake, dancing on a stage, listening to

the Pierrot Troupe from Cappoquin, and having excellent re-

freshment in Cappagh House.

Mrs Ussher was the life and soul of the fete. She was

here and there, seeing that everybody was enjoying themselves

and that all were happy. The fete was her own idea, and it

was a huge success from every point, and especially from the

entertained for all and for the excellence of their repast.

point of view of the cooperation of all classes, which is especially dear to her heart. The fete was representative of the masses as well as the classes. All did their share of the work and that is why it was crowned with success. If only we could have many such fetes around us how happy it would be for the peasantry, and how much it would do to relieve the dull monotony of every day life. There was amusement simple, homely and instructive for all. It would do as a striking instance of the happy village of Auburn, as portrayed by Goldsmith. In the afternoon there were sports in the grounds, at which competitors were plenty, and which provided much merriment.

A visit to the well kept garden at Cappagh would amply repay the visitor. It contains every possible variety of vegetable, flower and fruit, and was an education in itself in everything that pertains to the table. Very many also paid a visit to the Giant's Rock, so delightfully situated on the top of the hill and commanding a wonderful position overlooking the country for miles around. Cappagh House and demesne, too, were the objects of much interest, and on a future occasion we will give our impressions of them. We here beg to congratulate the ladies in charge of the refreshment department for the capable way in which they catered for all and for the excellence of their repast.

As all concerned worked eagerly and energetically, we deem it would be invidious to single out anybody for special mention. The cooperation of all interested accounted for the great success achieved, and Mrs Ussher, while the recipient of hearty congratulations from all, must feel elated at such a reward for her efforts. The United Irish Women of Cappagh have done much good work during their brief existence, but we think that the display of last Sunday was such as to place them on the pinnacle of fame in all that goes to make for the betterment of the community and the enjoyment of life.

C A P P A G H S H O W

Cappagh Show, under the auspices of the United Irish Women, was held at the Hall on Thursday, and in every respect was an unqualified success. It was the second annual show, and embraced sections for butter, poultry, vegetables, fruit, cakes, needlework, etc. In all classes the entries were large, showing the popularity of the show and the deep interest taken in it by the general mass of the people. The quality of the exhibits was well up to the standard, and, competition being very keen, only the best had the slightest chance of the awards. Since its inauguration in Cappagh,

the local branch of the United Irish Women has done an enormous amount of good. Whether by supplying amusement to vary the

dull monotony of every day life, or interesting the people in all that goes to make life happy, its objects have been most commendable. But in initiating an industrial and horticultural show, it has succeeded in creating still further interest in all that the people take a deep interest in, and at the same time

shows them how to make the very most of the advantages they have. So great has been the development along the path of advancement in industrial and horticultural spheres in the area covered by Cappagh Show, that any person having seen the exhibits at Thursday's display would admit they would take some beating at any similar and many more pretentious exhibitions.

Taken all round, it was a day of instruction for all visitors, coupled with pleasure, and the Cappagh United Irish Women well deserved the praise extended to them on all sides for the good work they are doing to brighten the homes and make pleasant the conditions of living. The various stewards discharged their duties excellently, and the judges gave perfect satisfaction in the awards.

Her personality radiated an influence to its members, which was felt how personally and for their societies a source of strength, encouragement, and hope in times of trouble, and an urge to greater efforts in the cause of Co-operation in its widest sense, a cause for which she worked with unremitting

APPENDIX IV^a. (Added in later by D.F.Buxton)
 (see page 25)

The following is an extract from an article in the Cooperative Review (April, 1936) on "Irish Cooperation in 1935", by C.C.Riddall. After enumerating the Co-operative Societies all over Ireland, the article proceeds:

" Mrs Beverley Ussher

Special notice must be taken of the Finisk Society mentioned above. This little society is situated in a purely rural district of the Co. Waterford. Its existence (from 1918) and its survival of misfortune are due entirely to the inspiration given and the noble example of co-operative faith, leadership, and undaunted courage set by the late Mrs Beverley Ussher, who passed away last year. Her continuous work for the society day after day throughout the whole period, carried on under the handicap of chronic ill-health, was beyond praise. Her death was a bereavement not only to the society but to the Irish Cooperative Movement. Her personality radiated an influence to its members, which was for them personally and for their societies a source of strength, encouragement, and hope in times of trouble, and an urge to greater effort in the cause of Co-operation in its widest sense, a cause for which she worked with unremitting

and persistent unselfishness. Her many talents, breadth of vision, large heartedness, and wide idealism and devotion to duty, all balanced by a keen sense of humour, made of her a unique and companionable pioneer in the co-operative cause.

It is fitting to conclude this reference to the Irish societies here with a motto which I have asked Irish co-operators to adopt for the year 1936, because of its appropriateness to the fine quality of character with which the late Mrs Ussher compelled esteem, won friends, and succeeded where many would have failed: "Character counts more than Capital".

In the opposite direction, still further west, in our county capital, where since election riots had prompted an old lady of my acquaintance to exclaim: "Let them all kill each other, so long as they spare the poor poor police". Such an instance of feeling as sincerely exceptional; nevertheless, the removal of the local force had been accompanied by gloomy forebodings, and to all classes alike, of unlooked and... The constables cried, and were... The sergeant continued to make... until she lay in his throat

THE IRISH STATESMAN April 24, 1920.

COMMUNICATION - A BARRACK BURNING.

A correspondent (E.U.) sends us the following:

I want to tell you about our first experience of "firm government" in a quiet, remote Southern district of which the police barracks lie on a great high road flanked by places occupied by concentration forces of the R.I.C., but where no policeman dare venture from behind sand-bags after 10 p.m.; yet further away is a strong military centre, close to which barracks have recently been fired during morning church hours. In the opposite direction, still further away, is our county capital, where minor election riots had prompted an old lady of our neighbourhood to exclaim: "Let them all kill each other, so long as they spare the poor dear police"! Such intensity of feeling is clearly exceptional; nevertheless, the removal of the local force had been accompanied by gloomy forecasts, made by all classes alike, of unchecked small trespasses to come. The constables cried, and were speed with tears. The old sergeant continued to make mechanical motions towards his dayroom, until the lump in his throat and chin. But helpful and respected - even loved - as she

reminded him that twelve years of command there had ended. . . and not in a pension. Whether beyond the age limit or not, he and those like him are compelled to continue hazardous service; and he left, in his turn, for a concentration force many miles away. His wife, unable to find another roof, remained alone with a cripple child who could not walk. At Easter her son returned from school, and, almost simultaneously, her husband, who had been promoted, received a threatening letter, bidding him prepare for death. Agony about him removed her own too likely peril from her mind. The County Inspector called on her and learnt, for the first time, of the universal belief that detachments from the Army of Occupation were to be sent to all the empty barracks throughout the country. "That explains much", he said. He proceeded to carry out the object of his visit, which was to warn her (which he did with resigned and helpless fatalism) of her danger. So many other wives had been rendered houseless, and yet she found it hard to believe the same would happen to herself! It all seemed so remote from life, so contrary to reason and long experience. The Inspector instructed her to do just what the raiders would ask. "They may be a very decent lot!" Dazed, she packed her clothes and china. But helpful and respected - even loved - as she was, "Only spare my things", she replied, "and spare my

~~she~~ had always been, why should her home be burned? She sent the cart away which we sent for her things.

So, impotent, I prepared quarters for refugees.

At 1 a.m the silence vibrated, and could be heard.

Then the cripple screamed at the door. There had been no sound of car or cart. Four masked men had crept along the cottage garden attached to the barrack, and had demanded instant admission. "Don't frighten me now", said the brave woman. "We won't frighten you at all", was the reply, "but you must leave it in ten minutes". "Make it twenty". "Very well, so, only be quick and don't let that light be seen". "Will you help me to carry the things out?" "After you are gone", said the big fellow, with masked face averted. Where do you want (!) to go now?" "To that big house beyond the trees". "Good! we will see you there safe." She set out with a silent escort of two. One of them wheeled the pram, but the cripple cried so pitifully her mother had to carry the heavy burden. Her spirited boy argued: "What good would it do them to burn the house?" They replied they were sorry, but they "had to do it". She heard the order given in decisive accents: "Now men, fall in", and she heard the orderly tramp of over a dozen pair of feet into the barracks. Our door was quickly reached. "Was there anything more they could do for her?" "Only spare my things", she replied, "and spare my

home. I have spent many happy days in it". "Spare your things we will", was the reply, "but spare the house we cannot, we have strict orders to destroy it utterly". "I have spent many happy days in it", replied the poor woman. The retort was gruff. "Happy days is over. And now, none of you come out of here for three hours". The escort picketed near our ashpit, and sounded a long whistle.

Again that vibrating silence could be heard. We felt the presence of a surrounding guard, and we could see the occasional gleam of a match, lighting a cigarette, in shrubberies far and near. We watched and were watched. "They were carrying in your straw rick as kindling", said the sergeant's wife to the helpless and distracted owner of house property. "D'll go and prevent them!", he said, automatically. A whistle instantly sounded under the window. Automatically we blew out our candle.

How slowly the three hours passed! The cripple slept and the stars twinkled. Then balls of flame danced skyward over the trees. The sergeant's wife said something very unexpected, and which illustrates typical invasion psychology: "Why did we leave two loaves behind!". she exclaimed. "They would have been so useful!"

Nature relieves us with a dull inhibition to sooth our griefs. The unfocussed mind ceases to grasp a great

calamity. Watching impassive from that window, who would have guessed her "happy days" were over? Presently, however, something subconscious seemed to suggest itself concerning her heavier furniture, which it would have been difficult to "throw out" in a hurry. "The fire is brighter now", she said, without a trace of emotion. It has reached our quarter. There is no more to burn in it!"

Meanwhile, in the cottage, which shared a single dividing wall with the barracks, six terrified children with their parents and the lodger (a storekeeper) were penned in. They were told they would be warned of danger, and to mind themselves. They heard crash after crash next door. The lodger put his head through the skylight in the roof and expostulated. "How could they mind themselves if they were not allowed to stir out?" The reply was an enquiry if he had any paraffin to sell? A ladder had been brought from its place in our farmyard, the upper windows of the barracks had been broken to let in air. Stairs had been destroyed, floors ripped up, straw rammed beneath them. There was no uncertainty as to method, no confusion as to function. Three hours over, the expert incendiaries left in a car which arrived punctually to fetch them, and proceeded to fire another barracks five miles away. Of the two military authorities in Ireland, one, at any rate, is competent. Now and only now did the occupants

Appendix II (see page 43)

of another cottage just across the road awake, but they, in their turn, were penned in. At 5.30 the storekeeper braved the armed pickets, but was warned home again by whistles. The coast was not cleared till all chance of ~~extinguishing~~^{extinguishing} the fire had vanished. The sergeant arrived at noon to find only four blackened walls remaining of his home, whilst a little heap of easily removeable furniture beside them testified to half-realised good intentions. "Better so", he said, "than a military occupation"!

When the gift of organisation and the efficient will once get turned to building up instead of pulling down, what a country we even yet may have! Here lies the hope of spring in the midst of winter.

"Oh brother burn thy bolster
Cast thy pillowslips away!
Sleep upon a modest holster
Or a little wisp of hay!"

But they got very tired of doing this, and the new Superintendent of Civic Guards in 1925 never ceased complaining to the Board of Works about the accommodation of the new police (appointed, many of them, in recognition of having destroyed the old!)

Appendix VI (see page 43)

I have come across a diary of this week.

- June 26. 20. Our tenant at the Rock informed that if he took certain land from us he would suffer accordingly. All the instruments of the band in Ballinameala mysteriously broken up the same day.
- June 27. General Lucas kidnapped near Fermoy.
- June 28. Ryan had to be shouldered out of the shop on account of his threats. The Gardiners fled to us from Lismore.
- June 29. Dancing stage fired in Aglish. Message from Board of Guardians to tell Coop. it will be picketed if attempts are made to deal with ~~Non-Transport~~ workers, and burnt. (The Agricultural Labourer's Union was included in the Transport Workers' Union).
- We got the threatening letter.
- June 30th. Sent Madonna to Father Gleeson (It hangs in Ballinameala Chapel). Packed up the silver.
- June 31. Father Hannelry got the other Madonna for Modeligo.
- July 1. Visitors at 3 a.m. All valuables taken to the bank. The Show Sec. got an anonymous letter forbidding the holding of Cappagh Show. Our first guard arrives.
- July 2. Deputation of Committee ament threat to show. We determine to persevere with it.

July 3. Volunteers visit Dromana and promise it shall be
~~glor~~ respected. 3rd guard. young men to "join up" (in the

July 4. ^[Derry's under] B. went to Assizes as High Sheriff, and we wondered if
 he would return alive. Quite a stirring week in matters
 large and small, but only a sample, alas! of the times.
 "do not ask what they are doing".

The name books of the young Glencoe (the Stewart's chil-
 dren) which I found when packing Glencoe's things to send after
 him, suggested that the School Literary Education was used as
 far as possible for propaganda. These are extracts from pre-
 sumable recitation material: From the Foggy Dew, with reference
 to "pro-fictious" (perfidious) libels:

"The bravest fell as the Angelus bell

Went mournfully and slowly

For those who died that Sunday morn

In the spring time of the year,

And the world did gaze with deep surprise

On those fearless men but few

Who loved to fight for freedom's right

And died in the foggy dew.

It was England made our wild geese fly

Small nations might be free,
 Now their lonely graves on Salva's (?) plain
 By the side of the black North Sea

It was during this winter, 1920-21, that the younger clergy and missionaries exhorted young men to "join up" (in the I.R.A.,) thereby laying the foundation of all the want of respect and confidence which we have lived to see.

"If your sons are out at night", exclaimed a missionary, "do not ask what they are doing".

The note books of the young Clancys (the Steward's children) which I found when packing Clancy's things to send after him, suggested that the School literary Education was used as far as possible for propaganda. These are extracts from presumable recitation material: From the Foggy Dew, with reference to "pro fictious" (perfidious!) Albion:

"The bravest fell as the Angelus bell
 Rang mournfully and clear
 For those who died that Easter tide
 In the spring time of the year.
 And the world did gaze with deep amaze
 On those fearless men but few.
 Who loved to fight for freedom's right
 And died in the foggy dew.
 It was England made our wild geese fly
 Small nations might be free,
 Now their lonely graves on Salva's (?) plain
 By the side of the black North Sea

But had they died by Pearse's side
 Or with de Valera true
 Their graves we would keep where the Fenians sleep
 On the hills of the foggy dew."

etc etc

From the "Attack on Rea Barracks", containing the significant line "and a policeman for England has died".

"They gathered from highlands and valley
 Their houses the rivers and rills
 To fight for the honour of Ireland
 That's right in the heart of the hills.
 They were the best of Rebels
 No cowards or blackguards were they
 They carried their guns on their shoulders
 To burn down the barracks of Rea".

etc etc.

From "The Men of the Bold I.R.A."

"When brute force was tried to subject us
 And laws worse than ever before
 We looked to our men to protect us
 When hearts had grown weary and sore.
 Oh the boys with revolver and rifle
 They oft chased the foeman away,
 And looked upon Death as a trifle
 The men of the bold I.R.A."

Mem. The clergy were the only effective School Managers.
 And there is a "Grand National Song" about our great
 Sinn Feiner men and their duty to avenge the death of Thomas
 Ashe.

In 1925, when I was listening at a Cappagh Concert to heroic lays of yet older days (The Felons of our Land, etc etc) I remarked to the Schoolmaster what ancient echoes these seemed of another world. "Echoes indeed", he replied, "they would make you feel bitter if they made you feel anything".

The Council of the Executive Committee of the League of Nations, represented General Sir Henry Wilson, who had been elected as member of the Council, and Mr. Lloyd George, who had agreed to resign his office as Premier. The Council informed of events which had taken place in Ireland since the arrival of the British Army in 1920. Sir Henry Wilson was also accepted as member of the Council with Ireland Council to visit Ireland for the purpose of their representative, together with Sir Henry Wilson. Both are now in Ireland.

The Council is composed of members of all political parties in the world, and was organized by the desire to create a permanent organization between England and Ireland. Sir Henry Wilson was elected as member of the Council with all shades of opinion, and will endeavor to forward this cause to the best of his power, and the state of affairs in Ireland.

These were the first of the annual meetings and were very kind.

Vide Press.

The farmers were asked to give £2/- with board. Simultaneously, in the richer county of Wexford, the demand was for 15/ PEACE WITH IRELAND MOVEMENT not considered relatively to economic conditions, but merely in relation to the political possibility of making an upset. The original demand was not

At the invitation of the Executive Committee of the Peace with Ireland Council, Lieutenant General Sir Henry Lawson, who recently visited Ireland on behalf of the Council, and reported upon the situation, has agreed to re-visit Ireland in order to keep the Council informed

of events in that country. Lady (Mark) Sykes has also accepted the invitation of the Peace with Ireland Council to visit Ireland, and act there as their representative, together with Sir Henry Lawson. Both are now in Ireland.

The Council is composed of members of all political parties and creeds, who are animated by the desire to create a peaceful atmosphere between England and Ireland. Sir Henry Lawson and Lady Sykes, by getting into touch with all shades of opinion in Ireland, will endeavour to forward this cause to keep the Council informed of the state of affairs in Ireland.

These people helped me to organise meetings and were very kind.

The farmers were asked to give 20/- with board. Simultaneously, in the richer county of Wexford, the demand was for 15/-, showing that wages were not considered relatively to economic conditions, but merely in relation to the political possibility of making an upset. The original demand was not even conceded in every ultimate settlement, but it was pretended that the status quo had been the objective all along as below: Hotel, and business will be resumed as usual today. The

greatest satisfaction is expressed locally at the settlement,

Vide Press LISMORE STRIKE SETTLED, is to be congratulated on the results.

Our Lismore correspondent writes:

The strike which was in progress at Lismore for the past 17 days has been amicably settled on terms most favourable to the workers. All the workers of the Duke of Devonshire at Lismore Castle were involved, including the agricultural workers on the farm, the garden and yard hands, the forestry section, and the fishermen, who came out in sympathy. The Devonshire Arms Hotel, which is the property of His Grace, was shut down for the past ten days and the red flag hoisted outside. The dispute arose over 5/- weekly, which was deducted from the 30/- wage the men were in receipt of, and this cut came into force on 15th May. This, of course, did not affect the tradesmen in the employment, but who came

out also in sympathy with the men. Mr. E. W. Becher, agent of the Duke, has agreed to sign the agreement to May 1923, and allow the standard rate of wages, viz., 30/- weekly, from 15th May, 1922. He also agreed to pay half wages to the men while on strike, and further agreed to allow yardmen, forestry men and garden hands to be classified as agricultural workers. The red flag has been removed from outside the Devonshire Arms Hotel, and business will be resumed as usual today. The greatest satisfaction is expressed locally at the settlement, and Mr. R. Ward, Secretary, I.T. and G.W.U., is to be congratulated on the result.

on life itself.

In East Tipperary and Waterford County area three candidates were nominated. The home of Dr. O'Byrne was visited on several nights during the week, and threats were made as to certain happenings unless he withdrew his candidature. Mr. Fitzgerald's home was visited on six occasions by armed men, and on two of these occasions shots were fired at his house. On Sunday night a notice was posted on his door to the effect that he would be shot dead, and his family left homeless, unless he withdrew his candidature, and made an announcement to that effect in the public Press. Mr. Fitzgerald, by the way, is the father of eight young children.

The fate meted out to Independent Candidates because they might oust those selected by the Pact (on the Rep. side).

Vide
Press.

June 17th, 1922.

REPREHENSIBLE ATTACKS

At a meeting of the National Executive, Mr. R.A. Butler presiding, a strong protest was made against the intimidatory measures adopted against certain of the candidates contesting the election in the farmers' interests. In some cases even violent measures had been adopted and deliberate attempts made on life itself.

In East Tipperary and Waterford County area three candidates were nominated. The home of Dr. O'Byrne was visited on several nights during the week, and threats were made as to certain happenings unless he withdrew his candidature. Mr. Fitzgerald's home was visited on six occasions by armed men, and on two of these occasions shots were fired at his house. On Sunday night a notice was posted on his door to the effect that he would be shot dead, and his family left homeless, unless he withdrew his candidature, and made an announcement to that effect in the public Press. Mr. Fitzgerald, by the way, is the father of eight young children.

On Monday night of last week, the home of Mr. Godfrey J. Green, Rathgormic, was attacked by armed men. Mr. Greene was not in a position to make a statement regarding the matter, but the following facts were gleaned otherwise. The attack commenced at 1 o'clock, and continued for two and a half hours. Reinforcements arrived for the attackers, and two machine guns were brought into play. D.J. Gorey, Kilkenny, was attacked in his home. After four hours' fight, Mr. Greene lay wounded in five places. His shoulder was torn with a bullet, his left arm pierced through in two places, his right shoulder torn and his left side pierced. When Mr. Greene lay wounded and exhausted from loss of blood, the attackers entered through the kitchen and took him away to a motor. From the information which can be secured, it appears that the attackers numbered between 60 and 70.

In Mr. Greene's case the escapes made must be considered miraculous. One bullet smashed a fountain pen which was in Mr. Greene's left vest pocket over his heart, glanced off it and again glanced off a rib, and tore his side. The bullet which passed through his head exposed an artery, and had it gone one-sixteenth of an inch lower, he could not have lived four minutes. In the house at the time there were with Mr. Greene his father-in-law, aged 78 years, and his mother-in-law, aged 80 years; two young children, his wife and a maid.

Hundreds of shots were fired into every room, and as an indication of the intensity of the firing, it may be said that there were over 20 bullet marks in the mantelpiece in the room where the aged couple slept. Mr. Greene is still confined to bed, but hopes are held for his recovery. The greatest possible indignation is felt in the entire locality.

On Monday night, Mr. D.J. Gorey, Kilkenny, was attacked in his home. Mr. Gorey, although actually unarmed, refused to surrender, and after an hour his attackers withdrew.)

Note by E. A

"The tragedy showed", he said, "as in a flash of lightning, what may happen if once the foundations of law and order are loosened. For one bad moment it was as though the solid earth had opened under our feet, and we looked into unimagined fires of passion and brutality".

W. M. M.

These words were prompted by police murders in India at the hands of Gandhi "Volunteers".

I have felt just like Sir W. Marris, the Governor of the United Provinces, who uttered them.

"Seeds lie dormant in the ground for hundreds of years", said an old P.P., "and then, given the suitable conditions, they suddenly germinate. What a great responsibility is theirs who cause the evil that is in us to develop!"

Vide
Press

THE BOLSHEVIK CRY

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the National Executive of the Irish Farmers' Union yesterday:

"That the National Executive of the Irish Farmers' Union heartily approve of the gallant stand made by the farmers of East Waterford in their fight against the Bolshevik campaign waged against occupying ownership of land under the guise of a farm wages dispute.

"That we consider they are entitled to the fullest support of every citizen who stands for the security of life and property and decent social conditions of a civilised state.

"We believe that the attempt to establish a 'Workers' Republic in Ireland, aiming - in the words of the Labour Official Organ of June 9th, 1923 - 'at the abolition of private ownership of the soil, and vesting solely in the workers' state, and the arming of the workers in town and country' would be disruptive of the social, moral and economic life of the country".

Three T.D's. Mr. M. O'Brien, Hon. Sec. Grange Branch, Farmers' Union, writes in reference to what appeared in Saturday's "Irish Independent" as to the charges against

three labour T.D's, and says: "The real facts are that three Labour Leaders, who are now T.Ds., accompanied by men armed with cudgels and at least one revolver, entered the premises of Messrs W.J. Spratt, J.J. Curran, and my own, and took away our separator bowl. This is only one of the many acts of Bolshevism committed by Labour during the strike in this parish last year, and which we are at any time prepared to prove up to the hilt".

These people also went into a farmer's yard, and when told they were on private property, they replied: "That may be the law of the land, but it is not our law".

It is natural to expect, perhaps, that there is a reaction to the lawlessness of the strike, and that the law will be upheld. This is obviously the case with many parties in Ireland to-day, when law is set aside or evaded by lawless persons, and violence done from purely selfish motives to break persons and property; but the great danger is being made on principle, by some individuals at least, will serve as a useful corrective to minor misdemeanors, and may ultimately rally the whole population to support the re-establishment of order and good government.

There have been many heroic deeds done in Ireland in recent years, but when values are properly weighed, we think that few more inspiring instances will be recalled than the defence of his home only by Mr. Galway Green, of Enniscorthy.

Vide
Press.

PLUCK AND PRINCIPLE

Irish farmers have had to fight very severe battles in many directions in recent years, but all the portents now seem to indicate that matters are approaching a definite crisis. What the outcome of the struggle will be we cannot say, but we do know that the power to win lies with the farmer, and we wish we could feel more certain that the will to win was a little more evident.

It is natural to expect, perhaps, that where a revolution has been in process of development, many of the moral issues should become clouded. This is obviously the case with many parties in Ireland to-day, when land is seized on various frivolous pretexts, and violence done from purely selfish motives to both person and property; but the stand that is being made on principle, by some individuals at least, will serve as a useful corrective to undue pessimism, and may ultimately rally the whole populace to support the re-establishment of order and good government.

There have been many heroic deeds done in Ireland in recent years, but when values are properly weighted, we think that few more inspiring incidents will be recorded than the defence of his home made by Mr. Godfrey Greene, of Knockna-

Creha, Rathgornick, Co. Waterford. The story of the long and lonely midnight struggle is recounted elsewhere in our columns in as full detail as it has been possible to secure it from outside sources, for the reticence and modesty of the quiet farming family are only equalled by the heroism of the father of the household. But the fight put up by Mr. Greene should be an inspiration to farmers in their many other struggles.

Almost equally encouraging are the sacrifices for principle which are being made by other farmers in the Co. Waterford. Sir John Keane's farms have been seized by Soviet workers; his cows are being milked, and the produce sold, irrespective of his wishes. Strikers are holding up supplies, and will not permit goods to be brought, or the town to be entered by members of his family, unless Sir John Keane first signs a document which involves permission to do trading. This he refuses to do on principle, although suffering severe loss; and there are others somewhat similarly circumstanced who are equally determined not to give way on this point, no matter what the cost. The right of the worker to strike is not questioned, but his claim to imperil the existence of others by starvation, or other means, unless they sign away principles which they cannot concede in conscience, is certainly preposterous and must be countered. Many farmers do not

Appendix 2 (pages 136-168)

realise the big issues involved in some disputes, and make individual concessions without counting the cost in prestige or principle. But the resolute action of those who refuse to be intimidated by courses which they consider improper is at least a hopeful sign in what might otherwise be considered a fearful situation.

Note by E.U.

* John Power often brought us tinned fruit and other dainties at the risk of his life across the fields which lay between our homes. One day two pickets warned him off the door steps. John slowly produced a large German jack knife, and opened it in a most leisurely way. "If there's any more about it", he declared, "I'll rip ye from the crowns of your heads to the soles of your feet". The pickets fled!

Note by D.F.D.

* John Power, a great character & delightful personality, who has worked all his life, in all sorts of capacities, for the Noakes family, of whom he now (in 1936) remembers 5 generations.

An old beggar who tramped through the Western Counties down to the South, declared Lismore River Bridge was the first he had found intact.

Vide Press.

DESTRUCTION TO DATE.

The damage on the G.S. and W.R. since June 28th, included:

- 123 Underbridges destroyed or damaged
- 39 Overbridges do
- 243 cases of Permanent Way torn up.
- 19 Signal Cabins burnt
- 24 cases of signal instruments damaged
- 3 buildings burnt
- 6 engines or trains derailed

The line from Buttevant to Ennis is now clear. A regular service is being maintained between Limerick and Listowel and the Wexford South to Rosslare section is also right for traffic.

On the M.G.W.R. the wires were cut near Ballymoe station. The down mail train was piloted through. The up morning train was 2 hours late at Castlerea, owing to the cutting of wires further west.

Sept. 2, 1922.

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See the verses by Coulter on pages ~~141-4~~

(Specially Contributed)

In these days of eventful happenings, it is only natural that anything so preposterous as a country labour dispute may pass unnoticed. There are, however, certain remarkable and

Vide WHEN LABOUR RULES
Press

That Irish Labour is strongly Communistic in tendency is a mere truism. We commend to our readers a perusal of the very interesting article on the labour dispute in Co. Waterford, and we desire particularly that organised farmers should study it. It is not intended as a partisan account, and, indeed, it asks for correction if the facts are misconstrued. We wish it to be widely read, because it shows what may be expected when Labour rules. We believe that few men of conscience will give moral sanction to the practice outlined as common to the dispute; and we are equally convinced that if these practices are to be stopped, the farmers must get together and act together and keep together, in spite of many minor differences. No countenance of any sort, direct or implied, by submission to threat or dictation, or by hesitancy to express disapproval, must be given to procedure which cannot be morally sanctioned.

THE CO. WATERFORD DISPUTE

(Specially Contributed)

In these days of eventful happenings, it is only natural that anything so prosaic as a country labour dispute may pass unnoticed. There are, however, certain remarkable and

alarming features in the Co. Waterford dispute which makes it of unusual interest to all farmers. I therefore propose to give a connected narrative of events connected with it. On such occasions it is not easy to write calmly and in a judicial spirit, but I shall attempt to do so, and I will ask your contemporary "The Voice of Labour" to challenge in its columns any statement that may be at variance with fact.

Last year the Co. Waterford Farmers' Association made an agreement with the I.G.T.W.U. This agreement expired on the 15th ultimo. Its terms are immaterial, but it is noteworthy that in a falling market the farmers agreed to keep wages at the highest point they had reached since 1914. A large number of farmers, finding they could get men for less wages, failed to pay the rate and refused to renew their subscriptions to their association, so that although several new branches were formed, the books showed a loss of 500 in the paid-up membership. Labour presumably was aware from the outset of these breaches, but it failed to take action, feeling, no doubt, that by doing so it would aggravate unemployment during the winter and so weaken its ranks. From time to time, however, Labour represented these breaches to the Co. Executive, who replied that the offending farmers had neither the sanction nor the support of the Association.

As perhaps was to be expected under the circumstances, Labour also failed to honour in many districts its side of the agreement. In fact, it soon became clear from the action of both parties that the agreement failed in its purpose, which was to secure peace and goodwill in the country.

As the date for the expiration of the agreement approached, Labour pressed for a conference, to draw up a new agreement. The Government also urged on the Farmers' Association the advisability of doing so. The issue was debated several times, after due notice, at meetings of the Farmers' Executive, and on every occasion it was decided by an overwhelming majority that, as the existing agreement had worked so badly on both sides, it was not desirable to have any county agreement for the ensuing (that is the present) year. It was further agreed that individuals, branches, groups of branches - in fact, anybody who liked - was free to negotiate and agree in any way they liked with Labour.

This was the position when the agreement expired on the 15th ultimo. On that day Labour started its active campaign. It approached individual farmers, and asked them to sign individually an agreement identical with the previous year's county agreement, and which, being signed by the individual, were legally binding.

It, however, proceeded to enforce these signatures by methods which showed a complete disregard of any moral or legal code. In addition to signing the agreement, every farmer had to obtain from the local labour secretary a permit which he had to show the labour pickets on entering a town, and without which he was prevented BY VIOLENCE from selling his produce or purchasing his requirements. Moreover, those who failed to sign and obtain permits were not merely picketed in the towns, but they were picketed in their homes and prevented from obtaining for their wives and children the necessaries of life. One member had his water supply cut off, but this was subsequently restored.

However unlawful and illegal their action, one cannot help admiring the audacity of the Labour leaders. They knew the strength (or weakness) of their opponents, and they have achieved no small success. The large majority of the farmers, taken no doubt by surprise, signed with indecent haste. The story is told that in the ^{town} Dungannon district a crowd of permit-seekers was waiting like the queue outside a fashionable theatre for the door to open. "The Voice", exultant, taunted the farmers with having succumbed to the epidemic of "Permititis". Many of these men who signed so hurriedly, with no thought of the humiliation suffered, or the principle involved, and every thought

for the few shillings the next morning's milk involved, are now signed up legally for a year at wages the industry cannot possibly afford to pay. These same men who dishonoured the county agreement, abandoned their union in consequence. Many of them must now see that fear of their neighbours, and disloyalty to their Union, does not make life altogether a bed of roses. However, they have made their bed for a year, and on it they must lie.

Yet the situation is not without its brighter side. Carlyle has said (I forget the exact words) that all great causes are made and saved by the few, and hampered by the many. But for the underlying sacrifices of the few, Ireland would not be a Christian country to-day. It is likewise the few who will save Ireland (if she is to be saved at all) from the scourge of Communism and its attendant famine. In the districts of Clashmore, Grange and Ardmore, the farmers came together, saw the real issues, and made sacrifices to meet it. They organised counter-pickets, and they went in a body and bought their requirements. They have neither signed agreements nor besought permits. They have restored the sense of security necessary for the lawful and economic pursuit of industry; and they feel in their veins today the glow that comes from moral pride and self respect. They can

carry their heads aloft and look in the faces of friends and enemies alike. The men of Rathgormack made a good fight, too, their position being further aggravated by the seizure of Cleeves' factory, and their determined refusal to aid the work of the Soviet.

Speaking broadly, the present position is that the large majority of the farmers have bowed the knee to Baal. Here and there more determined men still hold out, and will hold out, whatever the consequences. These have to bear the concentrated attacks of the enemy, and in consequence their sacrifice and hardships are greater. Usher, of Cappagh, and James McGrath, of Ballinameela, are inspiring examples. They are virtually besieged in their house, and still they are undaunted. A fine herd of 37 dairy cows belonging to Sir John Keane has been brought under Soviet management; the milk is being sold or separated, and it will be surprising if the cows do not suffer from the experience. Dromana and Lismore Castle are also holding out. In this district the demesne employers, who employ many men they do not really want, reduced the standard wages from 35/- to 30/-, offering at the same time to refer the matter to arbitration. This was refused out of regard for the men who had signed, most of whom defaulted on last year's agreement. It is either the full cup of humiliation or the consequences, and many prefer the consequences.

Appendix IV (see page 122)

One last word of special concern to the small farmers. Permits are now being exacted from all farmers, whether they employ labour or not. In Lismore the other day, big and small alike entering the town had to pay a toll based on the value of the produce brought in. It was reported that one person whose only business was to visit the bank, had to pay 2/6d before being allowed to pass. Much the same thing has happened at Cappoquin. If the country is to remain solvent, these exactions must cease. In the meantime, they are a useful object lesson of what will follow if farmers remain self-seeking, apathetic and disorganised. It is only wages to-day; it will be land tomorrow; and it is indignity all the time.

June 24th, 1922.

THE IRISH FARMER.

Accordingly, it has been decided to invite Protestants of all denominations, who think such action may help to allay sectarian bitterness, to send their names to me at the address at the foot of this letter. In the meantime, preliminary arrangements are being made by a small circle of friends - at whose suggestion this letter is written - to convene an immediate meeting in Dublin, at which proposals will be made for instant and appropriate action. The purpose of the meeting, and any steps which may follow, will rightly exclude all purely party issues, and, it is hardly necessary to say, it is not intended that condemnation of violence

should be THE BELFAST DISORDERS. by any particular section.

To the Editor of the Irish Times.

the conviction that instant action is necessary to allay passion and avert serious blood-

Sir, I would induce you to take the personal initiative in this

matter. A few days ago you were good enough to publish a letter

of mine in which I pleaded that Southern Protestants should

take organised and immediate steps to dissociate themselves

from the campaign of violence now taking place in Ulster in

the name of "civil and religious liberty". Expressions of

approval which have since appeared in the press - reinforced

by many private letters urging immediate organisation upon

the lines suggested - make it clear that the moment is oppor-

tune for action. Accordingly, it has been decided to invite

Protestants of all denominations, who think such action may

help to allay sectarian bitterness, to send their names to me

at the address at the foot of this letter. In the meantime,

preliminary arrangements are being made by a small circle of

friends - at whose suggestion this letter is written - to

convene an immediate meeting in Dublin, at which proposals

will be made for instant and appropriate action. The purpose

of the meeting, and any steps which may follow, will rightly

exclude all merely Party issues, and, it is hardly necessary

to say, it is not intended that condemnation of violence

Note by E.A.

should be limited to that indulged in by any particular section.

Let me add that nothing but the conviction that instant action is necessary to ally ^a passion and avert serious bloodshed would induce me to take the personal initiative in this matter. Only a sense of imminent and terrible danger, and the hope that, perchance, something may be done to avert it at the eleventh hour, would induce me to suggest action upon personally distasteful denominational lines.

Yours etc.

E.A. Aston
ADDRESSERS THE DEPUTIES.

66, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

March 24th, 1922.

22, Lower Buckingham Street
Dublin.
March 27th, 1922.

Note by E.H.

So we offered to house refugees, to the indignation of some of our Protestant neighbours, who were content with signing protests!

Had he believed, I would freely have given his young life in the sacred cause of the Republic. But he was shot out by this career gang and shot like a dog because he was faithful to the Republic and refused to be dragged

Note by S.U.

"Some say that the divvil is dead, the divvil is dead
And buried in Killarney;
Some say he rose again, he rose again
And joined the Free State Army".

We heard this chorus a good deal from Mary over the sink,
after the occupation!

and the blood of my son will be on your head.

(signed) Mrs Julia Cole.

Picked up on a Cappagh road: -

THE MOTHER OF SEAN COLE
ADDRESSES THE DEPUTIES.

The following letter written by the mother of Sean Cole,
of the Fianna, has been sent to each T.D.

22, Lower Buckingham Street
Dublin.

Sept. 7th, 1922.

Dear Sir,

My son, Sean, who served Ireland faithfully since he
was 14 years old, was on Saturday, 26th August, foully murdered
by men in the service and pay of the military junta which calls
itself a Government.

Had he fallen in combat, I would freely have given his
young life in the sacred cause of the Republic. But he was
taken out by this murder gang and shot like a dog because
he was faithful to the Republic and refused to be dragged

into the British Empire. Not content with his life, these men who hire murderers to do their evil work, sent a paid public servant of theirs to try and take away his honour.

This letter is to inform you, Mr....., that if you support this "Government", you are conniving at murder, and the blood of my son will be on your head.

(signed) Mrs Julia Cole.

WHAT FREE STATERS ARE DOING.

They refuse to follow the example of Pearse and Connolly.

They are now prepared to live loyally as citizens of the Empire.

They refuse to abide either by their oaths in the army or in the Dail.

They are prepared to defend the Empire against all enemies in Ireland.

They use England's guns in an attempt to force the people of Ireland to bow the knee and pledge allegiance to the King of England.

They receive their instructions from English Ministers.

They are prepared to give up their lives in the interest of England.

They are a well paid army

They prefer a dishonoured to an honoured grave

They are disloyal to the best interests of Ireland.

They are _____ she is the army and in

the Dail.

TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE.

You have done a glorious work for England,

You have stilled one of the bravest hearts in Ireland.

You did this at the dictates of English statesmen.

Cathal Brugha was War Minister for Ireland during the most glorious years of her history.

Can you point to one act of his, during all the period which you knew him, which was not in keeping with the best principles of an Irishman?

Then why did you murder him?

Do you think for a moment you killed that noble Irishman in the interest of Irish freedom?

Was it for Ireland or England that Cathal gave up his life?

Dublin was one corner - on walls, lamp-posts, everywhere. A huge inscription near the Mansion House read: "Brave Irishman" (a warden, no doubt) "sounds Mary Somerville".

Appendix III (see page 157)

WHAT REPUBLICANS ARE DOING

They still follow the example of Pearse and Connolly.
They are still prepared to live loyally as citizens
of the Republic.

They are abiding by their oaths in the army and in
the Dail.

They are still prepared to defend the Republic against
all enemies, foreign or domestic.

They refuse to bow the knee or pledge allegiance to
the King of England.

They refuse to take their instructions from English
Ministers.

They are prepared to give up their lives in the
interest of Ireland.

May 24th, 1923.

They are still an unpaid army.

They prefer an honoured to a dishonoured grave.

They are loyal to the best interest of Ireland.

To all Rank,
From the President

These are good instances of contempt propaganda, of
which Dublin was one smear - on walls, lamp-posts, everywhere.
A huge inscription near the Mansion House ran: "Brave
Pawdeen" (a wardress, no doubt) "wounds Mary Comerford".
vain, and continuance of the struggle in arms would be the

At a meeting on March 23rd, a motion, which would have the effect of ending hostilities, was turned down by a majority of one.

The resolution was proposed by Mr. T. Barry, and was in the following terms:

"That, in the opinion of the Executive, further armed resistance and operations against the S.S. Government will not further the cause of independence of the country".

Four weeks earlier a meeting of the "1st Southern Division" was practically unanimous that a summer campaign was impossible.

Another interesting statement occurs in one despatch: "Some people in the army seem to think that Document No. 2 is worse than the Treaty, which shows all they know about it".

May 24th, 1923.

ORDER OF THE DAY

To All Ranks,
From the President.

Soldiers of Liberty -
Legion of the Rearguard:

The Republic can no longer be defended successfully by your arms. Further sacrifices on your part would now be vain, and continuance of the struggle in arms unwise in the

national interest. Military victory must be allowed to rest for the moment with those who have destroyed the Republic. Other means must be sought to safeguard the nation's right.

Do not let sorrow overwhelm you. Your efforts and the sacrifices of your dead comrades in this forlorn hope will surely bear fruit. You have saved the nation's honour and kept open the road to independence. Laying aside your arms now is as act of patriotism as exalted and pure as your valour in taking them up.

Seven years of intense efforts have exhausted our people. Their sacrifices and their sorrows have been many. If they have turned away and have not given you the active support which alone could bring you victory in this last year, it is because they are weary and need a rest. Give them a little time and you will yet see them recover and rally again to the standard. They will then quickly discover who have been selfless and who selfish - who have spoken truth and who falsehood. When they are ready, you will be, and your place will be once more, as of old, with the vanguard.

The suffering which you must now face unarmed, you will bear in a manner worthy of men who were ready to give their lives for their cause. The thought that you have still to suffer for your devotion will lighten your present sorrow, and what you endure will keep you in communion with your dead

our cause. Their examples and their prayers will help us to be, like them, faithful to our ideals unto death.
(Signed) FRANK -2- Chief of Staff.

W
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comrades who gave their lives, and all these lives promised, for Ireland.

May God guard every one of you and give to our country in all times of need sons who will love her as dearly and devotedly as you.

(signed) Eamon de Valera.

TO ALL RANKS:

Comrades,

The arms with which we have fought the enemies of our country are to be dumped. The foreign and domestic enemies of the Republic have for the moment prevailed.

But our enemies have not won. Neither tortures nor firing squads, nor a slavish press can crush the desire for independence out of the hearts of those who fought for the Republic, or out of the hearts of our people.

Our enemies have demanded our arms. Our answer is: "We took up arms to free our country, and we'll keep them until we see an honourable way of reaching our objective without arms".

There is a trying time ahead for the faithful soldiers of Ireland. But the willing sacrifices of our dead comrades will give us the courage to face it in the knowledge that those sacrifices have insured the ultimate victory of

our cause. Their examples and their prayers will help us to be, like them, faithful to our ideals unto death.

(Signed) FRANK AIKEN, Chief of Staff.

Vide Press.

A Republican policy has been formulated in a document signed "L.O'M" and "L.M.," and attributed to Liam O Macilloosa (Liam Mellowes).

"(2) The programme of Democratic Control (the social programme) adopted by Dail coincident with Declaration of Independence, January 1919, should be translated into something definite. This is essential if the great body of the workers are to be kept on the side of independence.

"HEADLINE".

"This does not require a change of outlook on the part of republicans, or the adoption of a revolutionary programme as such. The headline is there in the declaration of 1919. It is already part of the Republican policy. It should be made clear what is meant by it. Would suggest, therefore, that it be interpreted something like the following, which appeared in the "Workers' Republic" of July 22nd last:-

"Under the Republic all industry will be controlled by the state for the workers' and farmers' benefit. All transport, railways, canals, etc, will be operated by the State - the Republican State - for the benefit of the workers and farmers. All banks will be operated by the State for the benefit of industry and agriculture, not for the purpose

of profit making by loans, mortgages, etc. That the lands of the aristocracy (who support the Free State and the British connection) will be seized and divided amongst those who can and will operate it for the nation's benefit, etc.

"UNPRINCIPLED" "

"Regarding the last paragraph in above programme - land - it is well to note that the I.R.A. Executive had already taken up the question of the demesnes and ranches, and had adopted a scheme for their confiscation and distribution. This scheme was mainly the work of P.J.R. See E.O'M., Tomas O'Dearg, and P.J.R. about this.

"In view of the unprincipled attitude of the Labour Party, and because the landless and homeless Irish Republican soldiers who fought against Britain, it might be well to publish this scheme in whole or in part. We should certainly keep Irish Labour for the Republic; it will be possibly the biggest factor on our side. Anything that would prevent Irish Labour becoming Imperialist and respectable, will help the Republic.

A "SIDELIGHT". "As a sidelight on Johnson, O'Brien, O'Shanon, and Co., it will interest you to know that when they called on us in the Four Courts last May they (particularly Johnson) remarked that no effort had been made by An Dail to put its democratic programme into execution.

"In our efforts now to win back public support to the Republic, we are forced to recognise - whether we like it or not - that the commercial interests so-called - money and the gombeenman - are on the side of the Treaty, because the Treaty means Imperialism and England.

"We are back to Tone - and it is just as well - relying on that great body, "the men of no property". The "stake in the country" people were never with the Republic. They are not with it now - and they will always be against it - until it wins! We should recognise that definitely now and base our appeals upon the understanding and needs of those who have always borne Ireland's fight.

Published in Sept./22.

"We have neither clothes, capital nor comfort, but we still have this", said a labour organiser, taking out his match box from his pocket in Tramore.

The same man declared the farmers had no title to their lands or property.

Larkin, in Dungarvan, also declared "the titles were English".

In June, after the ambush of a convey, the P.P. of Ballyduff preached in condemnation, and the labourers walked out, and denied afterwards all knowledge or connection with the shooting. The priest asked in reply if the Russians had landed in Ireland, as he had not heard they did.

Council of the I.O.A., have decided to warn you of having anything to do with any of these individuals.

As you are aware, the I.O.A. was formed in October, 1913, by James Larkin, James Connolly and their comrades, to defend the rights of the workers against the tyranny of the employers, and for the ultimate aim of freeing Ireland from the curbs of British Imperialism, and the workers from the further evils of wage slavery. The army had its baptism of fire in the glorious rebellion of 1916. It carried undying fame for its glorious fight in that year. It stood

* popularly called the "3rd Party" during the War.]

Placard at Cappoquin

"Cappoquin Soviet. No live stock allowed in this field.
By Order".

* IRISH CITIZEN ARMY.

General Headquarters, Dublin.

1st July, 1922.

Dear Comrades,

In view of the fact that certain unauthorised persons are at the present time touring the country in the name of the I.C.A., and making an effort to organise the workers of the Irish Transport Union in its ranks, we, the Council of the I.C.A., have decided to warn you of having anything to do with any of these individuals.

As you are aware, the I.C.A. was formed in October, 1913, by James Larkin, James Connolly and their comrades, to defend the rights of the workers against the tyranny of the employers, and for the ultimate aim of freeing Ireland from the curse of British Imperialism, and the workers from the further evils of wage slavery. The army had its baptism of fire in the glorious rebellion of 1916. It earned undying fame for its glorious fight in that year. It stood

* popularly called "the 3rd Party" during the Civil War.]

the test, but it suffered the loss of its principal leaders: Connolly and Mallin fell beneath the butchers' bullets; Larkin was in exile; the Union fell into the hands of certain leaders of the workers that had not the interest of the army at heart. They did nothing for the development of the army; on the contrary, they did their best to crush it. Not a word of encouragement, not a penny of finance was given to the army by these labour leaders, in spite of the fact that they were approached twice with a view to getting their co-operation and assistance.

Now, however, when they want a band of armed protectors for the purpose of ensuring themselves a place in the sun of the British Empire they come to the I.C.A. with an appeal for support. Never comrades, will the soldiers of the I.C.A. be used to dragoon the Irish workers into association with the murderers of Connolly, with the jailers and persecutors of the Workers' Republic, without fear and

without compromise. We are never going to compromise with the Chief of the I.S.A., James Larkin, is the General Secretary of the Irish Transport Workers Union, elected every year by the votes of the Irish Workers. What did Larkin say on the Treaty: "What doth it profit a people to gain the shame of an Empire and suffer the loss of its soul? I stand with the dead that live and speaketh."

with the British Empire. We stand against any compromise

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The army stands solid behind Larkin and against the British Empire. The present Judases that walk about shamelessly in the positions that he made for them, and who never sacrificed anything, or never fought for the workers, now want to sell the workers into the Empire. They called a strike with the assistance of the Irish employers, in order to give the sanction of the Irish workers to the Free State, and because the soldiers of the I.C.A. objected to this policy, and because they protested against being used to guard the meeting in O'Connell Street, they accuse us of having broken our Constitution. Three men on the Council then in office, who were responsible on their own initiative for placing the guard on the meeting, left the I.C.A. before they could be expelled. They have now constituted themselves the I.C.A., and are organising in the country in its name.

Comrades we stand solid for the constitution. We stand solid for an Irish Workers' Republic, without fear and without compromise. We are never going to compromise with the British Empire, or with an Irish Government that is based on Capitalism. We are going to act in accordance with our Constitution, in co-operation with organised labour, but we are never going to co-operate with leaders that have betrayed the workers, betrayed the memory of the martyred Connolly, betrayed Larkin, and betrayed Ireland. We stand against the Treaty with the British Empire. We stand against any compromise

with the Irish capitalist class. If you know the English

Army Our official organisers are going out carrying signed credentials from the I.C.A. Council. They are the only men authorised to organise for the I.C.A. Comrades, rally to our support, and uphold the revolutionary traditions of the Irish Workers. Get in touch with our organisers.

Are you going to support Larkin and the men who fought with Connolly, or are you going to give allegiance to the British Empire?

Forward with us, comrades, for Ireland and an Irish Workers' Republic.

- JOHN HANRATTY, O.C.
- RICHARD McCORMACK, Major.
- ROBERT DE COEUR, Captain.
- ALFRED G. NORNGROVE, Quartermaster.

M.M. All communications should be addressed to:

Mr. R. de Coeur
48, Lower Sheriff Street,
Dublin.

July 15.22.

Note by S.H. This Citizen Army was being organised around us, and was called "the third party". For a long time I could not understand what this meant. (T.O.)

James Connolly once said "If you remove the English Army tomorrow, and hoist the green flag over Dublin Castle, unless you set about the organisation of the Socialist Republic your efforts would be in vain. England would still rule you . . . through her landlords", etc.

I never understood the bitterness of the old Unionist gentry until Mildred Dobbs once said to me that she did not think this strike as bad as the manifestation of ill will she had seen in Co. Limerick in the old Land League days, when they were surrounded by the descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides.

And yet when she said this, the very children of our neighbours were being set to spy on us, and they would turn away their little round faces if we passed, or stare at us stonily! The children for whom I had organised parties for so many a Xmas past! And who before and since have always smiled.

Copy of Report sent to the Talbot Press (Publishers of "The Trail of the Black and Tans") by their local Agent, at Cork.

28th November, 1921.

About ten days ago, as already reported, a squad of new R.I.C. entered every shop in Cork displaying the new novel issued by The Talbot Press - "THE TRAIL OF THE BLACK AND TANS" - and, taking offence apparently at some reference to themselves in it, ordered the immediate removal from the window of all copies displayed there; at the same time, they presented a list of so-called objectionable pages, and used very objectionable language.

All the shopkeepers so accosted, but one - Lenihan's, Oliver Plunkett Street - complied, for safety sake, pointing out, however, that they did not publish the book, or else saying that all books were the same to them in business.

Lenihan's, not complying with the order, were again subjected to similar treatment, with a similar result.

About four days ago - I being then in Clare or Limerick - a member of the new R.I.C. entered Mrs Lenihan's shop in an excited state, and demanded the immediate removal of the book in his presence. She refused.

He rushed behind her counter to the window. She tried to prevent him, and demanded his name and authority. Getting more excited, he produced a revolver, pointed it at her, tore out the book, opened it, flung it on the floor, using loud talk, and rushed from the shop eventually. He was, it appears, supposed to be on beat duty at the time.

She reported the matter to his Superior Officer, and the local Liason Officer. The latter and the R.I.C. District Inspector interviewed Mrs Lenihan on the following day, the upshot of the affair being that the man received 10 days C.B.

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Cappagh, June 30th 1921.

[E. U. in a letter to her aunt, Louise Jubb, at Ellismere, Scotch
writes as follows:]

We have just finished cutting our hay, but along the coast, not far away, our less fortunate neighbours are turning their cattle in on the uncut meadows. They cannot sell their beasts owing to an embargo caused for the whole of Ireland by two cases of foot and mouth in Co. Wexford, and fairs and markets being largely prohibited, creates a further hold-up. Green oats are also being used as well as hay to keep them going in districts where grass has been killed by the long drought, and farming prospects are dark indeed for the coming winter. There will be renewed agrarian trouble in connection with rents, I'm thinking. It's not likely we'll see ours though, thanks to the Irish land system, the rent only represents half the value, the rest having been paid in capital sums when we sold last year. It is said there is a movement afoot not to pay the Government the instalments on land purchases under the last Land Act. If this is done there will be an attempt made no doubt by the Government to confiscate the holdings - in favour of ex-soldiers or police no doubt. Five lorry-loads of the latter, plus a motor car-full, delivered the summons for the grand jury here. I suppose there must have been 65 men engaged in the transaction. Each carried a rifle and wore a

revolver strapped to the leg. The five who came to the door had tam-o-shanters on their heads and were covered with dust; they presented a strange appearance, as if floured all over. The limestone roads are thick with white dust, owing to the long drought. They are cut across with trenches and the bridges are broken, but the lorries carry steel planks to get across with.

Shots rang out from our lodge gate while we sat at lunch the other day. They were directed after some unknown man, who got away across our turnip field, leaving blood behind him on the leaves of the plants. We were startled, for we had not heard lorries approaching - they have silencers on the wheels.

It is a peaceful summer within our 4 walls so far. No show and no visitors. The fears which haunted us this time last year are now common property, and can be read on most faces. We look round our homes and wonder if they will be standing tomorrow. Meanwhile the woods are purple with foxgloves - never such flowers and never such sunshine. The U.I. girls play badminton on our lawn twice a week and boil a kettle for their tea in our basement. Yesterday we had a jumble sale in the Hall for a handful of old women around - a crowd requires permits and many explanations. It was all the better for those who came - they got great bargains in the absence of bidders. " - - -

revolver strapped to the leg. The five who came to the
 door had tam-o-shanders on their heads and were covered
 with dust; they presented a strange appearance, as if
 flung all over. The limestone rocks are thick when
 white dust, owing to the long drought. They are cut across
 with trenches and the bridges are broken, but the forges
 carry steel planks to get across with.
 Those that got from our lodge here while we sat at
 lunch the other day. They were dressed after some unknown
 man, who got away across our camp trail, leaving blood
 behind him on the leaves of the plants. We were startled,
 for we had not heard forges approaching - they have all
 on the wheels.
 It is a peaceful summer within our walls so far.
 No snow and no visitors. The ferns which haunted us this
 time last year are now common property, and can be read on
 most faces. We look round our homes and wonder if they
 will be standing tomorrow. Meanwhile the woods are purple
 with foxgloves - never such flowers and never such sunshine.
 The U.I. girls play badminton on our lawn tennis court and
 hold a kettle for their tea in our basement. Yesterday we
 had a table set in the Hall for a handful of old women
 around - a crowd requires permits and many explanations. It
 was all the better for those who came - they got some
 in the absence of others. "

foliated 3.V. 2005
 77 H
 Raymond Zofanite

Fusion 6 ²⁰⁰⁰ ₁₀₀₀

Miss. R.

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Mills

