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The Tipperary Volunteers in 1916

by Eamonn Ó Duibhir

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

To mark the 75th anniversary of the Easter Rising of 1916, the *Tipperary Historical Journal* publishes for the first time a personal account of an historic but frustrating week for the Volunteer leaders in Co. Tipperary.

The author, Eamonn Ó Duibhir (1883-1963), of Ballagh, Clonoulty, was one of the pioneers of the national movement in the county in the decade prior to 1916. A member of the Fenian body, the Irish Republican Brotherhood [IRB], he was by early 1916 County Centre for Tipperary, the highest ranking IRB man in Co. Tipperary. By early 1916 too, unknown to most of the leaders of the Irish Volunteers, the IRB was secretly planning the Rising. From 1905 Ó Duibhir had been in the Gaelic League, and from 1908 in Sinn Féin; in 1914 he helped to form the first corps of the Volunteers in Co. Tipperary.

During the War of Independence Ó Duibhir was Assistant Quarter Master of the Third Tipperary Brigade of the IRA under Dan Breen, whose rank was Quarter-Master. Ó Duibhir served several jail sentences in Dublin, Cork, Britain and Northern Ireland. However, he left the Volunteers in 1920-21 because of the effect on the civilian community of the Black and Tans, and took no part (on either side) in the Civil War.

In 1956, some eight years before his death, Eamonn Ó Duibhir wrote for the now defunct Military History Bureau a detailed account, running to over 40,000 words, of his activities from 1904 to 1920. The *Tipperary Historical Journal* hopes to publish further extracts from this previously unpublished manuscript in later issues.

This account begins with a summons to Ó Duibhir from his IRB superiors to a meeting in Dublin with Pádraig Pearse and Thomas J. Clarke, both later signatories of the 1916 Proclamation. There he learned of the recent IRB decision to rise in arms on Easter Sunday, 1916, using the Irish Volunteer force, which the IRB had infiltrated at all levels of that body.

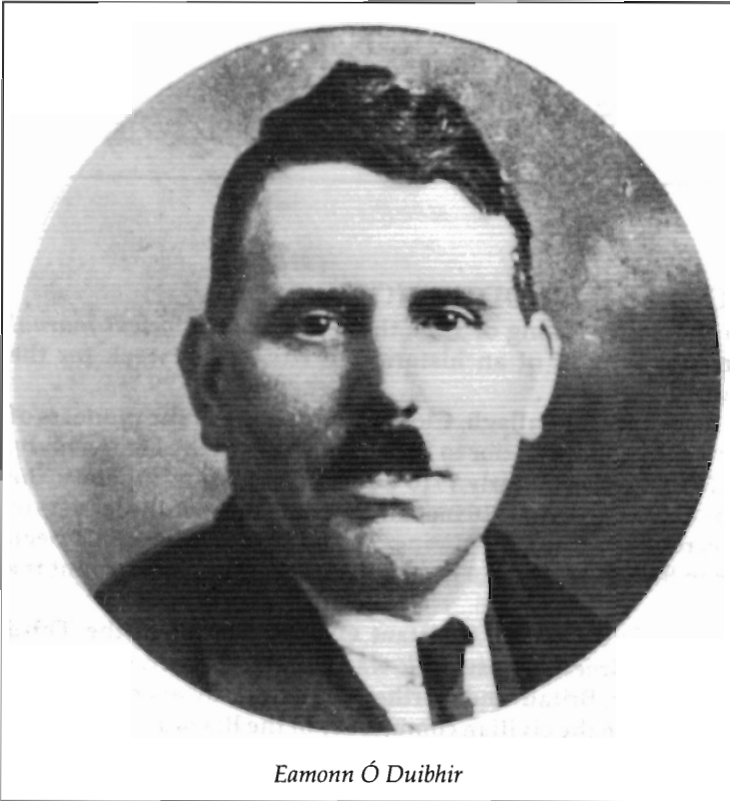
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In early April [1916] I got a call from the IRB to go to Dublin and to call on my arrival to Tom Clarke's shop in Parnell Street.¹ I knew Tom Clarke, John MacBride and Seán Mac Diarmada and various others for some years prior to that.² When I called to Tom Clarke's shop in the late evening he told me that I was to call there in the morning at 9 o'clock and to go with him to see Pearse at St. Enda's.³ I did so.

We reached St. Enda's and were taken in to one of the rooms for a private talk, and Pearse discussed with me the position of armaments in the South and the question of the Rising which, he said, was coming in the very near future.⁴ I said that, except in Limerick and Cork cities, armament was very poor.

Then he raised the question of the IRB and the Volunteers, and said that they wanted men everywhere in command who were IRB men. I had done this fairly well in Tipperary already, not choosing men for Volunteer posts simply because they were IRB men, but that they were in every case the men best fitted for the posts.





Eamonn Ó Duibhir

There were, of course, some exceptions. MacCana [McCann — so spelled hereafter] was one of those.⁵ He was not a member of the IRB... I am not sure that I ever asked him to join; but P.C.O'Mahony asked him and he would not agree at any time to join; but he was a first-class man and a patriot of the sincerest type.⁶

Pearse raised the question of McCann. He [Pearse] said that I would have to take up the post of County Commandant [of the Volunteers] and that McCann would be dropped from that rank. I said that before he went any further how could he do this. He said that the company officers were practically all members of the IRB, and they would vote him out and vote me in.

I said I would not agree to it on two grounds: one only perhaps a minor one, but the other

a very important one. In the first place McCann was a good and sincere man, and it would be a very low thing for me to engineer any such plot, and I wouldn't do it. "What is your second reason?", said Pearse. "My second reason is that he is better fitted for the post than I am from educational and other standards".

Pearse reminded me of my oath to the IRB and that I would have to obey the orders of the Supreme Council, but I replied that "whatever the Supreme Council may do, I am not going to do this, and that is definite". He accepted that and said: "I have asked you to do something that may well look a mean and tawdry thing to do, but in our position, and in our eagerness to get off the Rising, we are trying to do everything to make it certain that there will be a Rising and we are not at all certain that we can carry the I.V. [Irish Volunteers] Council in general with us".

"Now that the Rising is coming very speedily, will you agree to do your utmost, whether or not you get orders from the County Commandant [McCann]?", "Well," I said, "if I can get a sufficient body of men to come out, I will certainly do that, but I think you can rely on the County Commandant".

I returned home, and I did not inform McCann of what had occurred. In fact, I never informed him of that matter, and it has been a secret until now, and if he were still alive I would not make it public now.

I was away from home, it must have been on Wednesday 19th April.⁷ I had gone to visit my uncle's home at Rathnaveen outside Tipperary town, and I was out in the fields with my first cousin Jack Crowe, who was home from the United States, and who was a member of the IRB and Clan na Gael.⁸

We saw a man coming hastily out from the house and on to us, and he said to me: "I am from

Dublin and I have a dispatch for you. I would like to deal with this matter privately." "Is it an IRB dispatch?", I asked. "Yes," he said. "Well, this man is an IRB man; he is my cousin."

So he handed me the dispatch and asked me to read it, and ... the statement in the dispatch was that the Rising was to take place at 2 o'clock on Easter Sunday evening [April 23, 1916]. The dispatch carrier — I don't know who he was, at least I cannot remember him now

The dispatch carrier had to go elsewhere, so I returned hastily to [my home at] Ballagh. I cycled to Dualla that night and saw the County Commandant [McCann]. He hadn't got any orders such as I had. He was a bit put out about it.

I said to him that I could not help the matter, that it was the mix-up between the two organisations [IRB and Volunteers], and the best thing to do was for him to go to Dublin and discuss the affair there with the Volunteer Executive. He went to Dublin by train from Gooldscross on Thursday the 20th [April]. On the way to Dublin he met other southern officers and they were in a state of confusion too, and when they went to the Irish Volunteer Headquarters the confusion grew worse, as he told me on his return.

I placed an armed guard at Gooldscross [railway] station to watch from under cover all trains coming from Dublin and to be ready to guard Piaras McCann on his return. I feared an attempt might be made to arrest him. At all times until his return we had three men on duty. Late on Friday night [Good Friday 1916] or early on Saturday morning Piaras McCann arrived from Dublin and brought the joyful news that, after many hours of almost frenzied efforts, Eoin MacNeill had, in view of the arms about to be landed, consented to the Rising.⁹

Here is an interesting matter. Some time late on Friday evening or night our men at Gooldscross saw in a carriage of a Dublin-bound train a number of armed constabulary, and with them a gentlemanly looking man in civilian clothes. Afterwards they wondered if it [sic] could have Casement.¹⁰

Saturday was spent sending dispatches, holding conferences and getting ready shotguns, revolvers and a few pikes. We waited orders from the County Commandant [McCann]. The general plan was to rush the constabulary barracks and to guard all roads by which the arms from Kerry would be borne eastwards. In the Kilnamanagh barony we were sure that the parishes of Clonoulty, Ballycahill, Drombane, Knockavilla, Rossmore and Upperchurch would give of their best, as they gave in later years.

To show the spirit of the countryside at that time, I will tell the following story. Amongst our members were two young men, Tom and Michael Kearney. I went to their mother on Saturday and told her that I was bringing them out in a Rising, and [asked] what did she think of it. She said go ahead, that they were eager to fight and she would not hold them back. Such were most of our womenfolk.

My mother, in particular, knew that the Rising was fixed for the following day, but otherwise everything was kept a secret, and on Sunday morning we went about our [farming] business as usual. The Volunteers were to begin the march after the 12 o'clock Mass.

I was going to a nearby creamery with some milk in the early morning and, as I reached the road gate, one of the Dublin men arrived and handed me a dispatch. It was the dispatch signed by Eoin MacNeill.¹¹ I read it to him, and he agreed that it was a terrible business.

My sister, Mrs. Cussen, who had got married some short time before and with her husband had gone to live near Clonmel, was at home with my parents. When I came back from the creamery I told them what had happened, and my father said that it was the Fenian Rising [of 1867] all over again.¹²

A little later we saw a motor-car halting on the roadside, and two men came across the fields. As they came nearer I saw that one of them was a neighbour of ours named James O'Dwyer of Ballagh, and with him was The O'Rahilly. The O'Rahilly had the dispatches down inside his stocking, and he took one out and I told him I had got a copy a couple of hours before.



I asked what was to be done and what had happened. He said when MacNeill got the news that the *Aud* had been sunk and all the arms had been lost on Saturday, he at once set about calling off the Rising and the dispatch carriers had gone out in all directions.

He said that the IRB had agreed to the calling-off of the Rising and, when asked if this was the end, he said: "I don't believe it is, and now I am going to Limerick and will give out dispatches on the way. I am then going back to Dublin, as I want to have this evening in the company of my wife, because I am strongly of the opinion that the IRB will call the Rising for tomorrow, and if they call the Rising, though I do not agree with it, I will certainly be in it".

My mother supplied him with some tea and milk, after something to eat, he took to the road again. That was the last I saw of that gallant man.¹³

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On [Easter] Sunday night there was a dance that had been arranged for some time previously and it was held in one of the local homes, and we were there. The Volunteers discussed the matter, not knowing what to think of it. Monday came and no news from Dublin or from anywhere as to what was happening or would happen, and we were sowing potatoes that evening when Conor Deere of Goolsdross, with a gun in his hand, came across the field from the road, and as he came nearer he shouted: "Dublin is fighting".¹⁴

I at once went into my house and got on my Sunday clothes, got whatever arms we had there and we went out to round up all the Volunteers who would come out with us. The countermanding orders had finished the Rising to a great extent and, after a long struggle, all we had rallied that evening were nine in all. By the following day two others had arrived, making the number who came out eleven.

Several definitely refused, and said the order was there from Headquarters and that was that, and naturally they did not know what to make of it. The news that Dublin was fighting was brushed aside as if it were news of some extremists fighting.

We held the roads on that Monday night and expected at any moment to have some news from Dublin as to what we were to do or when and where we would do it. Some time after midnight Sean Treacy arrived from Tipperary [town]. He had the same story to tell.¹⁵ Nobody in Tipperary town knew anything further than what was in the countermanding order, but he thought that we might have some news. He returned to Tipperary town that morning and came back again on Tuesday, but on Tuesday we were in the same position - no news and no trains running.

On Wednesday when he came I called some of the crowd together, and said that the best I could do was to go to the County Commandant [McCann] and ask him to bring out the brigade. I went to Dualla, and Treacy and the others waited for my return at my old home. I saw Piaras McCann, and with him was Brian MacNeill, who was later killed on the republican side in the Civil War.¹⁶

He [McCann] had no news further than this countermanding order and, after a long discussion with him, and putting up a plea that it was a shame that Dublin was fighting on its own, or practically so, he agreed that he would bring out the Tipperary Brigade if Limerick and Cork would also come out, and he said: "Could you get a message to them?".

"I can and I will", I said "Sean Treacy is waiting for me at Ballagh and I will bring one of these messages and he will bring the other. I'll go northwards to Annfield, Upperchurch, Newport, Coole and down to Limerick, and he'll go southwards to Tipperary and Cork."

"Good", he said, and he wrote two dispatches stating what he wanted done and that if those two brigades came out, he'd also bring out the Tipperary Brigade to do what they could. I returned to Ballagh and after we had something to eat, Sean [Treacy] and I separated, he going southward and I northward, and as I went I felt very joyful again.

When I reached Annfield and opened the gate into Meagher's yard there was a crowd of men there armed with shotguns and revolvers. Amongst them was Paddy Kinane looking every inch a



soldier, with his gun in his hand and a bandolier strapped around his shoulder.¹⁷ The Meagher family were also there, also the Hayeses, Longs and Seamus Leahy, and many others that I cannot remember.¹⁸

They gave a great cheer of welcome when they saw me entering and a further one when I told them my business and, in the meantime, I told them to do nothing more than cutting communications, especially in the telephone and telegraph wires, and to await further orders from the County Commandant [McCann]. Similar orders had been delivered by me in Ballagh.

Now, before going any further, I would like to give the names of the men who came out in the Ballagh-Knockavilla area. Those were Conor Deere, Gooldscross; Jim Browne, postman, of Clogher, Tom and Mick Kearney, Pat MacCormack and myself - all six from Clonoulty parish: Tadhg O'Dwyer, Michael Sheehan, William Russell O'Dwyer and John Halloran - four from Knockavilla parish - and Phil Ryan [Mason], from Rossmore parish.

It was a dark night when I left Meagher's house in Annfield that Easter Wednesday night, and I took the road to Upperchurch and on to Milestone amid the mountains. I carried no bicycle lamp for obvious reasons, and I had difficulty sometimes in finding my way. I had to get down a gully to get a drink in a mountain stream, as I had been taking Oxo tablets which Mrs. McCann had given me earlier in the day to aid me on the night journey and, as a result, I was very thirsty!

When I reached Milestone I saw a light in the publichouse there, and I knocked. A man came to the door, and I asked if there was any chance he would make a cup of tea for me and that I would pay for it. He asked me in, saying: "I will make the tea, but there will be no payment. What is the news? You are on some mission." "Do you know me?", I said. "Certainly I do, you are Eamonn O'Dwyer and I am Jim Condon, one of the people of this publichouse". "Yes, I am on a mission all right," I said. "Where do you stand, are you a member of the Irish Volunteers?" "Certainly," he said. "There are all sorts of rumours amongst the mountains. Masses of men marching everywhere". "Well, I hope it is true," I said. "I don't know," he replied.

"Suppose Tipperary is deciding to fight, could you get anything done here?" "Certainly, I can," he said, "there is a bunch of fellows will come out here". I said; "in that case we will give you word sometime tomorrow, and Kinane will send a dispatch-courier to you". So I drank the tea and bade goodbye to Jim Condon, and I took the road to Newport on the other side of the mountains.

It was some time after midnight at this time, and it must have been near three o'clock in the morning when I reached Newport. I called there to the residence of Jim Ryan, who was one of the IRB Centres, and I knocked him up. He was rather astonished to find me at his door, and I told him what my mission was and asked him if anything could be done in Newport.

He thought not, that the countermanding order had knocked that on the head and it would be "next-door to impossible" to bring the Volunteers out again. After discussing matters for some time he gave me directions to find the road to Coole, where I intended to call at the home of people named Coleman.

I took the road out from Newport, and I found when I reached some crossroads that I could not decide which was the way to Coole, so I thought the best thing to do was to wait for the morning. I got over a roadside ditch and brought my bicycle with me, and I lay against the ditch in a position where I would be facing the rising sun.

I was awakened by the sunrise, which was some time about 6 o'clock in the morning. I got on the road again, and knocked around until I met a man going to work, who showed me the turn for Coole and told me where I would find the Colemans' home. I had met with some of the Coleman family some time previously on some of my organizing missions, and Miss Coleman and her father had been doing a great deal for the movement in that district. This was in the County Limerick beyond the Tipperary border and on the western side of the mountains. The Colemans were just getting out around their work, and they saw that I got a wash-up and a good breakfast. Mr. Coleman brought out a pony and buggy, and he and his daughter scouted the road before me into Limerick city.



A strange thing was that on all those movements of mine during those few days I never saw an RIC man or British soldier; nor did I see any in Limerick city. When I reached the city I bade goodbye to the Colemans and I went to Daly's shop.¹⁹ The girl there told me, when I disclosed who I was, that I would meet the Brigade Council in Sullivan's saddlery shop in the same street.

She came there with me and was admitted. After telling them that I was anxious to see them, I was admitted to the Council. There was [sic] a James Leydon, a Dalton, Michael Colivet and an O'Sullivan present. I handed them the dispatch from [Piaras] McCann and after they had read through it, we discussed the matter, and they told me there was no possibility of anything being done, that the Volunteers were all disbanded and they could not possibly be got together again.

They didn't think the fighting in Dublin would come to anything, and Michael Colivet said that their information was that there was nobody out in Dublin only Larkin's men.²⁰ Now, this was a very big setback to me, and I took it as being all the truth and the whole truth.

Later, probably after coming out of prison at the end of 1916, I had to make a report to the I.R.B. Supreme Council, and I included this statement in it.²¹ I thought at the time that Michael Colivet was making a statement of what he believed to be true, and that the other men who were with him believed it to be true and that they had no other information whatsoever about the happenings in Dublin.

Some short time after making my report, Michael Colivet called to me at Ballagh and he was very troubled about it. I said: "If you thought it to be the truth, why be troubled about it?", "It was not the truth", he said. "You probably have heard already that the Daly sisters had arrived in Limerick an hour or two before you called, and they brought back news of how things were; but I thought that there was no hope of doing anything, and it was a question of having to say something to put you off..."

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I left Limerick pretty downhearted and outside Limerick on the way to Boher I saw the first RIC men I had seen that week. Two of them were sitting up in a cart with a fellow, and both had rifles, and I wondered if I would make an attempt to get those rifles, but then I decided, "well, I can't do that; I will have to keep going and get back to our fellows", so I cycled on to Doon. . .

I don't know if I had arranged to meet Sean Treacy there or not. I think he was to report back to Ballagh or, if to report there was impossible, to carry on in Tipperary.

In Doon as I was passing the RIC barracks, I saw one of the constabulary men looking out through a window. As I passed he shouted something and, when I took a side-ways look back, I saw that they were shuttering the windows, and I thought: "this looks good. There is maybe something doing in the county, and they think I am coming along with further news".

I went to Ryan's hotel, and there was Treacy awaiting me. He told me what is already told in the book *Sean Treacy and the Third Tipperary Brigade* - that he had taken the road southwards the previous night and had called to Tipperary town where there was some activity.²²

I had better state here what the activity was. On Monday night Michael O'Callaghan arrived in Tipperary town, where he was working as assistant Creamery Manager at one of Cleeve's creameries. Going down the town, a mob of people who were connected with the British army attacked him and pelted him with stones.

He drew an automatic and fired one shot at least in the air to protest himself. The bullet bounded off a wall and struck some young fellow in the knee, and there was a great hubbub. O'Callaghan went to his own house in Henry Street, and he was not long there when a armed RIC men came battering down the door and shouting what they would not do to him.

He fired a few shots and they ran away. He went into hiding in the town and that night some friends induced him to go out to Coolbawn near the Glen of Aherlow. He was there on Tuesday morning when an RIC sergeant and a constable arrived and came into the dining-room where he was eating his breakfast.²³



They said: "You are Michael O'Callaghan, and we are arresting you," "Yes, I am Michael O'Callaghan," he replied. "This is my card," and he drew an automatic revolver, fired, and the sergeant fell dead with the first shot.²⁴ A second shot, and the constable fell dead in the yard. O'Callaghan got away and after many adventures reached the United States.

Sean Treacy [at the Doon meeting] was very disappointed too how things had turned out, and from Tipperary he had gone to Galbally [Co. Limerick] and had got in touch with the Ballylanders men. They were all keen on a rising and had come out in force. The RIC deserted Anglesborough barracks [Co. Limerick] and I heard - I do not know how true it is - that the sergeant of the RIC barracks left a note to the Volunteers, asking them not to ill-treat his wife and children!

Treacy told me too that an order had been issued by [Piaras] McCann disbanding the Volunteers in Tipperary and that nothing could be done. I said; "How is that; that was a very quick decision of his, after agreeing that he would wait on the news from Limerick and Cork".

"Well," he said, "probably the news had already reached him that Limerick and Cork were not going to do anything". "Now, at any rate," he said, "all the telephone and telegraph wires are down in a tangle on the railway at some points, but they have got the counter-order from McCann. After going to Annfield, what then?" he continued. "I am going to Dublin," I said. "Well, I'll go with you," said Treacy.

"No," I said, "I'll only be responsible for myself from now on and I won't let you come to Dublin with me and, anyway, I think you'd better wait and see what is going to happen". So I left Doon and I came on to Brittons of Bishopswood, where I met our fellows.²⁵ They told me that, after cutting the wires and making other preparations, they had sent two men to Dualla to get a couple of rifles they thought we were to get there.

When the two men reached McCann's place at Dualla, the house was all locked-up and, after knocking and making noise around for an hour, they had to return without meeting anybody. Some time in the morning the order came from McCann that they were to disband. They did not do so, but awaited my arrival.

In the meantime the RIC had come out of force, and they were patrolling the railway between Gooldscross and Dunderum and protecting linesmen who were repairing the wires. They [the Volunteers] asked; "what are we to do?", and I said I could not take the responsibility for such a small number; "the only thing you can do is to go home and see that any stuff we have is a secreted and left in safe places".

One or two wanted to make an attack on Dunderum barracks. They said that some local people around Dunderum had gone in there with their shotguns to aid the RIC. I decided that we could do nothing in the circumstances and Bill Griffin brought me that night to Carroll's at Caherhue which, he thought, would be a safe place, and I certainly slept soundly there for the first time for over a week.

On Friday [28 April, 1916] I came along on the bicycle and, leaving it on the roadside near Clune, I crossed the fields and the river to reach my home. Now, my sister Winnie [Mrs. Cussen] who had gone to live with her husband near Clonmel some time previously, when she heard of the Rising, started on Wednesday morning to come to Ballagh, knowing that I would be on the move. She had to walk most of the way. She arrived in Ballagh some time on Wednesday evening.

She was there when I arrived on Friday from this futile attempt to get the Rising going throughout Munster. We were talking for a few minutes, when I said I would be on the move again, as RIC men were in force on the roadway some few hundred yards away and on the railway. As we spoke, we saw two RIC men coming down across the fields and coming very carefully.

Both had rifles. I had a revolver in one pocket and an automatic in the other, and I said I'd wait and see what it was all about. They came in to the front of the house, Sergeant Hourigan and Constable Hayes from Clonoulty, two gentlemen whom I did not like and who certainly did not like me!



They queried me about the wires being cut, and I said: "Well, it is your business to discover who cut the wires". They said they could arrest me, and I said: "Well, try it and see if it will work". Hourigan said: "Yes, I suppose you would shoot us like your pal Callaghan shot the men in Tipperary". "Well", I said, "I won't be arrested anyway, I can assure you of that".

After some further words they thought that others of our fellows were in the house behind me with shotguns and that they would not have a chance against them. Otherwise, I imagine they would have tried to shoot me or capture me at that time. So I bade goodbye to my father, mother and sister, and left Ballagh in a hurry!

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I reached Annfield sometime that Easter Friday evening and met the Volunteers who were there. They had already done what they could and they had got the countermanding order from Piaras McCann. They were at sea as to what further could be done. I told them there was nothing I could do now. I could not take responsibility to bring out two small parties of 20 or 25 and badly armed at that, and said that I was going to Dublin, but first I would have to see Mc Cann.

I stayed at Annfield that night and got to McCann's very early on Saturday. When I reached McCann's, Piaras and Brian MacNeill changed the orders. He said that he had discovered that there was no hope and that the fighting was dying down in Dublin and that it was too late to do anything.

"Well", I said, "they are still fighting there apparently and I am going there.". "Well ", he said, "if you have fully decided to go there, the best way is to go unarmed and try to find you way into the city and if there is anything that can be done, you can send word back to me. I'll bring out the Tipperary men if you see there is a hope that the fight can be continued". Something like those were his words.

I surrendered my automatic and revolver to him, and after having dinner there I took the road for Dublin on my bicycle. All went well until, going up a hill on the road near Killenaule, my bicycle got punctured and I had to walk. I thought for a moment: "Will I take to the fields and try to reach Dublin by cross-country?" Then I saw the dust of cars coming along the road behind me, and I wondered what they were, but I was not left in wonderment very long, for when I looked back I saw there were two cars and one of them pulled right in front of me.

Armed RIC men jumped out of it, while the other car pulled up behind me. They covered me with rifles and revolvers, and my bicycle, which was on the roadside, was shoved into one of the cars. A District Inspector from Killenaule was driving the car, and a sergeant got into the back seat with me. He put a revolver up to my head and I thought the barrel of it looked very big, but I kept a firm grip upon my courage and I said to him: "You will either shoot yourself or shoot me with that revolver".

The D.I. looked around and said: "Sergeant, will you put down that gun; there is no need for it at all". They brought me into Killenaule barracks, and the D.I. queried me as to what my business was. I sprang him a very good story, that I had relatives in Dublin and that I wanted to see them as I was very troubled that something might have happened to them in the fighting, and that I was just a plain everyday man on my way.

He looked at me and said: "Well, if that is the truth, I don't see why we should detain you. You have explained things very clearly and I will get on the 'phone to headquarters in Clonmel and see what they say to it". When I heard that I just wondered what the reply would be; but I wasn't long in doubt!

The D.I. returned, and he looked at me very quizzically. "Now, judging by appearances", he said, "you are an honest man and in general I would believe anything from you, but that story was a marvellously good concoction for an honest man to make". He said: "the reply I got from Clonmel is that you are to be brought in there, and that if you make any attempt at escaping you are to be shot at once, and that is that".



I was taken to Clonmel barracks that night. I had no news up to then as to how the Rising was going or to what had happened. When I got out of the car at the avenue into the barracks, a mass of young soldiers were lined upon each side of the roadway or pathway in, with rifles and fixed bayonets, and I wondered what the devil it was for. I was brought into the barracks and put into an old storeroom.

There I slept on one of the shelves for the night. I was a little thinner then than now; I could not do that now! In the morning I saw that there was soldier of the Leinster Regiment on guard outside the window. He looked in and said: "you are awake, I must pass the word to get something to eat for you. I'm sure you are hungry". "Oh, no, thank you", I said.

"By the way, who are you?", he said. "You must be a rather important prisoner". "Ah, I don't think so", I replied. "Well, that is strange", he said. "Did you see that crowd lined up along the roadway last night?". "Yes", I said. "Well", he said "that was the cadet corps. They came here from Waterford and when they lined up like that, we thought it was the Kaiser had been captured". "Well, no, it is not the Kaiser nor the President of the Irish Republic!"

"Well", he said, "I will get the breakfast". He got the breakfast and then he discussed the Rising and said it was all over, that there was a surrender in Dublin". "Is that true?" I said. "It is", he said, "and why the devil didn't you tell us that the Rising was on, and the fellows in the Irish regiments would have taken part in it; we had arms and we would have done something".

"Oh, well", I said, "it is too late now. The next time we'll surely tell you".

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FOOTNOTES

1. Tom Clarke, an old Fenian who had served a long jail sentence in Britain in the 1880s and 1890s and was executed on 3 May 1916, had settled in the U.S. on his release from jail. At the turn of the century he returned to Ireland to help re-organise the IRB. His tobacconist's shop in Parnell St, Dublin, became a meeting place for IRB and Sinn Fein leaders.
2. MacBride, father of the late Seán MacBride, had supported the Boers in the Boer War in the late 1890s, and was executed on 5 May, 1916. MacDiarmada, an Irish Volunteer and Gaelic league organiser, and a Signatory (like Clarke and Pearse) to the 1916 Proclamation, was executed in 1916 - on 12 May - with James Conolly, the Labour and Citizen Army leader.
3. In 1916 Pearse was headmaster of a private school, St. Enda's, then situated in Rathfarnham at the foot of Dublin Mountains. The school, also Pearse's home, is now a Pearse Museum.
4. Between January and Easter 1916 the Supreme Council of the IRB decided to organise a rising in Ireland during World War I, using the Irish Volunteers, whose leader Eoin MacNeill was kept in the dark over these plans. Pearse was on the IRB's Military Committee. For the events leading to the 1916 Rising, see F. X. Martin, OSA, (ed.): *Leaders & Men of the Easter Rising* (London, 1967).
5. For a biography of MacCanna, see the two-part article in the *Tipperary Historical Journal*, 1988 & 1989, by D. Ó Bric. For consistency, the English spelling of 'McCann' is used in this article, since it was used by Ó Bric. McCann was County Commandant of the Irish Volunteers in the Co. Tipperary, and is frequently referred to in this article as the County Commandant.
6. P.C. O'Mahony, then of Cashel, was a prominent member of the Irish Volunteers in Co. Tipperary and had been County Centre of the IRB before Ó Duibhir.



7. The Rising began on Monday 24 April, 1916, Sunday 23 April being Easter Sunday.
8. Clan na Gael was the leading Irish-American advanced nationalist body from the 1880s, and was led by the veteran Fenian John Devoy, who had financed both the IRB and Sinn Fein from the turn of the century. For Devoy, see Ó Lúing, S: *John Devoy* (Baile Atha Cliath, 1961).
9. Plans for the Rising included the landing of an arms consignment from a German ship *The Aud* on the Kerry coast. *The Aud* arrived off Kerry on 20 April (the Thursday before Easter), but was scuttled by its captain on being intercepted by a British naval vessel. For this episode generally, see foreword by O'Donoghue, F. in: *The Mystery of the Casement Ship* by K. Spindler (Tralee, 1965).
10. On 21 April, 1916 (Good Friday), Roger Casement had been landed from a German submarine at Banna strand, Co Kerry. He was arrested shortly afterwards and brought to London, where in June he was tried for high treason and sentenced to death, being hanged in August.
11. On Saturday 22 April, by a press notice, Eoin MacNeill, Chief of Staff of the Irish Volunteers, on learning for the first time of the planned Rising, cancelled (countermanded) all Volunteers activities planned for Easter Sunday, throwing the IRB plans for the Rising into confusion. See source cited at n.4 above.
12. The point of this remark by Ó Duibhir senior was that, some 40 years earlier, one of the commonly attributed causes of the failure of the 1867 Fenian Rising was the failure of the Dublin Fenians to rise.
13. The O'Rahilly, a member of Volunteer executive, was opposed to the Rising (like MacNeill), but once it began he took part as an officer of the GPO garrison, dying in the retreat from the burning building. See Bourke, M. : *The O'Rahilly* (Tralee, 1967).
14. Conor Deere of Gooldscross (1881-1961) was by 1916 a leading member of the Volunteers in Co. Tipperary, and later became an officer of the Third Tipperary Brigade, IRA.
15. Although Ó Duibhir uses the version "O'Treacy", the commoner version "Treacy" is used here. It is understood that the O'Rahilly's message was passed by either Ó Duibhir or McCann to Treacy, for him to inform the Tipperary town Volunteers. The compiler of these footnotes was informed in the mid 1960s by a Volunteer officer from another county that he met Treacy coming out of the home of Willie Benn, head of the IRB in Tipperary town, on Easter Sunday morning. For Treacy generally, see Desmond Ryan: *Sean Treacy & the Third Tipperary Brigade* (Tralee, 1945).
16. Brian MacNeill was a son of Eoin MacNeill.
17. Patrick Kinane was a prominent member of the Volunteers in Co. Tipperary, later an IRA officer, and the first Clann na Poblachta TD; he died in 1957.
18. Leahy was a member of the famous Tubberadora hurling family.
19. John Daly, a veteran Fenian, was a businessman in Limerick city, whose daughter Kathleen was Tom Clarke's wife. Many years later she became Dublin's first woman Lord Mayor.
20. "Larkin's men" were the Citizen army, led by James Connolly, some of whom took part in the 1916 Rising in Dublin, Connolly (as a signatory of the Proclamation) being executed on 12 May 1916.
21. 'Inquests' of this nature, on failed actions authorised by the IRB Supreme Council, were frequently held to apportion blame. See generally O Broin, L: *Revolutionary Background* (Dublin, 1976).
22. See source cited at footnote 15 above.
23. According to Ryan (op. cit., footnotes 15 & 22 above), it was to the house of an uncle near Kilross that O'Callaghan went. The compiler of these footnotes regards Ryan's version, rather than Ó Duibhir's, as the correct one.
24. In the interests of accuracy, as anyone can confirm who heard O'Callaghan in later years tell the story of the shooting (and as recorded by Ryan, op. cit., at footnotes 15, 22 & 23 above), the actual words used by O'Callaghan were "Here is my card"!
25. Ó Duibhir appears to be mistaken here; no family named Britton can be traced in the area mentioned.

