



1916

The 1916 Rising: Personalities and Perspectives

7.0 Príomhshuimh na Gníomhaíochta

7.12 Cill Dhéaglán, Co. na Mí

Bhí ról gníomhach ag an gCeannfort Tomás Áis agus ag Óglaigh ón 5ú Cathlán beag de Bhriogáid Bhaile Átha Cliath i dtuaisceart chontae Bhaile Átha Cliath i rith an Éirí Amach. Ar chomhairle a leascheannasaí Richard Mulcahy, ball de chathlán i gcathair Bhaile Átha Cliath a bhí díreach tar éis aistriú chuig cathlán Áis, ghlac sé le hoibrhearta treallchogaíochta, agus leis an gcur chuige sin rinne sé damáiste do línte iarnróid agus ghlac seilbh ar roinnt beairic bheaga de chuid Chonstáblacht Ríoga na hÉireann. An aidhm a bhí leis sin ná bac a chur ar ghluaiseachtaí na naimhde, brú a bhaint dá gcomrádathe i gcathair Bhaile Átha Cliath, agus aimr a fháil. Ar an Máirt i rith Sheachtain na Cásca, chuir Áis scór fear i dtreo Ard-Oifig an Phoist. Cuireadh roinnt acu chomh fada leis an Institiúid Déisíochta.

Maidin Dé hAoine, bhaileigh fórsa de 50 Óglach de chuid Áis mórrhimpeall ar bheairic Chonstáblacht Ríoga na hÉireann i gCill Dhéaglán trasna na teorann i gCo. na Mí. Bhí na 16 fear agus an cigire ceantair sa garastún ar tí géilleadh nuair a tháinig fórsa de thart ar 60 fear de chuid Chonstáblacht Ríoga na hÉireann agus beirt oifigeach shinsearacha ar an láthair i gcarranna. I ndiaidh tréimhse chomhraic feadh na gcláiocha, ndraenacha agus ndíog, chuir na hÓglaigh brú ar Chonstáblacht Ríoga na hÉireann, agus bhí ar an dream bhí ar an taobh amuigh agus ar an taobh istigh den bheairic géilleadh. De réir Joseph Lawless, Óglach a bhí páirteach sa ghníomhaíocht, maraíodh beirt Óglach agus gortaíodh cúigear, agus maraíodh ochtar fear ó Chonstáblacht Ríoga na hÉireann agus gortaíodh

15 acu. Ó thaobh na nÓglach de, ba é seo an ghníomhaiocht ba ráithiúla dá gcuid i rith an Éirí Amach, mar gheall, is dóigh, gur tháinig siad aniar aduaidh ar na pólíní. Bheadh an eachtra a tharla i gCill Dhéaglán agus na teaicticí treallchogaíochta a d'úsáid Áis agus Mulcahy ann mar eiseamláir dóibh siúd a ghlac páirt i gCogadh na Saoirse sna blianta ina dhiaidh sin.

I ndiaidh don géilleadh, cuireadh triail armchúirte ar Áis agus gearradh pionós an bháis air, ach laghdaíodh an phianbhreith go pianseirbhís saoil.

7.12

Cill Dhéaglán, Co. na Mí



Commandant Thomas Ashe (1885-1917). Born in Lispole, Co. Kerry, he qualified as a teacher and was principal of Corduff national school, Lusk, Co. Dublin. He was a member of the IRB and the Irish Volunteers, becoming brigade commandant shortly before the Rising. He died on 25 Sept. 1917 as a result of forcible feeding while he was on hunger strike when serving a sentence for sedition. (Keogh 39).

7.12

Cill Dhéaglán, Co. na Mí



Thomas Ashe was an active member of the Gaelic League and an accomplished performer on the traditional war pipes. He was said to be a tall and commanding presence and a charismatic public speaker. (Keogh 3).

7.12 Cill Dhéaglán, Co. na Mí



Richard Mulcahy (1886-1971); born in Co. Waterford, he worked as an engineer with the Post Office. He was a member of the Gaelic League, the IRB and the Irish Volunteers.

7.12

Cill Dhéaglán, Co. na Mi

REBEL AMBUSH.

10 POLICE OFFICERS KILLED AND 18 WOUNDED.

One of the most tragic affairs in the rebellion was the ambushing of a body of police in County Meath by the rebels, with the result that ten police were killed, including an officer, and eighteen wounded, and the rest were compelled to surrender.

On Friday the Meath police authorities received information that the rebels had attacked Ashbourne Police Barracks. County Inspector Gray, District Inspector Harry Smyth, of Navan, and a small force of fifty constabulary left in motor-cars for the district, passing through Slane and Balrath towards Kilmoor, where there is another small barracks a short distance from Ashbourne, a little village bordering on the county of Dublin.

The motor-cars had proceeded a short distance from Kilmoor, which is on an eminence and at the foot of which a small road branches off. The police did not know the rebels were at hand, the intention being to get out of the motor-cars and march to Ashbourne. The Sinn Feiners had, however, secreted themselves in a small grove by the roadside at a place near Rathgate. They had entrenched themselves in the field and at each end of the road they had taken up a position for attack.

REFUSAL TO SURRENDER.

Hardly had the police got out of the motor-cars at the ascent of the hill than a fusillade of bullets was sent into their midst. Sergeant O'Shaughnessy, of Navan, was shot through the heart almost as he was leaving his car. The small police party at once took what cover they could obtain beside the motor-cars and in the ditches. The rebels, however, closed in from all directions, and sent a messenger to the county inspector demanding the surrender of all his men.

County Inspector Gray courageously declined and gave directions to his men to return the fire. Handicapped by their cramped positions, the police nevertheless held their ground, and the county inspector fell wounded, shot through both hands and part of the body. Several other casualties occurred among the police, and sniping proceeded for over four and a half hours.

District Inspector Smyth, of Navan, was twice wounded but, followed by a sergeant and some constables, he pluckily crept along the roadside ditch towards the rebels, who were gradually closing in.

Sergeant Young, of Kilmoor, was next shot dead. Other constables were being hit, but one wounded policeman from beneath a motor-car continued to fire to the last. Suddenly the rebels appeared on the ridge overhead, and the district inspector fell dead with a bullet through his forehead.

TO THE LAST CARTRIDGE.

An unarmed chauffeur named Kepp, in the employ of the Marquis of Conyngham, of Slane Castle, was shot in the leg by an explosive bullet, and had to have his leg amputated, but he died.

The police fought until they had expended their last cartridge, and when they saw that further resistance was useless they surrendered.

The rebels took possession of the police-men's rifles and seized some of their equipment, but the men were later released.

No details are available as to the casualties on the side of the rebels, but they certainly had a number killed. The wounded were carried away.

The funeral of the police victims took place on Saturday, except in the case of District Inspector Smyth, who was buried on Monday.

COMING IRISH DEBATE.

the south, every wire either silenced by the rebels or held exclusively by the military, rumour is a mad cat in this imaginative island. But I saw yesterday a very healthy and determined wedge of our soldiers, stiffened by batteries of artillery, moving on Enniscorthy in that leisurely way battalions do move when they know they have something in hand; and that deliberate onslaught of avenging things rang the knell of the Sinn Feiners in possession of the town surely and certainly.

My train was stowed away along a convenient siding to allow uninterrupted progress for the men, the guns, and the horses. It was an unforgettable picture, very like one of the scenes I had witnessed in the early days of the war in France, when General Castelnau's army was moving up from the Vosges to make that historic "hinge" in the western line by Lassigny.

In a heavenly radiance of soft sunlight the newly armed swifts were flashing overhead in streaks of black lightning. A far-away church bell tinkled musically; below the shoulder of a little hill hard by a trout stream gurgled. Down the hill from the invisible church the peasants were trudging after Mass—picturesque, brown-skinned folk with soft voices and blue eyes mirroring the sky. They were met at the bend of the hill stream by the anglers, with their creels, their "greenhearts," and landing nets slung at their shoulders. Altogether they mingled in amiable, lazy conversation. One of the fishermen came up to me and showed me his creel full of speckled trout.

"Shure," said he, "twas at Wickham's Fancy that I landed the best of them." When suddenly, with a snort and a scream, the first armoured train ever to appear in Ireland came upon us. Fishermen and worshippers, priests and peasants, thronged excitedly to examine the curiosity. It was a home-made fighting machine, slung together hurriedly but very effectively of materials to hand. It consisted of an ancient but still serviceable engine in the proud cradle of a richly humorous Hibernian.

THE HOME-MADE TRAIN.

There were two or three steel trucks shackled to the engine, armoured with hastily pierced sheets of iron, and the whole amazing contraption was painted slate colour. In the hindmost truck a tackle of scaffold poles had been erected for the slingng aboard of a couple of clicklers, and guarding these handy and mobile weapons was an emergency crew of placid Tommies, one of whom was enjoying the sunshine and rest by a battered copy of the literary masterpiece "The Vanished Bride."

It will take me a long time to forget the bewildering effect on this incongruous scene—a khaki-laden armoured train endeavouring to advertise its importance, mingled with priests and peasants, church bells, fishermen, primroses, and speckled trout. It would need the brush of Hogarth to do it justice.

Presently a bell tinkled musically in the adjacent signal-box, a huge Irishman with fringed whiskers stuck his head out of the window, called "Right away," Tommy, with a sigh, stuffed the dilapidated "Vanished Bride" into his pocket, and the armoured train set off upon its journey to the cry of "Take your seats for Enniscorthy." I rubbed my eyes. Was this pastoral extravaganza a war in Ireland or a comedy at the Coliseum?

But it was abundantly clear that grim business was afoot. The crowd was moving away—every man of it now discussing vigorously Vinegar Hill and the significant parallel of '98 with '16, when another war scene moved into view—two trains, one of artillerymen and horses, and the other with the guns and limber of a light field battery with cases of ammunition piled on trucks, and the rear brought up by a huge 15-pounder with its grey snout cocked skywards and looking for trouble. Upon the truck bearing this monster was scribbled in chalk, so that all could see the words

"TO ENNISCORTHY."

Clearly, Enniscorthy was in for it, and this (Monday) afternoon I learnt officially what had happened there. Taking advantage of the silence of the crowd as they wall silence over the fall in the street.

Scavengers were bodies of the horse lancers' charge, and were hunting for bullets and rifles.

FREE OFFER.

Before the ruins of which nothing is now standing—I a man, who must be a looter or a lunatic, with whisky, beer, wine from a barrow free to them. But most though the guilt of him and he could hardly bottle.

The ruins extend a mile-street for several around Grafton-street little damage, save shops whose windows are broken. In many derelict motor-cars, to bring for anyone to claim.

PANIC IN THE CITY.

There was a panic Office about noon, when looking at it were a fear of a falling wall, slightly injured in the It will be a weary life of the city begin normal lines. But being taken to deal with and supply ships are and Kingstown from are urgently needed.

The necessity for almost as urgent in surrounding country. Passes are necessary to street in Kingstown great camp of armed Liverpool, and in the Provost Marshal for tradesmen who spoke starving customers, and to wholesale dealers supplies.

Four hundred and were taken to England night. They were, on lar, well-set-up body o whom they got aboard, the tried to seize a lifebelt they were to be thrown.

The rebels themselves officers prisoners for Four Courts, and see them well.

This afternoon the formed a variety of firing at the rebel fortification began, turned pursuit and carried a refugees to Kingstown on board mail steamer.

Reports from the pro good. With the exception nearly all rebels rendered, the evacuation where they held or notable.

MR. BIRRELL.

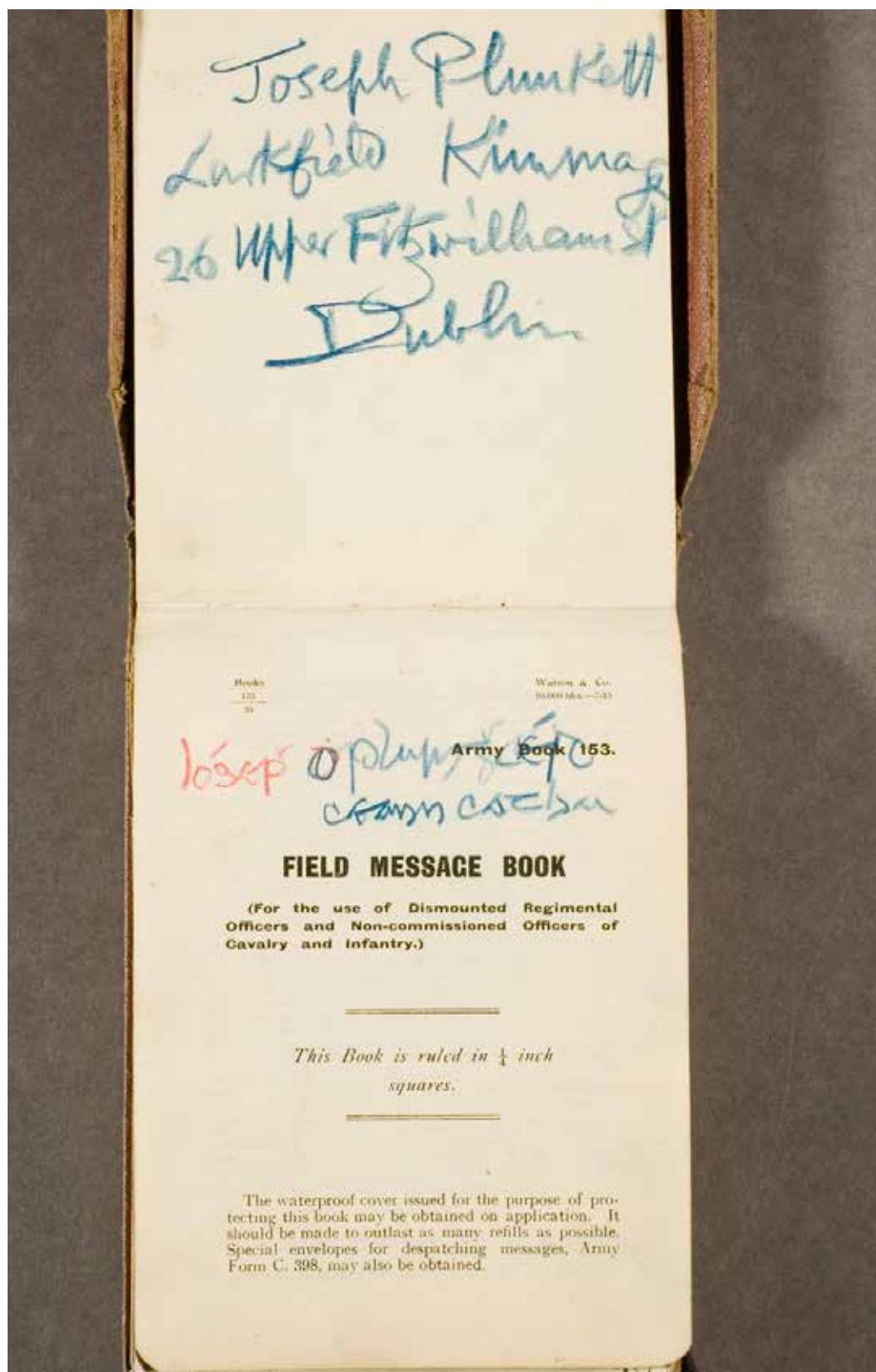
"NOTHING MUCH" REBELLION.

From Our Own Correspondent.

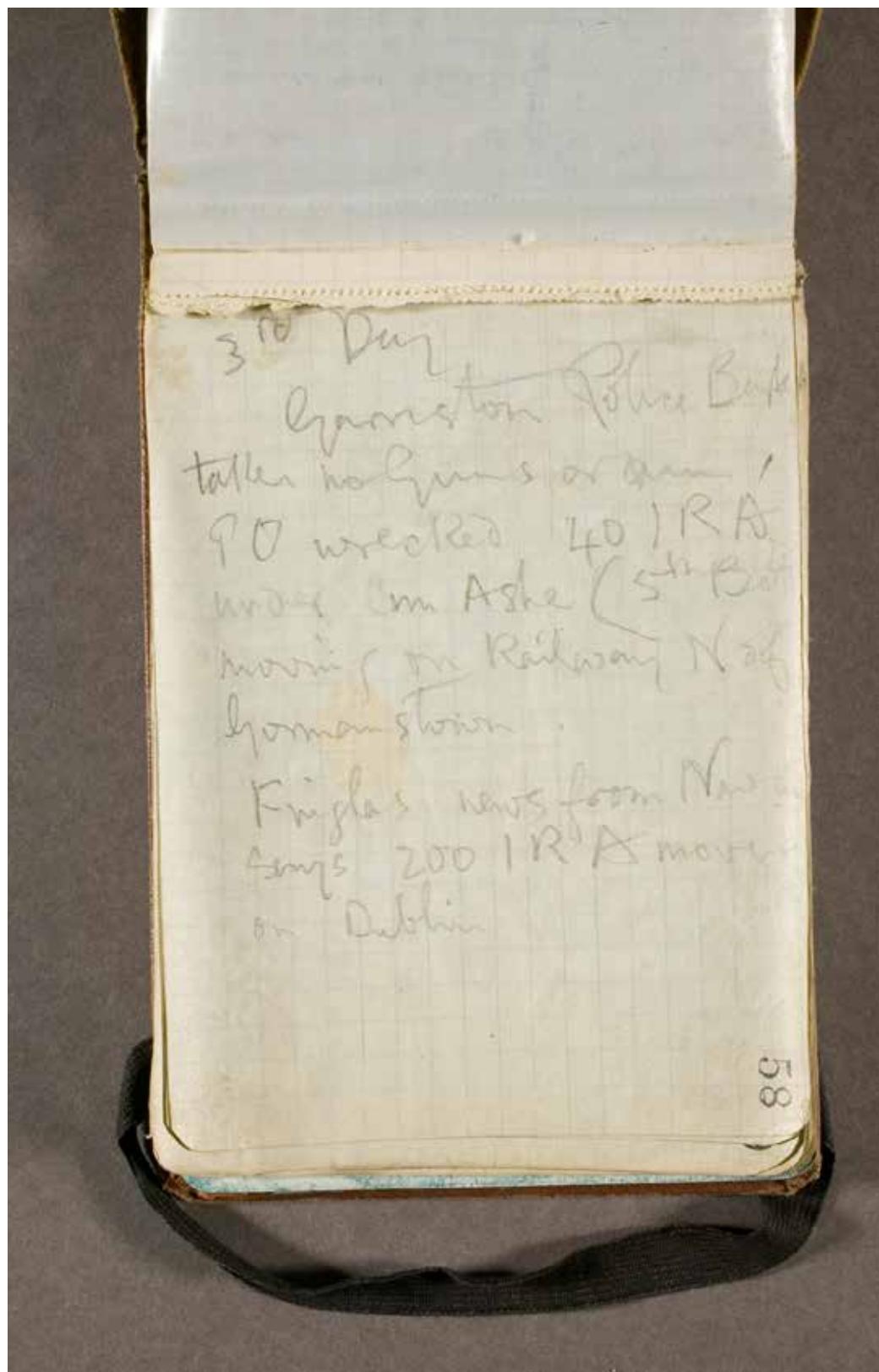
Mr. Birrell arrived in this afternoon from Duessel which shall be Wednesday. A special Crewe on his way to London.

In an interview he said was virtually over in Ireland main bodies of rebels had little sniping was going parts of the country, but asked if military op-

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Joseph Plunkett: Field Message Book

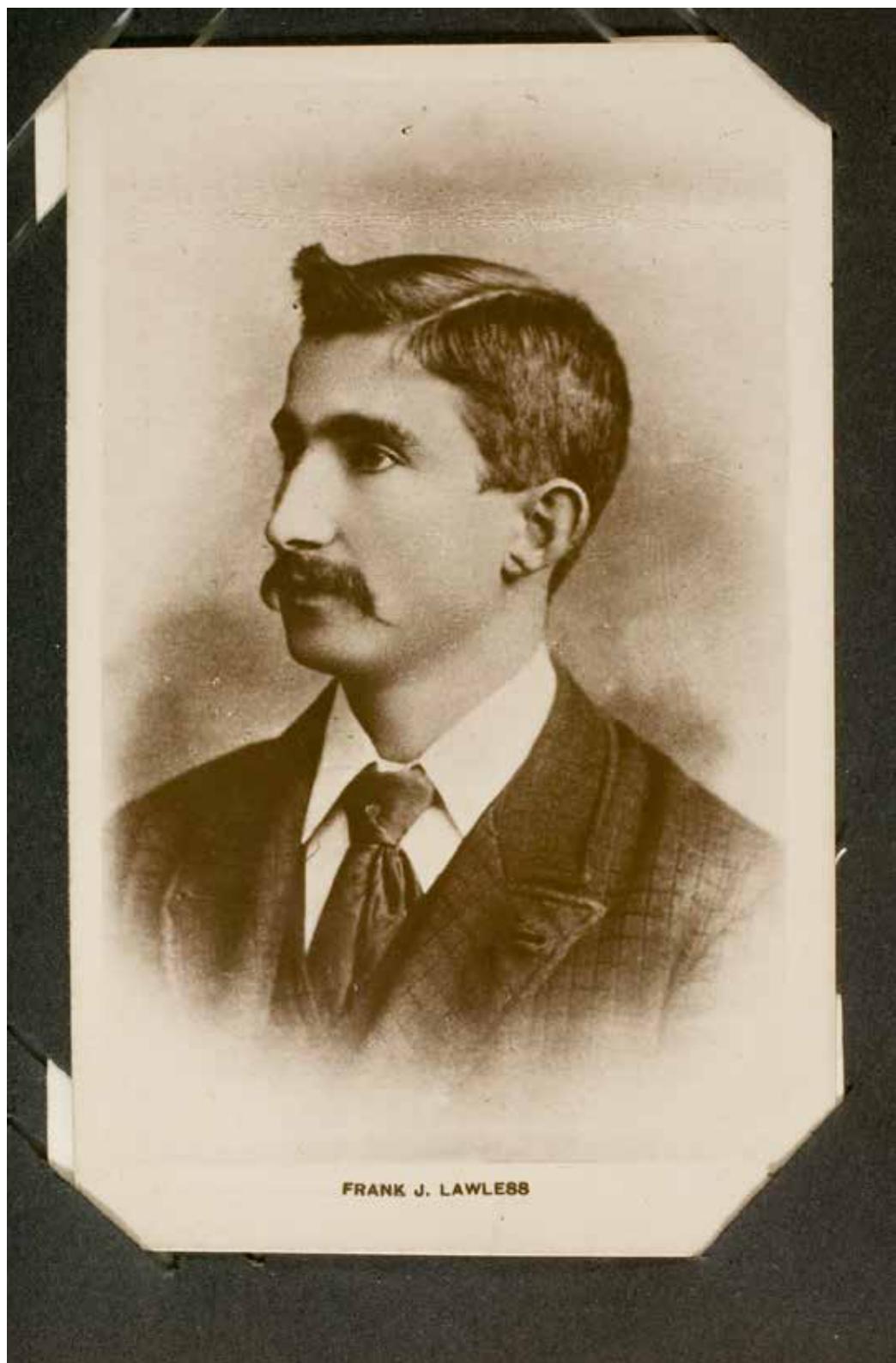
3rd Day

Garriston [Garristown] Police Barracks
taken. No guns or arms!

Post Office wrecked. 40 IRA
under Commandant Ashe (5th Brigade [i.e. Battalion])
moving on railway north of Gormanstown.

Finglas. News from N[?avan]
says 200 IRA moving on Dublin.

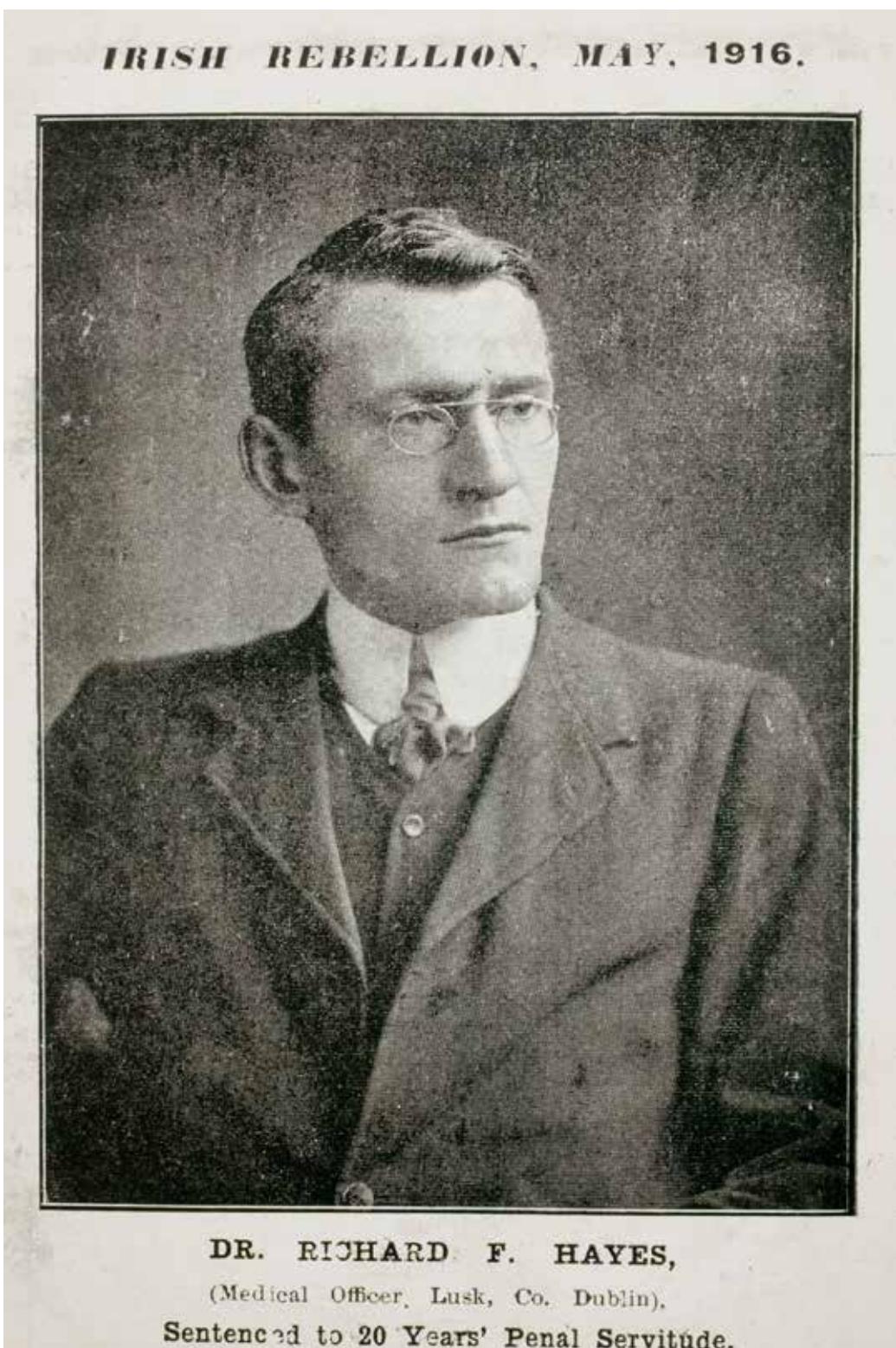
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Frank J. Lawless, quartermaster of the 5th Dublin Brigade, was involved in the action at Ashbourne in which his son Joseph also took part. (Album 73).

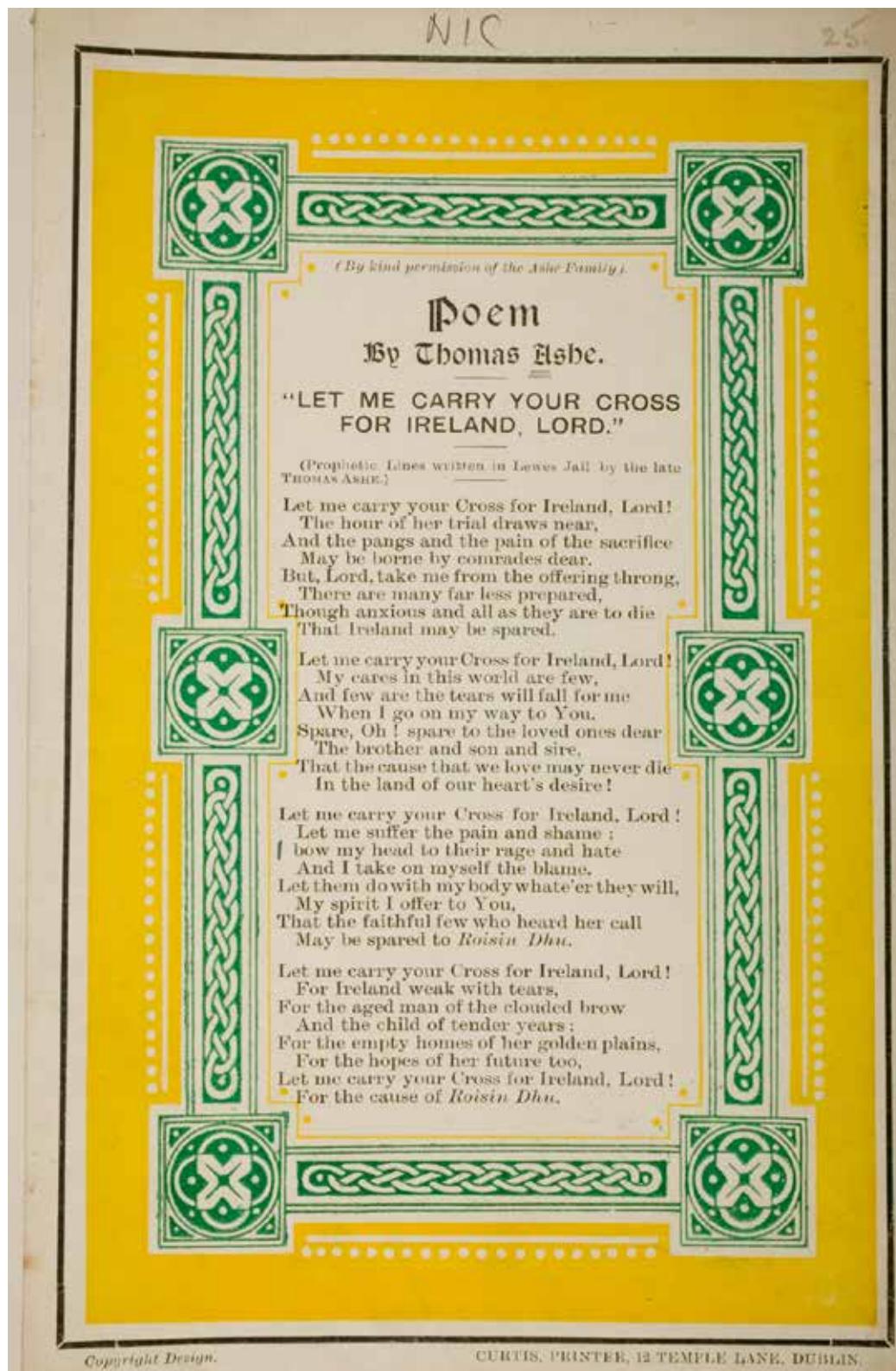
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Cill Dhéaglán, Co. na Mi



A commemorative postcard for Dr Richard F. Hayes, a native of Bruree, Co. Limerick and a boyhood friend of Eamon de Valera. He was afterwards author of Biographical Dictionary of Irishmen in France (1940) and other books. (Album 113).

7.12 Cill Dhéaglán, Co. na Mí



An edition of Thomas Ashe's moving poem, 'Let me carry your cross for Ireland, Lord'.
(ILB 300, P. 11/25).

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The Ashe Memorial Hall, Tralee, Co. Kerry. It now houses Kerry County Museum.
(Valentine 3065).