

W. S. 923
ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21.
NO. W.S. 923

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 923

Witness

Ignatius Callender,
102 Cromwell's Fort,
Crumlin,
Dublin.

Identity.

Section Leader 'D' Coy.
1st Batt'n. Dublin Brigade, Irish Vol's. 1916.

Subject.

Despatch-carrying, 1st Batt'n. area, Dublin Bde.,
Easter Week 1916.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

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Statement by Mr. Ignatius Callender,
102, Cromwell's Fort, Crumlin, Dublin.

On the Tuesday after the surrender of Easter Week, 1916, I called to Church St. Friary to see Very Rev. Fr. Augustine, O.F.M. Cap. We had a long talk on the events of the previous week. As I was leaving Fr. Augustine he suggested that at the earliest opportunity I should write, while fresh in my mind, an account of my personal activities and experiences, and that I should suggest to all those who had taken part in the Rising to commit to writing their own experiences, saying that what might seem insignificant items should be recorded, that such when compiled and put together with other records might possibly be of importance in the preparation of a future history of the period. Immediately on reaching home I made exhaustive and detailed notes of my own personal activity, with observations of places and people with whom I came in contact during that eventful week. About two or three years after I procured a copybook into which I wrote a detailed account, and the copy of my diary of Easter Week, 1916, is herewith recorded at the request of the Bureau of Military History. In my original manuscript diary most of the items and impressions have been verified by participants of the Rising.

The week preceding Easter, 1916, was one of ceaseless activity on behalf of the Irish Volunteer movement. Recruiting meetings were held all over the

City of Dublin and in the country. I remember the meeting held in Blackhall Street outside the Colmcille Hall. The meeting was addressed by Thomas McDonagh and resulted in getting many good recruits for A.D. and G. Companies. I met Thomas McDonagh after the meeting and he was delighted with the enthusiasm of the people and the results of the meetings.

During the week the air was full of rumours, at Company meetings there was record attendance, Companies vied with each other in their purchase of arms, ammunition, etc.. Men whom one would think should have bought boots or other wearing apparel, cheerfully provided themselves with munitions instead; they were inspired with such great enthusiasm that they forgot their own personal needs. At the meeting of "D" Co. 1st Batt., there was a record sale of "stuff" and many remarks were passed such as "Thank God I am now well prepared", "I wonder will I get a Victoria Cross", "I may be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Government", etc.

The Irish Volunteers and Irish Citizen Army consisted of men in every walk of life: labourers, messengers, drivers of carts, civil servants, doctors, solicitors, bank clerks, company directors, professors, merchants, etc., etc., all drilling, route marching, manoeuvring side by side, all inspired with the same idea - namely to try to break the chain of English slavery that held Ireland so tightly for so long. They were a grand lot of fellows. I doubt if any country in the whole world ever possessed a Voluntary Army like the Irish Volunteers or the Irish Citizen Army of Easter Week, 1916.

The scenes in almost every chapel on Saturday night were amazing - the chapels were crowded with men and boys for Confession. Similar scenes were witnessed on the Sunday morning, thousands of men and boys receiving Holy Communion. The only orders which the Irish Volunteers or Irish Citizen Army had were for a parade with arms, ammunition and rations for Sunday, but for some reason - perhaps divine inspiration - they prepared themselves for any emergency.

I attended 8 o'clock Mass at Arran Quay on the Sunday (Easter), on my way home I bought the Sunday Independent and was amazed to read the order from Eoin MacNeill calling off the parade - the use of the public Press, I thought, was an extraordinary way to call off a mobilisation, particularly as the Volunteers had a very efficient mobilisation system. Before going home to breakfast I went round to Colmcille Hall. I met several Volunteers there seeking confirmation or contradiction of the Sunday Independent notice. I, of course, could give them no information on the subject, but advised them to return later. In the rooms of Colmcille Hall, there were dozens of boxes of ammunition and high explosives. I allowed no one into the rooms. After breakfast I returned to Colmcille. After some time Seán Heuston arrived. He told me that should any member of his Company arrive I was to inform them that they should remain at the Hall for further orders.

Blackhall Street was a scene of ceaseless activity all day, hundreds of Volunteers arriving there

all eager for information. Except for the interval for dinner and tea I was at Colmcille all day. About 8 p.m. a meeting was held in one of the rooms. Seán Heuston, Ed. Daly, Ml. Staines and several other prominent Volunteer officers were present at the meeting. Volunteers guarding the doors jokingly referred to the meeting as a "War Council". The meeting lasted about one hour, after which all the officers left with the exception of Seán Heuston. About midnight Seán sent myself and several others out to make a survey of the surrounding district to find out if any "G" men (plain-clothes police) were watching Colmcille House. We found no "G" men and reported to Seán accordingly. He then dismissed us with instructions to remain at our homes till instructed otherwise. We left Seán Heuston, J. (Joe) Byrne and "Frank" Cullen on guard all night at Colmcille Hall. (When going to Colmcille after breakfast on Sunday I brought my revolver, rifle and ammunition with me and put them in one of the hiding places in the library.

On Easter Monday I had breakfast about 9.30 a.m. About 11.15 a.m. I was contemplating going to Colmcille, when a boy arrived at my house and, asking for Mr. Callender, he handed me a letter addressed to myself. He said that he had instructions to hand it to me personally as it was strictly private. On opening the letter I found an enclosure addressed "Major J. MacBride" and a covering note as follows:

Dear Mr. Callender,

Please deliver the enclosed to Major MacBride at once, most urgent.

Yours faithfully,

Seán MacDermott.

I worked under the direction of Major MacBride, who was Water Bailiff to the Dublin Corporation, a fact which accounts for Seán MacDermott's note to me. I immediately proceeded to 4 Sir John Rogerson's Quay, on the off-chance of finding MacBride there, as I knew that he had often attended at his office on holidays, in connection with part of his duties, the daily inspections of ships arriving in the Dublin Port overnight. On my way along Burgh Quay I was surprised to see Seán Heuston marching at the head of "D" Company, (about 14 or 15 Volunteers "D" Company was always a small Company). I halted and asked Seán the meaning of the Company being "out". He just answered "fall in". I showed him the letter for MacBride and the covering note from Seán MacDermott. He told me to get MacBride's letter delivered if at all possible, then to call to the Weigh House, Eden Quay, for the automatic revolvers, etc., which I had care of (for M. Staines), to get in touch with Staines, and afterwards to report at Mendicity Institute. On arriving at MacBride's offices, I was disappointed to find that he had not been there that morning. Neither I nor the caretaker knew MacBride's private address. I now decided to get in touch with my brother (John) who was an assistant to MacBride and who had often been out to MacBride's house near Dun Laoghaire. On my way I called at the Weigh House for the revolvers.

On crossing Butt Bridge I saw a large crowd of people outside of Liberty Hall; saw the Citizen Army "move off" followed by a cab heavily laden with boxes. It was now obvious that something unusual was on foot.

Arriving at O'Connell Bridge about 12 noon, I saw a few Volunteers making an attempt to rip up the roadway. They were not making much progress, probably they were amateurs at such work. I got the tram at O'Connell Bridge for Sarsfield Quay, saw Andy Fitzpatrick on Ormond Quay carrying his rifle and ammunition, going towards O'Connell St. The tram on which I was travelling was brought to a standstill at Queen St., where all traffic was being held up by M. Scully, who was armed with a revolver. Proceeding along Ellis's Quay, fire was opened from the Mendicity. I rushed into McDonagh's shop for safety, here I found my brother John.

I asked him for MacBride's address and he agreed to take the letter and try to get it delivered to MacBride, as he knew the actual road and house where MacBride lived. I gave him the letter and then returned under fire to my own house to get a few sandwiches (my house was only about 100 yards from McDonagh's shop). Having got a few sandwiches, I left again, but had not gone far when my mother ran after me and, opening my coat, she pinned on my vest a small badge of the Little Flower, saying "you're all right now, the Little Flower will protect you" I am sure I owe my life to the Little Flower's protection as I had a few narrow escapes, as will be seen in some of the following pages.

I went direct to Colmcille Hall to get my rifle but could not get it as the room in which I had it hidden was locked and I had no key to get in. I had lent the key to Seán Heuston the previous night. I was joined shortly after by Wm. McDonagh and two other Volunteers who wanted information about the situation; as we were about to leave we heard the sound of a motor

outside and looking out saw a British Red Cross ambulance pull up at the old Weigh House at the Queen St. end of Blackhall St. Armed soldiers got out of the ambulance and took up a position behind the Weigh House overlooking the Colmcille Hall. We considered that we were now in a dangerous position, and after a consultation decided to take our chances of getting away safely. McDonagh and myself left first and turned to the right, moving leisurely so as to avoid suspicion, the other Volunteers turning left. Passing St. Paul St. we saw three or four soldiers lying on the ground with their rifles pointing towards Blackhall St. They did not challenge us, and, of course, we pretended to take no notice of them. I parted with McDonagh and went to Murnanes at Blackhall Place. My ignorance of where I should go or what I should do was beginning to have a bad effect on me. I joined in the Holy Rosary offered at Murnanes for the success of the Rising.

As I was about to leave Murnanes, Andy Finucane, 2nd Lieutenant of "D" Company arrived. I was greatly relieved. I asked him for official instructions or orders, as my officer. He told me he had just come over the barricades of King Street. He had a pile of notes from the men behind the barricades, and handing them to me told me to get them delivered at the various addresses and report afterwards at King St. or Church St. I had to cover quite a wide area with these messages and several times found myself within the British cordons. Going to a house at Cabra I saw the first barricade, behind which was Seamus Fallon

(I had a short chat with Fallon). The barricade consisted of house furniture and a few poles and was commanded by only a few Volunteers. I was on the move until late that night, but succeeded in delivering all my messages.

On Tuesday morning I crossed the Hammond Lane barricade about 6.30. In Church St. I met N. Lennon and many other Volunteers whom I knew. I met Pierce Beasley, who told me that a Volunteer was required at Headquarters for special work. I offered my services and went with him to North Brunswick St., where I saw Ed. Daly, E. Morkan, E. Duggan and N. Laffan. Commandant Daly told me he wanted a volunteer to go to the G.P.O., also to act as intelligence officer and on secret service. I volunteered in the presence of those present and was then given a message for James Connolly at the G.P.O. I went via N. King Street, Ryder's Row, Parnell Street and Henry St. and entered the G.P.O. by the front door in O'Connell St. (door under the portico). On my arrival in O'Connell St., I was amazed at the number of people who were in the street. They were mostly jubilant with what was happening. Inside the G.P.O. everything was orderly and no sign of any confusion. I saw a Volunteer pick an old telegram from the floor, and handing it to J.J. Walsh, ask "will this pass the censor". Walsh read the telegram and just smiled. I saw many Volunteers and Citizen Army men whom I knew.

On my arrival at the Post Office James Connolly was engaged giving orders. After a little delay I was presented to him and handed him Daly's message. I had

never met Connolly before and he impressed me very much by his remarkable coolness. He asked many questions as to the surrounding of the Church St. barricades, he seemed to have a good knowledge of the district. Receiving a reply for Daly, I went to the Eden Quay Weigh House for M. Staines' cycle and then returned to Church St. The cycle was a great help to me. I was at least ten times in the G.P.O. on the Tuesday, with messages from Daly. On one of these occasions I was told by a Volunteer at the G.P.O. that thousands of Germans had landed at Kerry and were marching on to Dublin and had arrived at Kildare. I told this to several Volunteers at Church Street and they were delighted that help was so near. On my second last visit to O'Connell St. on Tuesday, I saw the commencement of the fire at Lawrence's (then situated between Earl St. and Cathedral St.). About an hour afterwards the whole premises were in flames. I saw the Dublin Fire Brigade under Lieutenant Meyers tackling the job of extinguishing the fire. They were brave men, and I as a Dubliner felt proud of them. I saw Gerald Crofts in charge of eight or ten Volunteers, each of whom, in addition to arms and ammunition, was carrying various size tins out of which small strings were protruding. I asked Gerald what was the idea of the cans, and he told me they were "bombs" to be thrown from the top of the Imperial Hotel opposite the G.P.O. in the event of an attack by the cavalry, that he and the others were going over to the Imperial. I wished him and his companions good luck.

After my first visit to the G.P.O. I was sent to make a survey of the district outside of the barricades, particularly the North-Western district. I crossed the barricades at North King Street and went (cycle) via Dorset St., Blessington St. (delivering a message at a Volunteer's house in Blessington St.) Berkeley Road, where I met a party of about 14 Volunteers marching (I believe from Kildare). I spoke to one of them and gave him information and instructions as to how they could reach the G.P.O. or Church St. area. They were marching on each side of the street on the footpath, about 20 yards apart, carrying rifles and ammunition. They had been on the march since the previous night. I continued along Phibsboro, Glasnevin as far as Finglas Bridge, turning to the left here and on to Blanchardstown and Castleknock, calling to Mooney's house to give a message to his sister. At Castleknock railway a train had been derailed, a length of rail having been removed. In the village of Castleknock I met a large party of British artillery. I saluted and spoke to several of them while cycling alongside of them. One of the soldiers, particularly friendly, of whom I ventured to ask where they were bound for, said they heard that there was trouble in Dublin and they were under orders for the Phoenix Park. He asked me if I knew what all the trouble was about and I said I had only heard a rumour that there was trouble in Dublin and that I was going into the city to find out for myself. I continued through the Park, leaving by the North Circular Road gate. There was much military and police (R.I.C.)

activity about the Marlboro" Barracks and R.I.C. Depot, but strange to say I was not questioned by anybody. I continued along the North Circular Road and crossed the barricade at North Brunswick St. On Tuesday evening a light drizzle of rain began to fall and continued for several hours; my clothes were wet through and, as I had no overcoat, on my last report to Daly he permitted me to go home for a change of clothes and to get something to eat, as I had nothing to eat since early morning, with the exception of a small piece of brown bread which I got in the Weigh House when I went for Staines" cycle. He dismissed me with instructions that I was to report on the following morning, but before doing so I was to have a good look around for enemy movements.

I left by the North Brunswick St. barricade. Just as I was about to cross, Larry Lawlor, who was in a window overlooking the barricade, shouted to me "Iky look out". I leaped into a hand-cart in the middle of the barricade and crouched down, then I heard laughter from the windows; it was only a joke being played on me - such was the spirit of the Volunteers notwithstanding the seriousness of the situation, they always found time for a little humour. Having crossed the barricade, I went through Red Cow Lane, King St., Blackhall St. to my home, passing through the British Cordon at Barrack St. without interruption. Before leaving Daly on the Tuesday I told him that I had 110 rounds of .303 at home. He said it would possibly be required and if at all possible

to get it to Church St. area. On the following morning my mother came into my bedroom and saw me with the ammunition. She asked me what I intended doing with it and I told her that it was required at Church St. She told me to give it to her and that she would get it delivered. I did not like to do this, but the question was, how was I to get it through, as there were hundreds of soldiers between our house and Church St. I gave it to her. She put it inside her blouse and taking 2/6 and a milk jug went off on the pretence that she was going to Stoneybatter to get milk, eggs and rashers for breakfast for Lieutenant Anderson and Captain Connolly (of the Pals R.D.F.). A Major O'Hara questioned her and, fortunately, another officer who was near bade her "Good morning, Mrs. Callender". O'Hara allowed her to pass on, she got the "stuff" safely delivered at Mrs. Murnane's house in Blackhall Place. One of Mrs. Murnane's daughters got it safely over the barricades in King St. Daly, later on Wednesday, told me about the safe delivery of the "stuff" and asked me to thank Mrs. Murnane and my mother, as it was badly needed owing to a scarcity of such ammunition.

On the Wednesday morning, having shaved, washed and put on a clean collar, I had breakfast at about 6.15 a.m. in the same room in the Lucan Restaurant as Lieutenant Anderson and an officer of the R.D.F. My mother was the proprietress of the Lucan Restaurant, 2 Sarsfield Quay, from where the last meals of P.H. Pearse were served on the 1st and 2nd May, 1916.

Other Irish Volunteer prisoners at Arbour Hill prior to Easter, 1916, whose meals were supplied by my mother were: Alexander McCabe (Sligo), Liam Mellows, Seán McDermott, Ernest Blythe, Hegarty, Bolger, Eoin MacNeill. All the payments for those meals were made by order of Seán McDermott, with the exception of P.H. Pearse and E. MacNeill's meals. After breakfast I waited for an opportunity to get away unnoticed, and succeeded about 6.45 p.m. Crossing Watling Street Bridge, I went along the Quays. My object in going along the Quays was to try to get in touch with Seán Heuston at the Mendicity; this was a particularly dangerous route to have taken, as I was directly in the line of fire between the Mendicity and the attackers on the opposite side of the Quay. Of course I dare not attempt to return, and had to continue onwards at all risks, getting to Bridgefoot Street. I interviewed a shop-keeper (Mrs. Smith) who assured me that there was no possible way of getting into the Mendicity from that point. I then continued through Usher Street and on to the Quay and crossed the barricades at Church St. Bridge and on to Daly, whose H.Q. had now been changed to Father Mathew Hall, Church St.

I was instructed by Daly and Morkan to go out again via Church St. Bridge for a survey of High Street and surroundings and to ascertain nearest position of British troops. I went via Usher Street and Bridgefoot St. The British had now advanced to Bonham St. I was challenged here, searched, and nothing being found on me, I was allowed to proceed. At the top of

Bridgefoot St. I turned to the right, as there were no soldiers in sight, and went towards the South Dublin Union (I heard in the G.P.O. the previous day that E. Ceannt held the S.D.U.). British soldiers were at the Fountain in James's St., Bow Lane and Steevens' Lane. Many of the residents of this side of James's Street were about their hall doors. I was not challenged, but could not get further. Returning towards the city passing James's St. Post Office I saw a wire, about 30 feet high, tacked on the Post Office wall. I traced this as a communication wire with Dublin Castle (it was tacked along the name boards of the various shops). Proceeding along Thomas St., I met P.J. MacManus at John's Lane Chapel. I spoke to him for a few minutes on the situation, continued on past the City Hall and Dublin Castle, where I saw the British military. Unchallenged, I proceeded on past Trinity College into D'Olier St., where I met Andy Clarkin, and got some information from him.

The "Stop Press" Edition of the Irish Times was on sale in D'Olier St. at 6d. per copy. I bought three copies. The crack of rifle shot in this area was almost incessant, with occasional spurts of machine-gun fire. O'Connell St. and Westmoreland St. were deserted. I got safely across Westmoreland St. to Fleet St. and now decided I must return to Church St. with my information. Passing the Telephone Exchange, Crown Alley, I was surprised to see behind the sandbags on the window-sills British soldiers, as I understood that this was one of the buildings occupied by the Volunteers. A Tommy from behind a sand-bag called on me to halt, pointing his

rifle at me, another Tommy advanced from behind the Telephone gate and searched and questioned me. Assuring him that I was a "Good boy", I was allowed to proceed. Arriving at the corner of Essex St. and Parliament St., I met an old lady sheltering at the Essex St. corner. She wanted to cross Parliament St. to get to SS. Michael and John's Chapel for 11 o'clock Mass, but could not do so owing to heavy firing from the City Hall in the direction of Capel St. It would be almost courting certain death to attempt to cross Parliament St., and after waiting about 15 minutes, I decided to try to stop the firing by a ruse. I took the old lady's umbrella and, tying my handkerchief on the end of it, began to wave it from under cover of the Essex St. corner.

After about 5 minutes firing ceased. Taking the old lady by the arm and holding my "White flag" aloft, we got safely to the other side of the street. The old lady said she would pray for me, and I am sure she kept her promise. On reaching Wood Quay end of Essex St., I went through Fishamble St., John's Lane, Michael's Hill, Cook Street and Bridge Street (all of which were free of the British). I crossed the Church St. Bridge barricade. I was followed immediately by the Rev. Fr. Costello of SS. Michael and John's. He announced if anyone wished to make his Confession that he would hear him, indicating a place. Several Volunteers approached Father Costelloe, who asked the Volunteers to kneel down, make an act of contrition and he would give General Field Absolution and that afterwards he would hear individual Confessions. We

all knelt down and got the General Absolution. I was immediately approached by McA.... who asked me if in the event of being out again would I call to No. 10 R, and tell his wife that he had been to Confession, saying, at the same time, "it will be a great consolation to her to know, should I be killed, that I have been to Confession and got Absolution, as I have not been to Confession for". Later that day I was able to deliver his message to his wife, who exclaimed: "Oh! thank God!" When McA.... asked me to deliver his message, he had a bandage round his head from a slight wound. After leaving Father Costello I continued on to the Father Mathew Hall and reported to Daly. He then gave me a message for James Connolly (G.P.O.), but before going to Connolly I was to try to get to the Broadstone Railway Station to find out if it was occupied by artillery as a rumour had spread that artillery were in position there and were about to open fire on Church St. area.

Proceeding towards North King St., I saw Peadar Breslin making frantic efforts to hand a plate of food to Tom Nolan from the window of N. 128 to the window of No. 127 Church St. Continuing along North King St., I was confronted with the most formidable barricade I had yet seen. It was at least 14 feet high, and I was helped over it by Wm. O'Carroll. Going along Bolton St., Dominick St., I arrived at the Broadstone. There was not a soul about. After surveying the surroundings I ventured nearer to the gate and pretended to push it. After some little time a railway porter came forward and asked what I

wanted. I said I wanted to try to get to Galway, as I was on my holidays and I wanted to get out of Dublin while this "Racket" was on. He said: "No trains were going out and God knows when any would leave the Broadstone again, that the place was full of military". I said, "they are everywhere" and asked him what kind of military, artillery or infantry? He said, "there are no artillery, but hundreds of infantry". I then left for the G.P.O. passing Dominick St. Chapel. I wrote my name and address in my Third Order of St. Francis book, which I happened to have on me at the time, so that I could be identified in the event of being killed. Arriving at Moore St., I met a Volunteer on duty who gave me instructions how to get into the G.P.O. I had to go to Randall's Boot Shop, then opposite Moore St. Going up to a front room over the shop a Volunteer pointed out a large hole in the wall. I went through the holes in the walls of the various buildings, arriving in one of the offices of the G.P.O. The first person I met there was M. Staines. We exchanged greetings. I told him I had a message for Connolly and he brought me to him.

There was incessant firing to and from the G.P.O. at this time; but no undue excitement, everybody was cool. I could hear the rattle of machine-gun fire against the G.P.O. defence. As I was about to give my report to Connolly he summoned P.H. Pearse, who was joined by Seán McDermott, The O'Rahilly and another. When I completed my report with the aid of a map of

a map of Dublin produced by Connolly, and having answered numerous questions, I was warmly thanked by Connolly and Pearse. Pearse and Seán McDermott shook my hand very heartily. M. Staines was also present and has very kindly written into my autograph book proof of this particular incident, of which I am very proud. Seán McDermott was one of the most lovable men I ever knew and as I looked at him that day I thought to myself "There's a happy man", for he surely looked the very picture of happiness, there surrounded by the brave lads making a fight against the Common Enemy of our country. Before leaving the G.P.O. again, I met Brian O'Higgins. He was in a room near the Henry St. corner. He, too, was the picture of happiness that day.

On leaving the G.P.O. building through the hole in the wall, having been escorted some of the way by Staines, on my way I got lost in one of the buildings. Seeing a man standing in a dark corner I shouted "Where's the hole in the wall?". Getting no reply, I repeated the question, and moving nearer to him I saw it was a wax figure. I was in the Wax Works Exhibition. Having reached Randall's, two Volunteers brushed my clothes with white tissue-paper, as my clothes were very dirty with the lime and plaster from the openings through which I had to pass. On my way to Church St. this time I ventured through Henry St., being helped over the barricade at Williams' by Mr. O'Brien, a well-known Forester. I safely arrived at H.Q., Church St. and conveyed Connolly's message and report re Broadstone. Daly then sent for Denny O'Callaghan and instructed him to take a small party

to attack the garrison who were in the windows of the Broadstone building and who were now giving trouble by their continuous firing. The attacking party inflicted heavy casualties on those in the Broadstone, without any fatal losses to themselves. Peadar Breslin was one of the leaders in the attacking party. He had been promoted Lieutenant that day by Daly. Breslin was very proud of his part in this exploit.

I was next sent to try to get information re the British soldiers besieged in Charles St. (Ormond Quay). I crossed the barricade at Mary's Lane (M. Fenlon's) and getting on to the Quay, went towards Charles St., had a look at the situation there. There were several wagons of ammunition there, in charge of Tommies, since the outbreak on Monday. They had been conveying wagons of ammunition from the North Wall and had just reached the Four Courts a few minutes past 12 noon. When attacked from the Four Courts, they took cover in Charles Street. The soldiers were in the houses and were fully armed. I spoke to one of the soldiers and he asked who I was. I said I was a newspaper reporter. He then said the people of Charles St. were very kind to them and to mention in any report I would be making that they were very grateful to the people for their kindness. If reinforced by additional men these soldiers would have been a danger to the Chancery St. end of the Four Courts. When I reported to Daly, he again sent me to Connolly to report (re Charles St.), and as a result of my interview with Connolly it was decided that Charles Street should be attacked, first for the purpose of clearing away a danger and second, for the purpose of capturing the ammunition.

It was agreed between Connolly and Daly, through me, that a few Volunteers from the G.P.O. would be sent to Mary's Abbey corner, overlooking Charles St., to engage the attention of the military, while a party was to be sent from the Four Courts to attack through Chancery St. houses. The signal was to be a certain number of rifle shots and the time 8 p.m. This attack never came off, as the military from the City Hall had been advancing towards Capel St. and cut off the chances of a successful reconnoitre from the G.P.O. On returning to Church St. on this occasion I had a very narrow shave. Outside the Chapel I saw the wood pavement covered with long nails sticking up about 6 inches. Curious to know the purpose of this, I stopped and asked Arthur Gaynor what was the idea of the nails. He informed me that they were to prevent a cavalry charge through the street should the barricade be successfully reached. While I was talking to Gaynor a shot was fired, the bullet hitting the wall only a few yards away from us.

Again reporting to Daly, he gave me a further message for Connolly. This time I left via Mary's Lane into Mary's Abbey and Abbey St., by order, so as to find out if British were advancing. I had not got far as some of the houses on the right hand side of Abbey St. were now occupied by military. From one of the windows I got a peremptory order to "get back". I returned to Jervis St. and passing on to Parnell St. again got into Moore St. via Cole's Lane, etc., and thence through Randall's to G.P.O. and returning via same route to Daly, who was now beginning to look very tired and haggard, his tunic was torn on the sleeve. I believe he had not closed his eyes since the outbreak on the Monday. I was jaded by now.

I had nothing to eat or drink since my breakfast, with the exception of a penny packet of biscuits. While in the Father Mathew Hall after giving my message to Daly, I met Kathleen Martin, who asked me to have a cup of tea. Needless to say, I accepted the offer: I think I had at least four cups of tea and must have eaten almost a loaf of bread. I had the tea in company of J.K. O'Reilly (Sen.) After tea I waited for Daly's return, and having done a few runs inside the barricade I was dismissed for a rest. Daly was at all times solicitous for each and every one of his men. He cared nothing for himself or any hardship he endured. It was a grand thing to have been associated with such a man, even in such a small way as I have been. I will treasure his memory for ever. Gentlemanly, courteous and brave. The spirits of the lads behind the barricades were simply astonishing, notwithstanding the anxious times through which they were passing. The want of sleep, the anxiety for dear ones at home and many other hardships. They were always full of fun and enjoyed any joke passed on. They were wonderful.

On Thursday morning I was on the move early, having had breakfast about 6 a.m. I came in contact with Anderson (Pals, R.D.F.). He commented on my appearance, so early in the morning. I had another clean collar on this morning and a shave. I believe he had some suspicion as to my movements. It was quite a long time before I could venture to get away. The Mendicity having surrendered on the previous day, gave the military an opportunity of advancing further on the Quays. When my chance came I left, going through Watling Street. I was stopped by Capt. Connolly (Pals, R.D.F.) whom I knew.

He demanded to know why I was "out", and I said that I heard a rumour that my aunt was seriously ill. He permitted me to proceed. Watling St. was sand-bagged at every corner, also Bridgefoot St. Near the Blanchardstown Mills, Thomas St., I was again held up and questioned and ordered to return. I went back, and going through Crane Street, in hope that I could get through, but was again held up at the corner of Thomas Court, I tried to be as unconcerned as possible, but it did not work this time. I would not be permitted to proceed further, and, as I was seemingly the only civilian on foot that morning, I considered myself lucky that I had not been made a prisoner. Getting into Thomas Street again, I was again held up at Watling Street, Thomas St. corner. Connolly coming on the scene permitted me to return down Watling St. Movement was becoming more difficult every moment. During the evening I made several efforts to get through to Church St., with a lot of useful information. About 7 p.m. I had almost succeeded, getting as near as West Arran Street (Arran Quay), which was sand-bagged and manned by British soldiers. Unfortunately I could not get through. I was now virtually a prisoner, as the order was: "Keep in", "Doors closed", "Keep away from window", and at night time "Put out those lights"; the commands sometimes being accompanied by rifle shots. Through Thursday night and Friday morning rifle and machine-gunfire never ceased.

On Friday morning the Quay was alive with military. About 12 noon I ventured to stand at the hall door, after a while I casually sauntered down towards the Esplanade,

hoping I might get round by Infirmary Road and on to the North Circular Road and eventually to Church Street or some other area, but I would not be allowed beyond the Parkgate St. side of Kingsbridge. Here I was held up and questioned by a very aggressive officer who threatened that if I did not return at once in the direction from which I had come, I might take the consequences. I naturally took the hint and returned. For the remainder of Friday and Saturday I was "out of action", the order "Keep indoors", "Get away from that window", being very rigidly enforced. The general demeanour of the officers was by now becoming very arrogant, they were beginning to show their hand.

About 6 p.m. on Saturday firing seemed to be easing down, and after a little time residents of the Quays began to return to their hall doors. Some of the soldiers told the people that "all is over", "the H.Q. has surrendered". Looking down the Quay I saw Styles and Davis at their shop doors talking. I went and joined them. After some time I went towards Queen St. Bridge, and having crossed the Bridge I met J. Merriman, with whom I began to speak. I had only been a few minutes in conversation with him when an officer who "held me up" on the previous Thursday in Thomas St. came on the scene, challenged me for a pass. I told him I had not got one. He asked me why I was "out". I said that I understood the "trouble" was now over. He replied, "I am not satisfied with your explanation or your movements", and put me under arrest. I was then brought by a Tommy to St. Catherine's Church, the Tommy getting instructions "there is to be no conversation whatever with the prisoner". The Tommy was not a bad sort of fellow and we spoke "under breath" as we walked towards

the Church. He was not a bit complimentary in his reference to his officer. I would not like to put in plain words some of the things he said. Arriving at St. Catherine's Church, there was a crowd of people (about 70 or 80) outside the railings. They were being addressed by a high up officer, who was sitting on an easy chair, inside the railings. As I stood there with the Tommy, I heard the officer advising the people to be "law abiding" and to assist in the course of justice, and saying that the people responsible for all this trouble would be severely dealt with. When he had finished his speech I was brought before him, the Tommy explaining that Captain bade him bring the prisoner here. The officer, a kind of a half caste and surly in appearance, asked me several questions all at once and without waiting for an answer ordered the Tommy to "take the fellow away". The Tommy brought me down the street a little, halted and then said, "I dunno wat the 'ell to do wit you". As there was no officers seemingly about to whom he could appeal he said to me, "I think you ought to bolt". I said "Right O!" He said, "off with you - but don't go down that street again (Bridgefoot St.) or that so and so Captain will put a bullet through you".

We then parted, I going in direction of John's Lane Chapel. I was again held up outside the chapel by an officer. There was one of the John's Lane priests near, whom I saluted. The officer would not allow me to proceed further and I then went down Vicar St., Engine Alley, Ash St., and on to the Coombe. Near J.C. Parkes' premises I met P.J. MacManus. I asked him what were my chances of getting to Jacob's Factory and he replied "hopeless".

I continued on into Patrick St., Wood St., Golden Lane to my aunt's house, where I stayed for the night and till about 4 p.m. on Sunday, and having heard that the garrison at Jacob's had surrendered, I left my aunt's with the intention of getting home again. People by now were at hall and shop doors in almost every street. When passing by James's St. Chapel I saw Eamonn Ceannt and his gallant little band marching towards the city (possibly for Dublin Castle). They looked a bit haggard- but proud as they followed their gallant leader, who was marching side-by-side with a British Officer. After a lot of trouble and diplomacy, I reached home about 9.30 p.m. And so ended one of the most glorious weeks in the whole history of our country.

For several days after the surrender, movement was almost impossible. Any person who ventured away from his own door was held up, questioned and searched, almost every few hundred yards. It was almost courting disaster to be seen with hands in pockets. The officers adopted a general attitude of domineering arrogant authority over all with whom they came in contact. In my opinion and the opinion of many, they were an incompetent pack. Their general attitude was a complete contrast to that of the Volunteer officers. Generally speaking the Tommy was not a bad fellow. Personally I found him a decent fellow, even if at times his language was not all that could be desired. Often I heard him speak of the officers in terms not very complimentary.

On the first announcement of the executions on 3rd May, feeling gradually began to turn in sympathy with the Volunteers. The people began to realise that the fight was one for Freedom of Ireland. On each succeeding

day the feeling of sympathy became more pronounced, as executions were announced.

On the 8th May, I was so horrified by the announcement of the execution of my company captain and intimate friend, Seán Heuston, that I decided it was time something should be done to try to stop further executions. I called on a priest friend and discussed the situation with him; we decided on certain action. I am happy to say that as a result of the priest's action and the speech made by John Dillon in the English House of Commons, on the 11th May, that Asquith promised that, with the exception of the two men already sentenced, no other executions would take place.

On the 3rd May, 1916, when the Stop Press Evening Mail appeared, announcing the execution of P.H. Pearse, T. MacDonagh and T.J. Clarke, my mother on hearing the news exclaimed: "My the Lord have mercy on their souls". One of the British H.Q. Command chauffeurs who was having lunch in my mother's restaurant said: "What is that you said?". My mother repeated the prayer for him. He immediately left, without finishing his meal, remarking as he left, "that is more than you said for our poor fellows who were killed". My mother replied "The Volunteers killed no one except in fair fight". He then said "I'll call this evening for my bill, do not prepare any further meals for me. Within a few hours of this incident all the H.Q. drivers called and cancelled all orders for future meals. The business of the Lucan Restaurant was about 80% military. Subsequently the restaurant was put out of military bounds by order of the British authority and, as business was reduced so

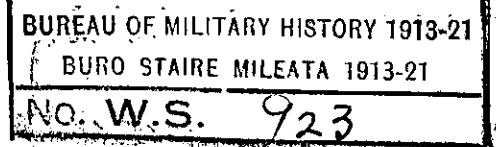
much, my mother had to close the restaurant at the end of June when she retired from business.

Signed: Ignatius Callender
 Eighneachan Calaindear

Date: 25th Febr 1954

Ignatius Callender
 Eighneachan Calaindear.
 25th Febr. 1954.

Witness: M. F. Ryan Comd't
 M.F. Ryan, Comd't.



Verifications of some of the incidents recorded in my diary of Easter Week, 1916, have been made by the following:

		See original Diary page.
Richard Balfe, Captain	D. Co. 1st Battalion	10-11
William McDonagh	A. Co. " "	13-15
Thomas "Andy" Finucane	D. Co. " "	17
Seán Cody	G. Co. " "	19
Pierce Beasley	G.H.Q. Church St.	19
John Ryan	I.C.A. (G.P.O.)	20
Joseph Turner	(G.P.O.) G.Co. 1st Battn.	23
Larry Lawlor	A.Co. " "	28
Patrick J. MacManus	At Thomas St.	35
John Mooney	F. Co. 4th Battalion	39
Michael Staines	G.H.Q., G.P.O.	43-44
Denny O'Callaghan	A.Co. 1st Battalion	46
Michael Saunders	G. Co. " "	47
John Hynes	C. Co. " "	49
Arthur Gaynor	D. Co. " "	50
John Ryan	I.C.A.	51
Patrick Courtney	St. Catherine's Church	61
Patrick J. MacManus	At Coombe	63
Patrick Courtney	At James St.	64
Seamus Tallon	B. Co. 1st Battalion	18
Margaret Smith	Bridgefoot St.	33-60
Domhnall Ua Buachalla (Maynooth)	At Frederick St.	24-25
J.J. Walsh	G.H.Q., G.P.O.	20
Thomas Nolan	A. Co. 1st Battalion	40
Proinseas Ó Fathaigh	G.H.Q. Four Courts	50
Stephen Farren	A. Co. 1st Battalion	47
Christopher Geraghty	D. Co. " "	7
James Breslin	D. Co. " "	-
Michael O'Neill	D. Co. " "	-
Conor O'Mahony	At Major MacBride's office 4, S.J. Rogerson's Quay.	10
J.V. Joyce	S.D.U. Garrison	64.