

After Nurse Elizabeth O'Farrell had brought the surrender order to the G.P.O. Garrison in Moore Street on Saturday, 29 April, she proceeded towards the Four Courts. She was stopped several times on the way by British officers and, one officer having refused to let her pass on any condition, she was forced to return to Moore Street where she was provided with an escort. With the escort she got as far as a barricade in Little Mary Street from where she proceeded alone. In Chancery Street she met Father Columbus, O.F.M.Cap., of Church Street. Father Columbus accompanied her to a side entrance to the Four Courts.

"We called in for some Volunteers," Nurse O'Farrell recalled,¹ "and saw Captain ————."² We told him we had a message for Commandant Daly. He told us we would have to go round to the Quays to the corner of Church Street. This we did and found Commandant Daly firmly entrenched there. I gave him the order and told him of the Headquarters surrender. He was very much cut up about it but accepted his orders as a soldier should. He walked back with us to the side entrance. By this time the news had got about of the surrender and several officers of the Republican Army were down at the railings waiting for us. Having delivered the message I returned to O'Connell Street . . . It was then about 7.15 p.m. . . ."

Desmond Ryan recounts that at "about six o'clock on Saturday evening Daly told Piaras Béaslai with tears in his eyes that he had received orders from Pearse to surrender. When he announced it to his men there were cries of 'Fight it out!' Daly answered: 'That is what I would like to do but as a soldier I must obey Pearse's order'. . . ."

Piaras Béaslai recalled the same incident:³

"... a priest arrived with the news of the surrender, and finally Pearse's signed order to surrender was conveyed to Commandant Daly. He showed it to me and his eyes filled with tears. He had borne himself like a gallant soldier through the week of fighting. Again he rose to this fresh test of soldiership. He checked the



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murmurings of those who objected to surrender by an appeal to discipline. They must obey the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, however unwelcome. He impressed the English officers with his dignity. They permitted him to march at the head of his men as they brought us through the empty streets (where the few people we saw were those that cursed us) to where other bodies of prisoners were assembled in O'Connell Street. And when the English General asked: 'Who is in charge of these men?'—referring to his own officers—Daly proudly answered: 'I am. At all events I was'—a remark which, he must have known, signed his death-warrant."

Éamon Dore of the G.P.O. Garrison was already a prisoner and, with the other prisoners, was standing near the Parnell Monument facing down O'Connell Street, "when," he says, "we saw a column of prisoners far down turning into O'Connell Street and marching towards us. As they came nearer we could see the men, with Commandant Daly in front, marching in perfect formation, rifles on shoulders, and quite calm-looking. As they came up towards us they were directed to the Gresham Hotel and lined up two deep. General Lowe and his aide, de Courcy Wheeler, were standing beside our group and Lowe told Wheeler to go over and order them to lay down their rifles. When he did so Daly stood in front of his men and we could hear his shout of command and his normal drill order which was carried out in such a perfectly soldierly manner that we were as proud as hell, and Wheeler, apparently, was so carried away that he and Daly exchanged salutes. I could hear Lowe saying, half to himself: 'God! Saluting a rebel!'"

Shortly afterwards Daly was ordered to march his men to join the men of the G.P.O. Garrison and, an hour or so later, all were marched to the plot in front of the Rotunda Hospital.

There, as has been stated, Daly, with Clarke and Mac Diarmada, was singled out for special ill-treatment.

Next morning he was marched with the rest to Richmond Barracks.

Bhí Éamonn Ó Dálaigh i measc na bpríosúnach ar cuireadh Liam Ó Briain isteach leo nuair a tógadh eisean go Beairic Risteamain an tráthnóna Domhnaigh sin. "Bhí Éamonn Ó Dálaigh ann," adeir sé, "as Luimneach, fear ceannais an Chéad Chatha . . . saighdiúir *debonair* ar chuma sa diabhal leis, déarfá,

céard a thiocfadh, bás nó beatha: bhí a dhualgas déanta, a chuid orduithe comhlíonta aige, b'shin a raibh ann. . . ."

Chaith Liam Ó Briain an oíche sin leis an dream príosúnach a raibh Éamonn ina measc, agus an oíche dar gcionn.

"...Ní raibh duine ba mhó a raibh iompar saighdiúra faoi ná Éamonn Ó Dálaigh. . . Shiúladh sé sráideanna na cathrach, é féin agus comrádaí leis, Séamas Ó Súilleabháin, as Luimneach freisin, agus éide oifigigh d'Óglaigh na hÉireann go péacach orthu agus claidheamh feistithe go córach ar a gliathán, agus bheannaíodh saighdiúirí Sasanacha go míleata dhóibh ar an sráid istioíche, mar cheapaídis go mba oifigigh dá gcuid féin iad! Bhí sé tar éis bheith i gceannas ar na Ceithre Cúirteanna. Bhí troid maith déanta aige agus bhreathnaigh sé anois agus é ina phríosúnach go sásta leis féin agus leis an saol. Is meidhreacht meanmnach a thug sé amhrán dúinn an oíche sin, *When a man's in love*, ceann de chuid Gilbert and Sullivan, agus is dearbh liom gur bhreathnaigh sé chomh sásta céanna agus é ag siúl amach chun a bháis cupla lá nó trí ina dhiaidh sin. . . ."

Tried by Court Martial in Richmond Barracks, probably on 3 May, Daly was transferred to Kilmainham that evening.

Towards midnight on 3 May, 1916, Daly's sister, Mrs. Tom Clarke, received a message from Kilmainham:

Kilmainham Prison,
May 3rd, 1916.

Mrs. Clarke,
10 Richmond Ave.,
Dublin.
Madam,

I beg to inform you that your brother is a prisoner in the above prison & would like to see you tonight. I am sending a car with an attendant to bring you here.

I am, Madam,
Your obedient servant,
W. S. Lennon
Major
Commdt.

In the early hours of the morning of 4 May, Mrs. Clarke, with two of her sisters, Madge and Laura Daly, visited Edward Daly in his cell.

Miss Madge Daly wrote an account of the visit, hitherto, so far as the editor is aware, unpublished.

Because of the illness of our uncle,⁵ and because the train services were dislocated, myself and my sister, Laura, could not get to Dublin until the afternoon of the 3rd May, 1916. We went to the residence of our sister, Kathleen,⁶ in Richmond Avenue. When she opened the door to us she immediately burst out crying. She had prayed all morning, she said, for God to send her some of her own people—she had been alone all during her own trouble. She told us that Tom had been shot that morning and that Ned, Seán, and all our other friends would probably be shot too.

This was a stunning blow to us, but, somehow, my first feeling, on hearing that Ned would probably be shot, was one of relief—relief that his martyrdom would be short, and that he would not live to go through hell as an Irish political convict, as our uncle and his Fenian comrades, Tom Clarke and James F. Egan, had.

Our sister told us all that had happened and we consoled her as best we could. We were worn out when we got to bed that night but determined to save what strength we had so that we could face bravely whatever trials God had decreed for us.

Our test came sooner than we expected.

Shortly before midnight my sister jumped up and called to us that there was a military car outside. There was a knock at the door and when Kathleen opened it a policeman handed her a permit to visit her brother. We all got up. Myself and Laura seemed the veriest cowards. We were shaking all over. Our hands refused to work and it was only with the greatest difficulty and delay that we managed to get into our clothes. At last we were ready and were escorted by the policeman and two soldiers to the car, more dead than alive. The drive was terrible. It seemed endless. We were held up over and over again—every dozen yards or so, it seemed—and the car was surrounded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. They pointed their rifles into the car and put their lanterns to our faces to examine us. But we were not afraid of *them*. Our only fear was that we would not be able to bear up before our brother as would become the sisters of a hero and the daughters and nieces of Fenians. We prayed to God for strength, but, for all that, we were all the time trembling and could not keep back the tears.

God heard our prayers, for the minute we passed through the gates of Kilmainham and faced the soldiers there, our pride of race and our pride in the sacrifices of our heroes gave us strength. We walked in with heads erect and told our names with pride. We could have faced death—anything! As we were led into the entrance hall of the Jail a soldier called out: "Relatives of Daly, to be shot in the morning."

At first, the Commandant ordered that we should be taken in one at a time; so we decided that Kathleen should go first, then

I, and Laura last. She was Ned's special chum. But the Commandant changed his mind and we were let go in together.

We were escorted by five soldiers. One of them carried a candle-lantern. We were taken through a passage and up what seemed an endless stairs running up the centre of a big hall, then along a corridor to a cell with the number "66" on a tin or metal tab at the side of the door. I did not observe any other details at the time. One of the soldiers called "Daly!" in a gruff voice. Ned's voice answered "Yes" just as gruffly. As the door was opened our boy got up from the floor where he had been lying on a half-blanket or rug. He was dressed in his Volunteer uniform, minus cap, belt, bandolier, sword, etc., and looked so proud and strong and noble with eyes alert and full of the fire of enthusiasm that it was hard to believe that he was a captive doomed to be shot in a few short hours. He looked more like a brave young knight who had won some great victory. (And so he had, of course, for he and his comrades had saved the soul of Ireland.)

We rushed to him and twined our arms around him; and so stood in the centre of the cell all during our interview, surrounded by soldiers with their bayonets fixed. How long the interview lasted I do not know. The officer in charge told us that anything we might say would be regarded as private, but our talk, except in one or two instances, was all of Ireland.

My first words were: "Oh! Ned! Why are they giving you the highest honours? You must have done great work to earn a place with Tone and Emmet and all the others." He said: "I did my best." Then he spoke of the great fight and, in glowing terms, of all the men, especially those in his own command. Such soldiers, such heroes, never lived, he said. They never lost heart until the order to surrender came. Then big, strong men cried like children and rebelled too, against the order.

Speaking of himself, he said he was glad and proud to die for his country; that he knew that the week's fight would bring new life to Ireland; that he felt an absolute conviction, facing his God in a few hours, that the next effort would bring victory; that his only regret was that he would not be there to take part in it. I told him how proud our uncle, our mother and sisters would be when they heard that England had given him a martyr's crown. I said that his spirit and name would live on; that we would try to follow in his footsteps and that one day we would all be together in another world. He replied "Yes," that thought would give him added joy.

He spoke in the warmest terms of Tom Clarke, P. H. Pearse and Tom MacDonagh, for whom he had a particular admiration. When I told him that those three had gone that morning he said: "We'll have a glorious meeting in Heaven."

He gave us a copy of the charge at his Court Martial:

Did an act, to wit: Did take part in an armed rebellion and in the waging of war against His Majesty the King, such act being of such a nature as to be calculated to be prejudicial to the Defence of the Realm and being done with the intention of and for the purpose of assisting the enemy.

He said he had protested strongly against the part of the charge about "assisting the enemy"; that all he did, and he did his very best, was for Ireland, his own land, to try to free her from the only enemy he knew—England; and that he acted, as he was bound to do, as a soldier of Ireland, in all matters under the orders of his superior officers. He also added that he had only one regret—the surrender; that if he had not understood it to be an honourable one, he and his men would have fought on to the end. He mentioned that he had had a large number of English soldiers and some officers as prisoners and that he gave them the best he had. Here Laura exclaimed: "Why didn't you shoot them as they're shooting you?" "Ah no, Laura," he said. "That wouldn't be playing the game. We got strict orders that everyone captured was to be treated under the rules of civilised warfare as a prisoner-of-war and as kindly as possible under the conditions. In every case those orders were strictly carried out."

He sent loving messages to his mother, to his aunt and to his sisters. He said: "Tell Uncle John I did my best." Then he gave us a small purse with a few coins, two pencils, and buttons off his uniform as mementoes.

We asked him had he been given food or drink and he said: "Oh yes, I have food," and pointed to what, to me, looked like dog-biscuits thrown on the floor.

A soldier called "Time up!" and our interview was at an end. We kissed and embraced our boy, once only, and walked from the cell without a tear or moan, our heads up. Looking back now I wonder how we bore up. But God helped us, and Ned too, with his great courage and heart. The cell door banged behind us and we walked down the endless stairs. I felt Laura's steps faltering and, fearing she would faint, whispered to her: "Keep up. You mustn't break down here." She answered, in a whisper too, "I'll be all right."

When we reached the entrance hall there were two pale girls waiting there, seemingly on a like errand to ours. They rushed to us and asked; "Who are you? Who have you been to see?"

We told them. When they heard of Ned's fate one of them moaned "Oh! Mícheál!" They were the O'Hanrahan sisters. They had got a permit to visit their brother and understood he was being deported. They were quite unprepared for his death. I learned afterwards that they bore themselves bravely until they left their brother. Then one of the sisters fainted.

Before leaving the Jail we put in formal claims for the bodies

of Tom Clarke and Ned. We asked if they could not be given to us if we sent in coffins, so that they could be identified and laid to rest with their own. We also claimed our men's tunics and belongings.

We later received a formal refusal to our request for the bodies but no reply at all to our other request.

When we got to the Jail gate, escorted by an officer, the car to take us home could not be got, so we were taken back into an office to wait. The officer there—he was kind—told us we had his deepest sympathy but said he could not understand our outlook or that of the prisoners.

I replied that he was probably English and loved his country and I asked him how would he feel if Germany won the War and took possession of England. If he could vision that, I said, he would understand how we felt about the conquerors of our country.

After a short delay the car arrived and we were led out to it by some soldiers and then driven back to our sister's home.

The rest of that night is our own—and God's, but we did not miss one moment of agony. We counted every second until dawn when our hero's soul flew to its reward.

In an account of the visit, with her two sisters, to her brother, Mrs. Tom Clarke says:⁸

"...When I saw Ned I had two of my sisters with me and we got only a quarter of an hour with him. Five young army officers accompanied us to his cell and seemed very hostile to him. The interview was so short we had no time to do much more than kiss Ned good-bye...My sister, Madge, may remember more than I as she had more opportunity to speak to Ned, because when the officers tried to get into the cell with us I blocked the door for a few minutes to give Ned a chance to say anything he might want to say that he wouldn't want the officers to hear. I did hear Ned say: 'It doesn't matter—we had planned to go out on a job on Saturday night⁹ in which we all (1st Battalion) expected to go down'...."

When I was kissing Ned good-bye he said: 'Have you got Tom's body?' I said: 'No, but I have made a request for it and have told Madge to do the same for you.'

She did make the request and, about a week later, received a letter from the British saying they could not accede to it as the body was then already buried. Ned was alive when Madge made the request...."

Another sister, Nora (Mrs. Éamon Dore), had been in the G.P.O. until the Wednesday of Easter Week when she was sent

to Cork with a message to the Volunteers there. As it was then impossible for her to get back to Dublin she made her way to Limerick. She was there when her sisters, Madge and Laura, set out for Dublin on the morning of 3 May, 1916.

She recalls¹⁰ what her sisters told her of their visit to Kilmainham:

"They got the first train out of Limerick to Dublin on the morning of 3 May to try to get some news. We had had no news from Dublin while the Rising was on as Dublin had been cut off from the rest of the country. (I was in Dublin until Wednesday morning, 26 April.)

When they arrived in Dublin they got a cab to my sister's house in Fairview. The cabman had to get a permit from the British military to drive across the city. . . . That night a military car came to Mrs. Clarke's house and she was given a permit to see her brother. My two other sisters insisted on going too. They had a long fight as the permit was for one only. When they arrived at Kilmainham there was a long delay. At first they were told they could see my brother only one at a time. Then the military changed their minds and let them in together. When they went into the cell Ned was asleep on the floor with what looked like a dog-biscuit beside him. (There was no place to sleep but on the floor.) The soldier who led them in had to shake Ned by the shoulder to waken him. He had got no sleep for the week of the fighting and so was exhausted.¹¹ He seemed as cool as ever he was. He told them that he had given the large sum of money he had in gold—which our uncle had insisted on giving him—to Captain Lindsay to give to our mother. He had given Captain Lindsay his watch as a reward. Ned had in his pockets only two pencils which he had used during the week, a note-case and a pipe. He took the buttons off his sleeves and gave them to my sisters with the other things. I have one of the buttons and one of the pencils still.... They talked calmly and said 'Good-bye' when it was time to leave, without anyone breaking down.

Madge, my eldest sister, on the drive over to Kilmainham, had asked Our Lady to give them the grace she had got at the foot of the Cross and Our Lady must have answered her prayer, for Laura was a very excitable girl, and she adored Ned, but even she remained calm. I think it was a minor miracle.

Laura asked the British authorities to be allowed send in a coffin but was refused. She then asked if she could have Ned's uniform but was told he was to be buried in it. Captain Lindsay did not send the money to my mother. My sister, Madge, went to British Headquarters and threatened, if the money was not

returned at once, to have leaflets printed and handed out telling of the lack of honour in the British Army. The money was returned but not in gold. . . ."

Another sister, Carrie, has confirmed¹² that Madge and Laura told of finding Ned asleep on the floor of his cell.

"He was apparently worn out after his very strenuous week," she says. "He was full of pride of the week's work and of all the men who had fought with him. He had no illusions about what would be his fate after the surrender. Tom Clarke had told his wife the night before when she visited him that Ned would be the next to go."

A "Catholic Priest"¹³ writing in July, 1916,¹⁴ gave the following account of his meeting with Daly immediately before his execution:

"... I remember well seeing him coming down from the prison cell where he had been to Confession and received Holy Communion. He was calm and brave as when he was with his men in the Church Street area and wished to be remembered to the Sisters of Charity, Brunswick Street, who were known to him and had been very kind. As I shook his hand for the last time I felt intensely all that was meant by marching out blindfolded to his death, such a gentle, noble, brave young Irishman."

¹*The Catholic Bulletin*, May, 1917.

²Possibly Captain Frank Fahy.

³*Dublin's Fighting Story*. (Kerryman, 1949)

⁴In a statement to the editor.

⁵John Daly, veteran Fenian.

⁶Mrs. Tom Clarke.

⁷Seán Mac Diarmada.

⁸In a letter to the Editor.

⁹The reference to "Saturday night" here is obscure. Perhaps it should read "Sunday," the day originally fixed for the Rising.

¹⁰In a letter to the editor.

¹¹Others would attribute his sound sleep to his serenity and lack of concern for his fate.

¹²In a letter to the Editor.

¹³This was either Father Albert, O.F.M.Cap., or Father Sebastian, O.F.M.Cap. There were four priests in Kilmainham that morning—Fathers Augustine, Columbus, Albert and Sebastian. Father Augustine did not see Daly; Father Columbus attended him.

¹⁴*The Catholic Bulletin*.

And see bibliographical note p. x.