




'They think they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think they have foreseen everything, think that they provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools! - they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.'

————— Padraig Pearse, Irish Nationalist leader,
at the funeral of Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, 1915.

1916

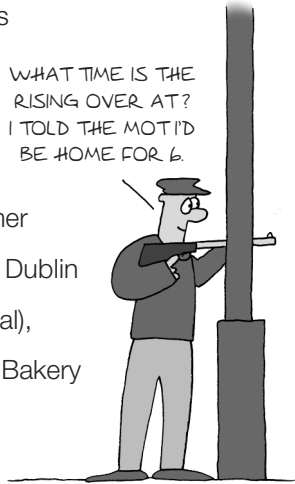
The Easter Rising

 On Easter Monday 1916 about 1,400 armed men (Irish Volunteers, IRB and Citizen Army) under the command of Padraig Pearse, polished off the last of

their Easter eggs and then took control of about ten key buildings around the centre of Dublin. Pearse himself seized the GPO in O'Connell Street and after sending a postcard to his Mammy to let her know he'd arrived safely, emerged to read aloud the Proclamation of the Irish Republic. It was signed by Thomas J Clarke, Seán Mac Diarmada, Thomas MacDonagh, Éamonn Ceannt, P H Pearse, James Connolly and Joseph Plunkett. This was greeted with bemusement and anger by most Dubliners, especially any unfortunate eejit who'd just popped in to buy a stamp. The proclamation declared Ireland to be a Sovereign Independent State, guaranteed liberty and equal rights for everyone and generally told the British that they were as welcome in Ireland as

a fart in an elevator. While this was going on, other groups of Volunteers were seizing the Four Courts, a former workhouse called the South Dublin Union (now St James's Hospital), St Stephen's Green, Boland's Bakery and Jacob's Biscuit Factory, so at least they'd have plenty

WHAT TIME IS THE
RISING OVER AT?
I TOLD THE MOT I'D
BE HOME FOR 6



to eat and they might at last solve the mystery of how they got the figs into the Fig Rolls. A small group occupied a house overlooking Mount Street Bridge and this position would see the single biggest number of fatalities. With law and order temporarily abandoned, the poorer Dublin citizenry imagined they could see giant 'All Stocks Must Go!' signs in the shop windows and they began helping themselves to everything they could lay their hands on. No doubt it never crossed their minds as they looted Clery's (directly opposite the GPO) that it was owned by the guy who'd organised the lockout three years earlier and starved them into submission. Meanwhile, the rebels cocked their rifles and waited.



Sir Roger Casement


An Irishman, but a British consul, Casement spent much of his life abroad, exposing first the brutality of the Belgian King Leopold II in the Congo and then turning his attention to the

murderous abuse by the Peruvian Amazon Rubber Company against the Putumayo Indians, for which he was awarded a knighthood. This was ironic really, as it was these experiences that opened his eyes to British abuses of power in Ireland! He was executed for treason in 1916 after trying to smuggle arms from Germany. Afterwards British Intelligence released what they claimed were his diaries, detailing criminal promiscuous homosexual activity. Experts still cannot agree whether these were genuine or forged to discredit Casement.

1916

The British Response

Bloody Paddys!

 The initial British response to the Rising was to send a small force of Lancers trotting up the middle of O'Connell Street for a jolly old gander at the bit of a tiff

in the Post Office, don't you know! The insurgents opened fire and four of the unfortunate lancers fell dead. Suddenly the British were planking it as the scale of the problem dawned on them – and they only had 1,200 men in the city. They called for reinforcements and the gunboat 'The Helga' sailed up the Liffey where it proceeded to flatten Liberty Hall with shell fire, British 'Intelligence' having failed to let them know that this building was completely empty. Determined to demonstrate their incompetence to the full, the Helga's guns continued to fire into the city, sometimes with such inaccuracy or lack of concern for the lives of civilians that their own men thought they were being attacked by rebel gunfire and they started shooting at each other! They also nearly destroyed the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park (three miles away!). After a lot of practice shots, (200 buildings destroyed), the guy working the guns finally found his glasses and proceeded to rain shells down on the GPO.

**JAYSUS, I ONLY WENT
IN TO GET A BLEEDIN'
STAMP.**

