

## THE WAR ON IRISH WOMEN

"WE HAVE DONE NOTHING TO THEM."

General Sir Neville Macready, in an interview with an American correspondent, republished in the London *Morning Post* of May 3, 1921, referred to the activities of Irish women, particularly in regard to assistance given by them to members of the I.R.A. He said:

"Although we know them to be as active as the men, we have done nothing to them."

Done nothing to them! The sufferings of Irish women at the hands of Sir Neville Macready's armed terrorists have been, and continue to be, frightful. Day after day and night after night they have been driven out shelterless from burnt homesteads. They have been shot and wounded in the streets. They have been outraged in their homes. They have been subjected to every species of cruel and cowardly intimidation in order to make them betray their men folk. They have been beaten, shorn of their hair, insulted and threatened with death.

Here (says the *Irish Bulletin*) is a recent example of brutal ill-usage attested by the signed statements of Irish women, the sister and mother of a "wanted" man:

"I, Mary Kelly, of Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford, make the following statement: On Sunday, April 10, about 3 p.m., I saw a number of the Crown forces alighting from a motor outside our gates. I ran in and told my brother (who is 'wanted'), who was in the kitchen. He immediately ran into the parlor and dashed out through a window at the back. When going through the window he was fired on by the men in the lorry (which accompanied the motor). Having got safely through the window, he kept on running, followed by about twelve of the party, which numbered roughly about sixteen. They kept up the chase for about two hours, when they returned without my brother.

"On their return one member of the party, who seemed to be in command, shouted to me: 'I want you.' I didn't reply, and he repeated the words, with the order to some of the others: 'Bring her here.' Two of the party dragged me over to him, when he caught me by the arms and dragged me out into the field away from the others. Here he placed me standing against the door of an out-house (all the time name-calling and swearing). He produced a revolver, told me to look at it, asked me where and when I saw it last, telling me that it belonged to my brother whom he had shot and left lying in a bog. Then he caught me roughly by the hair and told me to name the man who had escaped through the window. I refused, whereupon he struck me a heavy blow across the face, saying: 'Now will you tell?' I said: 'Never.' He again caught me by the hair, told me to go on my knees to be shot in one minute if I still refused to tell. I refused to go on my knees, and then he placed the revolver to my breast. I said: 'Shoot away.' He then struck me another blow on the face which sent me to the ground stunned. When I recovered a little I again came into the yard, where my father was being ill-treated. That same man ordered him out into the field, and fearing he would shoot my father, I insisted on going with him, but several of the party held me back, twisting my arms and using me very roughly. On hearing a shot being fired in the place where my father was I fainted, and I next remember the house being searched, my mother and myself being ordered out, and a bomb being placed on the kitchen floor and told me that the house was to be blown up. After about ten minutes' delay the man in charge told us we could go inside now as the house was safe, and that we would find my brother's dead body in a bog two miles away. After which they left.

—(Signed) MARY KELLY.

"P.S.—I made no mention of the insults, curses, and threats during all this time.—M.K."

"I, Margaret Kelly, of Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford, make the following statement:

"On Sunday evening, April 10, after chasing my boy over two miles of the country, a large number of Crown forces returned and, dragging my daughter, Mary, out into the field, and refusing to allow me to accompany her, four

of them standing at the gate leading into the field and one who seemed to be in command dragged her with him, and there he ill-treated her awfully, making her mouth bleed with blows on the face. When finished with her they also dragged my husband into the field, and my daughter, who insisted on going with her father (fearing he would be shot) again came in for rough handling, her arms being twisted, the result of which one of them became very sore and swollen. The insults, names, and curses that these men used were shocking.

—(Signed) MRS. MARGARET KELLY."

## THE FRIEND OF JOHN KEATS.

You brought John Keats no joy, no rumor of fame,

But peace and a quiet dying, and a hand

To hold in sleeping; from home and friends you came,

From deeds unfinished and from dreams unplanned,

What matter if men forget the beauty thereof,

Who let all memories fade, all garlands fall?

You are locked with the dead roses, lost with love,

Fled with the May-time's thrall;

So richly free and far, beyond our sad recall.

Poet of poets died upon your breast,

Severn, what need have you of laurels there?

Scorn requiems and roses and the rest;

Unlaureled sleep: we have none such to spare.

At rich men's doors the lackey poets wait

The hireling versers strut and shriek their due;

The Byrons of our day importunate:

Keats' brow no laurel knew—

Those laurels that most fade in hands that most pursue.

While England doved her lord of little verse,—

Her bright, sham, painted poet of the day,

Music that broke the heart of song was hers;

She hushed it for the chatter of a jay.

The air is thick with swallows, and who cares?

In the shrill streets June dies upon her rose.

The crowd runs gaping to the huckster's wares,

And all the poet knows

Of fame is that her hands his dying eyelids close.

—MURIEL STUART, in the *English Review*.

## "THE TERROR IN IRELAND."

We (*Catholic Herald*, May 28) have just received three booklets bearing the title—*The Terror in Ireland: Murder, Outrage, and Intimidation*. The text is reprinted from the *Belfast Telegraph*, and bears the imprint, "W. and G. Baird, Ltd., Belfast." The text gives with lurid headings reports of "some terrible stories" from Ireland. But the incidents related refer mainly to the South and West. Tralee, Westmeath, Cork, Wexford, Mayo, Sligo, Kerry, Roscommon, and Tipperary are laid under contribution. Even Armagh and Tyrone are mentioned. But not a word about Belfast. Not a syllable regarding "The Terror in Ireland—murder, outrage, and intimidation," as exemplified in the recent murder of the two brothers Duffin (Catholics), shot dead in their house at Clonard Gardens, Belfast, by armed men "wearing trench coats"; nor the least hint regarding the assassination of Joseph Hayden at Rock, Co. Tyrone, and the attempted murder of his brother, Joseph, both attacked while asleep in their beds, the assailants being "men in uniform."

We have a shrewd suspicion that this lavish dissemination of *ex parte* tales of "The Terror in Ireland" is being paid for from Government funds and consequently by taxpayers of all creeds and politics. The Coalition Ministry which placards Great Britain with partisan posters regarding the coal trouble, published in the interests of the owners but partly paid for by the miners whom they traduce and prejudice, not merely arms the Carsonite specials to murder their Catholic neighbors in Ulster, but makes the survivors pay their quota towards the cost of blazoning throughout Great Britain gory tales of "The Terror in Ireland" in which the pro-Britons get the worst of the play.

# Pattillo.

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