

## Funerals

### MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE

President O'Kelly and the Taoiseach, Mr. de Valera, were among those present at the funeral of Miss Dorothy Macardle, "Benedin," Windgate Road, Howth, the well-known author, which took place to St. Pintan's Cemetery, Howth, from the International Training Hospital, Drogheda.

A guard of honour of members of the Four Courts Garrison of the Old I.R.A. met the cortege at Strand Rd., Sutton, and escorted it to the cemetery. The coffin was draped with the Tricolour.

Very Rev T. J. Canon Johnston, Rector, Raheny, officiated at the graveside, and the prayers in Irish were recited by Rev. A. T. McNutt, St. Jude's Rectory, Kilmahnam. After the Service Miss Jean Nolan read St. Patrick's Breastplate.

The chief mourners were: Major John Ross Macardle, M.C., and Mr. Donald F. Macardle (brothers); Miss Mona Macardle (sister); Mrs. D. F. Macardle (sister-in-law); Mrs. M. Everard, Major and Mrs. T. Bevan (cousins); Mr. A. L. Moore (relative).

Another brother, 2nd-Lieut. Kenneth H. Callen Macardle was killed in France during the 1914-18 War. His name was incorrectly given as Capt. Richard Ross Macardle in Wednesday's edition of the *Irish Independent*.

The general attendance included: Mr. MacEntee, Minister for Health; Mr. Aiken, Minister for External Affairs; Mr. Childers, Minister for Lands; Mr. M. P. Hilliard, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Industry and Commerce; Mr. G. Boland, T.D.; Mr. S. O'Farrell, T.D., Leitrim.

Senators H. Colley, B. Walsh and S. O'Donovan; Mr. A. O. Caoimh, S.C., Attorney General; Dr. C. Andrews, Chairman C.I.E.; Mr. Frank Gallagher.

The President was accompanied by Col. S. O'Sullivan, A.D.C., and Mr. de Valera by Lt. Col. S. Brennan, A.D.C.

### DOROTHY MACARDLE

#### AN APPRECIATION

Dorothy Macardle was laid to rest on Christmas Eve on the sunny slope of the hill she loved so well. Among those who gathered in the graveyard were some in silk hats and some in shabby tweed. Some came to mourn the patriot whose coffin was draped with the National Flag, some the writer and poet, others the teacher and lecturer, and all a generous, inspiring friend.

In the last few months it had become clear that her health was failing, yet her mental energy, her clarity of vision and her passionate interest in life never weakened. She still reacted with a vigorous "stuff and nonsense!" to any hypocrisy or false values. For her, freedom was the highest goal. She refused to join the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom because "you can't put peace before freedom," she said, "You've got to have freedom first." In the cause of freedom she sacrificed prospects of a life of material comfort and intellectual success without the hardships and dangers, the bitterness and frustration, and the loneliness that were the inevitable lot of those who entered the political field. She faced all that might come with a gallant heart.

"Freedom is such a wondrous thing to make a people brave.

Fashions a wise man from a churl, a hero from a slave.

I can abide, for love of it, in prison or the grave.

As she grew older she devoted herself more and more to work for the welfare of children. She concentrated immense industry to her detailed study of post-war conditions, "Children in Uniform," and any effort on behalf of suffering children was certain of her vigorous support. She was never known to give half-hearted support to any cause. She loved to have children and young people about her. "It's the young people who matter," she would say emphatically, "they're the important people." With young people she was all eagerness and generous encouragement, enlivening every study with gaiety and with unfailing interest in a fresh point of view.

When the prayers by the graveside were over, a life-long friend of hers read aloud "St. Patrick's Breastplate," in fulfilment of her expressed desire. The "Breastplate's" strong, clear note of courage and unshakable faith in the future echoed the keynote of Dorothy Macardle's life.

R.M.

DEPARTMENT T

CUTTING FROM

Dundalk Examiner

Dated 27/12 1958.

Supplied with the compliments of

The Director,

Government Information Bureau.

## DEATH OF MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE

Miss Dorothy Macardle, the noted author and one of the heroic band of Irish women who played such an inspiring part throughout the struggle for national independence, died in a Drogheda hospital on Tuesday morning after a prolonged illness. She was a member of the well-known brewing family of Dundalk, who began her career as a teacher and later turned to writing, excelling as historian, novelist, dramatist and critic.

Miss Macardle had been a well-known figure in the Irish literary scene for over a quarter of a century. She best deserved the gratitude of her countrymen for her monumental work, "The Irish Republic," a comprehensive chronicle of the historic seven years from 1916 to 1923.

This work occupied ten years of her life, during which she set out to assemble and present an accurate and authoritative historical record of those turbulent, glorious and tragic years. She was also a distinguished novelist and dramatist.

An outstanding Republican herself, Miss Macardle was, through her enthusiasm and her own personal experience of the period, in an excellent position to carry out this work. But she also brought to it her own literary style and narrative power, so that "The Irish Republic" is a live, moving story of human endeavour, as well as an invaluable reference book.

Dorothy Macardle came from what might be described as a Unionist family. She was daughter of Sir Thomas Macardle, K.B.E., D.L., a former head of the well-known Dundalk brewing family, and of Lady Minnie Lucy Macardle who died in 1933.

A brother of hers, Capt. Richard Ross Macardle, M.C., fought in France in the 1914-18 war, and another brother, Mr. John Ross Macardle, M.C., is a director of Macardle, Moore & Co. Ltd., Dundalk.

**MISS DOROTHY  
MACARDLE**

**IRISH HISTORIAN**

Miss Dorothy Macardle, the Irish author and historian, died at Drogheda, co. Louth, yesterday. She was, perhaps, best known for her book *The Irish Republic*, which deals with events in Ireland during the historic years from 1916 to 1923, but she wrote also plays, novels, and criticisms.

After she had graduated from University College, Dublin, she took up an appointment in Alexandra College, Dublin, but she had taken an interest in Republican affairs from an early age and while at the college was taken into custody for her Republican activities. However, her position in the college was kept open for her until she was able to resume work. During the war of independence in Ireland she worked as a propagandist and publicist and she continued this work for the Republican side during the civil war. She was well known as a broadcaster and was for a number of years drama critic of the *Irish Press*.

*The Irish Republic*, which took her 10 years to write, had a preface by Mr. de Valera who had a high opinion of her powers. She had a horror of hypocrisy and pretence in any form and could be relied upon to espouse any cause that seemed, to her, good. After the war of 1939-45 she travelled widely, gathered reports of what had happened during the Nazi occupation and published the results of her research in *Children of Europe*. Her other works included *The Seed was Kind* (1944); *Fantastic Summer*; *Uneasy Freehold*; and *The Uninvited*, which was made into a film. Her play, *Dark Waters*, which was put on at the Gate Theatre, Dublin, in 1932 showed the influence of Maurice Maeterlinck, of whose work she was a student and admirer.



*Irish Press 7/12/53*

## DOROTHY MACARDLE

**T**HE Irish independence movement owes much to the brave women who took a full share in it. They came from all walks of life and for Dorothy Macardle, as for so many others, the choice was not a simple one. It meant a loss of early friendships and the setting aside of the literary career that her brilliant intellectual gifts had marked out for her. In making her choice, she was impelled, not by any romantic impulse but by a fearless devotion to the cause of justice and liberty.

She will be remembered as the first historian of the Irish Republic. In embarking on that arduous task she had the advantage of an intimate personal knowledge of the movement, a keen critical mind, an independent spirit and a scrupulous regard for accuracy. No statement went unchecked into that calm, clear narrative, nor any hasty judgment.

To the end she remained a tireless worker in the cause of justice, and her gay courageous spirit never flagged. Her wide interests drew her to many lands but always her own country came first in her heart and mind. Another link has been broken in a great generation of Irishwomen.

## FUNERAL OF MISS DOROTHY MACARDLE

**T**HE President, the Taoiseach, members of the Government and of both Houses of the Oireachtas, were present at the funeral of Miss Dorothy Macardle, which took place from the International Training Hospital, Drogheda, to St. Fintan's Cemetery, Howth, on Christmas Eve.

On arrival at Strand Road, Howth, the coffin, which was draped with the Tricolour, was removed from the hearse and carried to the cemetery by members of the Four Courts Garrison, I.R.A. (1922), who also formed a guard of honour.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Canon T. J. Johnston, Rector of Raheny, and Rev. A. T. McNutt, St. Jude's Rectory, Kilmainham, who took the prayers in Irish.

At the express wish of the late Miss Macardle, "St. Patrick's Breastplate" was read at the graveside. The reader was Miss Dorothy Day.

Chief mourners: Major J. R. Macardle, M.C.; Mr. Donald F. Macardle (brothers); Miss Mona Macardle (sister); Mrs. Donald Macardle (sister-in-law); Mrs. M. Everard, Major and Mrs. T. H. Bevan, Mr. A. L. Moore (cousins).

The attendance included Mr. Aiken, Minister for External Affairs; Mr. Traynor, Minister for Justice; Mr. MacEntee, Minister for Health; Mr. Childers, Minister for Lands; Mr. Blaney, Minister for Local Government; Mr. Hilliard, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Industry and Commerce; Mr. G. Boland, T.D.; Aindreas O Caoimh, Attorney-General; Senators B. Walsh, S. O'Donovan, T. L. Mullins and Harry Colley.

Mr. G. Hughes, P.C.; Lt.-Col. M. Feehan; Mr. Liam Pedlar; Aongus O Dalaigh, Dr. C. S. Madelene Ross, and Alexandra Gore-Grimes, T. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gallagher, Mrs. T. Keating, Dr. R. R. Woods, Brig. and Mrs. Stokes, Captain and Mrs. Seamus MacCall, Miss Eithne MacCall and Miss Nuala MacCall; Micheal O Cleirigh, Co. Registrar; Peadar Glynn, Adjutant, Third Western Div., representing Rev. W. Pilkington, former G.O.C., do.

The Women Writers' Club, of which Miss Macardle was president, was represented by Miss Madeline Ross, and Alexandra College was represented by Mrs. E. C. Penny. Also present were Miss Rosaline Mills and Miss Cox, representing Howth Parish Vestry.

The Committee of the Four Courts Garrison was represented by Messrs. J. McHenry, T. J. Morrissey, S. Myler, T. O'Reilly and C. Byrne. All the Dublin I.R.A. battalions were represented.

### An appreciation

The death of Dorothy Macardle has meant the loss of a patriot and a writer. But to some it has meant the loss

of a most gracious lady and beloved friend.

To me, her god-daughter, it meant more. Since the death of my own mother, Linda MacWhinney, in 1951, Dorothy Macardle has been to me more than any mere relative, although there was no blood tie between us. She stood behind me in every event, ready with abounding love, perfect sympathy, or considered advice, as the need arose.

Her talent for living was tremendous. She enjoyed being old. Only six months ago, she told me that she would not go back to being under fifty years of age, for anything. Fifty years, to her, was the age when one had enough experience to know how to enjoy life, when one had learnt to consider others and help them to enjoy life too. I remember, that same evening, when about to phone a musical friend, she made certain first that there was no concert on the radio to which her friend might possibly be listening, so that she would not disturb her.

Her consideration for others marked one of the last decisions of her life, when knowing she was dying, she forbade those around her to write the news to her near relatives. She had hoped to live long enough to let them have their Christmas peacefully. It was not to be.

ANN KEATING.



## A DESERVED TRIBUTE

ONCE in a while a book is published which profoundly moulds the thought of its time. Such a book was Miss Dorothy Macardle's great work, *The Irish Republic*.

For a long period of years the Irish people had had to be content with partisan records of one of the most eventful and exciting periods of our history. With regard to certain vital issues they had been given a completely one-sided picture, and, as a result, it had been rendered almost impossible for the student of Irish affairs to form an impartial opinion with regard to events of the first national importance.

Miss Macardle's book changed all that. It provided a complete and authoritative record of the seven vitally important years, 1916-1923, with a relevant survey of the historical background. The author was writing from first-hand experience, for she had lived through the period, and when no authentic record could be discovered, or where doubt crept in, she was in a position to consult many of those who had taken a leading part in the events of the time.

About her impartiality and sincerity there can be no question. As a historian her integrity is unimpeachable. She might easily have attempted to idealise certain aspects of the national struggle or to draw a veil over others. She has done neither. Sincerely devoted to the truth, Miss Macardle has given her readers a complete story. She has suppressed nothing and distorted nothing. The events of a memorable period in Irish history are set down with the calm and careful precision of a historian. Her interpretations of events are her own, but they are not coloured by party prejudice or presented in any selective manner.

The Women Writers Club, which paid a notable tribute last night to Miss Macardle's work, honoured itself in honouring *The Irish Republic*. Political history seldom calls for encomiums from literary critics, for the very good reason that when it is truthful it is very often dull. Miss Macardle, however, has performed the remarkable feat of writing a piece of political history which, whilst conforming to the most exacting standards of historical truth, is set in a narrative that is vivid, dramatic and exciting.

N. J. MacLennan  
in the L.P., Feb 4 '38.

(Prime Minister) Eamon  
de Valera

On learning of Miss Macardle's death the Taoiseach said:

Dorothy Macardle was one of the noble valiant women of our time, An active champion of every cause that seemed to her to be good.

Some forty years ago, espousing the Cause of the Republic, she broke with very many of her friends. But she remained constant and served ~~remained~~ loyal to the end, and throughout the years ~~served~~ the Cause of Irish Independence devotedly and unselfishly.

In obtaining the facts and writing the "Irish Republic" she spent some ten of the best years of her life, her purpose being to do her utmost to see that truth would triumph.

I have never met anyone more intellectually honest. She had a horror of hypocrisy or pretence in any form. She worked incessantly. Of her indeed it could be truly said that she was "a lover of labour and of truth".

Suaimeas síoraí dá h-anam dílis.

(Eternal rest to her faithful soul)

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Suaimhneas síoraí dá h-anam dílis.

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(~~S. MacEntee's oration - NOT DELIVERED~~)

MISS DOROTHY MacARDLE.

We are here by the grave of one whose life was  
spent in the service of Justice, justice for her own people  
and for all mankind.

Seldom has its cause been <sup>so honourably</sup> ~~more justly~~ served.

<sup>She saw</sup>  
~~In her mind~~ Justice and Truth <sup>as</sup> ~~were in~~ an indissoluble  
partnership; each serving the other and both to be served  
<sup>inseparably</sup>  
~~simultaneously~~ by her as their handmaid.

The integrity of her mind was so jealously guarded  
as to be inviolable and invincible.

Those of us to whom she had recourse for information  
when she was engaged in the preparation of her book

/"The Irish Republic",



(2)

"The Irish Republic", will remember the minuteness with which she analysed and <sup>sifted</sup> weighed every statement made to her.

And whatever reservation some might feel about the significance to be attached to one fact or another, she left no room for any reservation about herself as a seeker after Truth.

To that work, as the Taoiseach has reminded us, she devoted the ten best years of her life, and her considerable talents.

It will remain as a monument to her, for so long as the people of Ireland take a pride in their history.

(3)

The arduous years which she spent in its preparation were a continuation of the service given to Ireland in days long before the Truce of 1921.

In those days, as later, she was glad to serve without reward and without public acclaim.

She was content with service for its own sake and she was happy in the sacrifices which it exacted from her, her time, her career, maybe her health, and, perhaps, even her friends.

Those who have had the privilege of knowing her will carry always with them the memory of a peerless integrity and an almost apostolic charity, of one who had pity for

(4)

all souls in trouble, and who found her life's vocation  
in serving them wheresoever they might be.

When in days of struggle Ireland needed her, she  
served in Ireland; and when in post-war years affliction  
and misery even more heart-rending, called her to the  
Continent, she served abroad.

Assuredly, for all that she did in her life-time to  
succour and help her own people and others elsewhere also  
in affliction she will be rewarded.

~~And so we pray.~~

Sean Mac Entee  
Tánaiste (Deputy Prime Minister  
and Minister for Health)



Miss Dorothy MacArdle

We are here by the grave of one whose life was spent in the service of Justice, justice for her own people and for all mankind.

Seldom has its cause been so honourably served.

She saw Justice and Truth as an indissoluble partnership, each serving the other and both to be served inseparably by her as their handmaid.

The integrity of her mind was so jealously guarded as to be invincible and invincible.

Those of us to whom she had recourse for information when she was engaged in the preparation of her book "The Irish Republic", will remember the minuteness with which she analysed and sifted every statement made to her.

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Seán Mac Entee

Tánaiste (Deputy Prime Minister and Minister  
for Health).

Stanhope Court Hotel  
London S.W.1.

10<sup>th</sup> January 1960

Dear Mr De Valera.

May I add mine to the  
many congratulations you will  
have received on the occasion of  
your Golden Wedding.

It is because I know how much my  
sister Dorothy valued your friendship  
and appreciated your kindness  
that I write.

You were a true friend to Dorothy  
for many years I know.

Yours sincerely  
John R Macanally



CJ/KD.

TELEPHONE: 41784/5.

GORE & GRIMES.

SOLICITORS AND  
PARLIAMENTARY AGENTS.

C. J. GORE-GRIMES, LL. B.  
COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS.

6, CAVENDISH ROW,  
PARNELL SQUARE,  
DUBLIN.

28th day of September 1961.

Re/ Dorothy Macardle Decd.

Dear Miss O'Kelly,

Please excuse delay in replying to your letter of the 16th instant. I was on holidays when it arrived and it was left for my attention on my return.

The address of Mr and Mrs Donald Macardle is:

1 Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, Kensington W.8.

Yours sincerely,



Miss Marie O'Kelly,  
Personal Secretary,  
President of Ireland,  
Arus an Uachtarain,  
DUBLIN

255/1  
23rd February, 1962

Dear Mr. Macardle,

I am delighted to see that Dorothy's book on Shakespeare, Boy and Man, has been published. I was anxious about this, as it would be a great pity had so much careful research work and such an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's works, as Dorothy possessed, not been given to the World. My wife is reading it for me, and I am enjoying it very much. How I wish that Dorothy was with us so that I might discuss certain passages with her.

I remember Dorothy in my prayers after Mass almost every day. I trust she is very happy and that she is aware of what is happening here and is able to help us.

I hope that you are both keeping very well. Please do not forget to give us a ring should you be here in Dublin at any time.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Donald Macardle,  
1, Airlie Gardens,  
Campden Hill,  
Kensington W.8,  
London.

1, AIRLIE GARDENS, W. B.

PARK 6543.

5th March, 1962.

Dear Mr. President,

My warm thanks to you for your very kind letter. I would have answered it before this, but I have been laid-up for a fortnight, first with influenza and then with a recurrence of trouble from a 'slipped disc'. Happily, I have made a good recovery from both.

How happy Dorothy would be to know of your pleasure in her last book. There are so many books on Shakespeare that although most publishers thought it 'distinguished' it was not too easy to find one who was prepared to take the risk of placing it on their list. I do think Faber and Faber have produced it well, and it is a great relief to me to see it at last on sale in the shops and to know that at least some of Dorothy's hopes for it - that it might lead some young people to an earlier or deeper interest both in the man and in his work - are sure to be fulfilled.

What a loss Dorothy is to all of us who were close to her. She had so many qualities which are so rare, and the passing of time does nothing to diminish awareness of the gap she has left in our lives.

Enid and I both remember our meetings with you and with Mrs de Valéra with very real pleasure and indeed we would not visit Dublin without informing you.

Our warm regards to you, Mr. President, and to Mrs. de Valéra.

Yours very sincerely,

Ronald Macanille.



1, AIRLIE GARDENS, W. 8.

PARK 6543.

4th October, 1961.

Dear Mr President,

How very kind of you to write to me about the new American edition of Dorothy's book. Of course I am delighted that it is to become accessible to a vastly wider public and I hope very much that it will be widely read by the rising generations in USA. A friend in California sent me a long, prominent and excellent review of it from the Los Angeles Times of September 26th. If you will not be receiving it from a press cutting agency I would like to send it to you.

Enid and I have been in Spain for the last few weeks and since we were travelling letters caught up with us only on Saturday. The address you have for me is correct and I am most grateful for your thought in asking for a copy of the book to be sent to me.

Enid and I both hope very much that you and Mrs de Valera are both well. Our warmest remembrances and thanks for your kind thought for us

Sincerely yours

Donald Macardie.

8th October, 1965

Dear Mr. Macardle,

The President asked me to thank you for your kind letter of the 4th instant and to say that he has now given your address to the publishers, Messrs Farrar Straus and Giroux so that they can send the copy along to you.

It would be greatly appreciated if you would let the President see the review which appeared in the Los Angeles Times on September 26th. He will return it to you when he has read it.

With personal good wishes to you and to Mrs. Macardle.

Sincerely yours,

Personal Secretary



Los Angeles Times 9/26/65

● Fifty years ago, come next Easter Sunday, an act of astonishing audacity was performed in Dublin. A group of armed men, headed by Padraic H. Pearse, walked into the post office, ordered the workers out, lowered the Union Jack of Great Britain and raised in its place a flag of green, white and orange. Pearse then read a statement proclaiming the establishment of the Republic of Ireland to those of the astonished Dubliners who cared to stop to find out what was going on. He and his companions then re-entered the post office and prepared to battle that part of Britain's armed might that could be spared from the slaughter lines of the western Front.

This, of course, is the way a republic should be started—by a clean, decent, bold act, without haggling committees and intellectuals arguing the polity of the matter. The stroke was one of genius. It succeeded as a result of stupidity—the stupidity and, indeed, callousness of the British military mind.

Field guns were wheeled into position, gun boats came up the Liffey, the post office was bombarded and all but destroyed, and Pearse and his men surrendered. That was what everybody expected. But what they did not expect was the brutality of the executions that followed; men tried and shot in secret

## The Birth of the Irish Republic

BY LEONARD WIBBERLEY

THE IRISH REPUBLIC by Dorothy Macardle (Farrar, Straus & Giroux: \$10).

without time or facility for defense and without a chance to say a parting word to their relatives. Fifteen were executed out of hand in total and one, James Connolly, wounded during the siege of the post office, was propped up lashed to a stretcher to make a target for the firing squad.

Before Pearse's audacious seizure of the post office there were probably not 1,000 dyed-in-the-wool rebels in Ireland. After the executions, there were probably not 1,000 in Ireland who were not rebels.

In her immense book, "The Irish Republic," the late Dorothy Macardle perhaps for the first time puts together the whole story of the long, horrible struggle that went on in Ireland from 1916 to 1922 when Ireland was granted a kind of dominion status and became the Irish Free State.

There is tremendous work here and interesting reading. All the correspondence, Irish, English and Orange, is gone through for whatever is pertinent to the sad story. For a sad story it is,

ending with a treaty that divided Ireland between North and South (though it is really Northeast and South) and saw the Irish themselves engaged in a bitter civil war; those who demanded a united Ireland and Republic fighting those who were prepared, for the time being, to accept a divided Ireland and self rule for the South.

This book, with a preface by Eamon de Valera, the sole survivor, I think, among the leaders of that Easter morning rising, was 10 years in the writing. It is a great and needed step towards a history of the Irish Republic but it is not itself a history. It is not a history because it is not sufficiently impartial.

To be sure, the views of all concerned are given and at length. But Miss Macardle was herself an ardent fighter for full Irish freedom. She could not be true to herself if she did not allow her indignation and her conviction to show. And these two emotions have no place in history books. Irishmen are "murdered." Englishmen are "assassinated." Yet the shooting of Sir

Henry Wilson on the doorstep of his house in London was as much a murder as the shooting of Lord Mayor Thomas MacCurtain at his home in Cork. And so on.

The fact is that the terrible events of the Irish Revolution and Civil War are still too close for the analysis of history. We Irish still remember the grim tales of the Black and Tans, of the men pounded to death with sledge hammers, of Catholic children shot in Belfast because they were Catholic children.

What good came of it all? A great deal of good and there, surely, is the solace of the dead of both sides. Ireland is at last a sovereign nation, though deprived of six of her counties. Her voice is heard with some respect in the world. She is re-growing her devastated forests, reclaiming her boglands, building her own shipping and industry.

It may even be that she will no longer be partitioned by the end of the present century. And she gave weapons of freedom to the oppressed of the world—not least among them the example of Mayor Terence MacSwiney's 72-day hunger strike in Briton Prison, which ended in his death. Mahatma Gandhi borrowed that weapon and with it helped to free India—which was, of course, partitioned.