

roofs and at any moment a military sortie might be made from a side street.

On Wednesday we again sought Ballsbridge; I don't know if we were beginning to like danger or had to finish packing our goods — anyway we went. I think in fact that we did not realize the danger, for that day we stood on the high parapet outside the Show Grounds and watched British military march into Dublin in battle array; they had landed at Dun Laoghaire — Kingstown as it was then known, and had marched so far unmolested. How foolhardy we were can be judged from the fact that, less than a quarter of a mile from where we stood calmly surveying the scene, a pitched battle took place between snipers in houses and roofs and the military. It has been called the "Battle of Mount Street" and there were many casualties on both sides.

On another detour we bypassed St. Stephen's Green and emerged at the point where Grafton Street joined it; this meant that we had to traverse one side of the Green to reach our hotel. We were getting ready to face the ordeal when a volley of shots came from a nearby club. As we were obviously the target we hastily changed our plans and went down Grafton Street to approach the hotel from a different direction. This street, usually thronged by elegant shoppers and the elite in search of lunch or tea, was empty except for a party of men intent on looting a broken shop window. We carefully ignored them and by devious ways arrived at the side door of our hotel, knocked discreetly and were admitted. We were not able to put our noses outside until Saturday afternoon.

We could have no lights on at night, but from the darkened rooms listened to the sound of shooting and saw reflection of fires, for many buildings were in flames. By day we watched discreetly from the windows and saw many incidents of the fight in Stephen's Green — it is not pleasant to see men shot before your eyes. When we came out from the Shelbourne we could scarcely move a few yards without a "Halt, Hands Up!" from British military posts, and we were continually searched for firearms.

Altogether it formed rather a memorable visit to Dublin and the last scenes that we saw were not calculated to send us home in a bright mood. Tall, splendid looking men, who would have done credit to any army were being marched in hundreds to prison, after a surrender — they walked between double files of soldiers. Some of them went over the sea to English prisons, some to Irish ones. Perhaps, unknowing, I saw men who were going to die before the firing squad and whose names live on. They impressed me anyhow, and I came back, sadly to Foxford after that exciting week.....

The unhappy history of Ireland was to continue unabated, and

the events of 1916 became the prelude to the War of Independence and the final tragedy of all — the Civil War. Foxford and its families did not emerge unscathed from the bitter events of that troubled era. The papers of Frank Sherry reflect and evoke the pathos of those times.

"Easter Week seemed to me as to many others probably to be yet another of the brave but hopeless bids for freedom which have marked the course of Irish history, and it seemed all over and done with when the executions took place and the other men were marched off to British jails or internment camps. It was not the end of course, it was the beginning and we in Foxford did not entirely escape our share of the troubles that followed.

In Parnell's time, Mother Morrogh Bernard had said "I have no politics" and she spoke as head of Providence Mills; that remained true, the mill never allowed a man's or woman's politics to interfere with his or her natural right to work and a fair wage. To enable people to live decently was the reason for founding the mill and she loved and served all the people as a whole. With her clear judgement and her love of justice she could and did understand national feeling and could not be indifferent to the peoples' troubles. The task however was to steer an industrial enterprise through the emotional and economic troubles that mark periods of national unrest and she did it with rare tact, without ever losing her dignity or interfering unnecessarily and yet without compromising with injustice.

I remember the day in her own office that I stood by her side as manager, as a tall suave officer of the English army called on some pertinent business. The superior was old then, the small frame bent and feeble. The officer saw before him an old and probably timid nun, "don't be afraid Mother" he encouraged her as he entered — the direct glance of her blue eyes met his, "young man" she said, "I am afraid of nothing but sin," — the military gentleman was rendered speechless.

As she stood up to attempted intimidation in the Parnell days, so she protested when her workers were ill treated in the Black and Tan times — it meant little to her that whole power of an empire was behind the men who did the wrong.

There had been some trouble in the district, roads had been trenched to hamper the movements of the Crown forces, and bridges broken — one night a party of Black and Tans descended on the place and seized young men and forced them to fill in the trenches; that was the sort of thing that normally occurred in many places and is worthy of no particular note, but worse followed. Three of our mill workers were taken with others to the bridge over the Moy, that same bridge where Mother Morrogh Bernard first paused