

ing, and on Monday night an entrance was forced into M'Dowall's jewellery shop, which adjoins the Post office on the Henry street side, and commanded the approach from Moore street. On every side, indeed, the approaches were under strict guard, and anyone who ventured close to the front of the P.O. was promptly shot.

#### BESieGING THE G.P.O.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the fight for the Post Office was carried on by the military with the greatest vigour. Machine-guns were placed on Trinity College, and from this point gusts of fire swept through Westmoreland and Sackville streets whenever any of the rebels attempted to cross the thoroughfare. The military also crept gradually nearer and nearer through the side streets, and formed a circle of steel through which no rebel had a chance of escape. The circle was slowly contracted until a point had been reached when a further forward movement must be a charge. The authorities brought artillery and machine-guns into action, and liberally "sprayed" all the positions held by the rebels on each side of the street.

#### BURNING OF SACKVILLE STREET.

Thus the fight went on day and night. On Thursday night a heavy bombardment was directed against Messrs. Hopkins' establishment, which was full of Sinn Feiners. When the house was being brought down about them, as many of the rebels as could escape fled in the direction of the Post Office, only to meet their death in the streets.

Fire then added its terrors to the awful scene, and in a short time the whole block of buildings from Hopkins' corner up to Lower Abbey street was like a furnace. The members of the hard-worked and courageous Fire Brigade made their best endeavour to extinguish the fire, but no human agency could have arrested its progress. Onward it swept, one house after another enveloped.

The flames leaped and curled across Lower Abbey street, and soon the Hibernian Bank branch and the adjoining houses were also burning. The glare of light made the Post office and the Hotel Metropole on the opposite side of the street appear as if they had been illuminated in honour of some festive occasion.

When Clery's premises and the Imperial Hotel fell victims, great sheets of fire rushed high in the air, and it seemed as if the whole centre of the city was doomed to destruction. All the houses up to Earl street were soon in flames, which again crossed the street and set fire to Tyler's boot warehouse.

The great gap which had been created by the previous fire at Messrs. Lawrence's stores was an effective check to the further progress of the process of destruction, and the fire finally burnt itself out at Tyrone place. Detailed particulars of the places burned are published in another column.

On Friday, 28th, the battle with the rebels entrenched in the General Post Office continued with unrelenting violence. All day long they were shelled with artillery and Maxim guns, and in the evening the whole place went on fire.

This fire was, if possible, even more destructive than the one of the previous night. The whole building, except the porch, was quickly consumed by the flames, which spread in all directions, enveloping the Hotel Metropole, Messrs. Jason's, and the entire block of adjoining buildings.

When daylight broke the scene was one of utter desolation. The palatial buildings which formerly adorned the principal streets in Dublin were lying in ruins, nothing but a raked wall being left standing at short intervals. The skeletons of the D.B.C. and Clery's still stand with gaping, blank interiors. Other houses are in a similar condition.

#### ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP NELSON PILLAR.

One of the crazy daring schemes of the rebels which failed was an attempt to blow up the Nelson Pillar in Sackville street. An eye-witness of the effort states that he was proceeding to the south side of the city from the north. On reaching the foot of Rutland's arch he saw an armed rebel driving the spectators up Sackville street and into Great Britain street. At this corner the crowd lingered, and the rebel ordered the people to "get out of the firing line," and added with a dramatic whiff of his bayonet—

"The Nelson Pillar is about to be blown up with bombs."

Taking cover behind the Parnell Monument the eye-witness awaited developments, and precisely at 7.10 a.m. there was a loud explosion, followed by a cloud of smoke, which rose close to the north side of the Pillar. The monument, however, did not show any signs of collapse, and although this explosion was followed by three others within ten minutes, the Pillar did not quiver. No further efforts were then made at the destruction of the monument, and at 7.50 the spectators were again permitted to pass by the Pillar.

#### THE ATTACK ON DUBLIN CASTLE.

The attempt to enter Dublin Castle was one of the most exciting incidents of the uprising. About ten minutes past 12 noon on Monday a small party of Volunteers, with two young women in the rear, marched up Cork Hill towards the gates of the Upper Castle Yard. They were fully equipped, as if for a long adventure. At the moment few could have guessed their desperate enterprise. They might have intended to pass through Castle street, and so they reached the Castle entrance, which was open, and guarded only by a policeman and a sentry. When the policeman saw they were going to enter the Castle Yard, he moved quickly in front of them, and raised his hand as a sign that they could not come in. But the Volunteers were determined, and did not turn back. They remained where they were for a few brief seconds facing the constable. Then occurred the deed that revealed the daring object of the Volunteers. One of their number, standing out in front of the policeman, levelled his rifle at him, and before the unhappy man could draw his revolver, fired point-blank. The constable stood a second or two, to fall prone and motionless on the ground. At the same time other shots were fired by the attackers at the sentry inside the railings and at the guardroom to the right. Out from the path sprang the soldier with his rifle at the ready and bayonet fixed. He did not come to close quarters with the rebels. The iron gates were quickly closed, and the Volunteers' attempt to "seize" the Castle failed at the point. That they intended to do as much harm as possible was apparent, for one of them carried a tin canister, evidently made up as a bomb, and he threw it across the railings at the guardroom. His aim was good, the bomb bad. It broke the window but did not explode. All this happened in brief time. The few spectators did not at first realize what the affair meant. It seemed as though a mere act of bravado on the Volunteers' part in endeavouring to march through the Upper Castle Yard, had ended in the shooting down of a policeman—not the first to fall thus around Dublin Castle. The end, however, was not yet.

#### CITY HALL AND NEWSPAPER OFFICE SEIZED.

Scattering at the Castle entrance, the Volunteers—of whom there were not more than 25; the outset—ran down Cork Hill. Four or five of them went into the office of the Daily Express at the corner of Parliament street and Cork Hill. They ordered the members of the newspaper staff to leave the house, and one presented a bayonet at a man who took them too coolly for their liking. In a few minutes the Volunteers were in possession of the building. Their object in seizing it was to command Dublin Castle, and wage war upon it. For the same purpose a few others of the party ran up the steps of the City Hall and climbed the iron gates, which were shut on account of the holiday. They were accompanied by two women, who had no rifle and who now appeared frightened, possibly by the killing of the policeman which they had just witnessed. The shop of Messrs. Henry and James also was entered by a man who, having broken the window, climbed and went up through the house to the roof. Another Volunteer—believed to be the man who had shot the constable—ran down Parliament street with his rifle ready to shoot at one bold enough to detain him. Nobody attempted to do so; the excitement was great and most persons made for shelter.

Before long the Volunteers, ascended to the roofs of the buildings, began to fire at Castle and at any soldiers whom they saw in the streets. One shot, fired at a privy, grazed the arm of Miss Woods, who was standing at the door of her father's shop.