

Additional witness statements to the murders on North King Street:

170 North King Street. Victims: Thomas Hickey (age 38), his son Christopher Hickey (age 16) and Peter Connolly (age 39)

This eyewitness account is from Mrs. Hickey, widow of Thomas and mother of Christopher. Her account of shock and horror is eloquently draped in The Poetry of Death:

When I rushed into the room, there I saw my poor angel, my darling son. He was lying on the ground, his face darkened, and his two hands raised above his head as if in silent supplication. I kissed him and put his little cap under his head and settled his hands for death. Then I turned and in another place close by I saw poor Tom lying on the ground. O Jesus, I cried, my husband too, and not far off lay the corpse of poor [Peter] Connolly. I reeled round and remember no more as soldiers hustled me down the stairs and into the street.

174 North King Street. Victims: Michael Noonan (age 34) and George Ennis (age 51)

Eyewitness account of Miss Anne Fennel: The officer shouted "Hands up," and ordered the two men, Noonan and Ennis, upstairs. They asked us were there any other men in the house. I told them an old man who kept birds lived in a room at the top of the house. I afterwards heard he had escaped by the back yard and hid himself in the outhouses. I nearly fell on the ground and clasped the officer's hand in terror, but he flung me off. As poor Mrs. Ennis saw her husband being led upstairs she clung to him and refused to be parted from him, and said, "I must go up with my husband." One of the soldiers pulled her off and put a bayonet to her ear and uttered the foulest language. She said, "You would not kill a woman, would you?" He shouted, "Keep quiet, you bloody bitch." They then took the two men upstairs and locked us women in the shop parlour and told us not to move at the peril of our lives. The soldiers rushed everywhere searching about the house and ripped up the beds with their bayonets. We heard them a long time going through the rooms upstairs. Our men's caps lay on the parlour table beside us. We were surprised at the delay, and waited anxiously for them to return. But they didn't come. We could not leave the parlour as the officer had shut us in. After a long time, it must have been a couple of hours, we heard a noise at the parlour door, and to our horror poor Mr. Ennis crawled in. I will never forget. He was dying, bleeding to death, and when the military left the house he had crept down the stairs, to see his wife for the last time. He was covered with blood and his eyes were rolling in his head. He said to his wife, "O Kate, they have killed me." She said, "O my God for what?" He said, "For nothing." He asked us to go for a priest for him but we could not leave the house. I was terrified, and asked the dying man "Would they kill us all?" He spoke very kindly to us and told us they would not touch us. We told him to lie down on the floor and we said the last prayers for the dying kneeling beside him. He said, "They killed poor Noonan too." I stayed with him as long as I could. "Poor Mr. Ennis did not live more than twenty minutes after he came into us. He died about two and a half hours after being shot. On Saturday evening, about 6 o'clock, I stole upstairs to get a cup of tea. When I went up I saw poor Noonan lying on the floor in a pool of blood. They must have bayoneted him as there was a great quantity of blood on the

floor...The military must have shot them immediately when they took them upstairs. We did not hear the report of the rifles as there was firing outside in the street.

172 North King Street. Victims: Michael Hughes and John Walsh (age 56)

The eyewitness account of Mrs. Ellen Walsh, widow of John: The Volunteers warned us of the danger, but never occupied the house No. 172 North King Street at any time. It was, I think, about 2 or 3 a.m. on Saturday morning when the military burst in from the street. We were all in the back room first floor. When we heard the soldiers banging at the street door Mr. Hughes called out to his wife, "Don't open the door, Sally, we shall all be killed." But as the soldiers kept thundering at the hall door, Mrs. Hughes at length went down and opened it. "You are just in the nick of time, we were just going to blow you up." We then heard a voice cry, "Are there any men in this house?" Then about 30 soldiers rushed up on us. They ran up like infuriated wild beasts or like things possessed. They looked ghastly and seemed in a panic. There was terrible firing going on outside in the street and an armoured car was near the door. One of the soldiers, with stripes on his arm seemed in command. He shouted "Hands up," and they presented their rifles at us. We all stood round the room in groups, and my husband and Mr. Hughes seemed petrified at the wild looks and cries of the soldiers, and stood motionless with their hands clasped in front of them. I took off my husband's cap and laid it on the table and tried to speak and explain. The man in command shouted "Search them," and they then searched the two men and the two boys. At the same time the others rushed about the house furiously searching everywhere. They thrust their bayonets through a feather tick on the floor and ripped it to hits, and stabbed the furniture in a hunt for ammunition. One of our men said, "There was no one firing from this house." The Corporal with the stripes said, "Not firing, eh!" and pointing to a rip on his hat said, "Look what a bullet did for me. I nearly lost my life"...The women and children were then all ordered down into the back kitchen, and my poor husband and Mr. Hughes were brought upstairs. We were locked in the kitchen. I shall never forget the horror of it. Sometime after I heard a voice upstairs crying "Mercy! Mercy! Don't put that on me," and someone resisting as if being tied up, or having the eyes bandaged. The old man in the upper room close by heard my husband crying, and as they killed him he heard his last words, "O Nellie, Nellie jewel!"...On Saturday an officer came and Mrs. Hughes told him she wanted to go to the top of the house. He asked her "Why?" and she said she had an idea her husband was killed up there. At first he said, "O, no," but as she persisted, he said, "If you don't kick up a row I will bring you up." He then asked for a basin of hot water and a soft cloth, and he went up stairs and remained there about half an hour. He was cleaning the blood from the bodies, as the clothes on both bodies were quite wet when we went up. As he went up the stairs he shouted back excitedly "If there is any mere crying down there, go in and blow all their brains out." The sentry in the hall was then speechless drunk. Poor Hughes' hat was placed over his face to cover it, as he lay dead on the floor. After the soldiers first came in the two young men, Davis and O'Neill, were taken down to the cellar, but they were left with us only for a few moments. Whilst searching Davis one of the soldiers shouted "Give that Irish pig an ounce of lead"... All day on Sunday the soldiers were going up and down the house, many of them drunk and silly, looting anything they could seize. On Sunday afternoon I myself saw soldiers playing cards on a rug thrown over my husband's dead body. The rug had been taken from Dunn's the butchers next door. They were eating bully beet, drinking, laughing and jeering at everyone coming in.