

The Sherwood Foresters of 1916: Memories and Memorials

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Abstract

This paper examines the memorialisation of the Sherwood Foresters who fought during the Easter Rising of 1916 in Dublin. These men, from Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire in the English midlands, suffered the greatest casualties of the British regiments involved in the insurrection, and participated in the firing squads that executed the rebel leaders. Yet the public and artistic memorialising of these English soldiers is not widely known, and this interdisciplinary paper seeks to tell the unfamiliar story of what happened to the Sherwood Foresters after the fighting of Easter Week ceased. We use archival material in order to explore how, at the time of the Rising, these men believed that they would be remembered. We examine the way that the Sherwood Foresters of Easter Week subsequently appeared in literature and drama. And we analyse the way that those soldiers have been commemorated in funerary memorials.

Keywords

Easter Rising, Sherwood Foresters, Literature, Great War, Cemeteries

Biographical note

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In the years since the Easter Rising of 1916, the British-army soldiers who fought in Dublin have not necessarily been remembered in sympathetic terms. For example, in Neil Jordan's 1996 film, *Michael Collins*, we find them yelling abuse at the captured Irish rebels: "Pick your feet up! Move it you Fenian bastard!"¹ The popular ITV television drama of 2011, *Downton Abbey*, gave a description of the insurrection that revolved entirely around a British-army soldier murdering an innocent Irish bypasser, with the killer claiming the victim was "probably a rebel".² Eighty-five years earlier, Seán O'Casey helped set this template by writing his play *The Plough and the Stars*, which features those soldiers invading civilian houses, and vowing to "give 'im the cold steel, we will. We'll jab the belly aht of 'im, we will!"³

In real life, the British-army soldiers who were killed in the greatest numbers in Dublin, and who were tasked with executing the rebel leaders, were members of the Sherwood Foresters, a (now disbanded) regiment of men from Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire in the English midlands. At the start of the First World War, second-line units were formed in order, primarily, to keep the overseas battalions in a state of readiness for battle. In the spring of 1916, the 7th and 8th reserve battalions of the Sherwood Foresters were therefore training for the Western Front (the first of these, the 2/7th Sherwoods, bore the name redolent of local Nottinghamshire pride, the "Robin Hoods"), but were sent, by surprise, to Dublin, and it was there that these two units suffered the greatest casualties amongst the British army during Easter Week. Thirty-one members of the Sherwood Foresters were killed during the Easter Rising, and an estimated 145 were wounded.⁴ After all, these men were led in a tactically

inept way during battle in the Irish capital, were relatively inexperienced second-line soldiers, and had not been expecting to fight an urban guerilla war. As one of the leaders of the 2/8th Sherwood Foresters, Captain Arthur Lee, recorded, at the time of the Easter Rising: “Most of our ‘men’ were merely boys, Derby Recruits, who had been in uniform about 6 or 8 weeks. They had not fired their musketry course and many had never fired a rifle”.⁵

Indeed, these Sherwood Foresters had, in some instances, demonstrated considerable affinity with Ireland. One of the first English officers killed, Frederick Dietrichsen, had married a Dublin woman, whilst another of the Sherwood Foresters involved in the heaviest fighting later commented that, “It was a glorious morning and Ireland looked her best, which is saying a great deal, and one at least of us, who knew her well, felt sad at the prospect before the Battalion”.⁶ Yet another of the Sherwood Foresters described how, on arriving at Kingstown, he found that “The harbour is very fine, and the scene from the boat was very pretty”.⁷ And one of the brigade officers wrote about these soldiers’ experience in Dublin, “It was tragic”, because:

You must remember all their officers and men came from Nottingham and the Retford-Newark-Worksop district of the County and they all knew each other and each other’s parents and relations, and to see their lifelong pals shot down beside them by their own Countrymen (as Irish men were then considered) was a shock.⁸

The main engagement of the Sherwood Foresters came at Mount Street Bridge, a key crossing into Dublin where a number from the Irish Volunteers of 3rd battalion, under

the overall command of Éamon de Valera, had taken position in order to prevent the British army from getting into the heart of the city. The Volunteers, though hopelessly outnumbered, acted with great bravery and skill, holding the enemy at bay for several hours, inflicting severe injuries and killing 28 of the Sherwood Foresters, who had been charged with seizing the rebel position “at all costs”.⁹

Later, after the Rising had been quelled, the Sherwood Foresters were, notoriously, charged with executing some of the most prominent insurgents. As the regimental historian, Cliff Housley, puts it, the members of the firing squads did not opt to be involved in the killings, but “when the men were on parade a number would have been taken from the parade and then as they marched away they would have been told of the duty they had been picked out to perform”.¹⁰ Although there are no lists of those involved in the firing squads, one of the Sherwood Foresters did subsequently express the view that most of his comrades manifested little hatred for the Irish rebels:

[...] every Sinn Feiner who was condemned to death stood in the courtyard at Kilmainham [...] steadily, like men, without flinching, and without support. All faced the rifles not as craven rebels, but like men dying for a great Idea. Soldiers who were present, ever susceptible to courage whenever they find it, acknowledge this.¹¹

Meanwhile, some similar sympathy could be found on the other side of the conflict, amongst the Irish Volunteers who had fought *against* the Sherwood Foresters. The Volunteer Laurence Nugent commented that “They were mostly lads...poorly trained”, and this opinion is echoed by his colleague Thomas Walsh, who, in recalling

the engagement at Mount Street Bridge, described how “a lot of their losses were their own fault. They made sitting ducks for amateur riflemen. But they were brave men and, I must say, clean fighters”.¹²

After the Rising in Dublin had been suppressed, the Sherwood Foresters were moved to the west of Ireland, in anticipation of further insurrectionary activity that never materialised. Eventually the Foresters left Ireland in January 1917, and as they departed, the *Galway Express* (a traditionally unionist publication) reported:

Everyone in Galway will learn with regret of the departure of the famous portion of the Sherwood Forester Regiment which has been stationed in this town for some months. A better conducted body of men never were billeted in the West than the “Robin Hoods”. They were all of the most upright and gentlemanly character, and reflected with credit the representation of the British Army. During their stay they spared neither time nor trouble in giving their undoubtedly clever services. The Sherwoods are of an extraordinarily musical frame, and their abilities were always placed at the disposal of any object which was for the welfare of wounded soldiers or other deserving objects. Their attendance at St. Nicholas Church and other places of worship in Galway will be missed, and we sincerely trust that Renmore in the near future will be tenanted by a battalion equally popular and generous in their support of entertainments as were the “Robins”.¹³

The Sherwood Foresters who had survived the Easter Rising then found themselves shipped to France at the end of January 1917, where they saw severe fighting in

locations including Vendelles, Le Verguier, and Havrincourt.¹⁴ The Foresters suffered appalling casualties in a number of battles: for example the 2/8th battalion fought with the loss of 65 fatalities in a Flanders field on 26 September 1917, and both the 2/7th and 2/8th Sherwood Foresters folded on 28 January 1918, with insufficient men now left in England to provide replacements for those who had been lost.¹⁵

In the Nottingham County Archives, unpublished correspondence exists from private Robert Horne, an ordinary Nottingham soldier who experienced all of this. Horne was part of the 2/7th battalion that suffered some of the worst losses during the Easter Rising (with 16 men killed, and 73 men maimed). Then, after the Rising, Horne and his regiment moved west to a military camp in Oranmore, from where he wrote traumatised and homesick letters to his mother in the Nottingham suburb of Radford. Horne reveals himself as religious and sensitive, aware that he was scarcely suited for military combat. Although he felt anxious that his family should avoid wasting money on sending things to him, he did request two drawing pencils and suitable paper, revealing an aesthetic as well as pious temperament that mirrors the outlook of a figure like Pearse or MacDonagh on the rebel side. In the aftermath of the Rising, Horne wrote home to say:

I think I must ask, that you put away all idea of having a beano, because I hate a lot of fuss, only I shall be very pleased to come back again, I hope very soon [...] Well mam, I hope you will soon be well again, and I hope above all to very soon be able to come home. We are doing a course of firing, which will last about two or three weeks, only as you know very well I can make nothing of it at all. I don't know what the outcome of it will be; but I know what I hope

it will be, and I suspect something will be done very soon now. A number have gone today to Dublin to be examined; but I suppose they think it is of no use to send me.¹⁶

As the war continued, Horne saw action in Flanders, but rather than becoming more patriotic and bellicose, he became increasingly disillusioned. In a letter of 1918, he wrote home:

I am quite sure I was not made to be a soldier [...] I am sure I could have done better marks in the main yard of the world, than I have done on the field of battle. It is all so contrary to the teaching of the Carpenter [...] I seem out of place, because war and hate is really far from me, and has no place in my heart.¹⁷

Shortly afterwards, on 2 September 1918, Horne was killed in action, at Gommercourt, aged 25.

Of course, the military details of how 28 members of the Sherwood Foresters were killed in Dublin on Wednesday 26 April 1916, during the so-called “battle” of Mount Street Bridge, have been frequently recounted.¹⁸ While the physical events of that engagement are relatively well known, the subsequent story of how those young Englishmen have been publicly remembered and commemorated remains relatively unfamiliar.¹⁹ This article will therefore present findings in response to the following three distinct areas of enquiry:

- 1) How did the Sherwood Foresters who fought in Dublin believe that they would be remembered, and how were they publicly commemorated in the year of 1916?
- 2) How did those Sherwood Foresters subsequently appear in literature and drama?
- 3) How were those Sherwood Foresters remembered in funerary memorials, and how do these compare with the way their nationalist opponents were buried and memorialised?

Combatants and Officials

It is clear that some of the Sherwood Foresters involved in the Easter Rising realised that the Irish battle in which they had been involved was of considerable historical significance, and expected it to be remembered. In the military archives of the Museum of the Mercian Regiment (WFR Collection [Worcestershire and Sherwood Forester Regiments Collection]) there exists an unpublished 2,000-word manuscript account of the fighting written by Charles William Faulkner, who fought with the 2/8th Sherwood Foresters during the Rising, and who observes that “The Rebellion will remain in the memories of all who took any part in it”.²⁰ The same archive holds a separate 4,000-word unpublished account by another member of the Sherwood Foresters, Archie Bennett, who is keen to assert the veracity of his own description and to highlight the points at which he disagrees with the accounts printed in the newspapers:

All this is ~~wrote~~ written from by personal experience for the most part + the rest I got first-hand from our fellow's [*sic*] who were actually there, one or two things might vary from other reports, but for my part the times noted herein are correct + were specially put down by me at the time, + of course they differ from those given in "The Sinn-Fein Revolt Illustrated" + I might mention that the picture which appeared in the "Sketch" + "Mirror" as McBride being escorted to the cell's [*sic*], also showing St. Stancock, is not McBride at all, it is a man named "Cosgrave" who got 10 years Penal servitude. McBride was behind this man + was not in the picture at all. Both St. Hancock + P.R. Sitterton will testify to this, as they formed two of the escort.²¹

Not only did these members of the Sherwood Foresters set down their accounts of the Rising, but Archie Bennett even spent some time collecting what he called "relics + souvenirs" of the conflict and its aftermath, which included items he listed as:

No. 1. Old Pin fire cartridge (by Joyce + Co Foundry)

No. 2. Eley's No. 12 [a firearm cartridge]

No. 3. German Dum Dum [an expanding bullet]

No. 4. Bullet taken out of Eley's No. 12 [...]

No. 5. Blank Shot which I picked up on my travels

No. 6. Rosary given me by a woman at Roscommon, it has been blessed by the pope, + if I wear it no harm will come to me.

No. 7. A Catholic charm given to me by a maid at the Bush Hotel (Carrick-on-Shannon).

No. 8. Pin picked up in Dublin.²²

In addition, there were official attempts to commemorate the sacrifice of those soldiers in the immediate aftermath of the fighting. For example, General Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, who took charge as “military governor” in Ireland on 28 April 1916, addressed the 2/7th Sherwood Foresters on 2 May 1916 to praise them – in albeit somewhat patronising terms – for their work during the Rising. He declared that their work had been the most distasteful that any soldier could ever be asked to carry out, but praised this young regiment for conducting their duties like true soldiers.²³

Then, on 11 May, the Prime Minister, Herbert Asquith, made a speech to parliament in which he highlighted:

The two battalions of Sherwood Foresters – gallant English soldiers in Territorial regiments, mostly young men under training, suddenly called cut before their time to a most unwelcome task, but at the call of duty. Of these two gallant battalions, six officers were killed and 15 wounded, and of other ranks 24 were killed and 142 wounded. But, as I said, this is not a matter of numbers and certainly it is not a question of revenge or reprisals. But when you think of the English homes to which these gallant young men belonged, and which are bereaved – (cheers), – when you think of these young men of promise, in the pride of their youth, cut off in the discharge of a thankless but an urgent duty to their country, don’t let our sympathy be entirely captured – (cheers) – by the unfortunate and misled victims of this unhappy outbreak.²⁴

In April and May 1916 reports about the Sherwood Foresters and their fate also appeared in numerous newspapers, and feeling about the conflict ran particularly high in Nottingham, where a number of the soldiers had lived. On 6 May, one *Nottingham Evening Post* journalist wrote the following lament:

What can I say of the brave men whom Nottingham will never see again, Captain Dietrichsen, one of the cleverest of our barristers; Lieutenant Perry, whose family is so linked up in the industry of our city; and others? None but those of us who came into personal contact with Captain Dietrichsen in the Courts of Law can realise the loss the city has sustained in the death of this gallant man. We have the recollection of his unfailing courtesy, of the high gentlemanliness with which he conducted the cases entrusted to his keeping, of his scrupulous fairness. And Lieutenant Perry! Only six weeks ago, I watched his marriage with all the solemn splendour of the Ritual of the Church of Rome, to a Nottingham lady; watched the robed priest give the Holy Blessing from the High Altar. And six weeks later, on a Sunday, I heard that same priest ask the prayers of the congregation for the repose of his soul. To her who, after only six weeks of married life, is left a widow, the sympathy of us all is extended.²⁵

However, this moment in 1916 proved something of a high water-mark for public recognition and commemoration of the dead men. From the imperial side, their deaths were swiftly eclipsed by the continuing mass-slaughter on the Western Front, where many of those Foresters who survived the Rising met their fate by 1918. Furthermore, after 1921, the Foresters could scarcely be remembered in Britain as soldiers who had

been part of a successful battle to keep the kingdom together, whereas those who endured indignity and death on the Western Front could at least be retrospectively remembered as victors in the battle against Prussian militarism. And there may also have been some lingering suspicion about the incompetent management of the Mount-Street fighting in which the Foresters had been embroiled. As the historian Charles Townshend has put it, there remain a series of pertinent questions still to be asked about this engagement:

Why did the British troops not find an alternative route into Dublin? The OC, Colonel Fane, had already reported as early as 2.45 that he was holding Baggot Street Bridge, which was undefended. Yet five hours later the battalion was still struggling with the rebel posts in Northumberland Road. Instead of moving on into Dublin, the brigade received direct orders from [Major-General William] Lowe to overwhelm the posts around Mount Street Bridge [...] Did Lowe insist on a frontal assault because he had not understood the nature of the combat? Or was there some idea that in any case military honour had to be satisfied? Why would this take precedence over the need to get forces into the centre of the city as rapidly as possible? It is impossible to say. What is certain is that the Sherwood's casualties were potentially catastrophic.²⁶

If the imperial side of 1916 had little incentive to look back and remember the efforts of the Sherwood Foresters, then their opponents had even less reason to make efforts to memorialise them. Those who wanted to celebrate the fighting at Mount Street Bridge as an “Irish Thermopylae” had little interest in finding out about the British-

army soldiers who were killed there. Indeed, discovering more about those soldiers might risk emphasising the inexperience of those men and so minimising the (considerable) rebel achievement, or else humanising those English combatants and so raising questions about the morality of glorifying the rebels and the rebel tactics.

Furthermore, from the Irish nationalist viewpoint, the name of the Sherwood Foresters was forever blackened both by their participation in the executions at Kilmainham Gaol, and by association with the appalling conduct of some of the British-army soldiers from other regiments who participated in the fighting of Easter week. Notoriously, one British-army soldier from the Royal Irish Rifles, Captain John Bowen-Colthurst, went on a crazed killing spree and murdered at least four people, including the pacifist Francis Sheehy-Skeffington.²⁷ And three days after the Sherwood Foresters had suffered their casualties at Mount Street Bridge, the South Staffordshire Regiment, under the command of Colonel Henry Taylor, shot or bayoneted to death 15 civilians in an appalling massacre on North King Street. This included the brutal murder of an innocent father and son, Thomas and Christopher Hickey, the latter of whom had been heard crying out with his last words, “Oh, please don’t kill father”.²⁸

Literature and Drama

Consequently, by contrast with the many times that the rebels of 1916 have been reimagined by Irish literary figures such as W.B. Yeats, Hugh Leonard, Denis Johnston, Tom Murphy, or Roddy Doyle, the Sherwood Foresters have inspired little by way of a literary or cultural legacy.

Perhaps we might have expected D.H. Lawrence to comment on the fate of these soldiers. After all, he insistently described the landscapes of Nottingham and Derbyshire from where the Sherwood Foresters came, and he felt deeply moved by the events in Dublin. Indeed, in 1915 Lawrence had befriended Francis Birrell, and in one moment of enthusiasm Lawrence even declared “I love him”.²⁹ Francis was, of course, the son of the British Chief Secretary for Ireland, Augustine Birrell, who was much criticised after the Rising and who resigned in its aftermath. This personal connection may have been one of the reasons why Lawrence felt moved by the Rising, writing to E.M. Forster on 30 May 1916 to declare, “the Irish rebellion shocked me – another rent in the old ship’s bottom”.³⁰

After the Easter Rising, Lawrence felt keen to meet his friends the married couple Beatrice Elvery and her husband Gordon Campbell. As Lawrence put it, he wanted to “see what one might make out of the confusion. You must tell me about things”.³¹ Before the Rising, Elvery had illustrated a book for Patrick Pearse, and had famously painted the image of *Éire* that adorned Pearse’s St Enda’s school. She and Campbell had been in Dublin “after the Easter Week Rising, and drove round looking at the ruins and hearing all the stories”.³² Indeed, the structure of Beatrice Elvery’s account of the Rising in her memoir *Today We Will Only Gossip* implies that she went straight from revolutionary Dublin to a meeting with D.H. Lawrence, where he spent his time “thumping the back of the chair and denouncing everyone”.³³ As Andrew Harrison puts it, from March 1916 Lawrence had ‘become increasingly outspoken in his resistance to King and country’, and had even grown a beard during wartime for the first time, partly signifying his status as a radical and outsider.³⁴ In the month after the

Easter Rising, Lawrence now spent time arguing about the meaning and significance of the Irish insurrection with Lady Ottoline Morrell. At first he told her, “I hope these last events in England and Ireland have not upset you so much that you are ill [...] One can feel only misery and shame at all that takes place”: but he later recorded that “She thinks of the Irish of the late rebellion ‘all poets and fine fellows’. I think them mostly windbags and nothings who happen to have become tragically significant in death”.³⁵ The Easter Rising also sent Lawrence scurrying to read O’Shea’s biography of Parnell, with Lawrence telling Morrell that, “It is *very* poignant, now, and when the political life, and Ireland, are so torn. It is my own book, and I should like to give it you, if you haven’t read it. In the passing bell of this present death begins to ring”.³⁶

Yet Lawrence appears to have made no direct comment upon the fate of the Sherwood Foresters. The closest we find is perhaps a veiled reference in *The Plumed Serpent*, his 1924 novel which features the main character in Mexico who is considered an Englishwoman by the other characters in the novel (and who imagines her home being amid “the buses on the mid of Piccadilly”), but who is also the widow of an Irish rebel.³⁷ This widow describes how her husband:

wanted to kill himself with that beastly Irish business, and I tried in vain to prevent him [...] my husband thought he wanted to make a free Ireland and a great Irish people. But I knew all the time, the Irish aren’t a great people any more, and you *can’t* make them free. They are only good at destroying – just mere stupid destroying. How can you make a people free, if they *aren’t* free? If something inside them compels them to go on destroying!³⁸

It remains unspecified when exactly in the recent past this rebel has died, but the feelings do resonate with those expressed by Lawrence when he heard about the 1916 insurrection (and the name of this fictional widow even provides a vague echo of the name of the troops involved in Easter Week: as she declares, “I was born Kate Forrester, and I shall die Kate Forrester”).³⁹

We find a more certain reference to the Sherwood Foresters in the work of one of Lawrence’s other acquaintances, Douglas Goldring, with whom Lawrence agreed to publish a play in 1919. Goldring had been involved with developing the important literary magazines *The English Review* and *Blast*; had founded Selwyn and Blount publishers; and had enlisted in the British army at the start of the First World War, before being invalided with severe rheumatism, and becoming a conscientious objector.⁴⁰ After hearing about the Easter Rising in 1916, he felt compelled to travel to Dublin, realising that many Irishmen viewed the English as hated oppressors, and wanting to show that Englishmen like him had no desire to oppress anyone. He had also become excited by the prospect of an international socialist revolution that might be heralded by the Easter Rising.⁴¹ In Dublin, Goldring repeatedly visited the Abbey Theatre, and was drawn into the literary circle of Yeats, who was a lifelong friend of Goldring’s mother-in-law. Goldring mingled with Yeats and Lady Gregory, and in 1919 Yeats even rented out his rooms at 18 Woburn Buildings to Goldring.⁴²

Goldring first arrived in Dublin on 22 June 1916, and one of the first things he did in Ireland, two days after arriving, was to inspect the site at Mount Street Bridge where the Sherwood Foresters had died. He noted in his diary that he “Was shown the ‘Dublin Dardanelles’, two houses, one on each side of the main road into Dublin,

from which a handful of Sinn Fein snipers potted at our troops advancing in columns of fours”.⁴³ Subsequently, in 1917 he published a novel about the Easter Rising, *The Fortune*, which he worried would be characterised by critics as ‘a mere pacifist tract’ but which he felt was ‘a striving after Truth’.⁴⁴ In this novel, Goldring recycles the language from his diary in describing how, “In Mount Street the Sinn Feiners held the position, subsequently known as the ‘Dublin Dardanelles’, from the losses they were able to inflict on the raw English troops newly landed, who advanced guilelessly along the main road from Kingstown”.⁴⁵ Today, *The Fortune* is largely forgotten, but when it first appeared T.S. Eliot described it as “unquestionably a brilliant novel”.⁴⁶

The poet and novelist James Stephens was also drawn into the orbit of D.H. Lawrence, developing what Patrick Maume characterises as “a long and close friendship” with Samuel Kotliansky, one of D.H. Lawrence’s most intimate acquaintances.⁴⁷ James Stephens had actually been in Dublin during the insurrection, working as registrar at the National Gallery of Ireland at Merrion Square, from where he witnessed the fighting. He subsequently published an account of the Rising, *The Insurrection in Dublin*, which describes how, on the Wednesday of Easter Week:

On this day fighting was incessant at Mount Street Bridge. A party of Volunteers had seized three houses covering the bridge and converted these into forts. It is reported that military casualties at this point were very heavy.⁴⁸

Then Stephens recorded that on the Thursday of Easter Week:

Up Mount Street, the rifle volleys were continuous, and the coming and going of ambulance cars from that direction were continuous also. Some spoke of pitched battles on the bridge, and said that as yet the advantage lay with the Volunteers.⁴⁹

In addition to these fleeting references in the literature produced by those who were loosely in the orbit of D.H. Lawrence, the Sherwood Foresters later appeared in television drama. They could be seen prominently in the 1966 docudrama by Hugh Leonard, *Insurrection*, which was broadcast in eight parts by RTÉ to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising (and rebroadcast in 2016), and indeed the recreation of the Foresters' fighting at Mount Street Bridge was sufficiently striking for Paul O'Brien's later history book about this particular engagement to use a still image from *Insurrection* as the front cover.⁵⁰ However, Leonard's depiction of the British-army soldiers was not exactly flattering. Indeed, 25 years after the original broadcast, the historical advisor to the docudrama, the UCD historian Kevin Nowlan, expressed his reservations about the dramaturgical techniques used. From the perspective of 1991, Nowlan felt that the screenplay had reduced the Easter Rising to an "heroic and uncomplicated view of 1916", effectively a "Cowboy and Indian" narrative, in which "all the British army officers spent much of the time shouting and never spoke in normal voices, a similar technique used in war films featuring Germans".⁵¹

In 2001, the four-part BBC miniseries, *Rebel Heart*, included a version of the Mount-Street fighting as a central part of its first episode. Here the Sherwood Foresters function as non-speaking background characters, while the drama focuses upon the bravery of Volunteer Michael Malone, who, in real life, died fighting at 25

Northumberland Road. In this BBC version of the story, the fictional Ernie Coyne, working as a messenger, dashes along Northumberland Road in the wake of the initial fighting, dodging the dead Sherwood Foresters on the ground. Coyne then breaks into the upper room where Malone (and James Grace) are holding out, and finds Malone displaying heroic stoicism in the face of imminent death:

Ernie Coyne. Do you think we every had a chance?

Michael Malone. Realistically? No.

Ernie Coyne. Then why did we do it?

Michael Malone. Well if we hadn't have risen, the British would never have let us have the republic.

Ernie Coyne. They won't give it to us now that we have.

Michael Malone. They will if we fight them again. As long as we make a better job of it next time. Come on.⁵²

Michael Malone's brave last stand is intercut with scenes of the shelling and abandonment of the GPO. Finally, Malone's death is shown, with a depiction of him being shot twice in the chest that parallels the episode's portrayal of the more famous executions at Kilmainham. Here, then, the rebel fighting at Mount Street is made central to a retelling of the Rising, although the British soldiers fighting against the rebels remain mute.

A similar scene was included in the rather plodding miniseries *Rebellion*, written by Colin Teevan for RTÉ, and broadcast during the build up to the centenary in 2016. Here, as in *Rebel Heart*, there appears another recreation of the fighting at Mount

Street Bridge, with a particular focus on those who held off the Sherwood Foresters. In this version, however, the fighting is updated in terms of its gender politics by the inclusion of a female rebel as one of those attacking the British troops from the upper room in Northumberland Road. Teevan's script shows the fictional character of Frances O'Flaherty as one of the two who are firing on the Foresters. She boasts 'I can shoot [...] I'm a lassie, and I'm a soldier' before the British soldiers approach in formation. Then, from a window vantage point, she competently loads a large rifle while the Sherwood Foresters scatter below. 'Jesus Christ, they're playing at war like it's a game of football' says her male colleague as he observes the Sherwood Foresters retrieving their dead, and Frances subsequently unloads her handgun at them as she and he successfully escape from the building.⁵³

By contrast, in 2014, the filmmaker Keith Farrell produced a docudrama that deliberately sought to tell the other side of the story, and to humanise the Sherwood Foresters. In this TG4 production, *A Terrible Beauty*, which was broadcast on Easter Monday 2014, audiences were presented with "a story of ordinary people who were part of extraordinary events beyond their control". This story included a number of vignettes that foreground the familial and personal relationships of the Sherwood Foresters, including, notably, a dramatisation of Captain Frederick Dietrichsen's final meeting with his Dublin wife. Here, Dietrichsen is presented primarily as a loving family man:

Frederick Dietrichsen. How did you know we were in Ireland?

Beatrice Dietrichsen. We heard the regiment had landed so we came down hoping to see you.

Frederick Dietrichsen. I'm glad you did. When this whole business is over I'll spend some time with you and the children. I can't imagine they'll send us back to Watford straight away.⁵⁴

Nonetheless, compared to the way that the rebels of Easter 1916 have been the repeated focus of poetic and theatrical attention, the Sherwood Foresters have created little of a literary or dramatic legacy. On the whole, we have to look very carefully for relatively fleeting references to those British-army soldiers in the work of writers including Hugh Leonard, Douglas Goldring, and James Stephens.

Funerary memorials

Similarly, no monumental memorial exists in either Britain or Ireland to the Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire men who died on the streets of Dublin in April 1916. In the early 1920s, a memorial tower in honour of the 11,409 Sherwood Foresters who fell in the First World War was erected on a hill outside the Derbyshire village of Crich; and further memorials in Nottingham, as well as elsewhere in the English East Midlands, commemorate the overall dead of this regiment.⁵⁵ But the majority of the Sherwood Foresters who died in Ireland are presently remembered only by official gravestones in three Dublin graveyards, with those gravestones carrying the regimental badge, the soldiers' names, the dates of death, and a simple cross. Grangegorman military cemetery near the Phoenix Park is the burial site of at least ten Foresters while other graves can be found in Deans Grange on the south side of the city and in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. The bodies of a small number of other men were transferred back to their home counties in England with

graves in both Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. The simple headstones in Grangegorman are set in a series of carefully maintained rows interspersed by modest rose bushes. By contrast, the bodies of two of their Irish rebel opponents, Michael Malone and James Corcoran, who died during the siege of Mount Street Bridge, are interred in the official Republican plot in Glasnevin Cemetery surrounded by many others who fought during Ireland's years of revolution. While the Republican plot is by no means a bombastic, declamatory site, its placement within Glasnevin and its proximity to the graves of many of Ireland's illustrious dead imply that the occupants of the plot hold a special place in Irish memory. The graves of the Sherwood Foresters buried in Ireland do not benefit from any such associations. Their plain, factually inscribed headstones surrounded by hundreds of comparable headstones that refer to a variety of theatres of war, carry comparatively few emotional connotations. The burial sites in Dublin of the English soldiers who died in 1916 are part of a marginalised history.⁵⁶

While the names of the many young Englishmen who died in Dublin in 1916 are recorded on the well-preserved headstones in Grangegorman, the uniformity of the site and fact that it fails to appear on any list of Dublin's places of interest make a visit to this military graveyard a less-than-uplifting experience. Row after row of dignified headstones do not make a monument, and that lack of collective commemoration is seen by some as calling out for correction. For example, at Easter 2015, after James Moran published a piece in the *Irish Times* about Captain Frederick Dietrichsen, RTÉ Radio 1's "Morning Ireland" picked up the story of the Sherwood Foresters and interviewed the regimental historian Cliff Housley, who expressed his desire to see a memorial to the Foresters of 1916 being raised around Mount Street

Bridge in Dublin.⁵⁷ Housley spoke about his desire for “a plinth that shows probably the two badges, the Volunteers’ badge and the Foresters’ badges, and a message of reconciliation”.⁵⁸ Two English granddaughters of Frederick Dietrichsen endorsed the idea of erecting “perhaps a plaque” to the Sherwood Foresters who died at Mount Street Bridge, with Nicola Wilson declaring of her grandfather, “He was one of many [who died during that engagement], some of the people who were with him were wounded and died later on in France, so I think there should be a list of people who died. I’m not sure he should be top of the list or [in] a special place, but the fact that the British troops were there and there was an incident, absolutely [...] that’s worth recording”.⁵⁹ The political editor of the *Irish Times* endorsed that viewpoint, adding that “the British army and police casualties are also worthy of remembrance”.⁶⁰ But Sinn Féin TD Peadar Tóibín responded on Twitter: “British Soldiers imposing oppression through violence should not be commemorated equally with volunteers seeking Irish freedom”.⁶¹ And on the Irish-American website *Irish Central*, Niall O’Dowd added, “Like it or not the British were in Ireland as conquerors, never accepted by the native people [...] The Kumbaya theory of history only takes us so far”.⁶²

Perhaps unsurprisingly, then, Dublin City Council has so far refused to erect a memorial to the 28 Sherwood Foresters who died at Mount Street Bridge.⁶³ Meanwhile, the existing nationalist-centred monument in the vicinity of the Bridge is a decidedly uncomplicated affair. An oblong obelisk of rough limestone on a granite base with a total height of over 300 cms with inscriptions in Irish and English, this monument was unveiled on Sunday 23 April 1933 – having been designed by the Dublin architect J. William Sullivan – and was carved by a local stonemason.⁶⁴ An

inscribed scroll declares that it commemorates “the Irish volunteers who gallantly gave their lives in this area in defence of the Irish Republic” yet no reference is made to the imperial forces who also died in April 1916. That silence continues to this day as even commemorative wreaths left to show sympathy with the dead British-military personnel have on occasion been secretively removed from the site.⁶⁵

The Mount-Street-Bridge memorial faces the street with unashamed pride in an independent Ireland. The Irish language inscription dominates the upper register (the English translation is at the back, facing the Grand Canal) while below crossed rifles indicate the violence that occurred. The centrepiece of the monument is the deeply carved name of the nation, ÉIRE, [**Note to editors: would it please be possible to ensure that the typesetter can write this last word in Gaelic-type script in capitals?**] written in twentieth-century Gaelic type script as is the inscription above.⁶⁶ At Grangegorman imperial uniformity dominates the inscriptions on the Portland headstones of the English soldiers who also died near Mount Street Bridge. Following a design by MacDonald Gill (1884-1947) for an inscriptional alphabet which would be used to record the names of British and Empire dead and missing after the Great War, the Dublin graves are similar to thousands of headstones in northern France, throughout the United Kingdom, and elsewhere across the world.⁶⁷ Designed for the Imperial War Graves Commission, these standardised headstones which date from the 1920s have little to do with the locality of where the dead actually fell, and more to do with imperial unity. By contrast, the Mount-Street-Bridge monument with its inscriptions and its motif of crossed weaponry is about the local and the specificity of Ireland in the early decades after independence. The figurative verbosity and emotional display of the nationalist monument is in sharp contrast with the simplicity

of the imperial graves.⁶⁸ The Mount-Street-Bridge obelisk remembers the “sacrifice” of the Volunteers and “their ideals” ending with a declamatory “suimhneas síoruidhe do lucht an laochais” / “God rest the brave”. In Grangegorman, a low-relief carved regimental badge, the name of the dead soldier and the individual’s immediate particulars are balanced by a Christian cross. Minimalism counters exuberance.

Of the 28 Sherwood Foresters killed on 26 April 1916, many were initially buried in the grounds of Dublin Castle. Within a month, some were reburied in Grangegorman. While various Sherwood Foresters’ remains were exhumed and eventually repatriated to graveyards in the English East Midlands, the bodies of the majority of the Nottingham and Derby men who fell in Dublin in 1916 still lie in a north-Dublin military cemetery.⁶⁹ Grangegorman may be the largest military cemetery in Ireland, but it, by comparison with Glasnevin Cemetery, holds little significance for the majority of the Irish people who care to visit war graves or sites of historical memory. While Glasnevin boasts a war memorial that commemorates the Irish who fell in the Great War as well as a recently-erected Commonwealth and War Graves Commission Cross, the British-army soldiers who died in Dublin in 1916 and are buried in Grangegorman do not enjoy such specific commemoration. Location is key to public memory, and burial in a now-forgotten cemetery on Dublin’s Blackhorse Avenue off the Navan Road has deprived the Sherwood Foresters of their role in a shared history of the Rising.

By contrast to Grangegorman, public memory flourishes in sculptured form at Glasnevin. From the large celebratory round tower erected between 1855 and 1869 in memory of Daniel O’Connell and the massive slab of Wicklow granite in honour of

Charles Stewart Parnell (1940) to the innumerable Celtic crosses recording the lives of Fenians and revolutionaries of the 1916 to 1923 era, Glasnevin is replete with nationalist memorials. The stridently Republican guidebook published in 1932 by the National Graves Association lists the “national graves and shrines in Dublin and district” with a map of the relevant sites within Glasnevin. Today, the highly successful museum and research centre situated next to the cemetery entrance make it similarly clear that access to nationalist memorials is not difficult to negotiate.⁷⁰

While the recent erection of a 1916 Rising commemorative screen wall, and a cross of sacrifice to those who fell in both world wars of the twentieth century, provides a dilution of the dominant nationalist emphasis at Glasnevin, there is still no memorial to the British-army soldiers who died in 1916 (although the newly installed wall of the dead at Glasnevin – which includes the name of Frederick Dietrichsen and some of his colleagues – does provide a gesture towards a more inclusive kind of commemoration).⁷¹

Selective cultural memory makes the Irish situation comparable, albeit on a far smaller scale, to the postcolonial situation in contemporary India.⁷² More than half a century after Indian Independence, one has to search carefully for remnants of the British Raj in major cities such as Delhi or Kolkata (formerly Calcutta). Many of the innumerable bronze or marble statues of British civil or military leaders which once prominently adorned the streets or public areas of the Indian capitals have, understandably, been either removed or destroyed since 1949. Those that survive now inhabit hidden corners in parks such as that attached to Kolkata’s Victoria Memorial Hall or appear like displaced figures on plinths as in the site of the Coronation Durbar of 1911 in a northern suburb of Delhi.⁷³ Dublin-born John Henry Foley’s monument

to James Outram, a hero of the British Raj, once dominated the intersection of two busy Calcutta streets yet in the 1950s like so many other remnants of colonial rule, it was moved to a less conspicuous site.⁷⁴ In due course, as Tapati Guha-Thakurta has argued, such monuments lost their potency as symbols of power and have subsequently become “pure works of sculpture”.⁷⁵

Just as British sculpture in India is slowly gaining scholarly and popular attention, so too are the remnants of imperial rule in Ireland. Much of the attention has been on the fact that, during the four decades between Irish Independence and the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising in 1966, a considerable number of statues of British monarchs or heroes were removed from Dublin streets or destroyed by bombs.⁷⁶ These removals include former enhancements of Dublin’s artistic streetscape such as Grinling Gibbons’s equestrian bronze of King William of Orange (which had been unveiled in College Green in 1701 but was destroyed in 1928); John Hughes’s seated Queen Victoria of 1908 (which was removed from outside Leinster House in 1948 and now resides in front of a shopping mall in Sydney, Australia); and John Henry Foley’s equestrian monument to the Irish-born soldier Lord Gough (which was erected in the Phoenix Park in 1880 yet suffered a number of assaults in the 1940s, until it was eventually bombed in 1957, and is now a decorative feature in a country estate in Northumbria). Finally and most sensationally, in that commemorative year of 1966, Thomas Kirk’s statue of Admiral Lord Nelson on a Pillar designed by Francis Johnston in the centre of O’Connell Street was toppled by Saor Uladh, “a splinter group of the Republican movement”.⁷⁷

Nonetheless, a few imperial monuments do remain in Dublin. While all of those just mentioned were of the named elite, monarchs or military heroes, some of the monuments still in Dublin refer to the ordinary imperial soldier and have, in many cases, been the victim of a national forgetting not unlike the treatment of those British-army graves in Grangegorman. Given its prominent position in the middle of Dublin's major shopping area, the Fusiliers' Arch at the north-west corner of St Stephen's Green, is traversed by thousands every day but has been referred to as the "Traitors' Gate".⁷⁸ Built in 1907 to commemorate the Irish who fell at various battles during the 2nd Boer War 1899-1902, the arch is a variation on any number of triumphal arches built in Western Europe and in North America since the late eighteenth century and of course echoing back to classical precedents such as Rome's Arch of Titus. The names of the 240 men and eleven officers who fell are notable for the many Irish surnames which appear on the inside of the arch. We can read names such as Flynn, O'Keeffe, Byrne, Murphy, O'Brien, and Cummins, all of whom were members of the second battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.⁷⁹ The Fusiliers' Arch is a record of subaltern service comparable to the graves of those young Englishmen who died in Dublin in 1916. The Fusiliers' Arch together with the graves in Grangegorman are two examples of names carved in stone which bring to our attention the ordinary men who fought for the Empire: some came *from* Dublin, while others came *to* Dublin.

The Irish National War Memorial in Islandbridge is another Dublin site where the list of names of those who died as a result of imperial conflict is a key ingredient in its composition. The four book rooms that Sir Edwin Lutyens included in his 1930s design between them house the eight-volume publication *Ireland's Memorial Records*,

1914-1918, which contains the names of the Irish war dead. Here officers and other ranks appear in alphabetical order with sumptuous illustrations by Harry Clarke.⁸⁰ Although Lutyens' Islandbridge Memorial garden suffered serious neglect for many decades due to the vicissitudes of political embarrassment, its eventual restoration in the late 1980s, is to be welcomed even if its long neglect reminds us of the unsettled nature of Ireland's attitude to imperial history.⁸¹

In 2016, as part of the official programme to mark the centenary of the Rising, an event was held at Grangegorman cemetery to commemorate the deaths of British-army soldiers in April 1916. It included a wreath-laying ceremony and a piper's lament, and the minister for foreign affairs, Charlie Flanagan, wrote in the *Irish Times* to hail the fact that the centenary calendar incorporated "all narratives and all perspectives" including the memory of "the Sherwood Foresters, [who] were raw recruits – young men who had never before faced an armed enemy".⁸² While certain Republican groups have expressed anger at the suggestion of a physical memorial to the Sherwood Foresters being erected in Ireland, remembering these dead men does potentially provide an acknowledgement of a shared history which is a vital part of transnational understanding.⁸³ The men of the Sherwood Foresters whose names are inscribed on the gravestones in Grangegorman – C.T. Dixon, J.R. Forth, Arthur Holbrook, Luke Holland, Charles Hoyle, Thomas Miller, Harold Rodgers, A. Sibley, Alfred Taylor, and George Wyld – may not have been fully aware of the significance of the fighting in which they were involved during Easter 1916. But remembering those soldiers, and understanding their posthumous fate, has the potential not only to deepen our understanding of the Rising itself, but also to illuminate further the way that the people of Britain and Ireland understand their own interlinked histories, and

to reveal more about the colonial and post-colonial connections between those countries and the wider world.

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Acknowledgment

We are grateful to the AHRC Centre for Hidden Histories for providing the funding that allowed us to research and write this article.

¹ *Michael Collins*, Warner Brothers DVD, 1996.

² *Downton Abbey*, Universal Studios DVD, 2011, series two disc two. Somewhat comically, in the following episode of *Downton Abbey*, an Irish character laments that the Rising had only lasted for six weeks (over five weeks longer than in reality).

³ Sean O’Casey, *Three Dublin Plays*, p.236.

⁴ Cliff Housley, *The Sherwood Foresters*, p.102.

⁵ A.N. Lee, “World War I Diary”, fol.33. Quoted by Fearghal McGarry, *The Rising*, p.173.

⁶ W.C. Oates, *The Sherwood Foresters*, p.36.

⁷ C.W. Faulkner, “Experience of the 8th Battalion Notts. & Derbs.”, fol.3.

⁸ Lee, “World War I Diary”, fol.53. Quoted by Charles Townshend, *Easter 1916*, p.195.

⁹ Oates, *The Sherwood Foresters*, p.39.

¹⁰ Housley, *The Sherwood Foresters*, p.97.

- ¹¹ W.G. Hall, *The Green Triangle*, pp.27-8. Admittedly, immediately after the Rising, the captain who was charged with executing the rebels did remember one hostile comment from soldiers who had lost comrades in the fighting (“Pity to dirty all these rifles; why can’t we do him in with a bit of bayonet practice?”). Captain Dickson, quoted by O’Brien, *Blood on the Streets*, p.88.
- ¹² Nugent quoted by Fearghal McGarry, *The Rising*, p.173. Walsh quoted by Fearghal McGarry, *Rebels*, p.206, p.212.
- ¹³ “Departure of the Sherwood Foresters”, *Galway Express*, 9 December 1916, p.4.
- ¹⁴ Oates, *The Sherwood Foresters*, pp.214-15.
- ¹⁵ Officers of the Battalions, “*The Robin Hoods*”, p.405.
- ¹⁶ Robert Horne, “Letter from Oranmore Camp”, 3 July 1916.
- ¹⁷ Horne, “Letter from Hereford”, 19 February 1918.
- ¹⁸ Charles Townshend, *Easter 1916*, pp.183-6, pp.203-5. O’Brien, *Blood on the Streets*, pp.22-3
- ¹⁹ Of the few accounts on the burial of British-army soldiers in 1916, see M. Whelan, “Discovering the Past”, 21; O’Brien, *Blood on the Streets*, p.9; and Mark McCarthy, *Ireland’s 1916 Rising*, pp.433-4.
- ²⁰ C.W. Faulkner, “Experience of the 8th Battalion Notts. & Derbs.”, fol.13.
- ²¹ Archie Bennett, “My Experiences of the Sinn-Fein Rebellion in Ireland”, fol.25.
- ²² Bennett, “My Experiences of the Sinn-Fein Rebellion in Ireland”, fol.26, fol.26v.
- ²³ Maxwell quoted by A.N. Lee, “World War I Diary”, fol.56.
- ²⁴ “House of Commons and the Rebellion”, *Manchester Guardian*, 12 May 1916, p.5.
- ²⁵ “The Glory of the Sherwoods”, *Nottingham Evening Post*, 5 May 1916, p.2.
- ²⁶ Townshend, *Easter 1916*, pp.197-8.
- ²⁷ See Townshend, *Easter 1916*, pp.193-4.
- ²⁸ Joe Duffy, *Children of the Rising*, p.138. Niall O’Dowd, for example, mocks the idea of remembering the Sherwood Foresters in Ireland by asking, “Should we hail the men who strapped James Connolly to a wheelchair, blindfolded him and executed him?”. O’Dowd goes on to elide the Foresters with the South Staffordshire Regiment and the later atrocities of the Black and Tans. See O’Dowd, “Insulting to Remember British Army Deaths Equally During 1916 Events” (paras 7-9 of 15).
- ²⁹ D.H. Lawrence, *The Cambridge Edition of the Letters of D.H. Lawrence*, II, 319.
- ³⁰ Lawrence, *Letters*, II, 611-12.
- ³¹ Lawrence, *Letters*, III, 49.
- ³² Beatrice Elvery, *Today We Will Only Gossip*, p.89.
- ³³ Elvery, *Today We Will Only Gossip*, p.91.
- ³⁴ Andrew Harrison, *The Life of D.H. Lawrence*, p.155, p.129.
- ³⁵ Lawrence, *Letters*, II, 603, 611.
- ³⁶ Lawrence, *Letters*, II, 604.
- ³⁷ Lawrence, *The Plumed Serpent*, p.432.
- ³⁸ Lawrence, *The Plumed Serpent*, p.166.
- ³⁹ Lawrence, *The Plumed Serpent*, p.371.
- ⁴⁰ George Malcolm Johnson, “Goldring, Douglas (1887–1960)”, *passim*.
- ⁴¹ Douglas Goldring, *A Stranger in Ireland*, p.129.
- ⁴² Douglas Goldring, *The Nineteen Twenties*, p.115, p.121.
- ⁴³ Douglas Goldring, *Odd Man Out*, p.152.
- ⁴⁴ Douglas Goldring, *The Fortune*, p.v.
- ⁴⁵ Douglas Goldring, *The Fortune*, p.315.
- ⁴⁶ T.S. Eliot, “Short Reviews”, p.10.
- ⁴⁷ Patrick Maume, ‘Stephen, James’, *passim*. Galya Diment writes that “Koteliansky’s personal and professional relationship with Lawrence defined both men’s lives. The novelist wrote more letters to Koteliansky than to anyone outside his family. Koteliansky was consumed with devotion to Lawrence”. See Galya Diment, “Koteliansky, Samuel Solomonovich” (para. 4 of 7).
- ⁴⁸ James Stephens, *The Insurrection in Dublin*, pp.37-8.
- ⁴⁹ Stephens, *Insurrection in Dublin*, p.49.
- ⁵⁰ See O’Brien, *Blood on the Streets*, front cover.
- ⁵¹ Kevin Nowlan quoted by Liam O’Flanagan for RTÉ’s “Wednesday Report”, broadcast on 27 March 1991. For a broader discussion of *Insurrection* see James Moran, *Staging the Easter Rising*, pp.114-116. Also Luke Gibbons, ‘Insurrection on Irish Television’, pp.857-60.
- ⁵² *Rebel Heart*, BBC, episode 1, broadcast 28 January 2001.
- ⁵³ *Rebellion*, RTÉ DVD, 2016, episode 3.
- ⁵⁴ *A Terrible Beauty*, dir. Keith Farrell, TG4, 21 April 2014.

- ⁵⁵ There is a fine bronze plaque by Henry Poole in honour of the Sherwood Foresters in St Mary's Nottingham. Our thanks to Michael Clark for this information.
- ⁵⁶ See Fergus D'Arcy, *Remembering the War Dead*, passim, and McCarthy, *Ireland's 1916 Rising*, p.433. For a recent discussion of Grangegorman cemetery see Nicholas Allen, 'Cultural representations of 1916', pp.168-180.
- ⁵⁷ See James Moran, "Easter 1916: A British Soldier's Family Reunion and Death in Dublin", passim.
- ⁵⁸ Interviewed by Justin McCarthy, "Morning Ireland", RTÉ Radio 1, 8 April 2015.
- ⁵⁹ Interviewed by Justin McCarthy, "Morning Ireland", RTÉ Radio 1, 8 April 2015.
- ⁶⁰ Stephen Collins, "1916 Rising Commemorations Won't Please Everybody" (para. 10 of 21).
- ⁶¹ Peadar Tóibín, <<https://twitter.com/toibin1/status/713852104604008449>>.
- ⁶² O'Dowd, "Insulting to Remember British Army Deaths Equally During 1916 Events" (para. 12 of 14).
- ⁶³ Our thanks to Ruairí O Cúiv, Public Art Manager, Dublin City Council, for information on this.
- ⁶⁴ Inventory 156, <www.irishwarmemorials.ie>. As inscribed on the plinth, the stonemason was John Cullen, 20 Haddington Road, Dublin; our thanks again to Ruairí O Cúiv for this information. For the unveiling see reports in the Dublin newspapers, *The Irish Press*, 4 April 1933, p.7 and 24 April 1933, p.2; *The Irish Independent*, 24 April 1933, pp.3 and 9; *The Irish Times*, 24 April 1933, p.4.
- ⁶⁵ Ronan McGreevy, "Tribute to 1916 British Soldiers Removed in Dublin", passim.
- ⁶⁶ See Michael Ó Searcóid, "The Irish Alphabet", pp.139-48.
- ⁶⁷ For MacDonald Gill, see <www.macdonaldgill.com>; Andrew Haslam, *Lettering*, pp.141-3; D'Arcy, *Remembering the War Dead*, p.147 and passim.
- ⁶⁸ For more on this see Jay Winter, "Beyond Glory?", pp.134-44.
- ⁶⁹ Our thanks to Raychel Coyle for access to the Register of Burials held in the Phoenix Park office of the Office of Public Works.
- ⁷⁰ For Glasnevin see Nuala Johnson, *Ireland, the Great War and the Geography of Remembrance*, p.156 and <www.glasnevintrust.ie>.
- ⁷¹ This wall was unveiled to mark the centenary, and became the subject of press attention when defaced with paint in April 2017. Colm Keena, 'Paint thrown over 1916 Rising remembrance wall in Glasnevin', passim.
- ⁷² See Guy Beiner's discussion of this term in 'Making sense of memory: coming to terms with conceptualisations of historical remembrance', pp.13-23.
- ⁷³ Mary Ann Steggle and Richard Barnes, *British Sculpture in India*, pp.97-116 and pp.283-93.
- ⁷⁴ Fintan Cullen, "Migrating Objects", pp.183-95.
- ⁷⁵ Tapati Guha-Thakurta, "A View from Calcutta", p.82.
- ⁷⁶ For a list see Yvonne Whelan, *Reinventing Modern Dublin*, p.158.
- ⁷⁷ Whelan, *Reinventing Modern Dublin*, p.206.
- ⁷⁸ Keith Jeffery, *Ireland and the Great War*, p.116; and Christopher Murray, *Seán O'Casey*, p.74.
- ⁷⁹ See Joanna Brück and Andrew Tierney, "Landscapes of Dreams. Parks, Colonialism and Identity in Victorian and Edwardian Ireland", pp.45-7.
- ⁸⁰ Marguerite Helmers, *Harry Clarke's War*, passim.
- ⁸¹ Whelan, *Reinventing Modern Dublin*, p.190; see also Síghle Bhreathnach-Lynch, "Commemorating Whose Dead?", pp.202-15. See also, David Fitzpatrick, "Commemoration in the Irish Free State: a chronicle of embarrassment", especially pp.192-4.
- ⁸² Flanagan, "We Must Acknowledge British Troops Killed in the Rising" (para. 2 of 10). For the opposite viewpoint see Robert Ballagh's address of 3 May 2015 at Arbour Hill, <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0a8qykgf8DE>>.
- ⁸³ See Ronan McGreevy, "Canada's 'Hero' Ambassador Tackles Protester at 1916 Service", passim, for the commemoration of British soldiers buried in Grangegorman, where the Canadian ambassador to Ireland, Kevin Vickers, physically tackled a republican protester. One of the few transnational war monuments is that at Notre Dame de Lorette in the Ablain St.-Nazaire French Military Cemetery, northern France. Information from Jay Winter, Wiles lecture, Queen's University, Belfast, 18 May 2016.