

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BUREAU STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 471

ROINN



COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 471.....

Witness

An Dochtuir Seumas O Ceallaigh,  
10 Upper Fitzwilliam St.,  
Dublin.

Identity.

Close associate of Irish volunteer Leaders,  
1916.

Subject.

His recollections of

- (a) 'The Bogus Document' and
- (b) The meeting of Irish Volunteer leaders held  
in his home on Holy Saturday night, 1916.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S.501.....

Form B.S.M. 2

# ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 471

Sgéal an Doctúra Shéamais Uí Ceallaigh,  
10 Sráid MacLiam, Uacht., Ath Cliath.

Níor bhall ariamh de na hÓglaigh mé. Is amhlaidh do bhí. Tháinig an Rathailleach chugam ag céilidhe éigin i dtigh an Árd-Mhaoir gur iarr orm claoi leo agus a bheith páirteach in a ngníomhthara. D'agair mé spás machtnaimh. Dubhairt mé an athcuinge sin le hEoin MacNéill, mar bhíodh cogar agus carantas eadrainn ar feadh i bhfad roimhe sin. "Lean do leas agus do réir féin", arsa Eoin liom, "acht mura rachthá thar mo chomhairle-se d'fhanfá id' bhall shingil ach' bheith i bpáirt linn go fóillín. Is iomdha dóigh a bhféadfá lámh conganta do thabhairt, go mór mhór da mba rud é nach raibh t'ainm ar aon liosta", agus in a dhiadh sin is iomdha slighe ar baineadh úsáid asam, - daoine ag triall ar mo thig-se agus rudaí mar sin.

Tamall roimh an éirghe amach bhíos síidte níos doimhne san sgéal. Ruaidhrí Ó Conchobhair do tháinig chugam 'mo thig-se agus cuireadh aige casadh ar chruinniú cáirde san Vegeterian Restaurant, Sráid na Coláiste, san áit a bhfuil Oifig an tSoláthair andiu. Tháinig na cáirde céadna i mbhun a chéile fá thuairim ceithre uair. In mo thig féin dóbthha aon uair amháin. Iad seo do bhí i láthair: Ruaidhrí Ó Conchobhair i gcomhnuidhe, Pádraig Ó Caoilte (P.J. Little), Proinsias MacSginneadóra (Francis Sheehy-Skeffington), L.P. Ó Broin ("Andrew Malone") agus mé féin. Ruaidhrí do bhí i dtus <sup>cadhnaidheacht</sup> eadnaidheacht. Is aige a bhíodh an fhaisnéis agus an foirheadal. Sgéal Ruaidhrí go raibh beart shocair san' Chaisleán i gcoinne na nÓglach,

i fá scríobhnóireacht rúnda agus faill ag caraid dár gcuid féin annsin cóip do dhéanadh di as éadan a chéile ach am a thabhairt dó. Dhá uair, trí uair do cuireadh aistriú ar chuid bheag di in ár láthair. Fé dheireadh bhí an scríbhinn uilig againn - "an Bogus Document". Nuair a bhí an scríbhinn iomlán againn thug Ruaidhrí tuairim Sheósaimh Fluincéid dúinn gur fiú an chomhairle ar fad d'fhoillsiú ins na páipéirí 'un an phobail do ghriosaigh ach í do roinnt roim-ré leis na heasbuig.

Orm-sa, saoilim, do leagadh an scríbhinn a 'fhágailt ag Árd-Easbug Áth Cliath. Ní fhacas an Prealóid féin, ach thugas an litir dá rúnaidhe .i. do'n Athair Micheál Ó Curráin (eisean atá indiu in a Mhonsignor). Siar liom annsin go Magh Nuadhat - áit a bhfuair mé ceileabhar caoin ó'n Dochtúir MacGafraidh. Ní ag doicheadall roimh mo sgéal do bhí, ach a athrach. Dé Satharna na seachtmhaine sin chuidh go Béilféirse. Rinne-me coinne leis an Dochtúir MacRuaidhrí do bhí in a easbog annsin ins an am. Maidin Domhnaigh do tháinig mé chuige sin in am a bhreicfeasta. As lár a choda d'fhear sé fáilte romham. Thugas an páipéar dó. Léigh sé é. Bhí rith an mhadaidh idir an dá cháis air - cia acu chreidfeadh sé é nó nach gcreidfeadh. D'fhágas-sa idir an dá chomhairle mar siné agus tháingas ar ais go hÁth Cliath lá ar na mháireach.

Ba mé a thug an chead chóip de'n scríbhinn d'Eoin MacNéill. Chuaidh mé ar a lorg go dtí 86 Faithche Stiofáin. San tSeomra Fóirne do fuair mé é. Scrúdaigh sé an cló. Saoilim gurbh'é sin an chead uair a chonnaic sé in a iomlán é. Mhol sé a chraobhsgaoileadh. "Bainfidh sin geit astá", ar sé. Chuir an cló síos i

mbéil a bhróige, chuir a phiostal i bpóca a leise agus d'imthigh leis. Maidin Shatharna, an 15adh lá d'Abrán, a b'eadh sin, saoilim.

Ag an chruinniú deireannach do bhí againn do socruigheadh cad é an dóigh a dtabharfaidhe gairm sgoile do'n ghuasacht. An Chéadaoine do leagadh amach againn do'n chraobhsgaoileadh. Bhí mé féin ar an bhaile luath go leor. Casadh an Caoilteach orm in ostán Bhiúlaidh. Bhí caifi againn. Bhí a thriall sin ar an "Evening Herald"; bhí mé féin ag déanadh ar an "Evening Mail" agus ar an "Evening Telegraph". Bhí a chuid féin de'n bhaoghal ins na heachtraí sin agus an saoghal a bhí ann. Shocruigheamar theacht ar ais go tigh Bhiúlaidh agus ár ngnó déanta. Chuaidh mé anonn go dtí an "Mail". Fuair eas caoi labhairt leis an Eagarthóir. D'fhiafraigh sé dhíom céir mé féin. Níor thugas mo shloinne dó - nídh nárbh' iongnadh. Doig a bhí mar ainm air sin. Thugas mo sgéala dó. Leathnaigh mé amach mo pháipéar; dubhairt go dtabharainn mionna an leabhair ar dheimhin an sgéil. Dhiúlt sé go dubh feidhm do bhaint as ach d'agair orm an chóip a thabhairt dó, ach mar a rabhas cheana, bhí mé comhgarach mo sháth do'n Chaisleán agus dhiúltas-sa sin a dhéanadh. Anonn liom go dtí an "Herald". Meade a bhí in a Eagarthóir air sin. Chuireas ainm bréagach romham isteach agus sgéala go raibh doimhneacht gnaithe agam leis. Thugas an sgríbhinn dhó. Ní raibh páipéar an tráthnóna amuigh go fóill. Léigh sé an scríbhinn. "Is ait an sgéal é", ar seisean, agus amhras in a ghlórthaibh. "Tá sibh-se annseo páirteach leis na hÓglaigh, má's fíor daoibh, agus ní misde an sgéal a bheith agaibh roimh na páipéaraibh eile". "Ar thugais do nuaidheacht do pháipéar ar bith eile?",

d'fhiafruigh sé. "Thug", arsa mé. "Thugas do'n "Mail" é, agus béidh sé ar na sráideanna romhaibh-se". Thóg an telefón. "Is that you, Doig? Was there a bloody mystery man with you just now?". Níor chualas an freagra. "That bloody fools we'd be. We'll not touch it either. Anois, in ainm an mhic mallachtan, car b'as duit?". "Char cuma duit-se anois?", arsa mé, agus amach an doras liom gan ró-mhoill. Fuair eas Pádraig Ó Caoilte i dtigh Bhiúlaídh. Ní raibh an t-ádh air seán ach' oireadh liom féin. Bhí cúpán eile caifi againn agus tar éis deich noiméad thángamar amach ar an tsráid. Mór an rúille-búille do bhí ar na casáin - gach aoinneach ag ceannach an "Mhail". Bhí an báire cailte ag mo dhá nuaidheachtán eile!

An oidhche chéadna - Dia Céadaoine - is dóithche, bhí cruinniú sa Rotunda. Casadh an Píarsach orm agus mé ag túrling ó thram. Bhí comhrádh beag againn le chéile. D'fhág sé slán agam ag rádh gur fearr gan teacht níos faide ar a chomhghóradh ar eagla go mbeidhí ar a thóir. Ní raibh fhios agam gurbh'í sin an uair dheireannach a chífinn é. Trí mhí roimhe sin dubhairt sé liom, agus sinne i mbéal dorais Sgoil Éanna, go raibh an t-éirighe amach ag druídinn linn go h-aigeanta agus go h-eadhhlanta - rud do chuir an-iongnadh orm de'n chéad uair.

Chuaidh mé isteach im mo thram féin agus má chuaidh cé a bhí ann ach' Tomás MacDonnchadha? Bheannuigh sé domh agus shuidheas le na thaobh. "An bhfaca tú páipéar an tráthnóna?", d'fhiafruigh sé. "Cad é do thuairim air mar sgéal? (An "Sgríbhinn Bréagach" a bhí dhá rádh aige). "Creideamh nó creideamh cha dtabharfainn dó", d'fhreagair mé. Ag iarraidh téamfaidhe do bhaint as do bhí mé, dar ndóigh, ach ghlac sé i ndáiríribh mé. "Are you one of the

*éadach*  
 doubters too"?, ar seisean. Shaoileas nár mhisde dó tuilleadh eolais a bheith aige ar mo ~~tuilleadh~~ féin de'n sgéal. Cha raibh rud ar bith ceilte idir é féin agus an Fluincéadach. Ach' d'fhág mé an gníomh mar sin. Ní raibh fhios agam nach bhfeicfinn go deo arís é. Sgéal an "Bhogus Document" go nuige seo.

An féidir bheith ina mhuimighin mar phár?. Fágaim sin fúbhtha siúd atá fiosruighteach. Tá an taobh sin de na heachtraigh spíonta agus rannsuighthe ag an Chaoilteach. Tá sé féin sásta taobhadh leis mar sgéal. Agus maith a's dhá ráidht' dhe, thuigeas-sa féin ariamh gurbh' é an Fluincéideach a bhí i mbun a chur i gcló agus go raibh culaith clódóireachta i gCammuiġhe. B'fhéidir nach bhfuil an ceart agam.

Tuilleadh de'n innsint. Tháinig Aoine an Chéasta. Nuair a tháinig mé abhaile an oidhche sin bhí litir ag fanamhaint liom ó Woodtown - árus Shéamuis Mhic Néill, Bainchéile Eoin Mhic Néill do chuir chugam í. Bhí d'athchuinge aici orm bualadh amach ann sin roimh oidhche. Cailín do bhí ar aimsir aici nach raibh ar foghnámh. Ach bhí sé ró-mhall agam gabháil amach comh fada sin. D'fhágas-sa go maidin é. Maidin luath Dia Satharna, tháinig cárr Séamuis Mhic Néill 'un doruis. Amach liom go Woodtown. Rinneas an cailín aimsire d'fhreasdal. Ní raibh mórán uirthi. Ba ghearr gur thug mé gurbh' é Eoin féin a bhí i bhfathach comhrádh a dhéanamh liom. Bhí Eoin sa' tseómra staidéir agus nuair bhí mé ar tí éirghe anonn chuige, tháinig taxi i mbéal doruis an tighé a's cé bhuaill amach as ach' Seósamh Fluincéad. Tháinig amach go bacach breac-shláinteach agus céim bhacaghil air. B'éigin domh fuireach cúig buiminte déag nó mar sin. Nuair a chuaidh mé isteach chuig' Eoin, shaoil mé go raibh

droch-aoibh air. Tógbhadh domh go raibh sé tar éis tamaill achmhusáin a's conspóide. 'Sé an gnó a bhí aige Eoin díom-sa cead d'iarraidh orm cúpla duine a fheiceáilt an oidhche sin i dtoigh sagam-sa. Dubhairt mé nár mhisde liom sin. Bhéadh fáilte rompa.

An Cruinniú Im' Thoigh-se, 53 Bóthar Rathgarbh, Dia

Satharna na Cásga 1916.

Chá raibh súil agam, mar sin, le mór-chuid daoine im' thoigh-se an oidhche sin (Sathairn na Cásga 1916). Tháinig mé isteach i dtráthaibh a sé a chlog. Bhí duine istigh cheana - Séamus Ó Conchobhair, aturnae. Dubhairt sé go raibh coinne aige le hEoin MacNéill, go raibh sgéal aige do agus gur gheall Eoin a bheith i láthair gan mhoill. Bhí sé tar éis theacht ar ais ó Chonndae Cilldara. Le linn feithimh, do thoisigh an cómhadrh. Dubhairt liom - rud nach raibh mé cinnte de go dtí seo, siúd a's nach raibh na comtharthaí in ~~eamh~~ <sup>orm</sup> thart ~~eam~~ le tamall - go rabhtas le h-éirghe amach in aghaidh Gall lá ar n-a máireach. Bhí Séamus tar éis fillte ó Chillardara mar theachtair Eoin Mhic Néill agus fuair sé a dheimhin sin amuigh ar na bailte. Tar éis tamaill tháinig Eoin MacNéill féin. D'fhág mé le chéile iad. Gearr gur tharla Art Ó Griobhtha ann agus an Rathailleach. Ní cuimhin liom cé acu bhí Cathal Brugha ann nó nach raibh. Bhí Seán T. Ó Ceallaigh ar dhuine aca. Ina dhéidh sin chugainn Seán MacGiobúin agus Pádraig Ó Caoimh. Bhailigheadansan go léir isteach sa' tseómra tosaigh. Ní dóigh liom go raibh an Fluincéideach i láthair aon am, acht tá tuairim agam go dtáinig Tomás Mac Donnchadha uair éigin ach' níor fhan i bhfad. Bhí Séamus MacNéill sa' tseómra thiar agus d'fhan sé ann sin ar feadh an ama uilig agus ní fhaca mé aon tsiar-a's-aníar aige leis an dream a bhí sa' tseómra tosaigh. I bhfad níos déanaighe 'seadh tharla drong eile isteach -

na daoine a bhí le bheith ina dteachta chuige na conndaethe níos fuide anonn san oidhche - Liam Ó Brian, Máire Ní Riain (bean Rist. Uí Mhaolchatha andiu), a deirbhshiúr Phyllis, a dearbhratháir Séamus, Seósamh Ó Conghaile, an tAthair Pól Breathnach agus mór-chuid eile.

D'fhanadar siúd go léir ins' an tseómra thiar nó shuidheadar ar an staighre mar bhí an tigh lán thar mhaoil - Art Ó Gríobhtha agus Eoin MacNéill ag síghniú órdu san' tseómra tosaigh. Daoine ag teacht a's ag imtheacht leobhtha; gairmsgoile dá cur amach ar an lucht do bhí de dhíth ortha; a bhfurmhór ag teacht ar rothair, cuid i gcabanna, cuid i ngluaisteáin. Bhí spaith carrán agus a leithéidí sínte amach thaire le dorus an toighe phobail. Bhí an garraidh ar aghaidh ár dtoighe féin agus mól mór rothar ann. Bhí solus na sráideann gann go leór agus b'éigin do gach fear de na fearaibh a bhí ag tarraint ar an áit an geata do scrudú le trilseán póca. Ní raibh plot nó cogar ceilge ariamh a ba mhó callann a's ba lugha ceilt. Teach folamh a bhí in uimhir 54 ins' an am. Tugadh fá ndear léar soluis a bheith i seómra amháin dá chuid. Nuair a bhí gach aoinneach imthighthe uainn agus toigh sagainne bán, d'éalaigh diás anaithnid as an toigh sin san dorchadas. Ní feas: cia hiad.

Mhair an oidhche mar sin. I dtráthaibh an mheadhon-oidhche bhí an chuid ba mhó dena teachta imighthe fá na conndaethe. An éigin fá thuairim a h-aon a chlog d'éirigh Eoin amach ag déanadh ar an bhaile mhór. Bhí an t-órdú le foillsiú san "Sunday Independent" agus le scapadh thart ar an tír mar sin. Tháinig sé ar ais agus níos mó nuaidheachta leis ná raibh a lucht cogair ag brath air nuair a d'imthigh sé leis. Bhí an fógra in am do na

páipéaraibh ach' fuair sé sgéala ann sin go raibh long nó bád tar éis theacht i dtír i gCiarraidhe agus duine do bhí 'san bhád a bheith gabtha ag na póilíní. Ghuinnigh gach a raibh de dhaoine 'san toigh thart ar Eoin 'san halla agus é ag tabhairt amach sochair a thurais ar an bhaile mhóir. Ní dóigh liom go raibh fios brighe an sgéil sin ag a leath aca nó go raibh siad in acfhuinn baramhail cheart do bhaint as. Cib'é ar bith, chuir sé druim-dhubhachas agus lagar ar chroidhe a lán aca, agus samhlaigheadh dóibh gur lughaide anois ná ariamh ár súil le lámh tarrthála ó'n choigchrích.

Bhí Séamus MacNéill imthighte le fada. Do réir a chéile d'imthigh gach duine eile. Eoin an duine deireannach a chuaidh abhaile. Rinneas a chomhóradh go dtí an geata. Bhí sé a trí a chlog. Bhí rothar aige a's caipín a's cóta bréidín air. D'fhág sé fá chuimrigh Dé mé. Thugas-sa an beannachadh céadna dhó. Is cuimhin liom go raibh mé ag smuaineadh ar an Fhiarsach agus é ag imtheacht. Trí mhí roimhe sin, tar éis na Nodlag, agus sinne ag siubhal na gcloch-chláracha ar aghaidh Sgoil Éanna, thug sé dearbhú domh-sa faoi chuim go mbéadh muirtheacht ann agus forthacht againn ó thíorthaibh eachtrannacha sul fá mbéadh an bhlian níos faide istigh. An raibh deireadh le h-aisling an Fhiarsaigh anois?.

Bhí an áit, dar ndóigh, ina chiolarchiot. Nuair a bhí an toigh bán, shaoil mé nár mhíse gach rian dár ngníomhartha do chur ar cheal. Mar sin do phuir mé gach a raibh de scríbhinní 'san tseómra le theine. Chuadamar do luighe ach chan do chodhladh. Níor bhfada mar sin dúinn nuair do buaileadh ar dhorus an toighe. Lucht cosanta dlighe, ba dhóithche ná a chéile. Ach' a athrach de dhaoineibh ar fad a bhí i mbéal doruis. Beirt a bhí

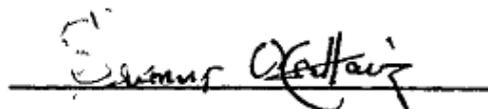
ann - Tomás MacDonnchadha agus Seósamh Fluincéad. Níor fhosgail an Fluincéadach a bhéal. An fear eile do labhair. "Bhfuil Eoin MacNéill ann seo?". "Níl", arsa mé. "Gá bhfuil fagháil air?". "D'imthigh sé go Woodtown". "An rachamuid amach chuige?", d'fhiafruig Tomás. "Maise, ní rachamuid", ars' an fear eile. "Go bhfóiridh Dia ar an fhear bhocht", arsa Tomás go lághach cineálta, agus d'imthigheadar ina mbeirt. Bhí breacadh an lae ann faoi'n am seo.

Lá ar n-a bháireach - Dia Domhnaigh - bhí lá ciúin againn. Tháinig corr-dhuine ar ais ó'n tír agus d'fág a sgéala do'n Niallach. Bhí an Raitheallach ar dhuine acu, é gan chodladh le dhá lá agus ina aon cheo smúit a's luathreáin óna bóithribh. Bhí an méid sin praidhinne air nach bhfanadh sé le cupán tae. Sin í an uair dheireannach a chonnaic mé é.

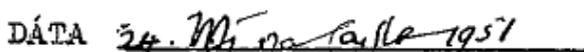
Luan Cásga. Fuaras-sa sgéala ar maidin go raibh Pádraig Ó Caolte tar éis theacht ó Maigh Nuadhat. Aige n-a dheirbhsiúir, bean an Chobhthaigh, <sup>St</sup> Mary's Road, do bhí sé. Chuaidh mé anonn ann sin 'san tram. Dubhairt sé a eachtraí liom ó'n am a d'fhág sé mé. I lár an chomhludair do bhuail an telephón, agus dubhairt mo bhean liom go raibh fear na h-oidhche fá dheireadh ann sin agus gurbh'é mo cheart tarraint anall gan mhoill. Ghreadamar linn in ár mbeirt. Ní raibh aon tram le fagháil aige Waterloo Road. B'éigin dúinn spágadh linn go Rath Maonais. Bhí an áit sin lán de dhaoine agus ba é a sgéala go raibh rúille-búille a's coimheasgar éigin ar an bhaile mhór. Nuair a shroicheadar toigh sagainne bhí mo dheirbhsiúir úna 'sa doras. Eoin féin a bhí thiar agus é istigh aige mo bhaincheile ag cur comhairle léithe.

Cúis a theachta go dtáinig goibh mío-shuaimhnis air i rith na maidne agus d'éirigh sé féin isteach le n-a mhac, le Brian, 'un fios fatha an sgéil a fhagáil. Bhí Brian imthighthe go lár na cathrach ach' b'fhada ar siubhal cheana é. Dubhairt sí liom go raibh tallann imnidhe ar Eoin toisg ráflaí a bhí ag gabháil ar an tsráid. Bhuail an Caoilteach a's mé féin isteach chuige Eoin agus níor bhfada gur thárla Brian ann. Níor fhéad sé gabháil níos faide ná Droichead Portobello. Bhí iomshuidhe ann sin aig' na hÓglaigh agus, má b'fhíor dona daoine a bhí ag cruinniú ann, bhí comhrac ar an bhaile mhór.

SIGHNIÚ



DÁTA




BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BUIRO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S.

TRANSLATION OF STATEMENT OF DR. SEAMAS O'KELLY,  
10, Fitzwilliam Street, Upper, Dublin.

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I was never a member of the Volunteers. This is how it was. O'Rahilly came to me at some céilí in the Mansion House and asked me to join them and participate in their activities. I asked for time to consider it. I informed John McNeill of this request, for there was friendship and understanding (whispering) between us for a long time before that. "Pursue your own interest and your own course", he said to me, "but if you would not go against my advice, you would remain for the present a private member while being on our side. There is many a way you could give us a helping hand, especially if your name was not on any list". And after that I was made use of in many ways, people coming to my house, etc.

A short time before the Rising, I was more deeply implicated in the matter. It was Rory O'Connor came to my house with an invitation to a meeting of friends in the Vegetarian Restaurant, College Street, in the place where the Stationery Office is now. The same friends came together about four times. They were once in my own house. The following were those who were present: Rory O'Connor always, P.J. Little, Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, L.P. O'Byrne ("Andrew Malone") and myself. Rory was directing the matter. It was he had the information and the instructions. Rory's story was that a plan was laid in the Castle against the Volunteers, that it was in code and that a friend of ours there had the opportunity of making a copy of it gradually, but it would take time. Twice, three times a part of it was decoded in our presence. At last we had the complete document, "The Bogus Document". When we had the complete document, Rory informed us of Joe Plunkett's opinion that it would be worth while to publish

the whole proposal in the newspapers to stir up the people, but that it should first be communicated to the Bishops.

I think I was fixed on to leave the document with the Archbishop of Dublin. I did not see the Prelate himself but I gave the letter to his secretary, Fr. Michael Curran (he is now a Monsignor). I went westward then to Maynooth where I got a kindly reception from Dr. McCaffrey. He put no obstacle to my story, on the contrary. On the Saturday of that week I went to Belfast. I made an appointment with Dr. McRory who was Bishop at the time. On Sunday morning I went to him at breakfast time. In the middle of his meal he welcomed me. I gave him the paper. He read it. He was between two minds, as to whether he should believe it or not. I left him in that dilemma and I came back to Dublin on the following day.

It was I gave the first copy of the document to John McNeill. I went to look for him in 86, Stephen's Green. It was in the Staff Room I found him. He examined the print. I think that was the first time he saw it complete. He suggested publicising it. "That will startle them", he said. He put the printed paper down in the mouth of his shoe, he put his pistol in his pocket and he went off. That was the Saturday morning of Passion Week, I think (15th April).

It was at that meeting we had that it was decided in what manner the thing should be publicised. Wednesday was fixed on for the publicity. I was in town pretty early. I met Little in Bewley's Restaurant. We had coffee. He was going to the "Evening Herald". I was making for the "Evening Mail" and the "Evening Telegraph". Such adventures were not without risk, having regard to the circumstances of the time. We decided to come back to Bewley's when we had done our work. I went over to the

"Mail". I got an opportunity of speaking to the editor. He asked me who I was. I did not tell him my surname, naturally. Doig was his name. I gave him my story. I spread out my document. I said I would swear to the veracity of the story. He refused obstinately to use it but pressed me to give the copy to him. But where I was, I was sufficiently near to the Castle and I refused to do so. Over I went to the "Herald". Meade was the editor of that. I sent in a false name and a message that I had important business with him. I gave him the document. The evening paper had not yet come out. He read the document. "That is strange news", he said and his tone expressed doubt. "You people are on the side of the Volunteers, if what you say is true, and it would be well for you to have the news before the other papers". "Did you give your news to any other paper?" he asked. "I did", I said, "I gave it to the "Mail" and it will be on the streets before you". He took the telephone. "Is that you, Doig? Was there a bloody mystery man with you just now?" I did not hear the answer. "What bloody fools we'd be! We'll not touch it either. Now, in the devil's name, where are you from?" "Isn't that a matter of indifference to you!", said I, and off I went out the door without delay. I found Paddy Little in Bewley's. He had no more success than I had. We had another cup of coffee and, after ten minutes, we came out on the street. There was great excitement on the footpaths - everybody buying the "Mail". The other two papers had lost the race.

The same night - Wednesday, I suppose - there was a meeting in the Rotunda. I met Pearse as I was getting off a tram. We had a little chat. He said goodbye to me, adding that it would be better for me not to accompany him further for fear he would be followed. I did not know that

it was the last time I should see him. Three months before, as we were standing at the door of St. Enda's, he had told me that the insurrection was approaching surely and steadily - a thing which surprised me greatly for the first time.

I went into my own tram and if I did, who was in it but Tom McDonagh! He greeted me and I sat beside him. "Did you see the evening paper?" he asked. "What do you think of the news?" (He meant the "bogus document"). I would not attach any credence to it", I answered. I was only trying to take a 'rise' out of him, to be sure, but he took me seriously. "Are you one of the doubters too?" I thought it well that he should know a bit more about my part in the matter. There were no secrets between him and Plunkett. But I left the matter as it was. I did not know that I would never see him again.

This is the story of the "bogus document" so far. Can the document be relied on (taken seriously)? I leave that question to those who are inquisitive. That aspect of the episode has been examined and investigated by Little. He is satisfied to believe in the story. Having regard to all that was said about it, I always understood that Plunkett was responsible for the printing of it and that there was a printing press in Kimmage. Perhaps I am not right.

To continue the story. Good Friday night came. When I came home that night, there was a letter awaiting me from Woodtown - James McNeill's house. It was John McNeill's wife that sent it to me. She begged me to go out before the night. A servant girl she had was not too well. But it was too late for me to go out so far. I left it till morning. Early on Saturday morning, James McNeill's car came to the door. I went out to Woodtown.

I attended to the servant girl. There was not much the matter with her. I shortly realised that it was John McNeill himself that was anxious to have a chat with me. John was in the study and, as I was about to go over to him, a taxi came to the door of the house and who came out of it but Joe Plunkett. He came out of it, decrepit and ill, and he was limping. I had to wait fifteen minutes or so. When I went in to John, I thought he looked badly. It seemed to me that he was after a bout of abuse (reproach) and dispute. John's business with me was to ask my permission to see a few people that night in my house. I said I did not mind. They would be welcome.

The meeting in my house, 53 Rathgar Road, Holy Saturday, 1916.

Accordingly, I did not expect a lot of people in my house that night (Holy Saturday, 1916). I came in around 6 o'clock. There was one person there already - Seamus O'Connor, solicitor. He said he had an appointment with John McNeill, that he had news for him and that John promised to be present without delay. He had just come back without delay. While waiting, the conversation started. He told me - a thing I was not sure of till then, although the indications were not lacking - that there was to be a rising against the British the following day. Seamus had just returned from Kildare - he had carried a message from John McNeill - and he had got confirmation of that (rising) in the towns out there. After a while, John McNeill himself came in. I left them together. Very soon, Arthur Griffith and O'Rahilly were there. I can't remember whether Cathal Brugha was there or not. Seán T. O'Kelly was one of the people. After them came Seán Fitzgibbon and Paddy O'Keefe. All those collected into the front room. I don't think Plunkett was there at any

time, but I have an idea that Tom McDonagh came some time but did not stay long. James McNeill was in the back room where he remained the whole time and I did not see him having any intercourse with the people in the front room. Much later, another group came in - the people who were to be messengers to the counties later in the night (Liam Ó Briain, Máire Ní Riain (now Mrs. Richard Mulcahy), her sister Phyllis, her brother Seamus, Joe Connolly, Fr. Paul Walsh and many others).

All those remained in the back room or they sat on the stairs, as the house was overflowing with people - Arthur Griffith and John McNeill signing orders in the front room; people coming and going; notifications being sent out to the people they wanted; most of these arriving on bicycles, some in cabs, some in cars. There was a row of cars and such things stretching along past the church. The street light was scanty enough and every man that was making for the place had to scrutinise the gate with a pocket torch. There never was a plot or conspiracy accompanied by more noise and less secrecy. At that time, No. 54 was an empty house. Lights were to be seen in one of its rooms. When everybody was gone from us and our house empty, two people who were unknown to us came out of that house in the dark. It is not known who they were.

The night wore on. Around midnight the majority of the messengers were gone to the counties. Some time about 1. o'clock, John McNeill started out for the city. The order was to be published in the "Sunday Independent" and to be distributed in that way through the country. He came back and he had more news that his co-plotters were *not* expecting when he set out. The notice was in time for the papers but he got news that a ship or boat had landed in Kerry and that a person who was in the boat had been arrested

by the police. All the people in the house had collected about John in the hall as he was giving the result of his journey to the city. I don't think half of them understood the meaning of that story or that they were competent to assess the significance of it. Anyway, it produced a saddening and depressing effect on the hearts of many of them and they realised that our hope of assistance from abroad was now less than ever.

James McNeill had been gone a long time. Gradually everyone else went away. John was the last to go home. I accompanied him to the gate. It was 3 o'clock. He had a bicycle and he wore a tweed cap and coat. He left me, wishing God to protect me. I gave him the same blessing. I remember I was thinking of Pearse as he went away. Three months before, after Christmas, as we walked on the flags in front of St. Enda's School, he (Pearse) assured me as a secret that there would be an insurrection and that we would get help from foreign countries before the year was far gone. Was Pearse's dream at an end now?

The place was, of course, in a state of confusion. When the house was empty, I thought it better to remove every trace of our activity. Therefore, I put everything in the form of documents in the fire. We went to bed then but not to sleep. We were not long thus when there was a knock at the halldoor. The guardians of the law, most likely! But it was quite the opposite sort of people that were on the doorstep. There were two - Tom McDonagh and Joe Plunkett. Plunkett did not open his mouth. It was the other man that spoke. "Is John McNeill here?" "No", said I. "Where is he to be found?" "He went to Woodtown". "Shall we go out to him?", asked Tom. "Indeed we shan't", said the other man. "God help the poor man!", said Tom kindly and sympathetically and they both went away. It

was daybreak by this time.

The following day - Sunday - we had a quiet day. An occasional person came back from the country and left his message for McNeill. O'Rahilly was one of them; he had been two days without sleep and he was covered with dust and grime from the roads. He was in such urgent haste that he would not wait for a cup of tea. That was the last time I saw him.

Easter Monday. I got word in the morning that Paddy Little had come back from Maynooth. He was with his sister, Mrs. Cuffe, in St. Mary's Road. I went over there then in the tram. He told me his adventures from the time he left me. In the middle of the conversation (company) the telephone rang and my wife told me that the man of the other night was there and that I ought to come over at once. The two of us went off. There was no tram to be had at Waterloo Road. We had to foot it to Rathmines. That place was full of people and the news they had was that there was conflict and fighting in the city. When we reached our house, my sister, Una, was in the doorway. John himself was within having a consultation with my wife. The reason he came was that he had a fit of uneasiness during the morning and he came out with his son, Brian, to find out all about the situation. Brian had gone in to the centre of the city and he had been gone a long time. She told me that John had a fit of anxiety because of rumours that were circulating in the street. Little and myself went in to John and very soon Brian came. He had not succeeded in going beyond Portobello Bridge. The Volunteers had attacked there and, if the people who were collecting there were speaking the truth, there was fighting in the city.

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