

**ORIGINAL**

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATÁ 19.3-21

No. W.S. 1,754

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1,754.

**Witness**

Mrs. Tom Barry,  
(née Leslie Price),  
64, Patrick St.,  
Cork.

**Identity.**

Member, Cumann na mBan Executive,  
1920 - 1924.

**Subject.**

Easter Week, Dublin,  
1916.

**Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.**

Nil.

File No 221.

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**ORIGINAL**

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No. W.S. 1,754

STATEMENT BY MRS. TOM BARRY (née Leslie Price),64, Patrick Street, Cork.

My first recollections of nationality came through my mother's keen Parnellism and her and my father's pro-Boerism in the British attack on the Afrikanders. These were strengthened later when she became a member of Sinn Féin. As a young child I remember my eldest brother, Eamon Price, and I were taken to a children's party organised by Miss Maud Gonne at Clonturk Park. This, I think, was an opposition party to that organised by loyalists of the children of Dublin on the occasion of the visit of some British royalty.

From 1913 to 1915 I was at St. Mary's College, Belfast. I knew that during those years members of the Gaelic League in Dublin were organising into other National movements. My eldest brother was Rúnaí On. of the Árd Craobh of the Gaelic League. During my holidays at home I attended the Annual Summer Excursion of the Árd Craobh and through contacts in this Branch I knew of the organisation of the armed and political separatist movements.

My first conscious reaction to all this occurred the day of the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa, 1st August, 1915. I had come home from St. Mary's College and had joined the Árd Craobh of the Gaelic League. Although in the Gaelic League and with my two brothers, Eamon and Seán, active Irish Volunteers and members of the I.R.B., I had not joined the Cumann na mBan. On the Sunday of this funeral I was at the Mater Hospital waiting for it to pass. When the armed Volunteers passed I then suddenly realised that the men I had seen - Tom Clarke, The O'Rahilly, Seán McGarry - looked as if they meant serious business. This aspect of the funeral

and the reading of Pearse's oration the following day made such a deep impression on my mind that on the following Thursday night I joined the *Árd Craobh* of the *Cumann na mBan*. I joined from conviction and on my own volition.

The *Árd Craobh* of the *Cumann na mBan* met at 25, Parnell Square, Dublin, the then Headquarters of the Gaelic League. The Hon. Secretary of the Branch was Sorca McMahon, now Mrs. Rogers. The President, I think, was Mrs. Tom Clarke. I cannot remember the other officers. I had no sister and, being reared with brothers, I had no contacts with women. I remember Treasa N<sup>o</sup> Moráin (now in Purtill's) and her sisters, Úna and Clair. They lived in Drumcondra and my home was near that locality. They were in the *Árd Craobh* of the Gaelic League and also in the *Cumann na mBan*. It was with them I used to practise bandaging. We trained in first-aid and we ran céillís to raise money for the Volunteer arms fund. We helped in all the Volunteer céillís.

We had to raise funds for the Volunteers, and I remember that, under the auspices of the *Árd Craobh* of the Gaelic League, six lectures were given in 25 Parnell Square on six consecutive Sunday nights. There may have been an interval of a fortnight between some. McNeill gave one, Bulmer Hobson gave one and Ginger O'Connell gave one. I cannot remember who gave the others. My eldest brother, Eamon Price, was the Secretary of the *Árd Craobh* of the Gaelic League and it was this Branch that organised the lectures. We paid a shilling or sixpence entrance subscription, and the proceeds went to the arms fund. They were really military lectures but we all supported them. There were also concerts held in the Foresters' Hall, 41, Parnell Square, and we supported these.

From August to Christmas, 1915, our work was more or less routine. I was teaching at that time in the convent National Schools, Sisters of Charity, Gardiner Street.

Then I noticed, although we did not pass any comment on it at home, that about the end of March, 1916, my two brothers would place three bicycles across the hall in our home every night. Afterwards it conveyed to me that they anticipated a big round-up. I would say, judging by these preparations, that they were expecting to fight in their homes, to defend their guns. We were a most reticent family. We never discussed matters and never divulged anything. My brothers knew there was going to be a Rising and they never told me. My eldest brother, Eamon, was Captain of 'C' Company, 2nd Battalion, and my younger brother, Seán, would not join Eamon's Company but joined Ned Daly's Company, 'B' Company of the 1st Battalion. They may have discussed different matters with each other, but we never had what you would call a common conversation. Neither of these two tried to influence me to join the Cumann na mBan. We always had a very independent set of minds.

Before Palm Sunday, 1916, the members of the Árd Craobh, Cumann na mBan had an intensive course of first-aid and helped to make first-aid packets. I was teaching all day and would be only free at night. I had no rank in Cumann na mBan and did not attend any meetings in No. 2 Dawson Street.

On the eve of Palm Sunday there was a nuge céilí in the Banba Hall. It was the largest céilí I ever remember attending and I would say that those responsible for the Rising had it in mind that it was their last re-union. I remember Seán McDermott, Tom Clarke, Gearóid O'Sullivan, Diarmuid Hegarty, Min Ryan, Tom Cotter, Dick Cotter, Bríd

Dixon, Fionán Lynch, my brothers and everyone I knew were at it. It started about ten or eleven o'clock and it was 6 a.m. or 6.30 a.m. Mass we went to the following morning, Palm Sunday. I was not at the concert that night owing to my fatigue from the céilí on the night before.

On the Tuesday of Holy Week the members of Árd Craobh, Cumann na mBan met at 25, Parnell Square - the Cumann na mBan met on Tuesday always - and we were asked to come to another meeting on the Thursday night. Nothing was announced to us. As I was a rather disciplined person in those days, I did not question any order that was ever given and I did not probe in my mind as to the why and wherefore of these things.

On the Thursday night I attended the Cumann na mBan meeting. We were making bandages and packing first-aid materials. I have an idea we had been told at the meeting that we were to be at the Black Church, or rather along Mountjoy Street, at twelve o'clock on Sunday and that we were not to congregate in groups. I did not question anything. Going home on Thursday night I went up North Frederick Street and Berkeley Road, and Mrs. Kitty O'Doherty was with me. We had parted from all the other members. She lived in Connaught Street and I lived on the North Circular Road, just near Mountjoy Jail. Just before we parted, she said to me, "You know the Rising is to take place on Sunday?". I was very young compared with her - I was only about twenty-one - and it made a shocking impression on me. It made a terrifying impression on me. Immediately I went kind of cold. I thought of all the men I knew, and I could not visualise success when I realised the strength of the British Empire. It terrified me. I said to her, "Don't you think you are terribly indiscreet to say that to me? And to think that so many men's lives could be jeopardised

by telling me, a real raw recruit!" I don't know how I got the courage to say it to her. I think she was taken aback by my attitude and by the fact that I had not realised it earlier, although I was of a family that lived absolutely for it. Every I.R.B. man knew about the Rising. What she expected was that I would start asking her questions, but I did not. It was news to me and I was terrified. This will give you an indication of my family; I never mentioned it to my two brothers - not until they were all out of jail. I did not sleep that night. I intensified my prayers.

Next day, Good Friday, I was at home. I was terribly perturbed. As I say, I did not know anyone that I could discuss it with, as I was terrified I would give anything away. I think I did the Three Hours' Agony in Gardiner Street chapel.

On Saturday there was great activity around my home. My two brothers' only desire was to keep my mother ignorant of what was coming off and not to arouse her curiosity. My father was very quiet and did not inquire about us. He felt he could trust us, I suppose. Seán, my second brother - he was only nineteen years of age - was out the whole night on Saturday night. I think he was out helping to bring in arms and ammunition from the country. My eldest brother was out very late and, as usual, the bicycles were placed in the hall.

On Easter Sunday morning there was great coming and going. Eamon's Company was made up of Civil Servants, such as Joe Cotter, Tom Cotter, Dick Cotter, Peadar MacMahon, now Secretary of the Department of Defence. I remember we were all at early Mass. Seán was off, I would say, helping

to mobilise his own Company and getting everything in readiness. We brought home the "Independent" and I remember my two brothers were very tensed up. I noticed it but no one said anything. We just read the paper. A despatch carrier arrived between 10 and 10.30 a.m. My eldest brother just opened the letter and went off on his bicycle. He did not say anything. Dick Cotter was next in command to him. There was terrible coming and going. The Cotters arrived at the house and I gathered that demobilisation orders were being issued. First of all, they were not taking notice of what was in the paper but now the official order arrived. Orders were sent out, probably that they were to stand by. Sunday passed off. Towards evening I was at home and they were out. I don't know where they were. I got no demobilisation order. No message came to me. I went up to Mountjoy Street at the time appointed and I have an idea that somebody told me just to go home. I can't remember anything particular on Sunday night.

On Easter Monday morning - I would say it would have been again ten o'clock - a message came for my brothers, and then there was frightful running around to mobilise their two Companies. Eamon's Company was mobilised for Jacob's. That was where the 2nd Battalion were. My younger brother, Seán, was at Cabra Bridge, just at Henry Dixon's house. I remember my two brothers saying good-bye to my mother. She said, "What is all this excitement about?" They had asked her to cut sandwiches as they were going out. She said, "Why are you all excited?". When my younger brother, Seán, was saying good-bye to her, he said, "Here's my pocket-book! You may be short". My eldest brother, who was a first-class Civil Servant, never thought of such an eventuality. Seán was only an apprentice. My mother was

surprised. I said to her, "This is one of those flash manoeuvres", and that eased her mind. It would have been about eleven o'clock.

I got no mobilisation order on Easter Monday, so I decided that I would go to Mountjoy Street. I went to Mountjoy Street and there I saw Bríd Dixon and others. As I mentioned earlier in this statement, my intimacy with the members was very limited. While waiting there, I remember seeing the Lancers, with all their paraphernalia, going down Berkeley Road towards O'Connell Street. Then we heard shots. We had got no instructions as to where we were to go. We were only mobilised to go to Mountjoy St. I would say that the instructions the officers got for the Árd Craobh were that they were to wait for instructions from Ned Daly in the North King Street area. I remember we were waiting around there for about half an hour, and then what I gathered was that a message had come from Ned Daly to say that we were to disband, go home and await further instructions. You know the Volunteers, the kind of men they were; they thought that we should be away from all that danger. However, this was where I showed lack of discipline. Bríd Dixon and I decided that we were not going home. Here was something that would never happen in our lives again. We decided to go down to the centre of the City, see what was going on, and get into any building that was available.

Bríd Dixon and I walked down to O'Connell Street and went into the Post Office. There we saw Seán MacDermott, Tom Clarke, Seán McGarry, Gearóid O'Sullivan, Michael Staines and all those we knew in the Gaelic League, and we flew over to them. We knew all the north-side people but very few from the south side of the City. The two of us reported to

Seán MacDermott, and he told us that Louise Gavan Duffy was in charge of the commissariat and that he was sending us up there to help her. Just then someone came in - I cannot now remember who it was - and said that women were required for the Hibernian Bank on the other side of O'Connell St. Seán MacDermott turned to me, and Gearóid and Mick Staines. They said, "You go over, and Bríd go upstairs to the restaurant". This was Monday and I suppose it was 2.30 - 3p.m. when we got into the Post Office.

I went over to the Hibernian Bank. I suppose it would have been about four or five o'clock in the evening when I went in. There was a girl named Annie Higgins there. She was afterwards burned to death.\* I remember Bríd Connolly from Artane being there, but whether she stayed or not, I don't know. Others I remember were Miss Simpson, Christine O'Gorman, who was lame, and Miss Byrne. There were about four of us there and we were supposed to cook for the Volunteers. Cooked hams and bread were brought in from the D.B.C. and Clery's. Captain Weafer was in charge of the Hibernian Bank. He belonged to the 2nd Battalion. I remember Arthur Shields was in the Hibernian Bank. I did not know him at all but I remember, when Tom Weafer was shot, we all knelt down to say a prayer and Arthur Shields stood in a corner because he was not a Catholic.

I think it was on the morning (afternoon?) of Wednesday that Tom Weafer got a bullet in his stomach. I remember then, when I suppose the death of Weafer was reported to the Post Office, that we were told to evacuate the Hibernian Bank. I would say it was Wednesday afternoon when we evacuated. I remember being absolutely miserable at having to leave his dead body. I have the impression that Weafer was near a window and that it was fire from the Ballast Office got him, not a direct hit but diagonally. The enemy were up on the

\* some years afterwards in a house in  
Parnell Square, Dublin.

Ballast Office and they would have had a good view of the Hibernian Bank on Abbey Street corner. I have an impression that Captain Weafer was at one of the windows at the corner of Abbey St. He could never have been dragged in from the street because, in that event, he would have been kept on the ground floor. He was on the first-floor when I saw him. His men could not have brought him there when he was so badly wounded. I remember doing what I could for him and saying an Act of Contrition in his ear. His death must have been reported at the Post Office and we got the order to evacuate the Hibernian Bank. We went back to the Post Office and I was utterly miserable having to leave his dead body. I think his body was burned when the place was set afire. His body would have been in the hands of the Volunteers then, but I don't remember seeing any efforts being made to remove him.

Then I reported back to the Post Office on and there I met Seán MacDermott and Mick Staines. I was in the Post Office when Pearse read an address - actually in the front portion of the Post Office, as far as I can remember. Joe Plunkett was there with Pearse, Willie Pearse, Seán MacDermott, Tom Clarke, Mick Staines and Gearóid O'Sullivan.

Bríd Dixon and myself again came together in the Post Office. Mick Staines asked the two of us to keep the link open between Ned Daly in North King Street and the Post Office. I mean the despatch system. I remember we were sent with ammunition to Diarmuid Hegarty in North King St. from the Post Office, about mid-night. It might have been the night of the day on which I arrived back in the Post Office. The thing that struck us was that either Mick Staines or Gearóid O'Sullivan - I can't remember which -

gave us each a loaded soldier's cane, with the knob on top, to protect ourselves. We went out on the Prince's Street side of the Post Office. Our line of route was Mary St., across Capel St., up Mary's Lane and into Church St., via the Markets. The headquarters in Church Street was the Father Mathew Hall. In the Father Mathew Hall we saw Ned Daly and we handed over the ammunition. We saw another lad there who was seriously wounded in the groin. I cannot recollect who he was. There were three married women around Ned Daly, Mrs. Martin Conlan, Mrs. Frank Fahy and Eddie Morkan's wife. Their husbands were in the Four Courts. They were kind of pestering Ned Daly with questions as to how their husbands were. We did not delay long in the Father Mathew Hall and went back by the same route to the Post Office. We did not go to the Four Courts.

I remember Bríd and myself on the following day, Thursday, being sent from the Post Office to the King St. area. This time it was a written despatch. It was daytime. We came to a barricade and the man in charge of the barricade was Diarmuid Hegarty. I remember we had to climb over it, and in and out of a cab. I cannot recollect if we gave the despatch to Diarmuid Hegarty. We all knew him very well. The members of the Keating Branch and the Árd Craobh of the Gaelic League were very united. I have an idea we passed the despatch to Diarmuid there and came back to the Post Office. This was about four o'clock.

We had done our midnight job so well and got back so easily that Seán MacDermott said up in the dining-room that we were to be treated as officers. We were promoted on the field. When we went up to Louise Gavan Duffy officers were given separate tables, and we were given a table to ourselves. We thought it was marvellous.

I don't think we slept at all in the Post Office. At night we sat on the steps going into Prince's Street. We were talking to Gearóid O'Sullivan. We talked all the time. There was no activity for us, except for the cooks and first-aid people. We were despatch carriers. We were told not to go into the kitchens or do washing or anything, nor first-aid. We had our own special function.

I remember about four o'clock on the Thursday evening when Tom Clarke called for me. Being a despatch carrier was a most miserable job. It turned out to be very sad, for my courage. At four o'clock he called for me and said, "You are to cross O'Connell Street to the Presbytery and get a priest". Probably a priest had come in and gone away. He had the intention of now bringing a priest in and keeping him on the premises. I suppose, from the military point of view, he knew the G.P.O. was practically surrounded then. I remember I had seen Connolly brought in when he had gone out under the arches in the front of the Post Office and had been wounded. I remember saying to myself, "Here's good-bye to you". Tom Clarke looked at me. He had sort of steely eyes. He said, "You are to cross O'Connell St." I could have cried but, when I looked at his courageous old face, I said, "Alright". I did not cry. I am sure I said to Bríd Dixon and Gearóid, "This is frightful".

I went to the small door on Henry St. side that opens opposite Moore St. Whoever was on that door must have seen I was terrified at my job. They said on no account to go across O'Connell Street but to cross Moore St., go across Parnell St. by the Rotunda and back again. I came out of the Post Office and I darted across to Moore St. I crawled along by the walls on the right-hand side until I

came to the top of Moore St. and Parnell St. There was no barricade on Moore St. The nearest barricade was at Findlater's Church. I turned into Parnell Street and came up to a publichouse in front of the Rotunda, Conway's I think, at the corner of a laneway. People were drinking. They had looted the publichouse. Now I came to my corner of O'Connell St., and people were saying, "Go in! Go into a house and stay there!" They were calling from windows. I said to myself I had to take this message and I would go. Somebody told us that the British had a barricade at the top of Parnell Square, just at Findlater's Church. They were gradually coming down into O'Connell St. I had anticipated a bullet from there. I made a dart across to the Parnell statue and then another dart to the other side of O'Connell St. I kept in by the walls again and turned into Marlborough St. At that time the Education Office was occupied by the British. I crawled along. In Marlborough St. there were railings and I could not keep very close to the houses. All the ladies in the halls said, "Go home, child!".

I got safely to the door of the Presbytery. I kicked the door. All these women told me the soldiers were in the Education Office, and the halldoor could be seen from there. I kicked and kicked, and pressed all the bells. There was no answer. I kicked and kicked again, and finally a voice asked me, "Who is there?". I said, "I have come from the Post Office". That is all I said. The door was opened a little bit and I was let in by a priest, Fr. Michael O'Flanagan.

I remember afterwards - after Easter Week - this priest came up to see my mother and said to her, "You have a most marvellous daughter!", and when he saw that I had not said anything to her, he was impressed.

I said to him, "I have been sent over by Tom Clarke for the priest". He said, "You are not going to the Post Office. You are staying here. No one here will go into the Post Office. Let these people be burned to death! They are murderers". Mrs. Wyse-Power was the only one to whom I ever told this.

I knew then, by some other remark Fr. O'Flanagan made, that it was the linking up with the Citizen Army he did not like. It took a certain amount of courage to fight a priest. I said, "If no priest is going to the Post Office, I am going back alone. I feel sure that every man in the Post Office is prepared to die, to meet his God, but it is a great consolation to a dying man to have a priest near him". Whatever effect I had on him, he said, "Very well! I will go"

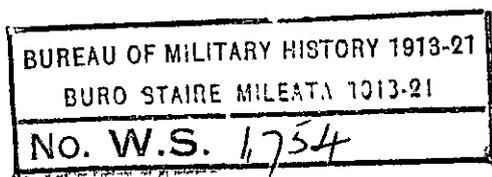
I stayed near him in the hall, and he said, "We won't go that way. We will go out the back way". We came out the laneway at the back of the Gresham. We went up that laneway, and it brought us out to Gloucester St. We went from Gloucester St. back to Parnell Monument again. I told him I had come across by the Rotunda. We turned into Moore St. We came to a laneway on the left in Moore St.

I was very impressionable at that time. We passed a man in Moore St. who had been shot and was dying on the road, but he had drink taken. The priest did not stop for him. I was horrified. Further down Moore St. on the left we came to Henry Place I think. At that place, a white-haired man was shot but not dead. He was lying, bleeding, on the kerb. This was the second wounded man, a civilian. Someone had picked out of this old man's pocket a note, or card, or envelope; it was Eimer O'Duffy's father or grandfather. He was an old man. I remember the priest

knelt down to give him Absolution. You see the difference! Here he knew a man who was respectable. I stood aside while he heard his Confession. Then we left him and went on. I said to Fr. O'Flanagan, "Isn't it extraordinary you did not kneel beside the other man?".

We got to the Post Office and I brought Fr. O'Flanagan to Tom Clarke. I remember Tom Clarke took Mick Staines aside, and he said on no account was he (the priest) to be let out of the Post Office. That was Thursday, and it must have been about six o'clock when I finished that job.

In the evening I wandered all upstairs and got to the top floor of the Post Office - there to find my brother, Seán. When he and his men had been disbanded at Cabra Bridge, he and one other had made their way into the Post Office. He was on the top floor of the Post Office and a young fellow, named Dickie Gogan, was with him. They were in the same Volunteer Company. The place was all flooded with water, and they had been ordered to keep it that way to guard against fire.



'Inc'

Statement of Leslie, Bean T. de Barra.

My first recollections of nationality came through my mother's keen Parnellism and her and my father's proBoerism in the British attack on the Afrikanders. These were strengthened later when she became a member of Sinn Fein. As a young child I remember my eldest brother, Eamonn Price and I, were taken to a Children's Party organised by Miss Maud Gonne at Clontarf Park. This, I think, was an opposition party to that organised by loyalists in Dublin of the children of Dublin on the occasion of the visit of some British royalty.

From 1913 to 1915 I was at St. Mary's College, Belfast. I knew that during those years members of the Gaelic League in Dublin were organising into other ~~movements~~ National movements. My eldest brother was Runai. On. of the Ard Craobh of the Gaelic League. During my holidays at home I attended the Annual Summer Excursion of the Ard Craobh and through contacts in this Branch I knew of the organisation of the armed and political separatist movements.

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The Ard Craobh of the Cumann na mBan met at 25<sup>th</sup> Parnell Square, Dublin, the then Headquarters of the Gaelic League. The Hon. Secretary of the Branch was Sorca Mc Mahon, now Mrs Rogers. The President, I think was Mrs Tom Clarke. ( Page 2 of typed material supplied earlier can be inserted here )

ORIGINAL

- 2 -

~~The Secretary of the Branch of Cumann na mBan was Sorcha McMahon, now Mrs. Rogers. The President was Mrs. Tom-Clarke.~~ I cannot remember the other officers. I had no sister and, being reared with brothers, I had no contacts with women. I remember Treasa Ní Moráin (now in Purtill's) and her sisters, Úna and Clair. They lived in Drumcondra and my home was near that locality. They were in the Ard Craobh of the Gaelic League and also in the Cumann na mBan. It was with them I used to practise bandaging. We trained in first-aid and we ran céilís to raise money for the Volunteer arms fund. We helped in all the Volunteer céilís.

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sixpence entrance subscription, and the proceeds went to the arms fund. They were really military lectures but we all supported them. There were also concerts held in the Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square, and we supported these.

From August to Christmas, 1915, our work was more or less routine. I was teaching at that time in the convent National Schools, Sisters of Charity, Gardiner Street.

Then I noticed, although we did not pass any comment on it at home, that about the end of March, 1916, my two brothers would place three bicycles across the hall in our home every night. ~~Anything that would make a~~

~~noise would be placed in the hall about midnight.~~

Afterwards it conveyed to me that they anticipated ~~the~~ danger of a big round-up. I would say, judging by these preparations, that they were expecting to fight in their homes, to defend their guns. We were a most reticent family. We never discussed matters and never divulged anything. My brothers knew there was going to be a Rising and they never told me. My eldest brother,

Armed Parade in Linnick?

- 4 -

Eamon, was Captain of "C" Company, 2nd Battalion, and my younger brother, <sup>Eamon's</sup> Seán, would not join ~~Bob's~~ Company but joined Ned Daly's Company, "B" Company of the 1st Battalion. They may have discussed different matters with each other, but we never had what you would call a common conversation. Neither of these two tried to influence me to join the Cumann na mBan. We always had a very independent set of minds.

Before Palm Sunday, <sup>1916 the members of the Ard</sup> ~~we had the series of lectures.~~ <sup>Cruob Cumann na mBan</sup> had an intensive course of first aid and we helped to make first-aid packets. I was teaching all day and would be only free at night. I had no rank in Cumann na mBan and did not attend any meetings in No. 2 Dawson Street.

On the eve of Palm Sunday there was a huge ceili in the Banba Hall. It was the largest ceili ~~that~~ I ever remember attending and I would say that those responsible for the Rising had it in mind that it was their last re-union. I remember Seán McDermott, Tom Clarke, ~~Tom~~ <sup>Glavin</sup> ~~Glavin~~ <sup>Glavin</sup> ~~Sullivan~~, <sup>Drakmund</sup> ~~Drakmund~~ <sup>Agarty</sup>, <sup>my brother</sup> ~~Min Ryan~~, <sup>Tom</sup> Cotter, Dick Cotter, Bríd Dixon, Fionán Lynch, and everyone I knew were at it. It started about ten or eleven o'clock and it was 6.2 a.m. or 6.30 a.m. Mass we went to

- 5 -

the following morning, Palm Sunday. I was not at the concert that night owing to my fatigue from the ceili on the night before.

*of Holy week the members of Ard Ceasb. C. na. mBan met*  
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Cumann na mBan met on Tuesdays always - and we were asked to come to another meeting on the Thursday night.

Nothing was announced to us. As I was a rather disciplined person in those days, I did not question any order that was ever given and I did not probe in my mind as to the why and wherefore of these things.

On the Thursday night I attended the Cumann na mBan meeting. We were making bandages and packing ~~stuff~~ *first aid materials*.

I have an idea we had been told at the meeting that we were to be at the Black Church, or rather along Mountjoy Street, at twelve o'clock on Sunday and that we were not

I did not question anything. to congregate in groups./ Going home on Thursday night

I went up North Frederick Street and Berkeley Road, and Mrs. Kitty O'Doherty was with me. We had parted from all the other members. She lived in Connaught Street and I lived on the North Circular Road, just near Mountjoy Jail. Just before we parted, she said to me, "You know

- 6 -

the Rising is to take place on Sunday?". I was very young compared with her - I was only about twenty-one - and it made a shocking impression on me. It made a terrifying impression on me. Immediately I went kind of cold. I thought of all the men I knew, and I could not visualise success when I realised the strength of the British Empire. It terrified me. I said to her, "Don't you think you are terribly indiscreet to say that to me? And to think that so many men's lives could be jeopardised by telling me, a real raw recruit!". I don't know how I got the courage to say it to her. I think she was taken aback by my attitude and by the fact that I had not realised it earlier, although I was <sup>of</sup> ~~living in~~ a family that lived absolutely for it. Every I.R.B. man knew about the Rising. What she expected was that I would start asking her questions, but I did not. It was news to me and I was terrified. This will give you an indication of my family: I never mentioned it to my two brothers - not until they were all out of jail. I did not sleep that night. I intensified my prayers.

Next day, Good Friday, I was at home. I was terribly perturbed. As I say, I did not know anyone

- 7 -

that I could discuss it with, as I was terrified I would give anything away. I think I did the Three Hours' Agony in Gardiner Street chapel.

On Saturday there was great activity around <sup>my</sup> ~~our~~ *home* ~~house~~. My two brothers' only desire was to keep my mother ignorant of what was coming off and not to arouse her curiosity. My father was very quiet and did not inquire about us. He felt he could trust us, I suppose. Seán, my second brother - he was only nineteen years of age - was out the whole night on Saturday night. I think he was out helping to bring in arms and ammunition from the country. My eldest brother was out very late and, as usual, the bicycles were placed in the hall.

On Easter Sunday morning there was great coming and going. Eamon's Company was made up of Civil Servants, such as, Joe Cotter, Tom Cotter, Dick Cotter, Peadar MacMahon, now Secretary of the Department of Defence. I remember we were all at early Mass. Seán was off, I would say, helping/to mobilise his own Company and getting everything in readiness. We brought home the "Independen and I remember my two brothers were very tensed up. I

- 8 -

noticed it but no one said anything. We just read the paper. ~~No one said, 'Oh, my!', or anything like that.~~

A despatch carrier arrived between 10 and 10.30 a.m..

My eldest brother just opened the letter and went off on his bicycle. He did not say anything. Dick Cotter was next in command to him. There was terrible coming and going. The Cotter~~s~~ arrived at the house and I gathered that demobilisation orders were being issued. First of all, they were not taking notice of what was in the paper but now the official order arrived. Orders were sent out, probably that they were to stand by. Sunday passed off. Towards evening I was at home and they were out. I don't know where they were. I got no demobilisation order. No message came to me. I went up to Mountjoy Street at the time appointed and I have an idea that somebody told me just to go home, ~~but I will have to refresh <sup>about</sup> that ~~(in) my mind.~~~~ I can't remember anything particular on Sunday night.

On Easter Monday morning - I would say it would have been again ten o'clock - a message came for my brothers, and then there was frightful running around to mobilise their two Companies. Eamon's Company was mobilised for Jacob's. That was where the 2nd Battalion

- 9 -

were. My younger brother, Seán, was at Cabra Bridge, just at <sup>Henry,</sup> the Dixon's house. I remember my two brothers saying good-bye to my mother. She said, "What is all this excitement about?" They had asked her to cut sandwiches as they were going out. She said, "Why are you all excited?" When my younger brother, Seán, was saying good-bye to her, he said, "Here's my pocket-book! You may be short." My eldest brother, who was a first-class Civil Servant, never thought of such an eventuality. Seán was only a <sup>an apprentice</sup> ~~student~~. My mother was surprised. I said to her, "This is one of those flash manoeuvres", and that eased her mind. It would have been about eleven o'clock.

I got no mobilisation, <sup>order</sup> on Easter Monday, so I decided that I would go to Mountjoy Street. I went to Mountjoy Street and there I saw Bríd Dixon and others. <sup>mentioned earlier in this statement</sup> As I ~~told you~~, my intimacy with the members was very limited. While waiting there, I remember seeing the Lancers, with all their paraphernalia, going down <sup>Berkely Road</sup> towards O'Connell Street. Then we heard shots. We had got no instructions as to where we were to go. We were only mobilised to go to Mountjoy Street. I would say that

- 10 -

the instructions the officers got for the Ard-Craobh were that they were to wait for instructions from Ned Daly in the North King Street area. I remember we were waiting around there for about half an hour, and then what I gathered was that a message had come from Ned Daly to say that we were to disband, go home and await further instructions. You know the Volunteers, the kind of men they were; they thought that we should be away from all that danger. However, this was where I showed my lack of discipline. Bríd Dixon and myself decided that we were not going home. Here was something that never would happen in our lives again. We decided to go down <sup>to the centre of the city</sup> see what was going on, and get into any building that was available.

Bríd Dixon and myself walked down to O'Connell Street and went into the Post Office. There we saw Seán MacDermott, Tom Clarke, Seán McGarry, Gearóid O'Sullivan Michael Staines and all those we knew in the Gaelic League, and we flew over to them. ~~Mick Staines was there.~~ We knew all the north-side people but very few from the south side of the city. The two of us reported to Seán MacDermott, and he told us that Louise Gavan Duffy was in charge of the

- 11 -

commissariat and that he was sending us up there to help her. Just then someone came in - I cannot now remember who it was - and said that women were required for the Hibernian Bank on the other side of <sup>O'Connell</sup> ~~the~~ street. Seán MacDermott turned to me, and Gearoid and Mick Staines. They said, "You go over, and Brid go upstairs to the restaurant". This was Monday and I suppose it was 2.30-3 p.m. when we got into the Post Office.

I went over to the Hibernian Bank. I suppose it would have been about four or five o'clock in the evening when I went in. There was a girl named Annie Higgins there. She was afterwards burned to death. I remember Brid Connolly from Artane being there, but whether she stayed or not, I don't know. Others I remember were Miss Simpson, Christine O'Gorman, who was lame, and Miss Byrne. There were about four of us there and we were supposed to cook for the Volunteers. / <sup>Cooked hams & bread were brought in from the D.B.C. and Clery's.</sup> Captain Weafer was in charge of the Hibernian Bank. He belonged to the 2nd Battalion. I remember Arthur Shields was in the Hibernian Bank. I did not know him at all but I remember, when Tom Weafer was shot, we all knelt down to say a prayer and Arthur Shields stood in a corner because he was not a Catholic.

Present \*

- 12 -

I think it was on the morning (afternoon?) of Wednesday that Tom Weafer got a bullet into his stomach. I remember then, when I suppose the death of Weafer was reported to <sup>the</sup> Post Office, that we were told to evacuate the Hibernian Bank. I would say it was Wednesday afternoon when we evacuated. I remember being absolutely miserable at having to leave his dead body. I have the impression that Weafer was near a window and that it was fire from the Ballast Office got him, not a direct <sup>hit</sup> (~~target~~) but diagonally. The enemy were up on the Ballast Office and they would have had a good view of the Hibernian Bank on Abbey Street corner. ~~The point was that the Volunteers wanted the corners in O'Connell Street~~

I have an impression that Captain Weafer was at one of the windows at the corner <sup>of Abbey St.</sup>. He could never have been <sup>he</sup> dragged in from the street because, in that event, ~~they~~ <sup>would have</sup> kept <sup>him</sup> on the ground floor, ~~but~~ <sup>he</sup> was on the first-floor when I saw him. ~~They~~ <sup>his men</sup> could not have brought him there when he was so badly wounded. I remember doing what I could for him and saying an Act of Contrition in his ear. ~~It~~ <sup>his death</sup> must have been reported at the Post Office ~~that Captain Weafer was killed~~ and we got the order to evacuate the Hibernian Bank. ~~It was a most~~

- 13 -

~~exposed place because the width of Abbey Street would make~~  
~~it a complete target.~~ We went back to the Post Office  
 and I was utterly miserable having to leave his dead body.  
*his body*  
 I think ~~he~~ was burned ~~down~~ when the place was set afire.  
*his body*  
~~I don't remember.~~ ~~He~~ would have been in the hands of the  
 Volunteers then, but I don't remember seeing any efforts  
 being made to remove him. ~~They could have done so, as~~  
~~the men were in charge and not the women.~~

Then I reported back to the Post Office on  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and there I met Seán MacDermott and  
 Mick Staines. I was in the Post Office when Pearse read  
*horwin*  
 an address - actually in the front of the Post Office ~~for~~  
 1  
~~that~~, as far as I can remember. Joe Plunkett was there  
*with*  
~~and~~ Pearse, Willie Pearse, Seán MacDermott, Tom Clarke, M.  
 Mick Staines and Gearóid O'Sullivan.

Bríd Dixon and myself again came together in the  
 Post Office. Mick Staines asked the two of us to keep  
 the link open between Ned Daly in North King Street and  
 the Post Office. I mean the despatch system. I remember  
*Diarmuid*  
 we were sent with ammunition to ~~Dermet~~ Hegarty in North  
 King Street from the Post Office, about mid-night. It

- 14 -

might have been the night of the day on which I arrived back in the Post Office. The thing that struck us was that either Mick Staines or Gearóid O'Sullivan - I can't remember which - gave us each a loaded soldier's cane, with the knob on top, to protect ourselves. We went out on the Prince's Street side of the Post Office. Our line of route was Mary Street, across Capel Street, up Mary's Lane and into Church Street, via the Markets. The headquarters in Church Street was the Father Mathew Hall. In the Father Mathew Hall we saw Ned Daly and we handed over the ammunition. We saw another lad there who was seriously wounded in the groin. I cannot recollect who he was. There were three married women around Ned Daly, Mrs. Martin Conlan, Mrs. Frank Fahy and Eddie Morkan's wife. Their husbands were in the Four Courts. They were kind of pestering Ned Daly with questions as to how their husbands were. We did not delay long in the Father Mathew Hall and went back by the same route to the Post Office. We did not go to the Four Courts.

I remember Bríd and myself on the following day, Thursday, being sent from the Post Office to the King

- 15 -

Street area. This time it was a written despatch. It was daytime. We came to a barricade and the man in charge of the barricade was ~~Dermot~~ <sup>Diarmuid</sup> Hegarty. I remember we had to climb over it, and in and out of a cab. I cannot recollect ~~did~~ <sup>if</sup> we give the despatch to ~~Dermot~~ <sup>Diarmuid</sup> Hegarty. We all knew him very well. The Keating <sup>members of the</sup> Branch and the Gaelic League were united. I have an idea <sup>and Craob of the very</sup> we passed the despatch to ~~Dermot~~ <sup>Diarmuid</sup> there and came back to the Post Office. This was about four o'clock.

We had done our midnight job so well and got back so easily that Seán MacDermott said up in the diningroom that we were to be treated as officers. We were promoted <sup>Gavan Duffy</sup> on the field. When we went up to Louise, officers were given separate tables, and we were given a table to ourselves. We thought it was marvellous.

<sup>at night</sup> I don't think we slept at all in the Post Office. We sat on the steps ~~there~~, going into Prince's Street. We were talking to Gearoid, <sup>O'Sullivan</sup> We talked all the time. There was no activity for us, except for the cooks and first-aid people. We were despatch carriers. We were told not to go into the kitchens or do washing or anything

- 16 -

nor first-aid. We had our own special function.

I remember about four o'clock on the Thursday evening when Tom Clarke called for me. Being a despatch carrier was a most miserable job. It turned out to be very sad, for my courage. At four o'clock he called for me and said, "You are to cross O'Connell Street to the Presbytery and get a priest". Probably a priest had come in and gone away. He had the intention *now bringing* of a priest *keeping him on the premises.* ~~coming in and being kept, not allowed out.~~  
<sup>1</sup> *the P.O.*

I suppose, from the military point of view, he knew they <sup>1</sup> ~~were~~ *was* practically surrounded then. I remember I had seen Connolly brought in when he had gone out under the arches in the front of the Post Office and had been wounded. I remember saying <sup>*to myself.*</sup> "Here's good-bye to you". Tom Clarke looked at me. He had sort of steely eyes. He said, "You are to cross O'Connell Street". I could have cried but, when I looked at his courageous old face, I said, "Alright". I did not cry. I am sure I said to Bríd Dixon and Gearóid, "This is frightful!".

*on Henry St. side*

I went to the small door <sup>1</sup> that opens opposite ~~almost on~~ Moore Street. Whoever was on that door must

. - 17 -

have seen I was terrified at my job. They said on no account to go across O'Connell Street but to cross Moore Street, <sup>along</sup> ~~across~~ Parnell St by around the Rotunda and back again. I came out of the Post Office and I darted across to Moore Street. I crawled along by the walls on the right-hand side until I came to the top of Moore Street and Parnell Street. There was no barricade on Moore Street. The nearest barricade was at Findlater's Church. I turned into Parnell Street and came up to a publichouse in front of the Rotunda, Conway's <sup>I think</sup> ~~or something~~, at the corner of a laneway. People were drinking ~~away~~. They had looted the public-house. Now I came to my corner of O'Connell Street, and people were saying, "Go in! Go into a house and stay there!" They were calling from windows. I said to myself I had to take this message and I would go. Somebody told us that the British had a barricade at the top of Parnell Square, just at Findlater's Church. They were gradually <sup>Coming into O'Connell St</sup> ~~going~~ down, I had anticipated a bullet from there. I made a dart across to the Parnell statue and then another dart to the other side of O'Connell Street. I kept in <sup>by</sup> ~~to~~ the walls again and turned into Marlborough Street. At that time the Education Office was occupied by the British. I crawled along. In

- 18 -

Marlborough Street there were railings and I could not keep very close to the houses. All the ladies in the halls said, "Go home, child!"

I got safely to the door of the Presbytery. I kicked the door. All these women told me the soldiers were in the Education Office, and you ~~could see the~~ <sup>the full door</sup> ~~hall door from there~~. <sup>Could be seen from there</sup> I kicked and kicked, and pressed all the bells. There was no answer. I kicked and kicked again, and finally a voice asked me, "Who is there?". I said, "I have come from the Post Office". That is all I said. The door was opened a little bit and I was let in by a priest, Fr. Michael O'Flanagan.

I remember afterwards - after Easter Week - this priest came up to see my mother and said to her, "You have a most marvellous daughter!" - ~~and what I did;~~ and when he saw that I had not said anything to her, he was impressed.

I said to him, "I have been sent over by Tom Clarke for the priest". He said, "You are not going to the Post Office. You are staying here. No one here

- 19 -

will go into the Post Office. Let these people be  
burned to death' They are murderers". Mrs. Wyse-Power  
was the only one I ever told <sup>to whom this</sup> ~~that~~ to.

<sup>Mr. O'Flanagan</sup>  
I knew then, by some other remark, <sup>made</sup> that it was the  
linking up with the Citizen Army ~~that~~ he did not like.  
It took a certain amount of courage to fight a priest.  
I said, "If no priest is going to the Post Office, I am  
going back alone. I feel sure that every man in the  
Post Office is prepared to die, to meet his God, but it is  
a great consolation to a dying man to have a priest near  
him". Whatever effect I had on him, he said, "Very well!  
I will go".

I stayed near him in the hall, and he said, "We  
won't go that way. We will go out the back way." We  
came out the laneway at the back of the Gresham. We went  
up that laneway, and it brought us out to Gloucester  
Street. We went from Gloucester Street back to Parnell <sup>Monument</sup>  
again. I told him I had come across by the Rotunda.  
We turned into Moore Street. We came <sup>to a laneway on</sup> ~~down a break in~~  
~~the left~~ Moore Street, ~~a laneway~~.

I was very impressionable at that time. We passed

- 20 -

a man in Moore Street who had been shot and was dying on the road, but he had drink taken. The priest did not stop for him. I was horrified. ~~We went down to this~~ *Further down Moore St. on the left we come to* ~~laneway, the one nearest the Post Office.~~ <sup>Henry Place</sup> I think ~~it is~~. At that place, a white-haired old man was shot but not dead. He was lying, bleeding, on the kerb. This was the second wounded man, a civilian. Someone had picked out of this old man's pocket a note, or card, or envelope; and it was Eimer O'Duffy's father or grandfather. He was an old man. I remember the priest knelt down to give him Absolution. You see the difference! Here he knew a man who was respectable. I stood aside while he heard his Confession. Then we left him and went on. I said to Fr. O'Flanagan, "Isn't it extraordinary you did not kneel beside the other man?"

~~I think he thought I was an ignorant little monkey.~~

*What? and he  
reply?*

*H. O'Flanagan*

We got to the Post Office and I brought ~~him~~ to Tom Clarke. I remember Tom Clarke took Mick Staines aside, <sup>(the priest)</sup> and he said on no account was he <sub>1</sub> to be let out of the Post Office. That was Thursday, and it must have been about six o'clock when I finished that job.

- 21 -

In the evening I wandered all upstairs and got to the top floor of the Post Office - there to find my brother, Seán. When ~~they~~ <sup>he and his men</sup> had been disbanded at Cabra Bridge, he had made <sup>and one other/their</sup> his way into the Post Office. He was on the top floor of the Post Office and a young fellow, named Dickie Gogan, was with him. They were in the same <sup>Volunteer</sup> Company. The place was all flooded with water, and they <sup>had been ordered to guard</sup> were to keep it that way, against ~~conflagration.~~ <sup>fire.</sup>

