

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILENTA 1913-21

No. W.S. 288

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 288

Witness

Lieut.-Col. Charles Saurin,
Collins Barracks,
Dublin.

Identity

Member of 'F' Coy., 2nd Batt'n.
Dublin Brigade I.V's. 1914-1916.

Subject

National activities 1914-1916;
The Rising, Easter Week 1916 -
Fairview and G P.O.

Conditions, if any, stipulated by Witness

Nil.

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Statement by Lieut.-Colonel Charles Saurin,

Collins Barracks, Dublin.

I joined the Irish National Volunteers, as they were then known, on 30th July, 1914. I joined "F" Company, 2nd Battalion, Dublin Brigade. Captain Magee was Commanding Officer of the Company. I joined up in a hall opposite Ballybough Bridge on Fairview Strand. This was after the Howth Gun-running, which aroused tremendous enthusiasm at the time and sympathy for the victims of its tragic aftermath. The country's enthusiasm induced me, along with thousands of others, to join the Volunteers, of the existence of which, strange to relate, I had little knowledge and no interest. I was then not quite 19 years of age.

We used drill in Father Matthew Park off Philipsburg Avenue. For a couple of weeks our Instructors were reservists of the British Army. They disappeared when they were called up for service after the outbreak of war with Germany in the month of August.

As far as "F" Company was concerned we paraded on the Thursday night of each week in the Father Matthew Park and on Saturday afternoons in Andy Kettle's field on Puckstown Road, Donnycarney. In addition we had occasional all-day manoeuvres on Sundays on the slopes of the Dublin mountains, and in which we participated with the whole Dublin Brigade.

At the time of the split in the Irish National Volunteers, (late September or early October) "F" Company numbered approximately 140 of whom about 80 sided with the Irish Party and about 60 remained loyal to that ideal which eventually brought us to Easter Week. The split, as it affected 'F' Company, was brought about by means of a strong /as

as possible parade in the hall in Father Matthew Park, at which speeches were made by the Company Commander and the two Lieutenants, designed to influence us in the way the speakers considered we should go.

As far as I remember nobody from the Battalion Staff was present at this meeting. We divided and went to the side of the hall indicated for the supporters of either side with the result I have already indicated. Captain Magee, Company Commander, headed the 80, and Lieutenant M.W. O'Reilly and Lieutenant Connaughton headed the other side. The majority who sided with the Irish Party departed and we were left in undisputed possession of the Father Matthew Park as a parade centre from that on. It is only fair to add that a few members who went on the Redmondite side that night rejoined us in subsequent months.

We continued training and arming during the latter months of 1914 and throughout 1915 and the strength of 'F' Company remained fairly constant at about 60. M. W. O'Reilly became Captain. Connaughton went to live in Limerick during 1915, though he was up for the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa, and the two Lieutenants then were Frank Henderson and Pat Sweeney. Early in 1916 M.W. O'Reilly became Assistant Adjutant to the Dublin Brigade H.Q. staff and Frank Henderson became Company Commander, Pat Sweeney 1st Lieutenant and Oscar Traynor became 2nd Lieutenant.

It is interesting to recall that one Saturday in January, 1916, we, in common with, I presume, the whole Dublin Brigade, got orders to 'stand to'. Those members of us who lived a relatively long distance from the Father Matthew Park assembled together in one particular house to facilitate mobilisation if we were called up. Arthur Shields of the /Abbey

Abbey Theatre and myself spent the night in 'Cluny', the house of Seamus Daly which was situated near the Clontarf Yacht and Boat Club. Seamus Daly was a very early member of the Movement for Independence, and though I am convinced he knew the reason for the 'stand to' that night, he did not enlighten us. However, by Sunday morning as we had got no order to assemble at Father Matthew Park we decided to go and see for ourselves what was the position and went off to walk the two miles there from Clontarf to Fairview. This was about 8.30 in the morning and it is interesting to recall that an early tram returning to Clontarf, passing us about Hollybrook Road, attracted our attention by reason of the fact that Thomas MacDonagh was seated on top. As the tram approached Clontarf Town Hall he got up from his seat to descend. We proceeded on our way and when going by Malahide Road we were passed by Patrick Pearse walking in the direction of Clontarf. We gave him a ^{smart} salute which he gravely acknowledged. Near Fairview we met Paddy Daly, the brother of Seamus, and he told us that "it was all off." We turned for home and, when near Clontarf Town Hall again, we overtook Thomas Clarke and Seán MacDermott walking together. They bade Seamus Daly "Good morning" and then turned into the grounds of the Town Hall. We assumed at the time that there was some important meeting in connection with whatever had brought about the "stand to" overnight and that the venue of the meeting was at the Town Hall, Clontarf, where Mr. McGinn, the father of two members of 'F' Company, was the steward. Mr. McGinn was reputed by us at the time to be an old Fenian, which he actually was.

'F' Company continued with its normal parades for drill and tactical exercises on Thursday nights and Saturday afternoons and occasional Sundays. The highlights, from the /point

point of view of the public, of the period prior to Easter 1916 were the St. Patrick's Day Parade in College Green and the big recruiting march through the city a fortnight before Easter.

On the Thursday night prior to Holy Week, Thomas MacDonagh visited 'F' Company on parade and gave us what would nowadays be called a "pep" talk. I presumed that he was calling on each Company of the 2nd Battalion during that week having been Battalion Commander prior to Tom Hunter obtaining that appointment early that year. Tom Hunter was O/C. 2nd Battalion on the St. Patrick's Day Parade and Thomas MacDonagh was then on the Brigade staff, Brigadier to the best of my recollection.

During Holy Week every evening and most of Good Friday and Holy Saturday I was at 'Cluny', the residence of Seamus Daly in Clontarf, down in a cellar making hand-grenades and helping to assemble bayonets specially designed for the American shotguns. These were home-made.

Late on Good Friday night a horse-drawn cart came and removed a load of this stuff, some of which I think was intended for the 3rd Battalion as a young man named Gostello, *C.B.* a member of the 3rd, ^{as I thought,} came about the same time. He gave a hand at filling the grenades. He was a native of Athlone and was killed in the fighting at Bolands the following week.

It was at this time Seamus Daly told me that the alleged manoeuvres which were to happen on Easter Sunday were only a cover for the "real thing". We had, of course, all been told to mobilise at the Father Matthew Park at 3 p.m. on Sunday and the Countermanding Order issued by Eoin MacNeill and published in the "Sunday Independent" caused as much /confusion

confusion for me as for everybody else. On reading it on Easter Sunday morning I decided to go and see for myself what was the matter and I went to Fairview in the forenoon, accompanied by my younger brother who had joined the Volunteers a fortnight before. There I saw Captain Frank Henderson who lived close to the Father Matthew Park. He told me the best thing to do was to stay near home and await a call in the event of mobilisation being proceeded with. In response to my entreaty he gave strict orders to my brother, whose age was then 15, not to stir from home should I be called out.

In the afternoon Conway McGinn, mobiliser for 'F' Company members in Clontarf area, called to my home to say that the 5 p.m. mobilisation was definitely off and to await a further call. He accompanied me round to Seafield Road to give the same order to Arthur Shields who had just returned home that morning from an Abbey Players' tour in England.

The remainder of Easter Sunday passed without any further incident as far as I was concerned. At about 9.30 on Easter Monday morning just as I was finishing breakfast, Conway McGinn called to order me to proceed at once to Father Matthew Park. I weighed myself down with all equipment and impedimenta that had been listed for us in "An tOglach" from time to time, together with my Martini-Henry single-shot rifle, about 4 feet in length, and a sword bayonet which would add about another 2 feet to it, not to mention a bare 28 rounds of ammunition for the rifle. I also had a .38 revolver and about 30 rounds of ammunition for it, and a large sheath knife. Apart from leather ammunition pouches, belt, full pack, haversack with food, filled water bottle and metal canteen, the only other item
/that

that resembled uniform was my pair of green puttees. These, I hoped, put me in the category of combatant as the rest of my attire consisted of grey breeches, grey sports coat and black slouch hat.

I arrived at the Father Matthew Park before 10.30 a.m. In Philipsburg Avenue I happened to meet Arthur Shields. He had been mobilised, too, and had duly reported, and now with Captain Henderson's permission he was going on into the Abbey Theatre to leave the manuscript of a play which was supposed to have its première there that day. I think the name was "The Spancelled Goat". This title, coupled with my appearance, could have left room for comment by a cynic of the day. Subsequently Shields reported direct to Commandant General Connolly in the G.P.O. instead of linking up with us again at Fairview. He told me afterwards that Connolly said to him on that occasion: "I hope you will prove as good a man as your father." His father, a pioneer in the cause of Irish Labour, was a descendant of William Orr on his mother's side and had an elder brother who had been a member of the Fenian Brotherhood.

On arrival at Father Matthew Park I found a big number of Volunteers there but not the entire 2nd Battalion. For instance, Commandant Tom Hunter was not there, neither was Lieutenant Pat Sweeney of our Company. I understood later that about half the Battalion, if not more, who had reported early, had gone to Jacob's Factory under Hunter. Quite a number of 'F' Company had gone there too.

Captain Tom Weafer, O/C. 'E' Company, was the senior officer present in Father Matthew Park, though Captain William Breen, Battalion Engineer Officer, was there also; so was Captain Frank Henderson, Lieutenant Oscar Traynor,

/Lieutenant

Lieutenant Leo Henderson and a couple of other junior officers. I recognised Tom Markham looking very soldierly with a short, belted trench coat, stetson hat, top boots and a formidable big automatic in a holster at his side. And there were young fellows coming in who quite obviously had no previous contact with the Volunteers but now offered their services. Captain Weafer received them enthusiastically and had them armed immediately, for now there seemed to be rifles for everybody.

My first job was being posted on sentry duty along with Matty Parnell, another Volunteer of 'F' Company, at a side gate into the Park from Fairview Avenue. Similar guards were placed at other points around the Park. What was occurring in the centre of the city was quite unknown to Matty Parnell and myself and we stretched ourselves on a raised bank covering a gateway and talked of everyday matters as we lay in the sun.

I was withdrawn from this post about half an hour after and we were all fallen-in in two ranks on the north side of the hall. I should imagine there were about 100 or 120 all told there. The three Reddin brothers from Donnycarney were among them. At this juncture a young priest, a curate in Fairview parish, appeared. We all knelt down and were given conditional absolution. He held up a Crucifix before us all and spoke directly on the sacrifice we might have to make before long and the need to be prepared for it. He also heard confessions of men who wished to make their confession direct to him in the hall. It was while he was speaking to us all as we knelt each on one knee before him clasping our rifles in both hands that Peter Traynor came round the corner and halted suddenly at the scene before him.

/Peter

Peter was an elder brother of Oscar's and was a man of fine sensibilities. I caught the look in his eyes and could see that he was struck by the drama and by something deeper than just drama in the young priest holding up the Crucifix and exhorting the kneeling armed men before him to think on what it represented and of our brief mortal life.

Shortly after this and as well as I could judge round about midday, Seamus Daly and myself and about three other Volunteers were selected and sent off on what I regarded as a secret mission. We had barely left Father Matthew Park when we were met by an excited girl with what purported to be a verbal message from James Connolly that "it was all off". Somebody said this girl's name was Margaret Ryan. This caused confusion and we returned to the Father Matthew Park, but not before I encountered an almost equally excited aunt of mine who did not seem to appreciate the necessity for my place in the scheme of things. I persuaded her to go home. Whatever the message was the girl brought or to whom in authority she gave it, I did not know, but we were all demobilised and told to go home and await further orders. I do not know who gave the direct order but it filtered through to us and it was intimated at the same time that those who lived in outlying districts should not go too far away. Consequently Seamus Daly and myself along with Harry Coyle accepted the invitation of Paddy Shortis, a Kerryman, of our Company, to go with him to the house in which he was stopping and which happened to be the residence of M.W. O'Reilly in Foster Terrace, off Ballybough Road.

We proceeded there and posted ourselves separately in different rooms, front and back, in the event of any attempt being made to round us up. M.W. O'Reilly was, of course,

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in the city, I presumed, with the Brigade staff. His wife welcomed us and left shortly afterwards along with her children. Paddy Shortis provided us with food during our stay there and also added to my armament by presenting me with a small automatic pistol and ammunition.

While I was keeping watch from a top back room I saw a train full of khaki clad troops running in to the city along the viaduct at the back of Clonliffe Road. This must have CS. been about 2 o'clock, I would say, and the sight confirmed my impression that "it was not all off".

Somewhere about 2.30, I would imagine, we were recalled to the Father Matthew Park. As the four of us returned we could see other Volunteers emerging from their homes and making their way to the Park again. We got there in due course and there seemed to be approximately the same muster as in the morning time.

I was not long in the Father Matthew Park when along with Seamus Daly and a couple of other Volunteers we were again dispatched on our secret mission. We were preceded this time by a Volunteer on a bicycle, named Bracken, from Clontarf, who saw the way was clear for us across Ballybough Bridge and Summerhill Bridge and to the North Circular Road to a house just opposite North Richmond Street. The lady of the house was in an exceedingly angry mood and directed us to a lane off North Richmond Street where we found a young man with a horse-drawn float who was extremely diffident when ordered to come with us. We persuaded him to bring the float across to the house, but the lady accused him of cowardice, back-sliding, etc. and produced a revolver from her apron pocket with which she threatened him until he was again persuaded to fulfil what I presume was his contract.

/We

We loaded the float with a quantity of arms and ammunition from the house and escorted it back to the Father Matthew Park. Here there was no longer evidence of hanging round, everyone was stirring. More stuff was loaded on the float under the direction of Captain William Breen, the Engineer Officer. Putting aside my rifle to assist in this work, I nearly lost it as another Volunteer took it in mistake for his own and rather demurred at me claiming it, saying they were all the same. I corrected him on this point.

Feeling by this time rather weighed down by the heavy pack on my back, I decided to put it on the float, and I never saw it again. We were now fallen-in. The advance guard numbered approximately 24 under Lieutenant Leo Henderson, the main body which I suppose must have numbered about 60 or 70 under Captain Weafer and the rear-guard whose approximate strength I can't even recall, under Captain Frank Henderson. I would imagine this must have been well after 4 o'clock at this time.

'Sloping arms' and 'Forming fours' we marched out of the Father Matthew Park, Leo Henderson calling out goodbye to his mother who stood with resolute calm at her hall-door watching her sons pass by. We turned down Philipsburg Avenue and went by way of Fairview Strand and Ballybough Bridge, headed, as I understood, for the G.P.O. We had since heard reports of the G.P.O. being occupied and of a cavalry charge down O'Connell Street. Of any more events I was completely ignorant and took everything as it happened.

When about half way along Ballybough Road the whole column was halted. There was a short consultation among

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the officers and the advance guard, under Lieutenant Leo Henderson, was diverted down Bayview Avenue. It included, among others, Seamus Daly, Conway McGinn, Paddy Mahon, Matty Parnell, Jack McCabe and myself, all of 'F' Company, and Seán Russell and a brother of Captain Weafer's, both of 'E' Company. I did not know the names of the others except one lad called Kelly with whom I had gone to school. As we went along I glanced back and saw the main body with the loaded float apparently proceeding on its way towards the city.

Later I heard that the rearguard under Captain Frank Henderson had been ordered back by Weafer to hold positions at Ballybough Bridge. There was a mounting crescendo of excitement among all the dwellers in Bayview Avenue as we passed along and as we turned on to the North Strand back in the direction of Fairview, we guessed rather than were told, that we were going into action against British troops coming from the Musketry Camp on the North Bull, Dollymount.

I heard in later years that the individual who brought us word of the approach of the British troops was Arthur Hanlon, a publican in Raheny. Our party marched on under the railway bridge spanning the North Strand Road, and as we reached Saynes' corner we got the command to take up positions on each side of the street. We broke ranks and ran for whatever position we deemed best. With some others I entered O'Meara's public house. The moment I did so an assistant came from behind the counter and asked me did I want any ammunition. I directed him to Leo Henderson and dashed up the private stairs where I took up a position at one of the windows on the first floor and from which I with others in the same room could very effectively cover anything attempting to cross Annesley Bridge. Paddy Mahon and, I think,

think, Jack McCabe, got out through a side window on to the roof of the bottling store.

Nothing appeared over the bridge and I had time to observe that the broad North Strand Road which had been full of excited civilians was now practically empty except for two young ladies whom I suddenly observed on the path below me. I called out to them to go round into the street which runs at the back of O'Meara's towards Poplar Row. One of them very stiffly asked me were we going to shoot the innocent people, so I realised that she was not a sympathiser. They took my advice, however, and then I watched Conway McGinn crouched behind a gate post at the corner of Leinster Avenue, and Seamus Daly who was endeavouring to make his way into the corner house amid the screaming protests of some women.

Suddenly four khaki-clad soldiers with rifles at the trail, came slowly across Annesley Bridge, two on each path. They were obviously advance files. They halted uncertainly, for it must have been quite evident to them that there was a tense atmosphere prevailing around Saynes' corner some three or four hundred yards away. They could hardly have failed to see rifle barrels protruding from some of the windows, though we in O'Meara's kept well under cover.

Two officers wearing British Warms now came across the bridge, surveyed the broad North Road Strand before them, Poplar Row to their right leading to Ballybough Road and Clonliffe Road, and the Wharf Road to their left leading down towards the Great Northern viaduct and the Dock area. They said some word to the advance files who immediately moved off, turning to the left down the Wharf Road. One of the officers went back to the crown of the bridge giving an

//advance

advance signal with his hand and what seemed a mighty long column of British troops, armed with rifles, came across the bridge in file, one file to each side of the road. Following their officers, they wheeled down the Wharf Road. We got no word to open fire on them and it is doubtful, considering our amateurish tactical position, whether an attack at that juncture would have had any effect. It might have had its effect in splitting the force by driving some back across Annesley Bridge, others down Poplar Row and others into cover of the houses at the corner of the Wharf Road and the North Strand Road. I, for one, did not speculate to this extent at the time.

However, we did not avail of this opportunity and the rear of the column passed out of our sight. The moment it did, Leo Henderson appeared and called out for some half dozen men. Full of excitement, I dashed out of the room down the stairs fixing my formidable bayonet as I went. I had time to notice, bursting out of the shop, that it was still full of customers. About seven other Volunteers joined me outside including Seán Russell, Matty Parnell, Captain Weafer's brother and the Volunteer named Kelly to whom I have already referred.

Without hearing any explicit instructions from Leo Henderson whom I presumed had given them to the first man to appear out of the house, with the other Volunteers I raced down Leinster Avenue, approximately eight of us. There may have been a few more as Matty Parnell for one and I think a couple of others got into houses and up into back rooms looking across towards the Wharf Road. We turned into a gap between the terraces about half way down Leinster Avenue and saw quite a number of the British column still in view. The

/first

first half of them had disappeared behind a terrace of half-built houses down near the Great Northern Railway viaduct which spans the Wharf Road at that point. Stringing out in line we halted on the edge of the waste ground there and immediately opened fire on the column. My excitement prevented my observing if our fire was good, but the British column broke into a run and dashed for cover behind the half-built houses. We had time to pour another volley into them before they disappeared and I thought I saw some casualties or perhaps they were a few soldiers who crouched down half under the cover given by the broken ground. Now we heard firing from the direction of Saynes' corner which we had just left. A moment after two British soldiers appeared running down the Wharf Road from the Annesley Bridge direction. We opened fire on them and they dived for cover under the low bank which ran along the road. I heard afterwards that these two had been left with a machine gun at the corner of the Wharf Road and North Strand Road, and were getting it ready for action when Paddy Mahon on the roof of O'Meara's bottling store with one well-directed shot either disabled the gun or frightened its crew because they immediately left it and these were the two we saw running down the Wharf Road after the column on whom we had opened fire.

Almost directly after this episode we were fired upon in a scattered kind of way from the half-built houses over by the railway viaduct where apparently the British were taking up positions. We were quite unperturbed at this and sent back a few shots in return. Our equanimity ceased a few moments later when a machine-gun opened fire on us from the same direction. We flattened ourselves out behind the little cover there was while the gun did considerable damage to the garden wall and the back of the houses directly behind us. Occasionally one of us hopped up and took a snapshot in the

/direction

direction of the machine-gun fire, but the crew of this gun stood firm and continued to keep up long bursts in our general direction. I would imagine that this gun was placed for the purpose of pinning down what, to the British, was an unknown force in numbers anyway, while their main body took up positions along the railway. At the time even amidst the excitement of my baptism of fire I had time to think of flanking fire opened on us from the railway and a charge down Leinster Avenue in the same direction to catch us in the rear. This was not to happen, however, because for some tactical reason unknown to me we were withdrawn from this position, Matty Parnell who was somewhat deaf, being, with a certain amount of difficulty, evacuated from the house on the right of our position where he was firing from a top window.

We went slowly enough back up Leinster Avenue where the rest of our party who had been firing from back windows from the North Strand Road houses were also being withdrawn. The British fire had by now ceased. My impression then was that they had gone on down towards the Docks because there was no sign of them up on the railway. We were formed into fours again and marched off in the direction of the city. It may have been that the object of the diversion was to prevent this body of British troops, which had looked to me to number about 100, from proceeding into the city, but I daresay our very inexperience, while it may have attained that object, did not allow us to accomplish all that could have been done by seasoned troops on that occasion. There was, for instance, the matter of the machine-gun at Annesley Bridge. What a prize that would have been for us! The shooting all over, the citizens were appearing out of doors again, and the side streets as well as the North Strand Road and Newcomen Bridge were simply teeming with people.

We halted on the crown of Newcomen Bridge and were told to take cover as the British troops were on the Great Northern line to the east. We crouched below the parapet amid a line of citizens who followed our example. A ragged youth beside me proudly displayed an excellent shirt he was wearing, which he said he had acquired in a shop in O'Connell Street. I gathered that this was loot, and one of my Companions told him so in no uncertain terms. While we were here a poor scared D.M.P. man in uniform hurriedly passed us, muttering "Good lads" to us as he went by, perhaps more for self protection than out of sympathy. We did not molest him in any way.

The only evidence of the enemy I could see on the Great Northern bridge crossing the canal was one very smart-looking soldier on sentry duty marching up and down his beat and apparently oblivious of our proximity. I amused myself by taking aim at him while trying to ascertain the range. I did not, however, fire on him because for one reason I had no orders to do so and for another I thought one shot might draw the fire of hidden multitudes.

On account of this latter contingency we left the open space of Newcomen Bridge and profiting by the example shown us by our earlier opponents, we descended the slope in file, a dozen men on each side of the roadway with Leo Henderson in the centre. He directed us into North William Street where we formed into column of fours again, marched up that street and out the other end on to Summerhill. We proceeded in towards the city, straight along Great Britain Street (now Parnell Street), and there was no doubt about it but the citizens greeted us like a victorious army, numerous young men jumping with joy and cheering us, but resisting our invitation to fall in. It must have been about 7 o'clock
/by

by this time. We saw no sign of the main body under Captain Weafer and no doubt it had reached the G.P.O. a good while before this time.

We turned into Upper O'Connell Street at the Parnell Monument and the scene was just like a bank holiday, which, of course, it was. There were big crowds all over the street, a great deal of attention being devoted to two dead horses down near the Pillar. What caught my attention, however, and fairly astonished me because, despite having already been in action, I had not wakened fully to the reality of the business, was the sight of the green flag and Tricolour flying over the G.P.O. (I might add that my recollection was of seeing the green flag first from the north end of Upper O'Connell Street and that it was flying from the Henry Street corner of the G.P.O., and that only as we proceeded down the street did I see the Tricolour flying at Prince's Street corner). Incidentally I did not approve of what I seemed to recollect was a heavy gold fringe bordering the Tricolour, but my memory may be uncertain regarding this point.

We cut diagonally across O'Connell Street, passed Nelson Pillar and were halted on the street in front of the northern facade of the G.P.O. There was no fighting of any kind taking place here. All the noise there was, was shouting and cheering from the people who swarmed around, some of whom were indicating their patriotism by tearing down British Army recruiting posters from the pillars of the G.P.O. portico. Paddy Moore from Clontarf, with rifle held horizontally in front of him, was trying to keep the crowd from encroaching too much upon the path. I observed all the sandbagged windows and the Volunteers behind them with rifles protruding. They greeted us with shouts of welcome.

/Pádraig

Pádraig Pearse came out of the G.P.O. He was in full Volunteer uniform with yellow staff tabs on the lapels of his tunic. He wore a green slouched hat and carried a sword by his side. He spoke with Leo Henderson and I noticed how very grave he looked. The conversation only lasted a few minutes. Leo Henderson saluted Pearse who retired back into the G.P.O. and we were marched away back again, as it happened, to Fairview.

I heard later that Pearse was exceedingly perturbed at our arrival from Fairview when he was apparently under the impression which may, of course, have been given to him by Captain Weafer, that we were remaining on the outskirts of the city as a kind of holding force. Whatever his idea was, back we had to go. We rounded the Pillar and marched down North Earl Street and Talbot Street and turned into Mabbot Street (now Corporation Street) where we were greeted by the inhabitants of this questionable quarter with sounds which were derisive rather than adulatory. We turned from there into Railway Street and marched on until we were halted at its junction with Buckingham Street and Amiens Street. We could see the Loop-line Station opposite but no sign of the enemy whom we were told held the Great Northern terminus and the railway bridges crossing the streets thereabouts.

Quite a crowd gathered round us here, their interest was one more of idle curiosity than anything else. Actually a soldier in khaki, probably an Irishman on leave from France, came out of the back door of the public house against which we were standing, right into our midst. He was a little taken aback but we paid no attention to him and he retired to the public house again. While we were hanging round here wondering what was going to happen, there was a report and a man fell to the ground wounded. Some said he was a Volunteer

/and

and others said he was an onlooker and that a shotgun carried by one of our party had gone off accidentally. The wound could not have been very serious though he was conveyed away and we forgot all about the matter as shortly after we were moved off, down the broad expanse of Amiens Street, myself wondering would I be shot in the back from the railway bridge. No doubt the enemy were as uncertain and as unskilled on that day as we were and lost many advantages just as we did ourselves. We turned off Amiens Street into Portland Row and I remember remarking to one of my companions that Aldborough House had a military guard on it and that we were certain to be hit up. We passed it by marching in columns of four in the middle of the road but there was not a sign of a British soldier about the building. We turned into Summerhill again at the head of Portland Row and here I noticed for the first time that our numbers seemed to have increased slightly but when and where I could not say for every man was armed. A bare-headed young man carrying a rifle but otherwise no kind of equipment or uniform was marching in the ranks in front of me and I ascertained subsequently that he was one of the 'curates' out of O'Meara's public house who had joined us on the spur of the moment and who fought with us throughout the week. In years to come he endured illness and privation indirectly as the result of his spontaneous enlistment in the national cause that day. He is dead now and it is a slight consolation to think that a pension was given to him in his last years.

We proceeded across Summerhill Bridge down Ballybough Road, over Ballybough Bridge and here halted in front of Gilbey's shop now held by Volunteers under Captain Frank Henderson, and covering Fairview Strand and Ballybough

/Bridge.

Bridge. I was given to understand then that there was a body of Citizen Army men in the Vitriol Works covering the Clontarf approaches to Annesley Bridge and also the North Strand Road and the Wharf Road. As a matter of fact throughout that night and the next day there was long range sniping kept up by this party in the Vitriol Works and the British troops now holding the railway near the spot where we had had the fight earlier that evening.

Our small party was now split up and some went into Gilbey's and adjoining buildings while about a dozen of us were placed under the command of Lieutenant Joe Tallon of 'C' Company, and we marched into McCabe's public house at the foot of Richmond Road. We lined up in the shop, much to the annoyance of patrons who grumbled because we were interrupting a game of rings which they were playing. We paid no attention to them and were posted to different apartments over the shop. I, however, was brought out by Lieutenant Tallon into a large garden at the back, with broken down walls, and put on sentry duty there. It had been dusk as we reached Ballybough Bridge and now it was quite dark. I must have spent about two hours doing sentry duty in the back garden and watching the approaches to it through gaps in the walls. I could hear quite a lot of shooting going on in the city but it seemed more desultory rather than continuous.

I was relieved of sentry duty when Lieutenant Tallon came out and put another man in my place and I was told I could go upstairs and rest. I ascended to a large garret where on the floor there were what purported to be beds, presumably for the shop assistants, but they were for all the world like coffins and they seemed ^{so} much like the shape of *cs.* /things

things to come that I hesitated about lying down in one and
 I stood in the ~~gable~~^{dormer} window with the man on sentry duty there
 and who was covering Ballybough Bridge and watching the rere
 of the houses on Clonliffe Road across the Tolka river. We
 talked of the events of the day and listened to the shooting
 in the city and for quite a while watched a man whom we could
 see at the far side of Ballybough Bridge standing motionless
 against the parapet. We took it for granted he was one of
 our own and doing duty as an outlying picket or connecting
 link with the party in the Vitriol Works.

I felt myself getting tired by this time, so much so
 that I was no longer squeamish about where I slept and I lay
 down in one of the 'coffins'. It must have been an unlucky
 resting place for I was immediately assailed by a violent
 toothache. It eased off after a while and I dozed off and
 I should imagine at about 2 o'clock in the morning I was
 aroused by Lieutenant Tallon who apologised and said he was
 afraid he would have to give me another tour of sentry duty
 in the back garden. I went down to my previous post and was
 there till dawn on Tuesday morning.

I seemed to remember some time later getting a cup of
 tea and a fairly substantial breakfast in the kitchen of the
 public house, the first food I had eaten since I had been in
 M.W.O'Reilly's house the previous day. The rest of the
 morning I spent hanging around the shop where one assistant
 had been left presumably holding a watching brief on the part
 of the proprietor. He also took great care of a canary in a
 cage. As far as we were concerned none of the stock was
 touched, but it is amusing to recall that at about 8.30 a
 passer-by came to the front door and demanded a pint. With
 our permission the assistant admitted him and supplied his
 wants. The customer explained semi-apologetically to a

/couple

couple of us that he had to have a pint every morning on his way to work. This was endorsed by the assistant. Apart from this visit the only other people who came near us during the long day were Captain Frank Henderson and Volunteers from his position at Gilbey's and a tall red-bearded man named Mr. Byrne, the father of a youth who had volunteered for service in the Father Matthew Park on Easter Monday. I knew Eddie Byrne's father and after a very serious consultation with me he decided to leave his son with us and confided him to my care. His son was 15 and I, his appointed guardian, was 20.

Most of the rest of Tuesday was inactive for us. We spent the time lolling around in the sitting room of the public house, falling asleep in chairs and being wakened every now and then by heavy bursts of firing from the direction of the Vitriol Works or from farther off in the city. Seamus Daly was one of those with me and a lad called Charlie O'Reilly who in later years was in the Plain Clothes Branch of the Dublin Metropolitan Division of the *Gárda Síochána*.

During the day I saw Oscar Traynor crossing Ballybough Bridge from the direction of the city. I presumed he had been into H.Q. at the G.P.O. with some dispatch from Captain Frank Henderson. The day wore on and we had a meal at the publican's dining room table, and evening came. I was interested to see many citizens crossing Ballybough Bridge homeward bound to Fairview carrying loaves of bread and various parcels under their arms, presumably laying in stores for the duration of what they may have regarded as a long war.

As dusk was commencing to fall we were ordered to evacuate the post and fell in outside in two ranks with full war kit. At the same time we could see a large party from Gilbey's falling in some one hundred yards away facing Ballybough Bridge. This party marched on to the crown of

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the bridge where it was joined by the other party, a mixed crowd of Citizen Army men and Volunteers from the Vitriol Works. They had about 3 British prisoners with them, N.C.O.s. from the Dollymount School of Musketry. This complete evacuation of these outposts was, I understand, in response to a dispatch from James Connolly to Captain Frank Henderson to withdraw and move into the city to the G.P.O. The grand total of our force now about to move from Fairview was 66. Our small party from McCabe's public house numbered off, sloped arms, formed column of route and moved off smartly under Lieutenant Joe Tallon, passing the main body on Ballybough Bridge where Oscar Traynor with rifle on shoulder ~~waved~~ us on with words of encouragement.

Again I found myself in the advance guard, but as far as leading files or scouts ahead of us were concerned, I could nearly swear we had none such. Whether the British troops on the railway viaduct over the Wharf Road were anyway curious about the cessation of firing from Annesley Bridge or from Fairview direction, I do not know, for there had been a day-long interchange of shooting, but there was apparently no one among them enterprising enough to leave the railway with a party and advance parallel with us towards the city and take us in the flank before we reached there. We got right up into Great Britain Street without hindrance and the only khaki we saw was worn by odd soldiers presumably home on leave and who stood with friends at doorways along Ballybough Road and Summerhill. From Great Britain Street we turned down North Cumberland Street crossed Gloucester Street and wheeled to the right into Marlborough Street, turning to our left down past the Pro-Cathedral and across North Earl Street and up Sackville Place where we halted beside Clery's shop with the head of the column almost on O'Connell Street behind a very rough and ready barricade.

/During

During the entire march from Fairview to this point, things had been really ominously quiet and even the odd shooting that had been going on during the day seemed to have died down. Actually on our way along Summerhill a soft drizzling rain had fallen for a while which had driven onlookers within the shelter of their doorways. This rain had ceased before we got to Marlborough Street, and it was rather interesting to find a newspaper seller there with a Stop Press - the flapping poster he carried in front of him indicated that he was selling a special edition containing the Lord Lieutenant's Proclamation.

When we halted in Sackville Place, Captain Frank Henderson came to our head and in a few words indicated that we had successfully carried out our mission of withdrawing from outpost positions to reinforce the garrison at our Field General Headquarters. He then ordered us to cross O'Connell Street to the G.P.O. in single file and at wide intervals, a necessary precaution in case we drew enemy fire from positions unknown to us. We made a way over the barricade on the path alongside Clery's and commenced to run across the absolutely empty expanse of O'Connell Street towards the front of the G.P.O. It was almost dark and I just ducked in time to avoid being hung up on a length of barbed wire which was slung across the street, presumably to hinder any further cavalry charges.

I reached the front of the G.P.O. near the corner of Prince's Street and lined up with those who had preceded me, to await the rest of the party as they came sprinting across - prisoners and all. Before we were all assembled, there was a terrific burst of fire from the roof of the G.P.O. which completely drowned the cheers that had greeted our

/arrival

arrival from members of the garrison behind the sandbagged windows on the ground floor. The cry went round among us that the Lancers were in the Imperial opposite and I fancied I could see firearms being discharged from the upper windows of that hotel but that may have been due to my excited imagination. Anyway I followed the example of other members of our party and let off two rapid rounds at the Imperial and dived for cover round the corner of the G.P.O. into Prince's Street.

I skidded on the broken glass from the windows which littered the whole path and came down with a crash, cutting my right-hand rather severely in various places, but I gathered myself up and saw Jimmy Devoy of "B" Company, who had come in with us from Fairview (he was a nephew of the famous John Devoy), standing in the Post Office doorway in Prince's Street. This door was closed and he told me there was a way in further down. I was being followed by more members of the Fairview garrison and we went on and turned in to the big double gate in Prince's Street and across the enclosed courtyard with all the others to where I saw a way into the central building.

cs. Happenings from this point on have already been
~~been~~ described by me and published in "An tOglach"
(Army Journal) issues 13th and 20th March, 1926, and
recount the occupation of the Hotel Metropole and the
block of buildings as far as Middle Abbey Street until
the evacuation of those buildings and the passage of our
small garrison under Lieutenant Oscar Traynor to the
burning G.P.O. on the following Friday night. Happenings
subsequent to these are related hereunder:

When I was struck in the right hand I was holding under

/my

my left arm one of those billy-can bombs which I had carried from the Hotel Metropole. Apparently the shock of being struck by a bullet caused me to loosen my grip of this bomb though I still held tight to my rifle. The bomb fell to the ground, made a half circle and came to rest behind me. It is curious how in the middle of everything that was going on around me that I could notice this but I remember my recollecting at the time that I had helped to manufacture a number of these bombs and I knew precisely what they contained and wondered what would happen to me if this one went off. They were not self-igniting, however, which was very lucky for me and a number of others around.

I let the bomb lie where it was. The wound in my hand becoming quite painful I made my way back to the First Aid Post which I found had apparently been cleared out by this time. Only Miss Julia Grexnan was there and I did not trouble her but returned to where the Metropole garrison had been drawn up. They were all gone, even the wounded Neale had been removed. I have already described what the interior of the G.P.O. was like at this time so there is no need to recount this.

I made for the doorway leading into Henry Street. Members of the G.P.O. garrison were running to this doorway, hesitating for a moment and then darting across through a hail of fire from British forces up Mary Street way. I was grasping my rifle in my left hand while blood was streaming from the right. As I was about to leave the building I saw M. W. O'Reilly who beckoned to me to come and assist some others with a wounded man on a stretcher. I am ashamed to say I did not respond except by indicating my bloody right hand to him, and I turned and raced across Henry Street. I am sure I could have just as easily helped with the stretcher because
/as

as I joined a cluster of men from the G.P.O. in Henry Place a call went out for men with bayonets to come forward, and, forgetting my wounded hand, I darted out, fixing my sword bayonet at the end of my Martini Henry rifle.

With an excited crowd of bayonet men I dashed round the corner to the left and we were ordered to storm a white-washed house which we were told was held by the enemy. I could see puffs of white smoke coming from the front of it, which I imagined to be enemy fire from the windows. With the crowd I went charging into the side entrance ready for a hand to hand encounter. Oscar Traynor was in front and with Liam Cullen of our Company got in before us and found the house was completely empty of enemy, and what seemed to be fire directed from it was the flaking and scattering of the white-washed surface by the countless bullets fired down Moore Lane opposite from British machine guns at the other end in Great Britain Street. I might mention here that Liam Cullen having crossed one of the windows in through which this fire was coming, was lucky enough to escape with one bullet through the thigh. Out we came and found we now had to cross through this heavy fire.

We bunched together at the end of the lane and an officer with high yellow boots who was standing at the far side, was waving a sword and calling to us to "come on for Ireland's sake" in the best tradition.

I waited for a lull in the firing but there was none, and taking a chance with all the others I rushed across. I subsequently discovered that the only damage I got on this occasion was a bullet through the tail of a borrowed overcoat I was wearing. There was a regular huddle around the entrance doorway from Henry Place into the shop at the corner

/of

of Moore Street, and Oscar Traynor was standing on the steps, passing us through, one by one. "Arthur Shields is gone upstairs", he said to me when I went by, and I proceeded on up to the top and into an over-crowded room, the two windows of which looked out into Moore Street and here, kneeling with rifle in hand, I found Arthur Shields.

The din was most terrific outside as there was an intensive fire down the street from British forces at the Great Britain Street end, in addition to the roaring of the flames from the G.P.O. and other burning buildings in Henry Street and the shooting by our fellows from places all around.

It was, of course, night time now and the room was practically in darkness, yet I could dimly make out men sitting all around the walls and lying on the floor. In the corner quite near to me sat Tom Clarke with his hands clasped around his knees. A Volunteer beside him was irritably taxing him with taking his place. Even making allowances for the state of nerves everyone might have been in, I thought this was going too far and leaned across and told him who he was attacking, at the same time placing a hand upon his knee. He ceased complaining and clung to my hand as if it was a sheet anchor. Arthur Shields and I were now and then peering out of the window wondering could we get in a shot at the forces at the top of the street but it was a risky business because bullets were scoring along the sides of the houses and ringing off the side of the window opening. We hung back. Just then the door opened and Lieutenant Leo Henderson came into the room. He called out, "Is Mr. Clarke here?" Tom Clarke answered, and Leo Henderson said: "Mr. Clarke, I have a bed for you." Tom Clarke got up and with some difficulty made his way over the

/men

men stretched out on the floor, the majority of whom were now asleep, the first chance perhaps they had got that week.

After seeing Tom Clarke made as comfortable as possible I presume, Leo Henderson came back and said: "Is there anyone here knows me?". I said, "I do", and gave him my name, so he put me in charge of the room. I suggested to him that it might be a good idea to get those who were not actually at the windows to unload their weapons. What I really was afraid of was the shotguns. He agreed and I contrived to get a number of the men who were still awake to unload. I asked Arthur Shields what other weapon he had besides his rifle and he had none other so I magnanimously presented him with the small automatic and ammunition which had been given me by Paddy Shortis on Easter Monday. He was no more familiar with the weapon than I was and, dangerously enough, in the darkness I proceeded to demonstrate by touch, how the magazine was charged and how the pistol was loaded and operated, not forgetting the function of the safety catch.

The terrific shooting down the street was going on all the time, but beginning to override this was the knowledge that I had a bullet lodged in the palm of my right hand. I said to Arthur Shields I thought I would go down the stairs and see if there was anyone who could dress it for me and I solemnly handed over command of the room to him and departed. I made my way to the ground floor and into a lighted room which happened to be the kitchen at the rere of the house. There was quite a crowd here including some wounded. James Connolly was lying in an uneasy sleep covered up on a mattress. There were various Volunteer Officers whom I did not know and there were improvised barricades about half way up each window across the top of which lay sentries watching /through

through the windows. A tall young man in civilian clothes came in and I was told he was a doctor. In fact he was Dr. Jim Ryan. He dabbed my wound with iodine and it was dressed by Miss Winifred Kearney who was seated at the kitchen table. Miss Julia Grexnan was there too and gave me a cup of tea and a large ham sandwich. This was very welcome and I soon demolished it though I remarked at the same time it was Friday. Miss Grexnan said, "Well, Father Flanagan had the same at the G.P.O."

I think Miss Elizabeth O'Farrell was in the room also but I very distinctly remember Miss Kearney and Miss Grexnan. A small sharp featured youth from Clontarf whom I knew by the name of Moggy Murtagh was also in the room and was making funny remarks all the time. He got up at length and went out saying, "I think I'll stroll over and see what's happening at the G.P.O." When he had left I was informed that during the evacuation he had calmly sauntered out of the G.P.O. across Henry Street under the intense enemy fire, bearing a large crucifix across his shoulder.

Having finished my meal I left the kitchen and returned upstairs passing on my way Liam Cullen slowly making his way down, the bullet wound through his thigh made it difficult for him to walk. As he reached the bottom flight he stumbled and fell. Some of those in the kitchen came out and helped him in and I went on up and relieved Arthur Shields of his acting appointment and told him he might possibly be able to procure some food down below. He went off and did manage to get something. Long before this, of course, the substantial rations which I had brought out on Easter Monday morning had been consumed.

Throughout the night the terrific firing from British manned posts was going on throughout the area, and so far
/as

as Moore Street was concerned hardly slackened. We did not do any firing from the top room and I doubt if there was very much shooting done by any of the G.P.O. garrison in Moore Street. Actually, most I saw, at all events, slept from exhaustion, but there were hardy men down stairs who were tunnelling their way from house to house in the direction of Great Britain Street. This was going on when dawn came and we were all roused up in the half dark and told to come down stairs and to make our way through the holes bored in the walls from one house to another. The premises we occupied, if I remember rightly, was a provision shop and it would seem as if someone in authority among us assumed we were in for a long siege, so goods of a very substantial nature were being given out to a number of us before we clambered through the first hole into the next house. I was presented with, of all things, a large ham with an S-hook set in the top. This made it quite handy for carrying but the going was rather awkward as I had to use my left hand for it and either carry my rifle slung from my shoulder or tucked under my right arm.

We went on and on for what seemed an interminable journey, a trailing, exhausted crowd, dirty and dusty, some wounded and bandaged, some carrying a miscellaneous assortment of provisions but everyone clinging to his weapons. Sometimes we went slowly and were urged to hurry and other times we caught up on the tunnellers and sat down to rest/^{on} floors, chairs or beds in apartments from which the rightful occupiers had fled long before. At one time, at least, emerging through a hole in a wall we had to drop quite a distance to reach the landing of a stairway in the next house. At another time we had to cross an empty space where a house had once stood and were hidden from the street only by a flimsy wooden hoarding. At times, too, there was the question, as the last bricks and plaster of the hole went crashing out under the blows of

/sledge-hammers

sledge-hammers and crowbars, as to whether we might not find the enemy on the other side ready to hurtle grenades into our midst. Nothing like this happened, however. The enemy could afford to play a waiting game now as we were all only too well aware. We knew we were hemmed in, and front and back the volley firing and prolonged machine-gun bursts were sufficient evidence of this.

Eventually we reached Hanlons' fish shop. I was thoroughly tired of carrying the ham by this time and besides it did not look too tasty an object after being dragged through dust and mortar for half the length of Moore Street. In addition, the odours of the fish shop turned me completely ~~against~~ ^{ca.} against food and so I carefully hung up the ham by its hook from a convenient ledge and left it there. This shop was real roomy and in normal times the frontage was wide open to the street, but for the holiday period at Easter had, of course, been shut down, yet the high wooden shutters closing it in were being ripped and torn by bullets by the enemy fire which never stopped.

The big expanse of this shop was very soon filled up with men and before long I found myself one of a party of seven, including Arthur Shields, whom an officer brought out to the rere of the shop down a yard at the back, past piles of fish bones and into a big empty barn-like store, at the other end of which there was a big double door leading into ^{ca.} Moore Lane at the back and ^{directly} behind this a step ladder to a small loft. We were ordered up this ladder and told to stay there for the present but not to look out. This would have been a comparatively easy matter because there was a doorway from this left quite open presumably for goods to be hoisted up from the lane below. None of us did indeed venture to look out; heavy firing was going on down this lane practically all the time, so we ranged ourselves against the walls and kept quiet.

We were not long seated here when we heard people clambering up the ladder and a young officer with curly red hair appeared and behind him was Patrick Pearse. He was calm and self-possessed and looked long and searchingly at each of us in turn as if he was gauging the amount of resistance we had left in us. The Volunteer Officer said to him: "This is the place, Sir", and suggested that he might look out but to be careful. Pearse stood upright in the opening and looked long and coolly up the lane. He was certainly taking a chance of getting a bullet through the head. He drew back then after his survey and without a word descended the steps along with the officer. That was the last I ever saw of him.

This little loft was rather a small place to accommodate seven men, armed with rifles, taking into account that there was a square hole in the floor to permit coming in off the ladder, so Arthur Shields and I got down the ladder after a while to stretch our limbs and found that by standing, though rather uncomfortably, on the bottom step, we could view the British barricade at the top of Moore Lane through the crack between the big gates and the wall. Arthur Shields had a fine pair of prismatic binoculars and by these we viewed the scene at very short range. The barricade, a very well constructed one, spanned the lane at the top and in front of it sprawled three dead horses, shot no doubt, as they galloped frantically up the lane on being released from their stables the night before.

By this time the shooting had died down somewhat but still we were careful because we could see where some of the bullets fired earlier had actually penetrated the narrow space between the gate and the wall and scored their way along the woodwork. The British troops did not show themselves to any great

/extent

extent but now and then we could see the movement of a peaked cap and we could plainly see a machine-gun muzzle and the barrels of rifles. We passed the time in this way and it must have been getting on for 10 o'clock now if not later. I had lost all count of time.

By this time the word had somehow reached us that we were going to be given what I understand used be known as the place of honour in the coming battle. It seems that an attempt was to be made to fight our way out of the Moore Street area and to get to Williams & Woods' Jam Factory in Great Britain Street from where we were to try and link up with our own forces in the Four Courts. Apparently the seven of us in the loft at the back of Hanlons' were on a given word to jump out through the open doorway down on to the lane below, fire a volley and charge the barricade. This was supposed to be a diversion while the main body in full force broke out into Moore Street and stormed a big barricade at the top of the street, and no doubt carried all before it in the direction of Williams & Woods while seven corpses lay in Moore Lane. I do not know if this venture would have succeeded but it is easy to speculate on what might have happened had it been attempted.

At this time it seems, consideration was being given to other matters and around about midday as well as I could gauge, an officer came out and told the seven of us that we were not to open fire on any account, not even if British troops came down and entered the premises where we were. We were told this very definitely and we relaxed to some extent and soon began to feel the pangs of hunger. At the same time we wondered what was afoot because both Arthur Shields and I, continuing our survey of the lane through the binoculars, saw that the British troops manning the barricade had also relaxed. They were standing up, moving about, smoking and chatting, and

an officer leant negligently over the top gazing down in our direction. Some little time later a young girl went up the lane. She seemed somewhat hysterical and passing the dead horses she fell on the pathway and waited there till she was encouraged to come on by the troops behind the barricade and assisted through. She may have been an emmisary from a family caught in the combat zone for presently we heard the sound of voices and footsteps passing by and an old man assisted by a couple of younger people went up the lane. He had a sheet draped around him apparently for use as a white flag, as a notification that he was a non-combatant, and no doubt he had to wait in his house throughout the night, and until this moment when the firing had ceased in order to get out into comparative safety. The British soldiers also helped this small party past the barricade.

Apart from these incidents nothing happened and we got tired of straining our necks and peering through the binoculars, so we went out through the big empty store where about a dozen Volunteers were now sitting silent and looking rather depressed. I did not know what was going to happen and being young and sanguine did not give much thought to the matter. All I really felt at the time was that I was hungry. Arthur Shields and I went out into the yard and we consumed the tin of salmon which I had brought with me from the Metropole Hotel as an emergency ration. I had a few biscuits too, still it was not enough and when a young fellow came down through the yard with a biscuit tin half full of raisins and another tin with thick substantial looking biscuits in it, we proceeded to help ourselves while he waited. We each had just a handful of raisins when an old man emerged from the store and bade him come on, bundling him away from us.

I followed after and asked the bearer of the food for some but the old man, who proved to be his father, got into
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a violent rage, abused me and threatened me with his shotgun. I expostulated and was told I should go and look for food myself if I wanted it. This, of course, was quite logical. At the time, however, I did not see the sense of it. However, a fine, determined, masterful looking man who was there, got between us, made the old fellow shut up, told him it was share and share alike with us and gave me a quantity of the biscuits and suggested in a whisper that it might be better to eat them outside. This was Joe Derham of Skerries. Arthur Shields and I ate the biscuits in the yard in the brilliant sunlight.

There was no shooting near us but we could hear rifle fire afar off and yet occasionally there was the sound of a shell burst quite close. We could see nothing on account of the high stores and buildings around us and could not even glimpse the G.P.O. The sky was intensely blue and peaceful-looking but disgust was spreading amongst us. Having satisfied our appetites to some extent we were able to think of other matters and speculated on what was going to happen. An officer came out and told us ^{and} the other men from the loft and the store who had by this time assembled in the yard, if we had anything that might be regarded as loot to dispose of it. I could not say that anyone carried loot. Arthur Shields's commandeered binoculars were, of course, for military use. I had used binoculars in the Hotel Metropole which had been left behind by some guest there and I in turn had left them on the evacuation. There had been very fine gold and silver watches left on dressing tables in various rooms in that hotel and, as, to my mind, a watch was No. 1 in the list of traditional loot, I had not touched them though it would have been very handy to have known the time during the week. I was completely at a loss in that respect, for while I had made use of a small clock (to my mind quite

/distinct

distinct from a watch and therefore definitely not to be classed as loot) it had stopped the first time an enemy shell had hit the hotel roof.

Anyway it was getting on towards afternoon and to pass the time I investigated a power house at the rere of the fish shop and then went back into the shop itself. I was asked to assist in moving and making more comfortable a young fellow who had been shot through the lung. It must have been coming on towards 4 or 5 o'clock when we were all called together and told to form up inside the buildings, that we were going out. This is all the information we at the back of Hanlons' received. However, as I went through the shop I suddenly recalled that I had indeed some loot and I carefully hid within the pay desk a copy of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" which I had discovered in a room in the Metropole. I was reluctant to part with it, though where and when I imagined I was going to read it in the near future I did not know, but Arthur Shields said: "Leave it there, I'll buy you a copy afterwards". During the years that followed I have occasionally reminded him that he has never since bought me "Lorna Doone".

In order to get out of the buildings we had to form in line and go upstairs through a hole in the wall and into an exceedingly well furnished sitting room next door, where for the first time since Monday I met our cyclist scout Bracken looking out of the window through the lace curtains. I could see a dead civilian shot through the head, stretched on the opposite path and whose hand, still grasped his "white flag" which he must have been waving as he was shot down during the night.

We meandered on slowly down the stairs and into a yard which opened at the side on to a lane connecting Moore

/Street

Street with Moore Lane. A party of our men were just going out of the yard into this lane and some dozen of us were formed up in two ranks opposite Seán MacDermott who thereupon read out to us the terms of surrender. Only then did it dawn on me and, I think, on most of the others with me that the fight was over. Oscar Traynor was with us now and he was not taking this lying down. He stepped forward and said to Seán MacDermott: "Before I go out of here I'd like to know exactly what that means." Seán MacDermott explained in some detail that we were surrendering and that we would be treated as prisoners of war and the reason why we were surrendering. He added, and I can nearly remember his exact words: *CS.* "Remember lads", he said, "we're not beaten; we will go on again some time and we'll never forget the ^{gallant,} gallant lads who _{*CS.*} have fallen in the fight."

Oscar Traynor stepped back, gave us orders as if on parade and we came to attention, turning smartly to the right and marched out of the yard. Here, lying in the lane, were two dead Volunteers, their faces and upper parts of their bodies covered by blankets and their putteed legs and boots protruding.

We marched into Moore Street, turning to the left and falling in in two ranks alongside the majority of the garrison which had preceded us. In due course the remainder came out, batch by batch, according as the terms of surrender were read out to them in the yard. While waiting I was able to observe the scene around me. Some of our wounded were on stretchers on the path near Hanlons' shop and further down I saw Liam Cullen with a bandaged thigh sitting with his back against the wall. I also saw Pa Murray who had got a bad leg wound and who was carried out on the joined hands of two Volunteers. Further down still the dead body of a British soldier was _{/huddled}

huddled against a doorway, his head resting on the step. On the far side at the corner of the lane lay the bodies of a couple of our own lads, their rifles beside them.

Down in Henry Street the buildings were still on fire but the flames had died down somewhat. At the other end of Moore Street was a barricade absolutely crammed with British troops, all looking with intense interest at us.

In the rank behind me was Martin Murphy, the little County Sligo man who had been sent into the Metropole as a bomber. He now had a short rifle, apparently picked to match his size. The officer whom I mentioned as waving the sword and urging us on the night before and whose name, I believe, was McLoughlin, now called the entire garrison, ranged in two ranks in front of him, to attention, told us we were to march out into O'Connell Street where we would lay down our arms and then be permitted to go to our homes. Some cheered this announcement, others were bewildered at it and others again were frankly disgusted, for there were determined men in the crowd, as I could see, who did not understand the meaning of the word "surrender".

Our informant had hardly made this announcement when Joseph Plunkett ran up to him hastily and said something which caused him to correct what he had already said and to tell us we would be prisoners of war. This amended statement was received in utter silence. We were ordered to slope arms, turn to the right and to march. We did so and went smartly enough down Moore Street turning to the left into Henry Place along which we had come the night before. Here a hastily constructed barricade had to be clambered over, which meant delay and I had time to observe just at my feet the riddled body of The O'Rahilly lying stretched face upwards on the path.

A Volunteer Officer stepped out, knelt down, blessed himself and covered The O'Rahilly's face. We went on down the lane.

Passing the end of Moore Lane there was another barricade which stretched partly across our path and involved more delay. As we turned into Henry Place we encountered a British N.C.O. who roughly bade us "hurry up". In Henry Street was another N.C.O. ostentatiously loading a revolver. As I joined the column I had time to notice the side wall of the G.P.O. and the structure seemed to be just a shell still on fire within. Our column marched with rifles at the slope out of Henry Street, into O'Connell Street turning half left past Nelson Pillar. I could see Joseph Plunkett at the head carrying a white flag. On the footpath were walking, calm and collected, Seán MacDermott leaning on his stick, and Tom Clarke with his hands in his pocket and his cap on the back of his head.

We crossed Upper O'Connell Street towards the east side, marching on down till we were halted near the middle of the street. We were given left turn and stood with our backs to the Gresham Hotel. The whole street was swarming with British military. They seemed to be in their thousands. Word came down along our line to lay down our arms and equipment and to step back. Very reluctantly we did this. We stood back about two paces from the long, jumbled heap of rifles, shotguns, revolvers, ammunition, pouches, bayonets, bandoliers, belts and leather cross straps. I bade farewell to my Martini Henry and sword bayonet, not to mention the revolver from which I had not fired a single round during the week.

As we stood there a tall British officer, some one evidently of authority, accompanied by several staff officers, came slowly down the ranks scrutinising both us and the arms

/from

from which we had parted. He stopped just opposite me, stooped down and picked up my belt from which dangled the empty case of my sheath knife. He turned to us and said, "Who is the owner of this thing?". I said "I am". He said, "Where is the knife belonging to this?". Quite obviously he thought I had it still concealed on me. Actually I had loaned it to Neale to cut up meat in the Metropole and he had left it in the kitchen there. I said, "I gave it to another man". He glanced around and he said, "Can you show me this man?". "The man is dead now", I said, sturdily enough, for this was Brigadier General Lowe, commanding the British Forces in Dublin. He was a perfect gentleman, however, took my word and, dropping the belt, moved on.

We were now moved back as far as the pathway and I noticed a couple of young British officers strolling along surveying the heap of surrendered arms. One of them stopped and picked up the small automatic which Arthur Shields had lain down and slipped it into his tunic pocket. I also noticed that a few curious civilians had emerged from some of the buildings, probably the Gresham, among others, and had come right out ^{to} on/the path to survey us.

Our rear rank was now turned about and young British officers came down along the two files, front and back, each one being deputed to a batch of us. They started getting our names and addresses and entering them in notebooks. Quite a nice fellow with neat black moustache and blue tinted spectacles got particulars from me. On this as on all subsequent record making there was some difficulty about my foreign-sounding name, but when I gave ~~them~~ my home address in Clontarf, he remarked "That's right, at all events."

While this was going on I noticed two police constables from the D.M.P. Station in Clontarf but dressed in plain /clothes,

clothes, strolling down the street and scrutinising the long line of us as they passed. It was now dusk and military lorries had arrived and all our surrendered arms and equipment were packed into them and being driven away. While this was being done a British N.C.O. picked up one of the revolvers off the ground and strolled over to us and addressing those opposite to him enquired what was the reason for going out with weapons such as these to shoot our own people, as he put it, and to think that we were doing something for Ireland. He added that his father had been a Fenian and that he himself was perfectly convinced what he was doing now was the right thing for his native land. His eloquence was checked by a sharp-featured officer who came striding across the street to him and said: "Now then, Saunders, you're always talking, talking; can't you keep quiet for once? What do you mean by talking to a lot of bloody rebels?" A hum went down our ranks as we realised the category in which we were being put and that perhaps there was not going to be so much of the prisoner of war business for us. In any case the obnoxious Sergeant Saunders was stricken dumb, saluted and turned away.

The roll of names and addresses was completed by this time. We were turned to the right and marched under escort up the street across by the Parnell Monument and into the grounds in front of the Rotunda Hospital where we were ordered to get on to the oval grass patch which was then in the centre, and then we were told to kneel or sit down.

It was almost dark now and a guard of members of the Royal Irish Regiment encircled us the width of the drive away from our grass island. Very soon we were joined by a party of prisoners about equal in strength to ourselves. This was the Four Courts Garrison and there was just barely accommodation for us on the grass patch. At this point a party of
/soldiers

soldiers was led into the grounds by an officer who preceded them round the grass patch, he and they striking matches and peering closely at us as if we were some peculiar type of animal they had never seen before. He led them out again and they formed up on the roadway outside where he addressed them in this way :- "Men, who are the worst, the Germans or the Sinn Féiners?" They all chorused "The Sinn Féiners!" "What will we do to the Sinn Féiners?" They all shouted, "Shoot them, shoot them", while one, more original than the rest, suggested "Hang them".

C.S. We ~~discovered~~ ^{believed} that these ~~were~~ ^{to be} belonging to the Shropshire Light Infantry) but that the officer was an Irishman. (though I doubt if any of that regiment were in Dublin)

C.S. The men of the Royal Irish Regiment who were kneeling or crouching around guarding us started an altercation with the ^{alleged} Shropshires through the railings and told them to shut up and clear off and so forth. One of them leaned across to near where I was on the edge of the grass and said: "Do you know what them so-and-sos would do if they saw a so-and-so German? They'd run like so-and-so hell!"

A little later tea was served out to the Royal Irish Regiment, but it is hardly necessary to add that none was given to us. One of these soldiers, however, and perhaps more for all I know, very decently crossed the gravel drive and handed a dixie half full of hot tea to a couple of us. Arthur Shields, Seán Russell and myself and a couple of others on the edge of the grass were grateful to him for this.

The night passed without any further incident except that we could hear shooting in the distance. We lay all huddled together on the grass, half lying on one another, and in contrast to the day the weather was quite chilly, so we were stiff and sore when the morning light came. I should have

/mentioned

mentioned that the first thing I noticed in the half darkness as we had entered the grounds the night before was a British machine-gun post on the roof of the Rotunda Hospital, not by any means a form of comfort for the particular kind of patients within, when it had been in action. At intervals during the night voices could be heard from within raised in entreaty for the doctor or piteously crying out in pain. The soldiers round us discussed these sounds and speculated on them in an innocently wondering kind of way.

Somewhere about 7 o'clock, I should imagine, the military guard was replaced round us by a party of D.M.P. men in full uniform, helmets and great coats, and everyone armed with a revolver. It was a strong guard and they stood around us at ease or perhaps I should say, ill at ease, for a more uncomfortable crowd of men I had never seen before. They could not or would not look straight at us and I think I can give them the credit of stating that I felt they were ashamed of the part they had to play. Two D.M.P. Superintendents now appeared and circled the plot and Tom Clarke was pulled out from our midst and brought in to hospital. Plain clothes men were present at this and among them, rough and abusive to Tom Clarke, was the British officer who had led the Shropshires round us during the night. Someone said his name was Wilson. As everyone knows Tom Clarke was put through the third degree in the hospital by the "G" men, but I saw him emerge as imperturbable as ever. This must have been about an hour afterwards.

We were by now all standing up trying to get the stiffness out of our limbs. Very soon we were marched off in fours to an unknown destination. As the leading rank went out through the gate nearest to O'Connell Street I saw
/Commandant

Commandant Ned Daly in uniform among them. As we emerged through the gateway a big escort of the South Staffordshire Regiment was waiting drawn up in two lines between which we went and as our column reached the head of theirs, their two ranks turned to the front and marched off with us. On their flanks were their officers and the senior, mounted on a fine little bay, kept on the move up and down the column all the way. We were sick and exhausted but we tried to carry ourselves well and march like soldiers between the Staffords — lads, as D.L. Kelliher afterwards wrote, from homes that seldom bred a dream.

We went down the west side of O'Connell Street and were able to view the destruction that had been done to all the complete lower half from Clerys and the G.P.O. right down to the river. Buildings were just empty shells with smouldering fires still burning in them. The flags were gone from the G.P.O. but the bare flagstaff at Prince's Street corner hung out over the path. On the opposite side, however, over the still standing front of the Imperial Hotel the Tricolour hung from a flagstaff that was only canted slightly sideways.

An old woman with a shawl round her standing on the pathway in front of the G.P.O. called out as we went by: "Look at what was trying to keep out the Government. You might as well try and keep out the ocean with a fork".

We crossed O'Connell Bridge where on the path against the eastern parapet lay a dead man face downwards. Very few living people were about until we got to the head of College Street where we saw two men, tough looking characters, in civilian clothes, carrying batons and with blue and white striped armlets round their sleeves. I assumed they were special constables or D.M.P. men in plain clothes. We

/turned

turned into College Green, went on up Dame Street, Lord Edward Street, Christchurch Place and High Street. Along the way there were small groups of British military, often only a single sentry at a street corner. There was one such at the corner of Francis Street and here we got a shock for, ranged behind him, was a mass of howling, shrieking women from the back streets who called us filthy names and hurled curses at us. The sentry on duty there kept pushing them back with the butt of his rifle. They kept up their screeching till our column had passed them by. The mounted officer in charge of us showed faint amusement at all these women's hatred and excitement; the Staffords marched stolidly on.

Going up Thomas Street we could see, however, sympathy on the faces of people looking out of the dwellings over the shops. British officers marching on our flanks kept shouting to them: "Close those windows". This was kept up the length of Thomas Street. Going past the offices of Messrs. Arthur Guinness & Co., shirt-sleeved officials were leaning out of the windows looking at us with superior, contemptuous smiles. We turned out of James's Street down John's Lane, presumably to avoid passing the South Dublin Union, where probably the surrender had not yet been effected. We rounded Steevens's Hospital and went up past Kingsbridge terminus along St. John's Road, to the left past the entrance to the Royal Hospital and down the hill to Kilmainham Cross Roads. The D.M.P. station at the corner was occupied by British troops and I noticed that some of them had morning papers which looked like "The Daily Sketch" and wondered was there any news of the Rising in them.

We turned to the right and went up Emmet Road towards Inchicore and we were marched into Richmond Barracks and on to the main square. The Barracks was packed with troops. The

/first

first person I noticed within the gates, lounging about with a big pipe in his mouth, was a young officer with a rifle slung on his shoulder, a woollen Balaelava helmet on him instead of a cap and his face all dotted with pieces of cotton wool. He must have been at close quarters with one of our shotguns.

The head of our column was halted about half way up the Square. The officer in command dismounted and handed his horse over to an old groom in khaki. A big crowd of troops off duty and women, some with children in their arms, gathered alongside to view us. We were kept waiting here for some time. It was then I saw Seán MacDermott with a small escort coming up to the head of the column. Being crippled he had apparently been unable to keep up to the rest of us and had had to fall back, but it seemed as if he had been compelled to march the whole way all the same. We were standing near the archway under the Clock Tower and the opening enabled us to hear shooting going on some distance away. Our leading ranks were being led off under this Clock Tower out of sight and somehow I got the panic idea that we were all going to be shot out of hand, and that the shooting I heard were the volleys for the first dozen or so of us who had disappeared.

The Staffords stood at ease on each side of us, but when Arthur Shields with a cigarette in his mouth, attempted to smoke, a sallow faced Corporal came up and rudely told him to stop, and asked him sarcastically did he know where he was. This Corporal was joined by a lanky foxy-haired young Sergeant who proceeded to cast aspersions on our morals by saying with an air of disgust that we had women with us in the Post Office. He then told the Corporal that he had been digging graves all day yesterday. "I hope", he added, "I'll be on a firing party to-morrow". In contrast to him a very
/fine

fine white moustached old N.C.O. of the Royal Irish Regiment pushed his way through the escort with a dixie full of water and handed it to a man in our ranks some distance in front of where I was. As it was emptied he filled it and brought it back and so on down the line. It was a bold thing for him to do in the circumstances and we thanked him fervently each time he came back with a full dixie.

The ranks in front of where I stood were lessening. In due course it came to our turn. We were marched under the archway where a guard of armed soldiers stood on each side and to where the crowd of curious men off duty and civilians extended. We were halted on the far side of the Clock Tower and some of these soldiers got very confidential with us, telling us everything, our money and all was going to be taken from us. Quite obviously they were on the make. We went a little further and here each one of us went through the process of being searched by two burly Irish N.C.Os. They were apparently looking for concealed weapons of which I am sure there were none but at the same time they took from us anything that seemed to be documents and threw them in a heap at our feet. I saw my Volunteer Membership Card, which I had since 1914, going from me for ever, also a letter which I had written to my mother while I was in the Hotel Metropole and which I still held in my pocket. I had subsequently the mortification of reading this letter when it was published in a copy of "Irish Life" under the heading "Letter taken from a Captured Rebel", though fortunately it did not give my name.

After the search we were ordered into the Gymnasium and here found all who had gone before, sitting down on the floor. There were only men of two areas here - the G.P.O. Garrison and the Four Courts Garrison. When we were all

/into

into the Gymnasium a flock of 'G' men appeared and swooped upon us. They made their way carefully through us all, carrying out a sifting process, picking out the important men. The bulk of us were kept to one side of the Gymnasium and those picked out were put over against the wall on the other side.

Willie Pearse was sitting near us and a big, stout red-faced 'G' man asked him his name. Apparently he considered him important when he saw the officer's uniform and the yellow staff tabs on his tunic lapels. When he got the name he must have felt he had a prize and he ordered Willie Pearse over to the other side. I saw Leo Henderson being put across there too, Ned Daly, of course, and many others.

Arthur Shields who wore glasses and who, consequently, in the eyes of the 'G' men, may have looked an intellectual and, therefore, important, was asked his name by the individual who had picked out Willie Pearse, and also where he worked. The Abbey Theatre should have been suspect as one of the birthplaces of twentieth century Irish nationalism, but this did not seem to dawn on the 'G' man and Shields was left beside me, after a final question as to whether he knew Philip Guiry, another Abbey Player.

Oscar Traynor and Seán Russell who were near me did not come under suspicion either. In due course the great majority of us who were not apparently regarded as anything but simple followers were bade get up and marched in single file out of the Gym back under the Clock Tower, around to the left, passing a line of sentries, one of whom told me to take my hands out of my pockets. N.C.Os directed us into the doorway along the block and when Arthur Shields and I got up one flight of stairs we were separated and he was sent into one barrack room and I into another. There must have been about

forty of us in this room, very many of whom I did not know. Oscar Traynor was there, and Seán Russell and Charlie Rossiter of our Company.

We sat down on the floor against the wall while a number of others congregated at the windows where presently they got an excellent view of Countess Markievicz and a number of women of Cumann na mBan being marched up the Barrack Square under escort. A little later a stout Sergeant came in and in a real Dublin accent shouted: "Come on. Fall in there, boys, fall in. Didn't Jim Larkin teach yous all how to drill?" We fell in in two ranks and a couple of soldiers appeared, one with a big tea bucket, full of water, however, and another with a box full of Army biscuits and tins of bully beef. We were relieved to find that we were not at least going to be starved, but the bully beef and dry biscuits made us long for more than one bucket of water.

After a while three Sergeants came in and calling us one by one we were put through a further search. I should state that, as far as my knowledge went, despite the warnings of the onlookers outside who were trying to profit by telling us that our money was going to be taken from us, neither on the first search nor at this search was our money touched.

The young fellow with whose father I had the altercation over the raisins and biscuits in Hanlons' of Moore Street did not move quickly enough for one of the searchers, a huge hulking Sergeant and very obviously an Irishman, for he caught him by the necktie nearly choking him and swung him round in a half circle roaring at him, "Do you know where you are, do you?" These words seemed to be a favourable form of admonition for I had already heard them used to Arthur Shields on the Square when he attempted to smoke. When Oscar Traynor
/saw

saw the treatment this young chap was getting he muttered under his breath to me "Ruffians".

The rest of the search passed without incident and the day went on with us all cooped up together in the barrack room. It was hot and uncomfortable. I should have said that as this search commenced Charlie Rossiter discovered in his coat pockets about twelve rounds of revolver ammunition which had been overlooked in the first search outside. He was a small man and we hid him behind us in a corner where he took out the ammunition, round by round, and pushed it through a crack in the floor boards. It was lucky he discovered this in time or he might have got some rough treatment from the big Sergeant.

Out of the windows we could see a lot of activity on the Barrack Square. A big number of troops were falling-in with full equipment, haversacks, knapsacks, water bottles, and so on and an inspection was being carried out. An N.C.O. came to our door and called us out and we saw the men from other barrack rooms coming out likewise. Arthur Shields and I contrived to get side by side going down the stairs and thereafter we were not separated. Oscar Traynor was near us too.

We moved out on to the Square through the opened ranks of the British troops and out into the middle where we were formed up in four long ranks. Here I saw Captain Billy Breen, Engineer Officer, 2nd Battalion, and many others I knew and whom I had not seen since Monday or Tuesday. A Superintendent of the D.M.P. was strolling around with a British Staff Officer and I noticed that occasionally they would stop beside one of our elderly men or a very youthful one and talk freely with them. Soldiers now came down our
/ranks

ranks with buckets of water and mugs and we all got a drink. Others now appeared with more boxes of biscuits and tins of bully beef and each of us was served out with one tin and four biscuits. The troops on the Square now put all their equipment on and under the orders of a brisk little officer were formed up on each side of us. As well as I can recollect they were men of the Staffords also. The little officer arranging all this was running around very busy when I heard him calling out: "Royal Irish to the rere", and I saw a strong rearguard being put in position. The busy officer then called out to us in a friendly kind of way: "Now, I am sure, all you men know your drill", and proceeded to call us to attention, got us to close up and turn to the left, two deep. He then went up and down the line of the escort indicating to every soldier his opposite number among the prisoners and for whose security he would be responsible. The word went down our line that the order had been given to the escort "If you are attacked, bayonet the prisoners", but personally I must say I did not hear this order being given. Many of the soldiers near me showed no animosity to us as it seemed to be all part of their day's work and their relations with us were quite impersonal. It was nearly dark now; bayonets had already been fixed, rifles were sloped, and we moved off.

As we emerged from Richmond Barracks, right opposite was congregated another party of screeching, cursing women and we felt that this demonstration against us had been staged. We turned down Emmet Road and here we saw lying on the grass that bordered the barrack wall a large party of prisoners under escort and some one said they were the garrisons from Jacob's Factory and the College of Surgeons. Actually one of that garrison had been brought into our barrack room during

/the

the day. He would seem to have been conveyed earlier to Richmond Barracks and had a bullet wound in his arm attended to by the military there. This was Terry Simpson of my own Company, and with his arm in a sling he accompanied us now.

We turned to the left at Kilmainham Cross, passing a long column of British troops, principally horse transport. We turned in to the gateway of the Royal Hospital, down the long avenue and round the hospital itself. Along the wall at intervals there were British soldiers with rifles resting on sandbags and I gathered that these were snipers who had been firing on the South Dublin Union. The grounds of the Royal Hospital were packed with troops and we got a certain amount of abuse from some of these as we passed by. We went out through the lower gate and down the winding avenue towards Kingsbridge, past the terminus and crossed the bridge and went on down the North Quays, passing two of our positions - the Mendicity across the river and the Four Courts on the left.

We crossed over Grattan Bridge and went down the South Quays. All was dark now and no one was about except British sentries and pickets on the bridges or at the corners of streets. In the darkness we could still see flames rising from the ruins in Lower O'Connell Street. We crossed Butt Bridge and went down the North Quays and into the L.N.W. Railway Station. We went through the subway under the road on each side of which our escort halted, lining the walls. We had a short halt here and I noticed one soldier telling off another because he had remonstrated with him for giving one of the prisoners a drink from his water bottle. We mounted the stairway and found ourselves on the quayside opposite the gangway of a ship. We crossed and were all put aboard and here I saw, if I was not mistaken, in the uniform of a British officer, Lieutenant Tommy O'Meara with whom I

/had

had gone to school in my early days and whose father's public house we had occupied on the North Strand on Easter Monday.

Another officer politely asked me what Barracks we had come from and I told him the Richmond. This was a cargo boat we were on and we went down below into the big hold, the hatch of which was left open. A number of the military escort had come aboard and were grouped on deck with a good view of us. In the hold were life belts to be worn in the event of the ship being torpedoed by a German submarine, but I do not think they had been put there for our benefit. I saw one or two of our men putting them on more by way of a joke than anything else. We all found they made a fairly comfortable bed to lie on, though I think we could have slept on concrete.

Very soon we heard the engines starting, the ship began to shudder all over and we moved away from the quayside. The curly-haired little officer who had conducted Pádraig Pearse up to the loft we were in at the back of Moore Street, called out "Slán agat, a Éirinn". After that all the prisoners said the Rosary and when it was over were not long about falling into a sleep of utter exhaustion from which the majority of us did not awaken until we reached Hollyhead.

Signature: *[Handwritten Signature]* LTCol.

Date: 6th September 1949.

Patrick J. Coakley ^{Lieut}
Witness

McDonnery
Witness.

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