

W. S. 934

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21
No. W.S. 934

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 934

Witness

Miss Mary McLaughlin,
77 Drumcondra Road,
Dublin.

Identity.

Member of Clann na Gael, Dublin,
1916.

Subject.

Courier work, Dublin,
Easter Week, 1916.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. S. 2243

Form B.S.M. 2



ORIGINAL



31-B-54

Mrs. Mary Mc Roughtan has been a friend of mine since 1916. Some time ago she took ill & has been confined to bed for the last 12 months, she often told me of her experience of Easter Week & I took down her statement for the Military Bureau about six weeks ago, when I returned with the statement to have it signed I was told she had been anaesthetized & was unable to see any one she had just been given an morphine injection under the circumstances I think there is very little chance of getting her to sign

Ina Connolly Heron -



Miss Mary McLoughlin has been a friend of mine since 1916. Sometime ago she took ill and has been confined to bed for the last 12 months. She often told me of her experiences of Easter Week and I took down her statement for the Military Bureau about six weeks ago. When I returned with the statement to have it signed I was told she had been anointed and was unable to see anyone. She had just been given a morphine injection. Under the circumstances, I think there is very little chance of getting her to sign.

(Sd.) Ina Connolly Heron.

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STATEMENT BY MARY McLOUGHLIN,

77 Drumcondra Road,

DUBLIN.

In 1916 I was a member of Clann na Gael, and I was about 15 years of age at the time of the Rising. The objects of this organisation were the same as those of the Fianna, that is a military body for the training of members to serve Ireland. The Fianna in Dublin, unlike those in Belfast, did not admit girls, so the Clann was formed solely for girls and was attached to Hibernian Rifles, 28 North Frederick Street.

On Easter Monday I was mobilised with the other members by our group Captain, May Kelly, to go for a route march to the Three Rock Mountain. At the end of our drill on the mountains we were not told, as usual, to quench the fires. We were to come back by train; but when we arrived at Dundrum Station, we were told that no trains were running as the Rising had broken out. So we decided to walk. The first military post we reached was that in St. Stephen's Green. There the gates were all closed, but when our Captain asked permission to join they were opened to admit us. On entering I saw a man I happened to know lying on a stretcher on the Harcourt Street side of the Green. It was W. Partridge and I can't say whether he was wounded or sick. We were then introduced to Countess de Markievicz and put at her service. By this time some of our members got frightened as they were very young - about 12 years of age - and they went home. Some parents came to take their children home.

The Captain, May Kelly, and another member went on to the G.P.O. and I remained in the Green. I then met a Volunteer, Joe O'Reilly, who asked

me to go to his home in Drumcondra and collect his ammunition. This I did and returned to the Green where I again saw my Captain. She told me to report to the G.P.O., saying that she was going to Jacobs.

I went to the G.P.O. now where I was sent up to the top floor to rest with the other women. Next morning (Tuesday) I was sent to Mr. James Connolly who inquired how the men in the Green were. I told him of the shortage of food and he asked me to try to buy food for them and he would give me money. He gave me eight £10 notes to buy what I could for them. I took the money but I was unable to procure any food. I went to the Green but the garrison had evacuated and were now in the College of Surgeons. I now saw Michael Mallin and offered him the money. But he said it was no use to him, what he wanted was food and ammunition. He asked me to return it to Mr. Connolly. I went back to the G.P.O. and gave back the money to Connolly saying the men wanted food and ammunition. Then two other women - Julia Grennan and Elizabeth Farrell - and myself volunteered to bring some ammunition to the College of Surgeons. At Dame Street I lost these two women and went on by myself to the College where I delivered the ammunition. But they still asked for food. I returned to the G.P.O. and reported the want of food.

Sherry

Mrs. Skeffington volunteered to carry the food with me if I would show her the way. She carried a big sack of food from the G.P.O.

Again returning to the G.P.O. tired and hungry I was brought upstairs to the kitchen for food and a rest. This was the first time I saw a whole salmon cooked laid on a dish.

Next morning (Wednesday) I was brought to Joseph Plunkett who introduced me to Pádraig Pearse. They asked me if it would be possible for me to get to Jacobs to Tom McDonagh. Yes, I was willing

to go immediately, whereupon Pearse put his hand on my head and said "God bless you". Joseph Plunkett gave me a small paper, saying "If by any chance you are stopped, eat this, swallow it, but do not let anyone get it".

I made my way as best I could to Jacobs. I there met my Captain again who introduced me to Major McBride. He told me Tom McDonagh was sleeping and he took the message himself. He asked me my name and when he heard I was a McLoughlin, he said it was a strange thing to see three ^{to} Danes fighting for Ireland. I returned to the G.P.O. from Jacobs.

On Thursday I met my brother Seán in the G.P.O. with Paddy Stevenson. They had been in the Mendicity Institution with Seán Heuston. Seán told me to go home to my mother that she was looking everywhere for me and would kill me when she saw me. Seán McDermott, who was standing by, said "Your mother wont kill you. She will live to be proud of you".

I was again sent to Joe Plunkett who sent me to Jacobs with a second message. This time, ^{to} on coming out of the lane into Abbey Street, I spied a revolver on the ground. It occurred to me that somebody had been wounded and had dropped the gun. I picked it up and hung it on my belt. I went along by a roundabout way to go to Jacobs. Finding I could not get through to Jacobs, and as I was in the neighbourhood of North King Street where my home was, I thought I would go home to see my mother and hear all about the rest of the family. I thought she must be worried about me and ^{the} the boys when she heard the noise of the shooting and the rumours of the fighting that were going about. She knew we were mobilised.

When I arrived at the house I gave the usual family knock. After waiting a while mother opened the door and what a surprise she got when

she saw me. "Well my fine rossie, but I'm glad to see you and to have you home again and I intend to keep you safe with me", said she. I at first thought she had got a glimpse of the gun I was carrying and I was surprised she was so quick at seeing it. But that was not so. She brought me upstairs, put me into a room and locked me in, saying "You will be safer there for a few days. I will go and get you some food. You must be starving, my poor child". With that she departed before I got the chance of saying one word.

Realising I was locked in a room and that I was in possession of a gun, I turned towards the window and there I saw my opportunity of clearing out and bringing the gun back again to the G.P.O.

It did not take me long to get out of the window and into Henrietta Lane, off King Street. I made my way back to the G.P.O. again. On entering the building again I held up a Fianna boy I knew with the revolver. With that an elderly man put his hand on my shoulder, saying "Don't do that to anyone even in fun. That is what left me with this useless arm". He showed me his arm which was disabled by a revolver wound. He asked me where I got the gun. I said in Abbey Street. This was Tom Clarke and he told me I would have to give the gun up to James Connolly myself. I did so and James Connolly, who was lying on a stretcher, held my hand, saying the gun could not have been in better hands.

The following day I started out again for Jacobs to deliver my message and this time I got through and saw McDonagh. He would not give me any message except to say, if I got back to Plunkett in the G.P.O., the words "Yellow Bittern".

In Jacobs they dressed me in a factory blue overall to cover my uniform under my coat in case I was stopped. On my return journey to the G.P.O. I was taken into custody by a soldier for safety. He

brought me to the house of another soldier where the wife put me to bed with her family. I refused to take off my clothes as I did not want them to see my uniform. She thought that very queer and I told her I had something wrong with my spine and could not undress.

The next day - this must have been Saturday - the soldier who was a Sergeant brought me to the gate of Ship Street Barracks and I was brought before Lord Powerscourt. He asked me what had me at that side of the city. I said I was coming from school. He gave me a pass that got me through the barricades and I got down to Church Street where I met Volunteers who had evacuated the Four Courts and they told me the rebellion was over. I then made my way towards my home but I found it occupied by the military who had evacuated the family to the Bolton Street Technical Schools. I was brought there too for safety.

Here ended my fight for Irish freedom in Easter Week 1916.

(Signed) _____

Date: _____

Witness: _____

