

W.S. 216  
**DUPLICATE**

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21  
NO. **W.S. 216**

ROINN



COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. **W.S. 216**.....

Witness

Miss Louise Gavan Duffy,  
95 St. Stephen's Green,  
Dublin.

Identity.

Secretary of Cumann na mBan,  
1914.

Subject.

Cumann na mBan, Dublin,  
1914-1916;

Easter Week 1916 - G.P.O. Dublin.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No. **S. 196**.....

Form B.S.M. 2

not remember how we heard, but I was quite certain of the news so that it must have been given by somebody. We never communicated with the men after we left the post office. I did not know when we were leaving that they were going to surrender; I thought that they were evacuating the post office and going somewhere else. I certainly did not have the impression that it was all at an end.

After we left the hospital some of the girls living on the North side of the city parted from us and went home.

I decided to go to Jacobs to see what they were going to do there. Peggy Downey was coming my way, as well as a little girl called Lily Murray of Montague Street. Lily Murray was a very pretty and flighty little thing and I felt she would get into trouble if we did not leave her home. She had not mentioned at home where she was going before she left. I think Peggy Downey was with me when I went to Jacobs, and I suppose Lily Murray was with us as we would pass Jacobs before leaving her home in Montague Street. I saw Thomas MacDonagh in Jacobs. Next morning Min Ryan and I went to Jacobs. I think I went to Jacobs twice, once on Saturday and again on Sunday. I think I went into Jacobs on Saturday and saw Thomas MacDonagh, and I remember he was not at all pleased with our news. I think that was the first intimation he got of the surrender. He did not believe that they had surrendered, and he did not believe that it was at an end. When I went to Jacobs I did not stay long. I think I must have said I would come back, and I went home to my digs then. Thomas MacDonagh was not ready to surrender at all. I am not sure whether that happened on Saturday or Sunday, because I went there on Sunday as well. Máire Ní Shiubhlaigh would know. She was the only woman in Jacobs - so Min Ryan said the other day. That is why she was so exhausted on Sunday, she was in a bad

state. The other women must have gone off before that.

When I was going home I walked along Leeson Street, and it was getting late in the afternoon. This is Saturday. It was then that Paddy McGilligan and Charlie McCauley saw me and announced that I was wounded, because I had a swollen foot and I was limping. I was very dirty, and was wearing neither hat nor coat. I must have been a very beautiful object.

I went to Haddington Road to my digs, washed, had a meal and slept there that night. The landlady came into my room with hot water for me and stayed talking to me. She was excited, and kept saying, "Do you think will Martin lose his pension?" Martin was a retired policeman. I thought she really meant, "Why did you come back to stay here?", but she was very nice. I said to her, "There is no reason why he should lose his pension. He had no connection with anything". The landlady kept talking, and interrupting herself to say, "Wasn't it grand that they held out for the week! Wasn't it lovely!" That was as much in her heart as the pension. She was thrilled with delight about the Rising, but Martin was the life and soul of her existence and was very important to her. He was like a child. He was a great, big, half stupid ex-policeman, and she was a little bit of a thing, but her word was law. She could twist him round her little finger and she adored him. The thought that he was going to lose his pension was nearly too much for her, but she was too thrilled to say much.

Next morning I went up to Min Ryan's place to see if they had any news there. There were about six or eight people in the room, but the only people I can remember were the Ryans, I do not remember who the others were. I really only remember Min, who was coming out with me. I did not know Phyllis very well at that time, I looked on her as only a

youngster.

Min Ryan and I decided we would go to Jacobs to see Thomas MacDonagh. This was about eleven or twelve o'clock on Sunday morning. We had been at Mass and had our breakfast.

When we arrived at Jacobs we were told that MacDonagh was out, that he had gone out to meet somebody. We were brought upstairs to see John MacBride. I do not remember who brought us up to see him. We sat with him in a room upstairs and had a little conversation with him. I cannot remember whether he was in uniform. I had never seen him before. I had the impression of a man between fifty and sixty.

When Thomas MacDonagh came back I said to him that it was all over, that it should not have taken place, that it was wrong and could not have succeeded. He said to me, "Don't talk to my men if that is the way you are feeling. I don't want anything to be putting their spirits down." We left Jacobs then and took Máire Ní Shiubhlaigh with us.

We went up by Stephen's Green, and the men out of the College of Surgeons were just being rounded up to be marched off. That was Sunday morning, before dinner time. These were the people who were looking so depressed and deplorable. Including the women, I doubt if there were forty in it. There might not have been more than twenty. I remember a small group standing four deep in the street outside Surgeons. We did not go as far as Surgeons, we went towards Harcourt Street. We saw a large crowd of loafers gazing at the people out of Surgeons; they were murmuring against them, but when the order was given to set