ROINN COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913–21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

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Witness

Patrick Moylett,
193 Upper Rathmines Road,
Dublin.

Identity.

First Chairman Volunteer Committee, Ballyhaunis, 1914 - ;

Justice Sinn Fein Courts.

Subject.

(a) National events, 1914-1921;

(b) Negotiations with British Cabinet, pre-Truce, 1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

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W. S 767

ORIGINAL

STATEMENT BY PATRICK MOYLETT

193 Upper Rathmines Road, Dublin.

In July 1914, the day after the landing of guns at Howth, and the shootings at Bachelor's Walk, I sent a letter to Michael Delaney asking him to call a meeting of the Volunteers for that night in Ballyhaunis. In that letter I told him that it was not for men like him (he was then about as old as I am now) to lead the Volunteers. In consequence Mr. Delaney called a public meeting in Donnellan's Hall. I addressed that meeting at which I asked people who were over military age to leave the functions of the Volunteers to younger men. That was agreed to.

There was a chemist in the town named Maloney - he was from Tipperary. At that meeting he was appointed secretary. I was elected chairman of the new volunteer committee as from that date. For a time the Volunteer organisation flourished. Then the split with Redmond came. Following the split, the Volunteers were re-organised and most of them went with Redmond. Only Maloney, the three Waldrons and myself remained with the Irish Volunteers.

We had a branch of our business in Ballyhaunis and after the split the Redmondite Volunteers sent three men to form fours outside my premises. This was intended to show the strength of the anti-Redmondite Volunteers in that district. This action was intended to kill opposition through ridicule. They were there for about a month, roughly for half an hour each day.

A man named Dillon Leetch, a solicitor practising in Ballyhaunis, following the Bachelor's Walk shooting, wrote a letter in the Dublin papers offering to subscribe £100 for the purchase of arms for the Volunteers provided ten others did

the same.in that district. I replied by letter that I would be one of the ten, but the other eight did not materialise. As they did not materialise, Dillon Leech went no further in the matter, but I did, and I decided I would purchase guns. I purchased six .303 rifles and some revolvers. I had three good shotguns; one of them was a No. 4 bore double-barreled gun. I got equipment, bandoliers, belts, and so on for four men. I ordered equipment for ten men but got only enough for four; equipment was scarce at the time. That was in 1914, and I thought it was a beginning at least.

In September 1914, there was a county meeting of the Volunteers in the town of Ballina and I went there with some men. We had guns and equipment with us in the ordinary way. I had bandolier, belt and military cap, with equipment, but no uniform. I gave the leader of the Ballina Volunteers a rifle. I also gave a rifle to a man named Paddy Hegarty who was one of the greatest fighters we had in Mayo.

On the declaration of war practically the whole local population of Ballyhaunis followed John Redmond's pro-British policy. In the town of Ballyhaunis, Paddy Waldron, the coach-builder, and myself held a meeting of the Volunteers on the Sunday following the declaration of war. There were only the two of us; we could get no more, not even a third. Within a week we got three more recruits, the two Waldron brothers, blacksmiths, and George Delaney, who was working with Michael Delaney, but was no relative of his. That was the strength of the Volunteers in Ballyhaunis then. Further to my resolution to purchase guns, I got a letter of introduction to The O'Rahilly. The letter, which I still possess, was written by Mr. Maloney who lived in 40 Herbert Park, Dublin. The wording of the letter was to the effect that I was to be trusted with anything and that I was going to get guns, I was not collecting guns; I was buying them myself. I went to 40 Herbert Park and discovered that The O'Rahilly was not at

home. I called at an office at the archway near the Queen's theatre in Pearse St. and there I met J.P. Dalton - Emmet Dalton's father - and from him I purchased for £25, six Mausers of the 1896 Spanish model pattern, and one 1877 Mauser single-barreled rifle. A week later, Emmet Dalton arrived at my business premises in Ballyhaunis with the six rifles, but no ammunition. I had already received ammunition at this stage from Belfast through an Orangeman - I had only about 25 rounds. I took Emmet Dalton and my foreman, Pat Kennedy, who was in the Volunteers, to the police rifle range and we did our practice openly. Emmet Dalton told me that John Redmond was getting him a commission in the British army. Emmet Dalton was wearing a Christian Brothers cap at the time; he told me he was 18 years of age. His statement made me sad, because it cut straight across what he was then doing. I tried to persuade him not to join, but I was not successful.

From the split in the Volunteers in 1914 until March 1915 there was very little activity; but from then onwards the movement was growing in strength in our area. For the first time I came in contact with the Kenny brothers of Logboy, near Ballyhaunis. We again developed some activity, firstly in the fact that we met at all and, secondly, I was conscious of the fact that I kept a small armoury always in my private house. From March 1915, it was known that we were again recruiting for the Volunteer movement.

Up to February 1915, our firm were contractors for the British Admiralty - the Atlantic Fleet. At that time there were strong rumours in the country regarding German spies. In our Ballina business we had a young lady (who spoke French and German) employed as typist. This young lady corresponded with and got papers from both France and Germany up to the outbreak of war, and for a few weeks after, so I suppose it was easy for rumours to get around that she was a German spy. These rumours were going around until one day two customers

of ours - Lady Saunders Knox Gore and Mrs. Chambers, wife of the agent of the Bank of Ireland in Ballina, called on my brother at our premises in Ballina to inform him that this lady was a German spy. They told him that unless we got rid of her they would discontinue dealing with our firm. My brother, John, at once called the young lady and in their presence told her that he had to dismiss her as requested by the two ladies. He told her to get her belongings and that he would have her money for her on the way out. The two ladies thanked him and went their way. When my brother was giving the money to the young lady - her name was Miss Sonny and she was from Leitrim - he told her to go and tell what happened to M.V. Coolican, a solicitor in Ballina. This she did and, in consequence, the two ladies who had accused her of being a German spy had to come to us and ask for her reinstatement, and pay her damages. Afterwards, Major Fawcett of Ballycastle, Co. Mayo, and St. George Lang, a business man of Ballina, asked me to take disciplinary action against my brother, John, stating that they represented 800 Protestants and Presbyterians in that area and that unless I took action they would close their accounts with us. My answer was that if any of these people closed their account I would not re-open them again and that they could do what they liked otherwise.

Less than a month afterwards, a gentleman from the British Admiralty in Whitehall called at my business premises in Ballyhaunis and said he was sent by the Admiralty, Whitehall, London. I forget his name; he presented his card. I think it stated he was sent by a Mr. Elliott. He asked me had I pro-German tendencies. My answer to him was: "I know what you are going to discuss with me and I will answer you in this way: "I had a country before I had a business. That is all of my business I shall discuss with you". That was the end of our Admiralty contract, but it was not the end of

my connection with the British authorities. From that date onwards I was constantly under police observation, and all my comings and goings were watched. When I went to the railway station a policeman asked at that station where I was going and telegraphed or telephoned to the next station to report my activities. I was under observation all the time.

On Easter Saturday 1916, I went to Galway where we had a business premises. On Easter Sunday night I dreamt I saw my father walk up the short drive to the house; I saw him stand in front of me and salute with his rifle. He was wearing a Volunteer cap and a black belt, and he had his jacket buttoned. I was so disturbed and the dream was so extremely vivid that I said to my wife "We will go home by the first train". As we passed through Athenry station I said to my wife: "Did you ever see so many men together without a woman?" Liam Mellowes and his men had taken over the station but let our train pass. My father was a Fenian and had a short American Cavalry rifle in his possession for many years in the early eighties of last century. I mentioned the dream to Larry Ginnell when he came out of jail and he said: "That was your father sanctioning in spirit the work of 1916".

I knew nothing of the Rising beforehand. The Sunday papers did not reach us in the country //so we knew nothing of the happenings in Dublin etc. until Monday afternoon.

The first week in May 1916, the Staffordshire Regiment were due to arrive at Ballyhaunis station. They were to stop there to take up a prisoner named Philip Waldron who was a Gaelic teacher. I decided that I would not let any man be taken from the area without seeing him off to give him moral support, so I went to the station to meet him. I walked part of the way to the station with Head Constable Carroll of the R.I.C. who said to me: "We know that you have a lot of guns

in your house. It will be a serious matter for you if the authorities raid your house and find the guns". He suggested that I should give them up. I said to him: "I own the guns and no one owns me. Those guns will not be given up by me without force being used".

When I arrived at the station, I examined the train and saw that it was loaded with equipment for forming a camp at Castlebar. Machine guns and small 3-inch field guns and other military equipment.

Immediately after the release of the prisoners in 1917 the local Volunteers came out into the open and met regularly in our business premises in Ballyhaunis.. We kept in our window in Ballyhaunis a large poster which stated "Recruits taken here for the I.R.A." When that poster faded we put up another.

In 1917 the Sinn Fein movement was organised on a national scale.

I got a motor van and had it painted green, white and yellow. The foreman (Doran) of the City Wheel Works here in Brunswick St., did not want to paint it in that colour, but I got it done as I wanted it. He was a Sinn Feiner, but was afraid the British would seize the van. During those years that van went all round the country, until, eventually it had to be abandoned on the roadside in 1920 by one of my men, an I.R.A. man, Pat Morley, who died recently in Ballina. It was a recruiting van for the I.R.A. and from it Sinn Fein and I.R.A. organisations were built up in South Mayo, Roscommon and North Galway. When the van went into any town or village through the country we were able to do I.R.A. and Sinn Fein business through it and defied the police. Sergeant Carroll came to me and told me that it was well known that we were distributing guns (which we were not) from that van, that there was a close watch being kept on us,

and that if caught doing so the van would be confiscated and we would get into serious trouble. The man who drove that van was an active member of the I.R.A. Unfortunately, he was shot in 1922. His name was Felix Murray, a native of Ballycroy, Co. Mayo.

During the first few months of 1917 there was a new energy engendered in the Volunteers in our area owing to the Roscommon election. My van flew two tricolour flags, one at each side, and it travelled around from end to end of the Co. Rocsommon. In 1917, in Ballyhaunis I was first made chairman of the Sinn Fein organisation. Afterwards in Claremorris I was made chairman of the South Mayo Comhairle Ceanntair. I was proposed for the chairmanship by a man named Nally. He was a cousin of Patrick Nally of Balla, a leading Mayo Fenian, who knew my father. Nally died in Mountjoy Jail. He had finished a ten year sentence. He died a few days before his complete ten years had expired. From that time onwards I attended meetings of Sinn Fein at headquarters in Dublin. When we formed the Comhairle of Sinn Fein in South Mayo, Dick Walsh was appointed secretary.

At the first meeting of the Comhairle Ceanntair in South Mayo, I informed the Pressmen who were present that the work of our organisation was such that we could not admit the Press that we could do our work well without them. At that meeting I told the men who were assembled that our organisation was an organisation of work and not an organisation of talk. I told them that we were out to regain the freedom of our country, and that unless the members present were ready and willing to go through any ordeal, it would be better for them to resign "here and now". There were no resignations.

In 1918 an incident occurred which had an important bearing on the future of the organisation in our area. None of the newsagents in Ballyhaunis would sell "Nationality" which was Griffith's Sinn Fein organ, so I undertook to sell

it. To start with, I decided to take one gross of copies and put in one copy of the paper into each of a certain number of customers' parcels for different areas. The second week I took two gross of copies. After that I did not need to put in any copies in parcels; the people asked for them. As the newsagents still would not stock the paper, I decided to employ a boy to sell them on the s treets. At the time I was not living in Ballyhaunis, but my foreman, Tim Noone, who was treasurer of the 4th Western Division, told me that a policeman beat the boy off the street, and that he had reported the matter to the Head Constable. As a result, the District Inspector, R.I.C. - Barney O'Connor of Claremorris - called on my foreman in reference to his complaint, and asked him why we were selling this paper. My foreman told him we were selling it for profit; he then reported the matter to me in Galway. I immediately wrote to the District Inspector - O'Connor of Claremorris - and told him that he had been misinformed by my foreman, that I was not selling the paper for profit, but in furtherance of the cause of small nationalities, and that I wanted an apology from him for the action of his subordinate.//District Inspector O'Connor called on me next Court day, which was also market day, in Ballyhaunis, in reference to the matter. I addressed him as follows: "I cannot understand a man like you doing such dirty work for such very small pay. The man that you see driving my van gets more pay from me than you get from the British, and why you are doing this work I do not know". His reply was: "You are damn right. I borrowed £100 from my sister to buy my uniform when I was raised from the ranks, and I have not been able to repay her yet". I spoke to him in reference to my Sinn Fein and I.R.A. activities as follows: "When a man like me takes on a job like this - meaning republican activities - he does not do it for profit. I mean to go on with it. I have never broken the moral law,

I attended the shop in Ballyhaunis on market days.

and if you act as a Peace Officer in this area I will give you every assistance, but if you act as a British political officer, you may expect every opposition". Before he left, I made a bargain with him as follows: I stated that if he did his duty as a Peace Officer I would give him every help and he agreed that he would not interfere with our activities in the I.R.A. He carried out his portion of the bargain. In his area no arrests were made for the next two years, but in 1920 he was removed from Claremorris to Listowel. He was the man who reported the County Inspector incident with the R.I.C. in Listowel.

There was not much activity until the liberation of the prisoners in September 1917. Incidentally, McInerney, the Chief Magistrate in Dublin at the time, gave me a letter describing what happened the day the prisoners were liberated. There was a demonstration in O'Connell St. and some of the I.R.A. went up on the building of the G.P.O. to put the tricolour over it again, and the police fired on them. These men were arrested and prosecuted and taken before Mr. McInerney. McInerney describes what happened in the Court that day. He condemned the police for their action and, immediately he had finished with that case, and before trying any other case, he promptly wrote out his resignation, so as to have it ready for acceptance immediately he went to the Castle. He explained in the letter - which I still have - that he was not even in time, because his dismissal was ready written out and handed to him on his arrival at the Castle. The letter is a six-page letter and describes the incident. In 1922 he told me that he was certain the matter would not be neglected on account of giving me the letter, so that for historic reasons his action would be made known.

An incident well worth recording was told to me by McInerney. It is in reference to the shooting of Carey, the informer, of the Invincibles. The late Chief Magistrate of

Dublin, Mr. McInerney, was Junior Counsel for the defence of O'Donnell, who shot Carey. Mr. McInerney informed me that contrary to the general belief, O'Donnell was entirely ignorant of the character of the man, Carey, who was travelling under an assumed name on board ship on his way to Durban, South Africa. O'Donnell was a prospector for gold in California, and, not being successful there, he was on his way to South Africa where he heard that gold had been discovered. It was by accident he travelled on the same ship as Carey. They became friends during the voyage and whiled away the time playing cards. The day before they were due to land at Durban they quarreled over a game of cards and Carey, who had a good opinion of himself and, owing to his peculiar position, thought himself above the law, drew a revolver on O'Donnell to help settle the argument. O'Donnell, who was accustomed to rough play in California, knocked the revolver out of Carey's hand and, picking up the revolver, shot him. Not until the deed was done did O'Donnell know the identity of the man he had shot.

Immediately after the release of the prisoners Darrell Figgis called on me with a view to organising Sinn Fein in the South Mayo area. As a result, I arranged with him to recruit a dozen or so men with a view to calling a meeting for the purpose of organising Sinn Fein in the district. Subsequently a meeting was held in Moylett's Hall in Ballyhaunis, at which I was elected chairman. I believe that Tim Noone, who was secretary of the Volunteers, was also appointed secretary to the meeting. The first business we transacted was to arrange for a public meeting to be held in Ballyhaunis. This meeting was duly held and addressed by the late Larry Ginnell and Darrell Figgis. The meeting was a huge success, as the whole countryside attended. From then on the Redmondite Party ceased to exist in that area.

Within a week or two a Convention was held of delegates from all Sinn Fein Clubs in South Mayo area. This Convention was held in the old Catholic Church buildings in Claremorris. At that meeting I was elected chairman of the South Mayo Comhairle Ceanntair and representative for the area at the Ard-Comhairle in Dublin. I was proposed by Mr. Ned Nally, a nephew of P.W. Nally, the Fenian leader and joint founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association with Michael Cusack.

Immediately after the establishment of the Sinn Fein organisation in the area, we turned our attention to the I.R.A. and that also was reconstituted. This time we had no difficulty in finding recruits, although naturally the direction of affairs was left in the hands of the nucleus of the old Volunteers who still kept together in that area.

Moylett's Hall was headquarters both for Sinn Fein and the Volunteers and became a centre for that area. It also became a centre for the Gaelic League and for all national activities. We held dances and concerts for funds. I kept Jack O'Sheehan and his concert party for about six weeks in that Hall and afterwards put one of our premises in Ballina at their disposal. Had Jack O'Sheehan appeared in public outside of the Hall he would have been arrested.

On one occasion Head Constable Cahill came to me to tell me that seditious music had been played in my Hall during my absence. He said that he knew very well that if I were present I would not have allowed it.

I remember crossing the bridge at Ballyhaunis and seeing a child of about four years of age with about an inch of crayon pencil in the act of making figures on a large British army recruiting poster. Constable Hanlon approached the child and in a loud voice threatened the child with severe chastisement for the offence it was committing. The child

nearly died of fright. I, as a citizen, admonished the policeman and he all but arrested me for doing so.

The time that Larry Ginnell and Darrell Figgis came to address the meeting they stayed with me in my house. Larry, after they arrived, asked me to show him to his bedroom and I did so. I put the two of them into one room, with two beds. Larry said: "As an old campaigner, I wanted to see the room first, because if there is a single bed in the room I am going to have it". Larry Ginnell was sentenced to a long period in Mountjoy Jail. When he was released he came to me in Galway on his way to the Aran Islands to recuperate. For three days he was not able to speak, he was so overwrought and exhausted after his imprisonment. It was during the summer and all we could do with him was put him into a summer-house in the garden, and on a table leave a supply of milk, which was all the food he could take. After about four days he was able to travel to the Aran Islands. Afterwards he went to the Argentine to represent Ireland, and I never saw him again.

In October 1917, the First Convention of Sinn Fein was held in Dublin. I represented South Mayo at that Convention and was also appointed to represent the Volunteers at a secret meeting held the evening before the Convention, at which Diarmuid Lynch presided. Portion of the business done at that secret meeting was to arrange that a certain number of men whose names were given to us would be proposed for election to the Executive of Sinn Fein the following day and we were told that it was our duty to vote for them. I still have the list of names which was handed to me by Diarmuid Lynch. I told him straight away that I was sent as a representative from South Mayo to vote at the Convention as I thought best, and that if I were to act on his instruction I would be defranchising the people who sent me and not doing my duty to them. I objected to the fact that in a democratic

institution I should be told how I was to vote.

At 10 o'clock the following day in the Mansion House, one of the first statements made at the Convention was made by me in reference to this episode. I informed the meeting that I was instructed how to vote and that I seriously objected to that kind of conduct. Before I had finished speaking, Arthur Griffith walked over to me from the other side of the room and told me not to continue as he had decided to nominate Mr. de Valera and that he had withdrawn his name from the candidature for the Presidency. I was supported in my statement by just a few of the delegates, especially Mr. Thomas Martyn of London. What happened at that Convention I leave to others to relate, except to state that I have never seen such an enthusiastic meeting, and the five minutes cheering after the election of Mr. de Valera as President was the most heartening scene I have ever witnessed. At that meeting, at which Diarmuid Lynch presided, it was decided that John MacNeill was to be boycotted and that he was to hold no office. Next day at the Convention he sat in the centre of the Round Room and was so violently attacked by Countess Markievicz that most of the people present felt sorry for him, and decided to vote for him when the time for voting came.

It was at that meeting that I first met Alderman Tom Kelly. He stood with his back to the Mansion House entrance door, and he needed no loud-speaker because his voice carried to the back of the stage.

I was at a meeting of the Árd-Comhairle in Dublin shortly after the first convention of Sinn Fein. At about 2 a.m. on the second night of the proceedings I left my place and went to the fire. I was very tired after a 36-hours session without sleep or rest. I had lost interest in the subject being debated. All I remember is that I admired the

strength of Mr. de Valera, Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. W.T. Cosgrave. W.T. Cosgrave was then just as fresh-looking as he had been the previous morning. He was then speaking. I saw a young man standing with his back to the wall with a quiff of hair hanging over his high forehead and, as I was tired and in a somewhat irascible mood, I asked Dr. Tom Dillon, who was beside me: "Who is that young Dan O'Connell standing with his back to the wall?" Dillon said: "That is Mick Collins". I was then introduced to him (Michael Collins).

We started to make a collection of guns of various kinds and calibres. By arrangement I was exempted from attending parades, drills and ordinary public meetings of the Volunteers, so that I would not be further identified with them in case I would be arrested. Furthermore, it would be a serious matter if the guns that I had in my premises were taken.

I attended every meeting of the Ard-Comhairle that was held in Dublin.

For the second public meeting in Ballyhaunis we asked that two speakers be sent from headquarters. The speakers travelled on the night mail, arriving in Ballyhaunis at about two o'clock in the morning. One Sunday morning I went down to the main street to look for the speakers and met the two men who, to me, looked a sorry sight. One was Michael Lennon, now District Justice Lennon, and the other was Sean Milroy. Neither of them had slept or shaved, as they had travelled overnight by train from Dublin. I am afraid I was not very polite because I asked them: "Who the devil sent two specimens such as you down to address a meeting in this town too today?" At any rate, we held a successful meeting.

Some time about 17th November 1917, there was a proclamation issued prohibiting all meetings for a particular Sunday. We in Mayo decided to hold a public meeting in Kiltimagh. For that meeting I decided that a dozen persons

would leave Ballyhaunis, and I employed a public vehicle - a "brake" - for the purpose of getting to the meeting. Eventually only four persons travelled on the Sunday.

As we were leaving Ballyhaunis in a sidecar, a policeman approached me and asked me for God's sake to take him with us, as he had been appointed to watch me for the day, and that if he lost sight of me he would lose his job. I answered him as follows: "Aren't you a damn fool to make such a proposition? Don't you know that if we take you we might shoot you on the journey and put you in a boghole"? Notwithstanding that remark, he still persisted and wanted to come, but we did not take him. We held a meeting in Kiltimagh and I then, for the first time, met William Sears, who subsequently became T.D. for South Mayo. We transacted the usual business after the meeting in a hotel and dispersed without any interference from the police,

During the winter of 1917, our secretary, Dick Walsh, who was not very strong, and neither was his bicycle, always arrived late for the meetings. Sometimes he had to travel 12 or 15 miles on a bad bicycle to our meetings. We got an assistant secretary for him whose name was Dick Powell from Ballindine, Co. Mayo. I would say that Dick Walsh was one of the most active workers in the movement in South Mayo. The men attended at great risk to life and limb, and never failed to turn up at the meetings. It was a point of honour with every man to keep his appointment. Men came from the further ends of the constituency, from Lough Mask area and elsewhere, and every meeting that was held had more than a full quorum.

In March 1918, I moved my residence to The Retreat, Salthill, Galway, but remained in Ballyhaunis except for weekends.

Early in 1918, at a meeting of the Ard Comhairle in Dublin we had information that we would probably be arrested within a

short time, that there were to be mass arrests, so we all had to name substitutes in case of arrest. Immediately after that meeting, there was a meeting of some western members of t the Ard Comhairle in Dublin at which the late George Nicholls solicitor, Galway, turned up in an old ragged suit and cloth cap and carrying a pedlar's outfit containing items of haberdashery, such as buttons, pins, needles and some thimbles. Padraig O'Maille was at that meeting in his ordinary dress, as Padraig never disguised himself in his life. I asked George Nicholls what induced him to turn up in that rig and he said: "I have to be ready. I expect to be arrested", which he was, shortly afterwards.

Following the meeting held in Dublin, and in consequence of the instructions given to us, I called a meeting of the South Mayo Comhairle Ceanntair which was held in the old Catholic church, Claremorris, at which I had to name my substitute in case of arrest. As I looked around the room I wondered - although all the members were equally enthusiastic - which of them would be able to sustain a prolonged political mental fight against the police, knowing how brutal the police could be. I knew that they were all sufficiently brave to face danger - which they subsequently proved to be. I bethought myself of a man in town whose name was Conor Maguire, the son of a doctor. He himself was a solicitor. I sent a messenger to his father's house, asking him to come to the meeting, which was held as usual in the old Catholic Church which had been converted into a public hall. Conor Maguire came to the meeting at my request in a private capacity as he was not a member of Sinn Fein. I explained the position to him, that I had to name a substitute at the meeting, and I asked him as my substitute would he join the organisation. This he agreed to do, and from that meeting I sent his name to headquarters as my substitute, which ultimately he became when I took up residence outside of the constituency.

Very shortly afterwards, mass arrests, known as the German Plot round-up, took place. I was not arrested. I was residing at The Retreat, Salthill, and on 17th May 1918, I was cycling into town and just at the Dominick St. police barracks in Galway I met a man named Martin Fynan. In the presence of the police he shouted across the street to me: "Why have you not been arrested?" This was the first intimation I had of the round-up.

I decided that day that I would go to Ballyhaunis because I wanted to find out how things were. I motored round Lough Corrib and, when passing through Moycullen, I was stopped by a Sergeant Kilmartin, R.I.C., who was in charge of the Moycullen area. I knew this man very well for a good number of years, and he addressed me in nearly the same manner as Martin Fynan. He said: "What brings you here"? "I thought you would have been arrested. I have a jolly good mind to arrest you myself", but he did not arrest me. That sergeant was shot in Galway afterwards. He went into Galway Hospital simply for protection. He had a very bad record in the district. He protected the Auxiliaries while they flogged a number of boys and disembowelled one of them with a bayonet in front of his mother. After the Truce he went into Galway Hospital for protection, but some men went into the hospital and shot him.

An organisation such as ours was new to everyone, and even at headquarters we had to feel our way gradually. Mr. de Valera and Mr. Griffith asked me one day at the end of an Ard Comhairle meeting to put forward a plan for the Party organisation in reference to handling a national loan that was then under consideration. I drew up a plan, and in that plan I advocated - I think it was the first that was heard of it - the setting up of a bank and the purchase of a site at the docks for the erection of a warehouse. By having such a warehouse we could be independent in handling any "goods"

coming in. "Goods" to us had a double meaning. As well as putting up a warehouse, I suggested that we should get offices in the town to do whatever business required to be done by us.. Seemingly my plan was accepted because we subsequently bought premises between Sheriff St. and the Docks, covering about three-quarters of an acre, upon which we erected some sheds. We had a number of keys made for the sheds of which we gave six to Cathal Brugha as head of the army. I know that Mick Collins had the entry to these sheds at any time, but I do not remember the keys being given to him. In 1919 a limited company was formed.

Immediately Dáil Éireann was formed it was arranged that a company would be registered to carry out the operations outlined here. The result was that the National Land Bank was brought into existence, also a limited company called "Irish Overseas Shipping and Trading Company", the directors of which were Frank Maher of Clonmel, who up to then was agent in Ireland for Nobels explosives branch of the Imperial Chemical Company, and myself. Frank Maher and I were appointed directors. We operated two funds in the Irish Overseas Shipping and Trading Co. One of the funds, to the best of my belief, and I think I am right, but I would like to have it verified, was the I.R.A. fund which had been collected for the previous half century. Gearoid O'Sullivan, who was adjutant general of the army at the time, told me that one of the funds with which we were buying guns was the I.R.B. fund, and the other was the Loan Fund. We had two accounts in the bank and had two separate payments made from different accounts. At the time, no one asked questions. We operated under Mick Collins, Cathal Brugha and Ernest Blythe in that capacity. About 1942 or 1943 Blythe told me that he never knew we operated under anyone but himself. I knew, being inside, that we operated under three.

Frank Maher is still alive and would have more knowledge of the transactions that I have, because I was in Galway and he was here during the first year, but I was here in the second and more important year. Up to 1932, Frank Maher was head of the Combined Purchasing Board, which was a continuation of our Overseas Shipping Company. Incidentally, my idea was to call the bank the Irish Bank of Commerce, because we intended it to be the bank that would operate afterwards and be the Government Bank. I was very annoyed when I learned who the Directors of the bank were. Every bank in Ireland from the date they were founded in 1824 or 1825 was, and is, entirely a British bank, with a British, non-Catholic directorship. That includes the National Bank as well as the Munster Bank. When I learned that the personnel of the National Land Bank consisted of four Protestants and one Catholic I got frightfully annoyed, because I could not see why a country which was 90% Catholic should have 90% protestants in the bank. The only Catholic was James MacNeill. The Directors were James MacNeill, Smith-Gordon, Bob Barton, Ernest Blythe and Erskine Childers, I think, but I am not sure about Childers. Smith-Gordon was a Yorkshireman who was general manager or managing director of the I.A.W.S., sent over here by the Co-operative Wholesale Society in England. He was a protegé of Horace Plunkett. During the time he was running the I.A.W.S. he lost at least £250,000, and the C.W.S. had to wipe off £100,000 of the debt that the I.A.W.S. owed under his management. That man, who had no qualifications whatever, was made managing director of the Land Bank.

Our transactions concerned the importing of ammunition and guns. The guns were consigned to us, but not bought by us, and they arrived here in cargoes. The biggest consignment consisted of Thompson machine guns. We got an official order from the Dublin Corporation for 5,000 tons of coal, and this coal was to cover 500 cases of Thompson guns.

This was early in 1921, about January or February, and there was a longshoreman's strike in New York, and our 5,000 tons of coal was ready to be loaded. We knew the strike was on and we wanted the coal to be loaded at Norfolk, Virginia, but the men in New York who had charge of the affair wanted it done in New York city. They arranged to call off the strike as far as our cargo was concerned, so that it would be loaded for Dublin. That action in itself drew attention to our cargo. These were the first Thompson machine guns to be sold by Thompson's; they were late for the first world war.

The guns arrived at the pier in New York and 396 cases out of a total of 500 were loaded on the ship, when the Customs Officers, who happened to be Swedes, discovered them. The remainder of the guns were on the pier just going on board When the Customs authorities discovered the guns some quick-witted person reported the fact that the guns were discovered, and reported to the Fire Brigade that there was a fire on the ship, and the fire brigade arrived with the Salvage Corps. In case of fire, the fire brigade takes control and precedence over police and customs, and they sent away the Customs men, who actually refused to go, and there was - so I am told - a stand-up fight there. The net result was that the Salvage Corps salvaged 104 cases of Thompson guns. These guns ultimately arrived in Kerry three weeks after the Truce. They arrived during the first week in August 1921.

There has been a lot of talk recently about the Russian Crown jewels. In fact, a Treaty was made with Russia and the Irish Republic was the first of all the nations to recognise the Soviet Republic. Running parallel with the Treaty there was an arrangement made to import from Russia 50,000 rifles which the Russians were putting at our disposal. All the arrangements were in the hands of Dr. McCartan, Joe McGarrity and Harry Boland. The function of my company was to handle these guns when they would arrive, but, unfortunately, the

American authorities got information of them, which they handed over to Great Britain, and our brave plans failed.

In another case we imported parabellums from Czechoslovakia. They came in fifty large cases of boot polish.

Neither Frank Maher nor myself saw a ny of the guns that came in. They came to Liverpool to Neil Kerr, who was a stevedore there, and he got them sent on to Dublin to us. We were a first-class company, with our sheds and docks, and we were never discovered. We were above suspicion. Maher and I never disguised ourselves. I had an office at No. 19 Eustace St. and a lot of letters came from Germany to that office. They came through Sean O'Dunne of Odense. Dan Quinn came to visit us after the Truce, to see who he was doing business with, but otherwise I never saw any of these men. I never saw and was never inside the sheds down at the docks, simply because I did not want to be seen near the place at all Frank Maher never went to the sheds either. We used messengers and we had men in the sheds, ordinary men employed there, who knew their job. When "goods" came in Cathal Brugha was notified, and he made arrangements for collecting them. I remember we got revolvers from America in bags of flour. I cannot remember all that came in, because we were trading legitimately.

Our offices at No. 7 Fleet St. was surrounded twice, and the whole street, except the few houses around where we had our office, was searched. On one occasion W.T.Cosgrave came to the end of Fleet St. He had given us up for lost that day, but the British authorities searched only the Dublin Corporation Electricity offices which were opposite to us. On the same floor in our building there was a British Company, the Dublin Towel Supply Co., the manager of which was an Englishman. We got information from the I.R.A. that he was a spy, and they wanted our opinion as to whether action should be taken against him. I judged the manager as being an average

Englishman attending to his own business, which did not go further than towels and soap, and I said that he knew nothing about us or what we were doing. The result was that he was not arrested. I also mentioned that if he were arrested it would draw the attention of the authorities to us.

Professor William Whelehan, a teacher in Tuam, wrote me suggesting that a boycott be put on Belfast goods, and I agreed with him. At first the Belfast people tried to pass the boycott over as a joke and wrote letters to me saying that it did not concern them because the trade they had in the south of Ireland was of no consequence in comparison to their world-wide trade. The boycott was taken up officially by Dáil Éireann and was rigorously enforced. The traders of the country, with a few exceptions, willingly co-operated in it.

To illustrate how the boycott affected some of the Belfast business houses, there was a certain house in Belfast with which I did big business from our places in Galway and Ballyhaunis and Ballina. This business house took their traveller from that district and sent him to the Hebrides. He got orders there for a considerable time - so he told me - but he did not get money. One day during the autumn of 1920 I met him in Capel St., Dublin. He looked very distraught and asked me would we start trading with his firm again. I said to him: "I will not give you an answer, although it would be very easy for me to say yes or no. When we have finished the job we are at I will tell you what we will do". He was visibly affected. He went straight away to his house in North Circular Road and hanged himself.

The Belfast boycott helped, in my opinion, to consolidate this country. The boycott was later applied to British goods.

At the first meeting of the Árd Comhairle called in the Mansion House after the German Plot round-up, a new Executive had to be elected. As previously explained, all the leaders

had to name substitutes, and these substitutes would carry out the affairs of the organisation in cases where the leaders were arrested. At the first meeting of the Árd Comhairle, when the question arose of having these substitutes elected, it transpired that most of the leaders had named their wives or some other female relatives to act as substitutes. All were duly sanctioned until the question of the substitute for Darrel Figgis was named. He had, like others, nominated his wife as substitute, but the newly-elected members of the Standing Committee objected to Mrs. Figgis, although they sanctioned the nomination of the other leaders' wives. I asked on what grounds did the Standing Committee object to Mrs. Figgis being sanctioned as a substitute, and they said that she had not the confidence of the members of the Standing Committee. I then asked them had she not the confidence of the man who nominated her. I went further and said had she not the dame standing as they had, that we did not know whether they had the confidence of the general body or not. At this point J.J. Walsh stood up to support me and said I was perfectly right in my argument, and that for a week past he knew that endeavours were being made to hand over to Sinn Fein to a bevy of flappers. The result was that we cancelled all the nominations that were made and elected a committee drawn from the members of the Árd Comhairle who had not been arrested. I was elected a member of the new Standing Committee. It was known as the scrap Standing Committee of Sinn Fein, and it had plenty of work to do, as it was the Committee that carried out the 1918 general anti-conscription campaign and also the 1918 general election.

Within a week from the date of that meeting we held our first meeting of the new standing committee. There were only six or seven persons present, viz: James O'Meara, Mrs. Wyse-Power, Father O'Flanagan, I think Alderman Tom Kelly, Paudeen O'Keeffe as secretary, and myself. I mention this meeting

specially, because on leaving No. 6 Harcourt St. at about a quarter to twelve that night, I was speaking to Father O'Flanagan at the Trinity College corner of Grafton Street. Some church clock rang out the hour of twelve and Father O'Flanagan said to me: "Pat, I have nowhere to go. Up to this moment I still belonged to my parish, but now I am suspended. I had to make a choice today before I left Roscommon whether to come to attend this important meeting of the standing committee or stay at home as I had not the permission of my parish priest to leave the parish". He said that the meeting was important because it was the first held since the leaders were arrested. It was also important for him to attend because a full meeting was necessary. Father O'Flanagan said he had to choose between staying at home, thereby giving the British authorities the satisfaction of knowing that he would not attend the meeting which, from the national point would look bad, or falling out with his Bishop by coming to the meeting. He mentioned that if Canon Cummins had been at home he would have given him permission to leave, but that as he was not there he had to leave without permission. He said he knew that his Bishop would suspend him, which he did.

Immediately after I changed my residence to Galway in March 1918, I became active there as a member of the local Sinn Fein organisation.

With Canon Davis and Paddy Hannan (Merchant, Galway) // I held the first Sinn Fein Court that was held in Ireland. I think we laid down the pattern for the Courts. There was a dispute between Dr. Walsh , University College, Galway, one of the leaders of Sinn Fein in Galway, and Seamus Murphy, mamager of the "Galway Express". As it would have been infra dig for these men to go into a British Court with their dispute, they decided to leave it to arbitration, and Canon Davis, Paddy Hannan and myself were appointed the arbitrators. The dispute

was concerning the ownership and management of the "Galway Express". The Canon and Paddy Hannan left it to me mostly and I was the one who had to make the decision. I found against Dr. Walsh, who was a much closer friend of mine than Seamus Murphy was, but the right was on Seamus Murphy's side and it was a case of equity and easily decided. Both men abided by the decision of the Court.

I presided at many Sinn Fein Courts. I remember the trial of an I.R.A. commandant. He was trying to get some lands which were held by another Galway man. The lands amounted to only a few acres, which were quite essential to the man who held them, the grazier. This Galway man brought the case to the Sinn Féin Court and I presided. We dealt with the defendant rather leniently and, as fences had been knocked down, we ordered him to have them rebuilt. When passing from the Court, which was held in the Sinn Féin Club in Galway, this commandant said to the orderly at the door that he would soon upset their courteen. Four Volunteers who were outside the door reported this matter to us and we brought the commandant back and sentenced him to 31 days turf-cutting in Connemara. He served 33 days and came back a chastened man.

The next peculiar case concerned two brothers, one 52 and the other 54 years of age, living on a farm of land at a place called Twomileditch outside Galway. The dispute arose over the division of the farm, and had been going on for years. They had been before the British Courts, the District and County Courts, and I think they were in Dublin as well, but it had never been solved, so they brought it to the Sinn Féin Court for a decision. In this case, as well as in the case of the I.R.A. commandant's case, a man named McDonagh was on the bench with me. I asked which of the two brothers was the elder, and to the man who said he was I said: "Well,you being the elder should have the right of dividing the farm, and the other brother, being the younger, should have first choice

when the decision is made". That was the decision we came to, and that decision worked and ended the dispute.

We had another case. Mrs. Hernon, the mother of Pat Hernon, the City Manager of Dublin, had a small farm at Barna, and some of her neighbours thought that they should have it instead. Mrs. Hernon brought her case to the I.R.A. Court, as her neighbours were trespassing on her lands and giving her trouble, with a view to compelling her to give up her land to them. She lived alone. It happened that her daughter, a maternity nurse, was in our house professionally at the time. I found in favour of Mrs. Hernon, and when she went home she told her daughter about the 'nice' man who was in Court.

The next case concerned land belonging to a lady whose name I forget. She was the mother-in-law of Dr. Walsh. She had a considerable amount of land adjoining Galway. For some time her lands were being interfered with, her fences knocked down and her gates taken away. The case was first decided at Court, but the decision was not kept by the men who were responsible for the interference. A Galway butcher named Costelloe had the grazing of this land. Soon after the Court was held he came to me with a postcard on which was the outline of a grave and containing lurid threats against him if he continued to graze this land. The village that was responsible for this trouble contained fifteen houses, one of which was a publichouse, and the gentleman who owned the publichouse, his sons and his nephews were the instigators of the trouble with the lady who owned the lands. Owing to the fact that these men were all in the Volunteers and the fact that they were so closely packed in this small village so near town, it was very hard to arrest them. After their first appearance in Court, and after agreeing to discontinue their interference with this lady's lands, they knocked down her stone walls and took away the iron gates from the entrance to the farm. We decided to arrest the whole village and,

with Volunteers from Galway, principally from the University, a raid was made on the village and the ring-leaders arrested. The fact that the men who were arrested were Volunteers did not give them any privileges. They were taken to a disused house about a mile from Ballybritt racecourse and kept there for four days before they were tried. During this time the British were very active in the area looking for them. The house belonging to a man named Burke, who had lived in it until he built a new one, and then used the old house as a place for keeping straw, hay and other farm produce.

When I came to the house to inspect the prisoners I saw they were blindfolded and that their tea was being prepared. The Volunteer who was giving them their tea had a teapot in one hand and a revolver in the other.

At the trial they had a solicitor to defend them, and we had a solicitor to act on behalf of the Sinn Féin Court. After a long trial of the three or four men, we fined the publican £10, and his sons and another man £5 each. We stipulated that the money had to be paid before they were released, that within two days of their release the gates which had been taken away should be returned, and that this time the walls would have to be built not by themselves but by Trade Union labour. Their previous sentence was that they would have to build the walls, and we sent I.R.A. men to help them; but in this case we said they would have to get Trade Union labour, and they had to pay for it.

On the way home that night after the Court was held, I overtook (on my bicycle) a company of British cavalry who were out searching for our prisoners. I rang my bell and got through them safely, although it was about one o'clock in the morning.

The next interesting case in the Sinn Féin Courts

concerned Colonel Beddington, principal proprietor of Abdulla Cigarettes Ltd. This gentleman had a house near Headford, and was building a new house (for which a contract had been given for £70,000) on the shores of Lough Corrib. He had already laid out the grounds of his new house and had his ornamental trees and shrubs planted for some years before he started building the house. He took it into his head that he would buy the riparion rights of the islands on Lough Corrib and also of the rivers running into it, plus his own lake shore, and to exercise these presumed rights he prevented people landing on these islands or on his foreshore lake, or fishing on the lough rivers. Seemingly he consulted, at his London Clubs, some of the ex-landlords who thought that they owned these places and these rights, and probably took his purchase money, but the local men objected. He had an agent named Alcorn living in the place; the local men contacted this agent and told him that they objected to the action of Colonel Beddington which prevented anglers and others who made use of Lough Corrib from landing on the islands and on his portion of the shore. In order to persuade Mr. Alcorn, who did not agree to the request of the local men, they tied him to a sidecar and backed the car into the lake until only Mr. Alcorn's head was over the water. At that stage he signed the agreement which the local men wanted him to sign. Colonel Beddington, however, did not recognise this agreement, with the result that the local men, as a reprisal, destroyed his ornamental shrubs and interfered with the walls of his new house, which at the time were about six feet overground.

A complaint reached me in Galway from Alcorn of the destruction being done. I told his messenger to tell him that he should take the case to the Sinn Féin Court, which he did. I also stipulated that he should have Beddington's letter agreeing to abide by the decision of the Court. The agent came to the Court and said he had instructions from Colonel Beddington to attend and abide by the decision of the Court.

b The Court condemned the action of the local men in destroying the shrubs and interfering with the new building, but decided that Colonel Beddington had a perfect right to fish on any portion of Lough Corrib, like any other man, but no further rights; that we did not recognise any riparian rights that he was supposed to have acquired, and that the agent could tell Colonel Beddington that this was not Scotland and we wanted no lairds operating here. Beddington abided by the decision of the Court, but he never put another stone on the new building and never again appeared in Galway.

During the Second World War, Beddington was killed on his yacht, which he had turned into a war vessel. In his will, published a few years ago, he stipulated that no person, relative or otherwise, who inherited any of his money would be allowed to invest any portion of it in Ireland, north or south.

Further to this case, I was only a fortnight in Galway when I saw two magnificent wrought-iron gates being taken past my business premises. The gates showed signs of having been recently forged. I inquired who owned them and was told they belonged to Colonel Beddington; that they were the 15th century gates belonging to Ross Errily Abbey which Colonel Beddington had acquired from the Board of Works, and were intended to be the gates for his new house, which was being built at the time.

About the first or second week in December 1920, the Atlantic British fleet arrived in Galway. As was usual in the British Royal family, the second son was an officer in that fleet. The first or second day after the fleet arrived, Prince George - the present king - and one or two officers came ashore and played golf at Barna Golf Club. When I heard this, I thought they were very foolish and, in my opinion, they took a great risk. The following day, which was a beautiful sunny day, at twenty minutes to four, an I.R.A. man came to me and

told me that Prince George and an officer, with Miss Coffey from Dr. Sandy's Home, and Miss Thompson from The Crescent, had gone up the River Corrib. The first I.R.A. man was joined by two others, and they told me that the I.R.A. - attached to the University, I think - wanted to go and capture the boating party and take them prisoner. I said to the three I.R.A. men: "Would it be worth it? The officer in this case is certainly armed, and he cannot give up the Prince unless he gives up his own life first. The affair will end with the two women floating on Lough Corrib". The I.R.A. men stated that they could carry out the capture with perfect safety, that they would go out from a point beyond Castlegar - I forget the name of the point - and they would have rifles. I said to them: "Even though you take Prince George prisoner, which I accept you can do, what can you do to him? You cannot kill him, and you will have to give him up some time. What can you do with him?" They said that they would exchange him for McSwiney. Again I asked: "Is it worth it? The result will be that the men from the fleet will wreck Galway tonight kill a lot of men who know nothing about the capture, and there will be further repercussions". What was in my mind was that the news would be flashed all over the country, and that our men in Dublin and elsewhere, who would not know anything about the affair, would be captured and killed. After a good deal of persuasion, the three I.R.A. men agreed to drop the idea of arresting Prince George and his officer.

I find there is always a background to dreams - something dormant in the memory. Mary McSwiney, Mrs. McSwiney and Peter McSwiney were staying with me in the Jermyn Court Hotel in London the week that Terence McSwiney died. Whether it was the night before or the morning that Terence McSwiney died, I cannot say, but I dreamt I saw a monk, dressed in a Franciscan habit, approaching me through the ballroom. He came towards me with his hands up and outstretched in my direction. His face was gaunt, his nose and chin nearly met,

and his skin was like parchment. I woke up saying to myself: "Save me from that horrible monk".

On the day of McSwiney's funeral I was asked to take four young men to Southwark Cathedral, and I took them in a taxi. They did not tell me at the time, but they were the four I.R.A. men who surrounded the coffin in the cathedral. When I arrived, although it was late, I went straight to the coffin with the four I.R.A. men, and in the coffin I saw the exact man I had seen in my dream. His face was most emaciated, he had yellow parchment skin and his chin and nose were nearly meeting. It reminded me of a face that was mummified. The skin was as if preserved, with no moisture of death. It was the identical face I had seen in my dream. I often wondered, if the arrest had taken place, would McSwiney have died.

John McDermott was chief of the Customs in Galway. He lived at St. Ronan's, about 200 yards from The Retreat. Going from the Custom House to his home, he had to pass The Retreat, and on the Sunday night on which Father Griffin was got he happened to be passing and heard a shot. John McDermott, being the principal officer in the Customs, had a permit to travel during curfew.

In the second week of September Seamus Murphy, who was officer in command of the Galway I.R.A., came to me at The Retreat and told me that the I.R.A. expected that I would be the first to be attacked - which I was - in Galway. He came to see me over the house with a view to excavating a tunnel from the house, in order to make an exit for me in case the house was attacked. The tunnel was never made, because the arrival of the Auxiliaries in town prevented any such action by the I.R.A.

One night in the second week of September, arrangements were being made to raid for arms in Galway. There was another

operation on as well, because Michael Tierney, one of my assistants, had gone to Athenry to take over two cases of bombs.

When I had gone to Galway in 1918, a young man named Mulvey was appointed to me to guide me as to who was who in the population of Galway. He was an active I.R.A. man.

There was a big race in England in September and a Black and Tan from Baker's Hotel in Galway went to the station to get an evening paper to see the result of the race. A man named Turke, who was an officer in the I.R.A., went to the station with Mulvey to meet Michael Tierney. Mulvey suggested to Turke that it would be a good thing to disarm the Black and Tan while they were waiting at the station. Mulvey was about 8½ stone weight and 5'6" in height. He jumped on the Black and Tan's back to pinion his arms, and the Black and Tan, having from his elbow to his wrist free, drew his gun and shot Mulvey on the side of the head while he was still on the Tan's back. Turke immediately shot the Black and Tan dead In the midst of all this, the train arrived, and Michael Tierney with his two cases of bombs put them on a sidecar and drove from the station with them.

Immediately the shooting of this Black and Tan became known the ordinary R.I.C. and Tans went "berserk". Having heard that a man named Turke was responsible for the shooting, they made up their minds that somebody had given them the wrong name and went to a young man named Quirke, who was a cousin of the late Thomas MacCurtain, Lord Mayor of Cork, took him out of his bed and brought him to the docks. They put him under a lamp-post and put six or eight bullets through him. There was a man at the docks in a small boat who witnessed this operation. He went straight away for Father Griffin, who came in time to administer the last rites of the Church. Quirke died within two hours.

They took another young man - I don't remember his name, but he was an assistant in a drapery shop - and put him against the gate of the railway station and, although they put six or eight bullets into the gate - I saw the marks afterwards - they only put one into him. This young man fortunately escaped into Mahon's Hotel, Foster Place, having passed through a number of back gardens while wounded.

They took a man named Broderick from his bed to the Market Place at Wood Quay. Broderick was in his bare feet and in his nightshirt. The weather being good, his night-shirt happened to be a corresponding colour to the colour of the road, and as the Tans were in a state of intoxication he darted away from them and, by stooping and zig-zagging, he got clear.

They then proceeded to wreck my place, but did not do much damage, as they only threw one or two Mills bombs into the place and fired the usual rounds of shot. They then went to my house, The Retreat, to "interview" me at two o'clock in the morning. Fortunately for me, they mistook the entrance gate of a man named Dodds, who was in the Land Commission, for mine, when they discovered their mistake and as they were, I am informed, in an advanced state of intoxication, they contented themselves with firing at the house. I thought then of Seamus Murphy's tunnel which had not been made.

After the shooting of the Black and Tan at the station I saw a Scottish soldier going over to a horrible-looking Auxiliary who was outside a shop in Williamsgate Street. The Auxiliary had two revolvers in his crossed hands, after going through a corner house and shooting people in the shop. After firing the shots he had walked 30 or 40 yards up the street and stood with his back to the wall with a revolver in each hand. The Scottish soldier went over to him, put his hand over the Auxiliary's two hands and hit him on the

jaw. He hit him again and the Auxiliary crumpled down. The Scottish soldier then went down Francis St. to the police barracks, took off his tunic and asked any of the men there to come out and he would fight them. He said that his mother would be ashamed of him if she saw him in the company he was in in Galway. As a result of this act, the Scottish Regiment was removed from Galway two days later.

The following Saturday, Major Evans of the Auxiliaries arrived at my house at about 3 o'clock and gave my wife notice that the house was commandeered. I did not get information of this fact until 4.30, as I was two miles away in Galway city. The house was to be commandeered from 2 p.m. on Monday, but it was taken over at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. The news that my house was to be commandeered gave me a great shock, because it had seventeen rooms, fully furnished. Curfew was on, and it would not be easy to get everything out.

When I arrived home at 5 o'clock on Saturday, I went into my diningroom to find two strange men dismantling the place. One was Major O'Sullivan of the British army, retired, and the other was his brother-in-law, Mr. Donovan, an Indian civil servant. Major O'Sullivan was standing on a chair which was on a table, in order to reach the ceiling. He had the lights out and was pulling out the wires. I said to him: "Don't bother, leave the wires in", but he answered: "No, I wouldn't even leave them the wires". He was helping us to clear the house. About a week later, Donovan refused to meet the Secretary of State for India. He said: "I would not serve for the British Government in India". On the following Monday morning at 9 o'clock the Auxiliaries arrived.

All day Sunday, except while I was at Mass, I spent my time packing china and glass. I got willing helpers from the locality for packing other goods.

The Retreat had two well-built steel-framed hot-houses for growing tomatoes and grapes. When leaving the house we pulled all the tomatoes, putting the small ones aside in a basket, and somebody left the basket inside the hall door. As the babies were young, somebody in England had sent me a feeding-plate with the words: "God bless the king and queen" on it. I left that plate on the kitchen table and hit it a blow of a hammer in the centre for the Auxiliaries to see.

The first man to visit me to condole with me over the loss of my house was Father Griffin.

Fifty Auxiliaries arrived at my house at 9 o'clock with their equipment, which included machine guns. During the day some of the Auxiliaries left and went into Galway, and I had vans taking away my furniture and effects. Towards 12 or 1 o'clock some of the Auxiliaries produced a large roast of beef and started to cut it with a bayonet or a sword. I felt sorry for them having to eat the dry beef which had been cooked a day or two before and I said to one of them: "There is a basket of small tomatoes behind the door and they will help you with the beef". By 2 o'clock all the Auxiliaries, except four, had left the house leaving their equipment behind them. At 2 o'clock they took all the furniture which I had not yet removed; this included the furniture of my study, some kitchen furniture and mattresses. This furniture I never got paid for, but afterwards the British Government, from Whitehall, offered me £2 for the furniture, which represented one broken chair which was left behind. They informed me that they were not responsible and that I would have to sue the Auxiliaries for the loss of the furniture.

At 2 o'clock I sent a message by a motor driver named Hayden, a brother of Mrs. O'Shea, who was a good worker in our cause. The message was to Seamus Murphy, commandant of the Volunteers in Galway, asking him to send out six armed

men with motors, and that I would guarantee to seize all the equipment belonging to the fifty Auxiliaries because there were only four of them left in the house. I nervously awaited the arrival of the motor trucks, but none arrived. I sent another message with Colman McDonagh, who had his horse-lorries taking furniture from the Retreat, to Seamus Murphy, telling him that if he sent four armed men to me we would be a match for the four Auxiliaries left, but nothing happened.

The four Auxiliaries who had been left in my house had decided that everything was all right. I saw one of them seizing a mattress and going off with it on his back to take a room for himself. He at least would have a mattress and would not sleep on the ground. He was in one room and the others were doing likewise in other rooms, so that we would not have any difficulty in seizing the equipment.

When the Auxiliaries arrived at The Retreat I met their leader, Jock Burke. Jock Burke had been released from prison in Dundee, where he had been incarcerated pending his trial for murder. By a peculiar coincidence, I happened to be in the city of Dundee in 1923 when the Corporation of Dundee called for their Chief Constable to give an explanation of why Jock Burke had been released. The Chief Constable stated he was released on orders from London. When Jock Burke arrived to take over The Retreat, he told me he had been elected commanding officer, that the Auxiliaries were not any part of the R.I.C., that they elected their own officers and were responsible to nobody. He accused me of taking part in the Sinn Féin Courts and of being an I.R.A. man. I told him that we had Courts in Ireland before the British Empire was ever heard of and that we would have Courts in Ireland long after the British Empire would be forgotten. We were standing on the stairs during this conversation, and he was one step higher than I was. He drew his gun immediately I had spoken,

but, fortunately for me, Major O'Sullivan, who was standing on the step I was on, jumped between us. Jock Burke also told me that the Auxiliaries were here to break Sinn Féin, and that they would do it within six weeks or leave Galway a wilderness. They were recruited "for murder and loot, and the loot was their own" and to lay the country waste while the autumn recess of Parliament was on.

The Auxiliaries told me that on the following day they would give me a receipt for the portion of the furniture which they held. Accordingly, on the following day, I called at The Retreat and asked for an inventory of the furniture which they had kept; they told me they would shoot me if I did not clear out. When I arrived at my house I found an old lady from Spiddal who called once a week to sell us lobsters. The old lady told me that she had arrived some time earlier in the day with eighteen lobsters which the Auxiliaries kept and would not pay for. She was still waiting for her money and asked me if I could do anything to help her get it.

The following day I received a registered letter at my premises in Galway, telling me that I would be held responsible with my life if anything happened to the British or their friends. Three others got the same notice; they were Father O'Meehan, Michael Walsh and Louis O'Dea. A copy of this notice was posted on a pilaster in my premises in Galway, as I had neither a door nor a window since the bombing of a few days previously.

Next day I saw Seamus Murphy and asked him why he did not send the men to me when I asked for them and he informed me that he had resigned from the command of the I.R.A. in Galway one month earlier. I then said to him: "Why did you not get your successor to do it"?, but he told me that his successor had not yet been appointed. I said: "We are beaten".

The first night after being evacuated from my home I stayed with John T. Miller at Dalysfort, at his invitation. Miller was a Unionist, but a very good friend of mine. The following day I decided to send my wife and family to Dublin with just what clothes they could carry in two suit-cases. All the rest of my family's clothing and personal effects I sent into my office at No. 7, Williamsgate St., Galway. The furniture, as previously stated, I sent to my stores in Victoria Place.

Some time in July or August before that, we decided that the Sinn Féin Club premises at Bohermore would be no longer tenable, and, as the local men could not get a place for the furniture and effects, I told them that I would take care of them in my new premises. Whoever was responsible sent, not alone furniture but one tea-chest full of all the private correspondence belonging to the movement, plus a drawer-ful of still more private correspondence in a table. After they had been stored in my premises, a man named Keogh, one of my employes, came and told me that the premises were surrounded by Auxiliaries and the place was being searched; that there was a tea-chest full of private correspondence which, if found, would implicate every man connected with the movement in the Galway area, and that something should be done with the papers. I asked him to go himself and destroy them by pouring petrol on them and setting them alight. He attempted to do so, but came back again to say he could not because the place was surrounded. I gave an order to Michael Tierney to take a bottle of petrol with him, pass through at any price the cordon of Auxiliaries who were searching Costello's premises beside ours and destroy the papers, even if he got arrested. This order he carried out.

A schoolteacher named Joyce lived beside the Barna Golf Club and he acted as a spy for the British. When the I.R.A. raided the mails they got his letters giving information and,

as a result, he got a severe caution. Some time later letters were distributed in Galway containing a circular and a list of names. That circular was known as the D.W.Ross circular, and state that any person who had information to give in reference to Sinn Féin or I.R.A. activities could address a letter to any of the firms named in the circular. Any person who had information to give was to address the letter to D.W.Ross, c/o one of these firms, which were all in England. The firms would not open any of these letters, but would send them direct to British Headquarters in London. The information contained in these letters was to be treated as private and confidential. Joyce availed himself of this opportunity and sent letters giving information about a number of local men. Some of his letters contained information useful to the British, some contained information which was entirely untrue and referred to men who had nothing to do with either Sinn Féin or the I.R.A. On account of Joyce having ignored the first caution he was now arrested and taken to a hideout.

In spite of the attentions of the Auxiliaries I decided that I would not go on the run. George Nicholls, a Galway solicitor and a prominent member of Sinn Féin, told me that I could stay with him, but that would have been going from the frying pan into the fire. Dr. Tom Dillon of Galway University came to me and said: "Why don't you go on the run? I myself stay only one night in any house". I answered: "No. This is my country and I will never run away, afraid of any men who come in to terrorise me".

During the period I was in Galway I was in the habit of having lunch every working day in the Railway Hotel. Consequently I took a room in the Railway Hotel instead of going on the run. The hotel was under the management of Miss O'Reilly and, although I did not know it at the time, Miss O'Reilly gave me a different number in the hotel register every night. Two-thirds of the hotel was commandeered by the British

military, and the hotel was made the rendezvous of all the Auxiliaries in town. I remained in the hotel for ten days, and I was the only civilian in it.

On the first day of my stay in the Railway Hotel I went into the diningroom to lunch as usual. All the tables were taken by Auxiliaries and Tans, with Major Evans sitting with his back to the wall, in such a position that he could not be shot at from outside. There was a table in the centre of the room with five Auxiliaries sitting at it. The sixth chair was empty, so I sat on it and had my lunch with them. Owing to the fact that they had their revolvers strapped on their legs, there was no room for a sixth person, but I insisted on them making room for me.

One night, about 26th September, I saw the Auxiliaries placing lights on the streets at the various entrances to Eyre Square, Galway. They had decided to make raids on some houses. They raided Louis O'Dea's house on the east side of Eyre Square. O'Dea was away at the time. There was an R.I.C. inspector named Egan, who seemed to me to be the leader of the raiding party. With him was an Auxiliary officer whom I did not recognise. I did not go to bed at all that night. I stayed on my knees looking out through the lace curtains of the window for most of the night with no lights in my room, as I was in a corner room on the first floor of the hotel. The Auxiliaries broke into O'Dea's house and I saw them carrying away his silver and other effects and what appeared to me to be a tiger-skin rug. They took a considerable amount of articles from the house. I could see quite plainly as the house was 40 feet from the room from which I was looking. The raiders also went into the premises of the "Galway Express" in Eyre Square, and other premises also.

The R.I.C. Inspector, Egan, and the Auxiliary officer went to J.J. Ward's residence in Eyre Square and asked him to

provide them with a car to take the loot to The Retreat. (Ward had a garage). He said he could not go out because curfew was on. After some talk they fired two shots at him; one hit the sash of the window beside him and the other went over his head and hit the wall. Ward then came downstairs, got out a car and took them to The Retreat which, you will remember, they had made their headquarters, and, having deposited their loot, returned with him to Galway, where they pushed his car into the docks.

J.J. Ward, to my knowledge, had no connection with the Sinn Féin or I.R.A. movement. He reported this matter the following day to the head of the British military authorities in Galway. The result was that Inspector Egan was put under house arrest in the Railway Hotel, Galway, and Egan and myself occupied the diningroom at night until his courtmartial. He was not always conscious while he was there; I saw him lying on three chairs and his head down. He was the colour of a tomato and he was gloriously drunk. I knew perfectly well that nothing would happen to him. The courtmartial (?) acquitted him.

While I was there, a priest of my own name came to the hotel. He and I occupied the huge diningroom - no civilians used the hotel - and he advised me, and I will go so far as to say he reprimanded me, for my "foolishness". He said he was surprised that a responsible man like myself had put myself into the terrible position I was in. I told him he could spare me all that talk, because I knew what I was doing. I told him he was the only man of my name I had ever met, outside my own father and brothers. He was the Parish Priest of Moor, East Galway.

The day after the Black and Tans looted O'Dea's house and wrecked the "Galway Express" I was in Eyre Square with Mr. Kenny, editor of the "Connacht Tribune". Kenny had a

camera taking photographs of O'Dea's house, particularly of the bullet marks on the brass plate. Jock Burke, the leader of the Auxiliaries, came along with some other Auxiliaries in a tender. He took the camera from Kenny and told him he was going to arrest him, which he did, and hoisted Kenny into the tender. He used this threat to me: he said, "I am not going to arrest you now, but you are under our observation". The men who were arrested were safer than those of us who were not arrested.

On Saturday night, September 28th, the Auxiliary to whom I gave the tomatoes came to me and asked me why I did not take down the death notice which had been posted on my premises. He wanted to be friendly and said that the notice was only drawing attention to me. I replied that I did not put up the notice and said that whoever put it up could take it down, I would not.

That night I was in the lounge of the Railway Hotel with the late Monsignor Hynes and Sir William de Courcy Wheeler. The three of us were sitting on a mahogany seat. The night was dark and it was raining heavily. I said: "I will touch wood. My premises won't survive this night". They asked me why I said this and I said: "It is too rough and wet for the Auxiliaries to go out to raid in the country".

When closing on the evening of the Saturday on which the Tan gave me the warning, I asked my bookkeeper would she tske the cash which I had taken since 12 o'clock, which was bank closing time. She refused to take it saying that if she were raided and the money taken from her, everybody would say she kept it. She said to me: "Why not give it to Miss O'Reilly in the Railway Hotel?". On second thoughts I put it in the safe.

That night, after parting with Monsignor Hynes, I went to my room as usual and screwed a board to the floor inside the door so that the door could not be opened. Against it

I put a chest of drawers well packed with clothes, and on top of that I put my suitcase, also well packed with clothes. These acted as a screen between the door and my bed, so that if anybody fired through the door the bullets would have to pass through either the chest of drawers or the suitcase before they could reach me.

At 8 o'clock the following morning my assistant, Martin Hannigan, came and told me that my premises were destroyed. I immediately told him to go to Simmons, the photographers, straight away and have a photograph of the inside taken before anyone got in. This he did, and I still have kept that photograph.

Seemingly Sir William de Courcy Wheeler must have reported the matter to the British authorities, as on that Sunday, while at lunch with Dr. Webb (now in Manchester), then head of the Technical School in Galway, I was informed by the hotel porter that an officer from Renmore Barracks, with Cruise, the Commissioner of Police, were waiting in the hall to see me. Dr. Webb said to me: "Let them stay there until you have finished your lunch; if the position were reversed, they would make you wait". This I did. When, eventually, I went to see them, I asked the officer from Renmore Barracks what brought him there, that he had nothing to do with the previous night's proceedings, but that Cruise had, and it was for Cruise to answer. I there and then accused Cruise and his men of destroying my stores and premises the night before. That terminated the interview. At 10 o'clock that night, an hour after curfew, a uniformed Auxiliary knocked at the Railway Hotel door. I felt that he had a message for me. The door was opened, and the Auxiliary walked in and handed me an envelope. On the envelope was written the following words: "P. Moylett, advocate of assassination. Make no claim in a British Court. Leave Galway by the first train. Life is sweet. You are well watched".

The following morning, after breakfast, for which I had not a great appetite, I proceeded to my solicitor, Mr.Conroy of Francis St. (his office was opposite the police barracks) to lodge a claim. On my way there I met Michael Walsh, who got the death notice the same as myself, from the Auxiliaries. He addressed me as follows: "Moylett, they must have a terrible edge on you". He was going to the bank to lodge his cash. The following Saturday night they assassinated him.

I went to my solicitor and put in a malicious injury claim for what I considered four times the amount of damage I had suffered, viz: £10,000. This I did to show them that I was not afraid to make a claim, and a good one. On my way to Mr. Conroy's office, when passing J.J. Ward's garage, I handed in my suitcase and told Ward to have his Sunbeam car ready to take me to Ballina. I told him to have the car ready and the engine running. Having lodged my claim, I returned and got into the car and proceeded to Ballina.

A man named Brown, 6'4" in height, - we called him "Big Brown - who kept the post office in Dominick St., Galway, came to me one day towards the end of September and said: "They did not do enough to you yet. They will come again and I will tell you what you will do. I will prepare for you two bottles of whiskey, and in these bottles I will put cyanide of potassium and we will capture five or six rats". To Brown I said: "Would that be moral. There might be some decent fellows among them by accident. Brown answered: "I was in"- mentioning some foreign place - "and one of our men was killed. We rounded up ten natives and shot them. We discovered that two of them were guilty, and we thought it was a fair average". I told him: "That may suit you, but it does not suit me". Within four days of that conversation my place was blown up; they put a land mine into it. Had I agreed to Brown's suggestion about the whiskey they would have drunk it, because I found in my office about a dozen drinking-glasses wrapped in Czecho-Slovakian

newspapers; they thought they would get drink on the premises, but found none. They blew open my safe with gelignite, and two of the joists of the ceiling were cut away from the force with which the back of the safe hit them. They took from the safe that money that I and my bookkeeper had been arguing about.

The Auxiliaries did not want Father Griffin at all. They had nothing against him. He was the son of a District Inspector. They wanted Father O'Meehan, who represented Mid-Galway on the Árd Comhairle of Sinn Féin, and was a very active worker. As a matter of fact, he was a leading light in the movement. He told me himself that they had searched his house one day and found nothing. He said that under the base of a small mirror, which he had on a dressing table, he had five cartridges which were not discovered. Father O'Meehan got the death-notice same day as I did, and, as the Auxiliaries could not find Father O'Meehan, they took Father Griffin instead. The previous night they had taken Michael Walsh from his shop in High St. and shot him and threw his body into the River Corrib.

The day I arrived in Dublin, shortly before Father Griffin was murdered, I met Louis O'Dea on his way to the Broadstone station to go to Galway. I told him that he might as well stay where he was, that his place in Galway had been destroyed and that he had no further interest there. That saved his life. Had he gone to Galway he would have gone the way of Michael Walsh and Father Griffin, who, I again say, was killed because they could not get Father O'Meehan. Louis O'Dea was one of the four men who got the death notice, and he would have been murdered also if he had gone back to Galway.

In the second week of August 1920, I was in Dublin on holidays and I met a man named MacEntee, an Inspector in the R.I.C. He was Sean MacEntee's uncle. I asked him why he was in plain clothes. He replied: "I have resigned from the

police"; "they are recruiting a force in London for murder and loot, and they are to keep the loot. No Irishman could stay in the R.I.C. any longer". He was referring to the Auxiliaries, and that was my first introduction to them. I knew this man as an Inspector in the R.I.C. in Ballina.

I would like to mention that my father-in-law was a prominent member of the Masonic Order in Galway, and he was debarred from going into the Masonic Lodge on account of his connection with me. The Masonic Order is supposed to be a benevolent order which does not interfere with politics. My father-in-law appealed to the Grand Lodge of Ireland and stated his case. After a lapse of six weeks he got a letter from a man named Flavelle, who was secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ireland. The Lodge also got a letter instructing the Galway Masonic Lodge to withdraw the ban and to allow my father-in-law have all the benefits which the Order could bestow on him.

In March 1918 I went to live in Galway and took a house which had some grape vines. Up to that I knew nothing about pruning of grapes, and my father-in-law offered to prune the grapes for me and show me how it was done. On the way to the hothouse my father-in-law said to me: "Pat, I can't understand you people in Ireland. Why could you not get a leader from amongst your own people, instead of having to get a Spanish-American bastard like de Valera"? I replied: "Strange, that Spanish-American bastard that you speak of owes you nothing, but why couldn't you get a king of your own from your own country instead of getting a German bastard to rule over you - who changed his name from Witten to Windsor"? He did not prune the vine. When he died I got all his Masonic insignia and, consequently, the papers dealing with above case. He left the Masonic Order two years before he died, and became a Christian Scientist.

Another thing I would like to mention is that Blythe

told me that he did not know that the Irish Overseas Shipping and Trading Co. had anything to do with the shipment of guns,

In the year 1920 a lady by the name of Mrs. Llewelyn Davis came to this country from England. I was told she was the wife of the solicitor to the British Post Office. She rented a house in Portmarnock which, I believe, was the property of the Jameson family. She somehow made the acquaintance of Mick Collins and I am aware that in 1920 and 1921 he made use of her house as a place of refuge when times were difficult for him. It would have been about two months following the Mount St. shootings (Bloody Sunday) that Collins told me, when discussing hideouts, that he stayed in a house in Portmarnock on one occasion, but he did not say that it was the house of Mrs. Llewelyn Davis. Other people who were very intimate with Collins told me he had stayed in her house. It is difficult for me to put my finger on the persons who exactly told me this, but I was conversant with the fact that this woman knew Collins during the period before the Truce. I was also told that she tried to become another Kitty O'Shea. At a later period I met her. In consequence of what I knew and heard of her, when I was treasurer of Clann Éireann, I refused to take a cheque for £20 which she offered as a subscription for Clann Éireann in 1924 or 1925. I returned the cheque with a note that we didn't appreciate her subscription. I never heard of or saw her again. She informed us that she was the daughter of an Irish member of the British Parliament. The family spent a holiday in Blackrock in the '80.s. or '90.s. and, through eating either cockles or mussels, the whole family died except herself. She went to England where she changed her religion and became the wife of the solicitor to the British Post Office, as already stated.

I knew Igoe as a boy. He came from a place called Attyma, about three miles outside Ballina. His father was a rate collector, and occasionally dealt in our shop in Ballina. As a rate collector he had to be guaranteed by two solvent sureties. Both these sureties were friends of mine. One wet day during 1906 or 1907, Igoe senior walked into our shop and told me that he had been robbed, that some masked men had waylaid him when he was driving towards his house, that they had cut the horse's traces and had taken the amount of rates, £300, which he had collected. I looked at the man from head to toe and said: "Robert Scott is in for a bad debt", as I took it for granted that no robbery had taken place. Robert Scott was one of the men who had gone surety for Igoe. Subsequently, Igoe senior got twelve months in jail for misappropriation of some hundreds of pounds rates money which he had collected. Eventually he came out of jail, his sureties having paid up. I again met him and gave him some help.

Early in 1920, some members of the I.R.A. in Galway came to me and told me that Igoe, a son of the rate collector, had retired from the R.I.C. police in Galway. They stated that he was going home to Ballina and asked me to inquire at once if he had arrived in Ballina. I did so and discovered that he had not returned to Ballina, but had gone instead to Dublin Castle to lead what was afterwards known as 'The Igoe Gang'. Igoe and a man named Fitzgerald, both R.I.C. men at the time, were joint secretaries of a police organisation. Igoe was all the time a spy for Dublin Castle, whereas Fitagerald was not.

Igoe was stationed in Galway while I lived there, and he was supposed to be engaged to a girl named Miss Ellwood, an assistant in John O'Donnell's shop in Galway. One day in March or April 1921, as I was crossing O'Connell Bridge on my way to see Mick Collins, I met Igoe and Miss Ellwood coming across the bridge just at the corner facing McBirney's. I

stepped one step past them and then turned to look back. Igoe stepped one step past me and turned to look back. He looked at me and I looked at him, without speaking. He turned and walked away. Within five minutes I was with Mick Collins and I told him about meeting Igoe. He asked me had he his gang with him. I answered, No. Mick put his fingers through his hair and said: "Good God, to think that Igoe has been out without his gang". He then said: "You are a lucky man. I wonder he didn't shoot you". I feel certain that when Igoe stopped to look at me for the space of about five seconds, the thought passed through his mind that I had befriended his father at one time. I believe that.

Mick Collins told me that Igoe felt miserable any day he did not shoot a man, and that every time he shot a man he went back to the Castle and royally entertained his friends there.

Although I was on very close terms of friendship with Mick Collins, that was the first time he mentioned to me that he had his men in Igoe's gang. He also told me that out of eight of the gang he had six shot from the inside; that one of them was then sick in bed in the Castle, and that Igoe was the only one left. He added: "But we shall get them all". He again deplored the fact that Igoe had been out without the gang and had been able to get back to the Castle. He added that Igoe was a very brave and fearless man.

Immediately I arrived in Dublin I sent a note to Arthur Griffith telling him that I was in town. He sent a messenger to me with a note requesting me to call on him. I did not know whether to call at his office or not, as I was afraid I would be arrested, but when I called on him he said he was in the same position himself, but that he did not leave his office. During our conversation he asked me would I go to America to see the people who were running a paper called "The Nation" in New York. This paper had instituted an

inquiry into the British atrocities in Ireland. Griffith said to me: "You should go to London, and it will be easy for you to get a passport by staying in one of the principal hotels". This I intended to do. Griffith told me he wanted me specially to see a man named John Steele, representative of the "Chicago Tribune" in London. He told me that he would arrange for me to have lunch with himself and Steele the following day. We had lunch in the Shelbourne Hotel. Arthur Griffith wanted me to give Steele an account of my experiences and, in fact, a general account of activities in Galway since the arrival of the Auxiliaries about a fortnight earlier.

Having arrived in London, I stayed in the Carlton Hotel. While waiting to get a passport I did not intend to remain idle, and I called on John Steele at his office, 125 Pall Mall We discussed the situation in Ireland, and the aspects of the situation in London as affecting Ireland. During tne course of conversation Steele asked me would I like to see Philip Kerr, afterwards Lord Lothian. By a strange coincidence I knew Philip Kerr slightly; I had met him ten years earlier. He was a son of either Lord Ralph Kerr or Lord Walter Kerr, both admirals, and had a brother or a cousin a priest in Brompton Oratory. I asked Steele was that the Philip Kerr he wanted me to meet. I knew something of his history in between, and this made the position rather awkward for me. I told Steele I did not want to meet Kerr or anyone from Downing St. I said I did not want to go to Downing St. because I considered it a den of thieves. Steele remonstrated with me and said it would do no harm. Eventually I agreed to go, but did not meet Philip Kerr, who happened to be away at the time, but I saw C.J. Phillips, who was then Secretary to H.A.L. Fisher, Minister for Education, who was chairman of the Cabinet Committee dealing with Ireland and Irish affairs.

The thought passed through my mind that I might get some information by going to Downing St. when I had the opportunity. I knew I was taking a great risk in going there, as quite a number of people in London knew me, and if any of them saw me going there it would look bad. If the position were reversed and I saw any man connected with the National Movement going into Downing St. at that time, I could only come to one conclusion, and that conclusion would be that he was a spy; but I decided to take the risk.

My first interview took place at the Foreign Office, where I met Phillips, and then Fisher, who was chairman of the Cabinet Committee of Ireland and Minister for Education in England at the time. Phillips had been secretary to Asquith when he was Prime Minister, and afterwards secretary to Lloyd George. He was also the Liaison Officer for India House, which was the headquarters of D.O.R.A. during the war, of which General Sir George Cockrell was the head. Fisher, who was a tall, thin man, wearing a monocle, looked a typical Oxford Don. The first question he put to me was: "Do you still retain the full republican attitude?" To this question I replied: "As metaphors are in fashion" - Lloyd George having used many metaphors in a speech at Caernarvon a day or two previously in reference to Ireland - "I will answer you this way. I am a fisherman, and when I fish for salmon that is trolling, I may hook a perch, a pike, a trout, or a salmon. If I hook a perch, he is a nuisance, so I kill him and throw him away. If I hook a pike, I kill him and I give him away. If I hook a trout, I keep him if he is a big one. But if an angling friend met me in the evening after the day's fishing and asked me if I got anything, even though I had got fifteen trout, and no matter how big they were, I would say No, as nothing counted to him or to me but salmon". Fisher immediately answered me: "What about a salmon trout?" I cursed him in my mind and said: "It is better than a trout,

but the fisherman has patience, and we will fish until we get the salmon". That story was quoted in newspapers in many countries. Lloyd George said that it was the answer of a Roman senator and the best reply he had ever heard. My interview with Fisher lasted for three hours and a quarter and took place on 9th or 10th October 1920.

That day, I think, there was a letter from General Sir George Cockrell in the "London Times". I cannot remember the exact wording of the letter. This letter proposed calling a truce, an amnesty and a conference without preliminary conditions. On my own initiative I went to see General Sir George Cockrell, the writer of the letter, in the British House of Commons. He was a Member of Parliament. As usual, a card was given to me by an attendant to sign with my name and my business. I wrote on it "No business", and for my name I just signed myself "A businessman out of work". A few minutes later General Cockrell called to me and got me a seat in a lobby, where we sat discussing his letter and Irish affairs in general. After some minutes the late Jerry McVeigh came along and, as Jerry McVeigh and myself had been bosom pals for many years, I had to bend my head so that he would not recognise me. General Cockrell mentioned that there was a small garden at the back of the House of Commons which we could go to and talk undisturbed. We repaired to this garden and talked there until a police constable came and told us that it was time for him to lock up. When I left I discovered that I had left behind me a pair of gloves, which had cost me 35/- a few days earlier. As I thought it would be a bad beginning to leave them, I gave a sovereign to a policeman who went back and retrieved the gloves for me.

That night I decided I would go back to Dublin the following day, tell my experiences to Arthur Griffith and discuss the matter with him.

During the long conversation which I had with Fisher he had talked of the murder gang in Ireland, and I talked of his murder gang. During that conversation I explained that I was there on my own account, without anybody's knowledge, and that I represented nobody but myself. I knew Arthur Griffith well enough to know that he would realise I was doing the correct thing.

On 15th October 1920, I saw Griffith and discussed the matter with him; I gave him an account of my conversation with Fisher, and added that if the British were not as hard up as we were, they would not have given me three hours of their time. Griffith was very pleased with what I had done.

There was a meeting of the Dail on October 16th, and on October 18th. Arthur Griffith asked me to give up the idea of going to New York and asked me would I go to London, again using the phrase that I was well known there. He asked me to go and do my best to get the British Government to recognise Dáil Éireann. I answered: "That is a small job". I told him that if that was his wish I would do what I could to accomplish it, but that I could only work on my own plans. At a later hour on the same day I mentioned to Griffith what my plans would be. I said: "I shall go with the intention of getting on intimate terms with five or six of Lloyd George's immediate political friends, and with five or six of his enemies, and after a time I shall know what they are thinking about". That agreed on, I went to London on October 20th.

The first man I saw was Mr. H.H. Massingham, who was editor of the "Nation and Atheneum" which was published in London. His office was in Bernard Shaw's house in Adelphi, The Strand. I called on him owing to the fact that I had had a discussion with Oliver St. John Gogarty relative to

what happened in Galway during the previous few weeks. I had with me the notice that was given to me by the Auxiliaries while I was staying in the Railway Hotel, Galway, the night after they had destroyed my premises. I showed this note to Massingham, and in his paper he wrote a leading article on the note. When giving him the note I told him that he was not to publish it unless he published it over my name, but when I subsequently got his paper, I found that my name was not mentioned. I went to see him and asked him why he did not carry out my instructions regarding my name, because I did not think that such letters carried much weight when they were not signed. Massingham informed me that he was afraid for my life, and that he could not take the risk of publishing my name.

The "London Times" published my name afterwards in a longer and different class of article.

The next man I called on was General Sir George Cockrell. He represented the Weybridge district of Surrey, and Lloyd George was one of his constituents. His nomination papers had been signed by Lloyd George and he was one of his immediate friends.

The next man I decided to visit was Lord Northcliffe, an opponent of Lloyd George. In order to meet Lord Northcliffe, I called at the "London Times" office in Printing House Square. There I met Captain Shaw, the Irish editor of the "London Times". Captain Shaw was the son of County Court Judge Shaw of the North of Ireland Circuit. I discussed the position with Shaw and found that he was sympathetic. He asked me to meet the editor of the "Times", Mr. Wickham Steed. While in that building I had the same feeling that I used to have when, as a boy, I walked by a

churchyard at night - an unknown, hesitant class of fear. I went to the editor's room and saw Mr. Wickham Steed. He stood up to receive me and I said in my own mind "Mephistopheles". He was tall and thin, superbly dressed, and he wore an imperial beard. He was in morning suit, with patent leather shoes and spats.

In discussing the "London Times" with General Cockrell a few days earlier, I discussed Lord Northcliffe with him, and he told me that he showed his letter to the "Times" before it was published and he did not get the help or sympathy that he expected from the editor.

The interview I had with Wickham Steed seemingly had some effect on him because he agreed to write a leading article in the next day or two in reference to Ireland, which would be 50% or possibly 60% in Ireland's favour. For the next six or eight weeks I saw every leading article which he wrote on Ireland. I remonstrated with him that I did not consider his articles very helpful, that they were what I considered milk and water articles, but he explained to me that if he wrote stronger articles they would have the opposite effect to what he wanted and would not be helpful. He instanced a case where the "Daily Mail" used the words "murder begets murder" in its leading article on the Monday following what we call Bloody Sunday, and the paper lost a circulation of 150,000 per day for some time afterwards. Wickham Steed said to me: "If I wrote exactly what I have in my mind, I would simply put a lot of English readers against me, but I wish to lead them on by what I am writing". As a result of my visit he decided to give me every possible help, and to back up General Cockrell and General Cockrell's plan, which was a truce, an amnesty and a conference without preliminary conditions.

In an interview with C.J. Phillips he asked me what was meant by "a conference without preliminary conditions".

I said: "We leave the Republic outside the conference door and you leave the Union outside the conference door. If agreement does not take place we can each take up our armour again as we go out". We had the armour of the Republic and they had the a rmour of the Union. That was what was meant by a conference without preliminary conditions.

The next man I saw was H.G. Wells, a friend of Lloyd George. He lived at 40 Whitehall Court. I saw Wells on the afternoon of the day on which he arrived back from Moscow where he had been sent by Lloyd George as a special agent to see whether England was to r ecognise Soviet Russia or not. The walls and shelves of the room in which Wells and I had our talk, and in which we had tea, were covered with presents from Lenin. I have never seen such a display of magnificent china as Wells got from Russia. In fact, he told me that it was from the royal palace of the Czar. While we were having tea, Wells told me that he had been s ent to Russia by Lloyd George to see if the Bolshevik Government would last. He told me that the Russian Government, the Bolshevik Government, was going to last and would continue to last.

In reference to the position of Ireland, Wells told me to tell Griffith to stick it, that Lloyd George might not be ready for peace just then, but that he w ould be ready in six months' time.

While Wells and I were having tea, a gentleman named O'Malley arrived in from Lord Curzon. Although I lived in London for many years, I never heard a man speak with such a pronounced Oxford accent as our friend O'Malley. He handed Wells a card and said: "I am from the Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon, and I want to get your report as to your mission to Russia". Wells simply told him what he had already told me, saying: "The Bolshevik Government is there to stand, and will stand, and the sooner you recognise it the better". With that O'Malley went away. Wells did not even ask him to have a cup of tea.

I again called to the "Times" to see Lord Northcliffe, because I was bent on seeing him. He lived at Broadstairs in Kent, and every time I called some excuse was made. Eventually an appointment was made for me to see Lord Northcliffe, but it happened to be on the day of the funeral of MacSwiney, and consequently I did not meet him. Afterwards Wickham Steed explained to me why I did not see Lord Northcliffe on the numerous occasions on which I had tried to see him. He told me that Lord Northcliffe was mad about six days in the week, sometimes seven days in the week, and that he could not let me see him. It would have been useless to see him.

The next man I met was J.A. Spender. He was editor of the "Westminster Gazette". I especially wanted to meet him, as his brother, Harold Spender, was sent to the United States by the British Government to counter Irish propaganda there. Harold Spender returned from America and I am informed he actually wept at his subsequent interview with Lloyd George. This was caused by his experiences in America when trying to uphold the British efforts to pacify Ireland. He failed in his mission. J.A. Spender was one of the old Liberal school and in his heart knew that the British attitude towards Ireland had been wrong for years. He was very pronounced in his condemnation of the then British Government, especially in their policy in supporting the atrocities of the Auxiliaries. He, I found, was of little use to me. The reception his brother got in America was reflected in his attitude to me when I first met him.

I called on Arthur Henderson, who was then chairman of the British Labour Party, to his office at 33 Eccleston Square. I had a letter of introduction to him from Cathal O'Shannon. I had arranged with Cathal O'Shannon to mention that I was a friend of Tom Johnston. I expected that Irish affairs would be discussed. Arthur Henderson's idea of Ireland was, to me,

just as imperialistic as that of the late Lord Salisbury. He would talk about Home Rule, but the idea that Ireland would leave the British Empire was, as far as I could gather, abhorrent to him. I came to the conclusion that the Labour Party in England was composed, in the main, of imperialistic Britons, and I had no further intercourse with that Party.

My plan of action when I went to London was that I would only do business with the people in power, as I considered that all during my lifetime the Irish Party were "churning the wind" by trying to curry favour with the Party out of power. In my interviews with Griffith I stated that that was one of the failures of the Irish Party, that they did not act as an independent Party. I said:"It would be my business, if I went to Borneo, no matter how savage the people might be, if I went on a business trip to conduct any transactions that I had with the chief head hunter, and, consequently, during my stay in London I never made any effort to meet any of the Liberal Party who were then out of power. The late Robert Lynd wanted me to meet the late Mr. Asquith some time in the month of October, previous to Mr. Asquith going to Glasgow to address a meeting there. I told Robert Lynd that Mr. Asquith was in power long enough; that I actually helped to put down a red carpet for him at the Gresham in 1912, and he did nothing for Ireland when he was in a position to do so.

Following my first meeting with the Right Hon. H.A.L. Fisher, I called again on 22nd October at Downing St. It would be impossible for me, at this stage, to give any idea of what transpired at that meeting, but I can say this that I answered questions put to me and talked in general in an offhand way about Irish affairs. They always deplored the fact that the atmosphere was so disturbed in Ireland and that the friendships between the two countries were so disrupted and I always told them that they could easily have "called off their dog".

At one particular meeting Fisher told me that the 'Irish Murder Gang' was confined to two counties, namely, Cork and Kerry. I reported to Michael Collins and I asked him for goodness sake to get something done somewhere else, and I was highly elated when within a few days we had the story of Sean MacEoin, Ballinalee. On my next visit to Downing St. a few days later I found the atmosphere quite changed and they recognised then that the 'murder gang' was not confined to two counties. I had, however, already told them that their idea that the 'murder gang' was confined to two counties was very inaccurate. I should mention here that I had made several visits back to Dublin to see Griffith and Collins, making reports to each of them. I reported to Griffith every day and to Collins about twice a week. Up to the 25th October 1920, I could not say that I had made much headway. On that date Terence MacSwiney died. I was at that time staying in the Jermyn Court Hotel, Jermyn Street, London. Mary MacSwiney, Mrs. MacSwiney and Peter MacSwiney stayed in the same hotel and the hotel was owned by a man named Griffin from Limerick. I took four men in a taxi from the Jermyn Court Hotel to Southwark Cathedral on the day of MacSwiney's funeral. These were the I.R.A. men who formed a guard of honour at Terence MacSwiney's funersl. I walked in the funeral procession from Southwark to Euston. The procession was roughly 1½ miles long. On arriving at Euston the late Larry O'Neill and the late Count Plunkett, who were also then staying at the Jermyn Court Hotel, asked me to take them back to the hotel as we had an hour's delay at Euston and they were anxious to get their belongings, which were at the hotel, and return to Euston within the hour. On arrival at the hotel I found a telephone message there from Downing St. asking me not to go to Dublin for the funeral and stating that they wanted to see me, if possible, that evening. I cancelled my arrangements to attend the funeral and went to Downing St. I there met C.J. Phillips

whom I have already described. He stated that the House of Commons was very impressed by the funeral and asked me if I thought it were possible to arrange a conference between the leaders of the republican forces in Ireland and the British authorities, asking me did I think that if that were done the first thing the republicans would do would be to call off activities. I replied that I did not know; that I thought, before the republican authorities would take any action, there would have to be formal recognition of Dáil Éireann by the British. At that interview, which took place in the afternoon Phillips asked me would I think over the matter and call on him again the following day. I still considered that he was only looking for information, but at any rate it was a step towards peace.

On 29th October, a few days later, I got a message from Mr. Phillips to meet him. This meeting took place in the Foreign Office and he told me then that the Prime Minister was interested in what I had to say and he asked me would the 'Dáil' (that was the first time the word 'Dáil' was used by the British) agree to nominate men to meet three or four from England to discuss the basis of a formal conference. He wrote down his proposition on paper which I agreed to post to Griffith that night. At any rate I did not want a verbal message from him. I mentioned the fact that they had Buckingham Palace conferences and Downing St. breakfasts, and there was a lot of talk over what took place at them. "Ah, yes", he said, " we had these, but they were nothing to the Foreign Office teas". Anyhow, he gave me a note which I said I was posting to Griffith. He said: "No, 'personal atmosphere' and you must deliver it to him yourself, because if you post it Griffith may put it in the waste-paper basket". I crossed over to Dublin the following morning and took that note that night to Griffith. When he read it he actually broke down with emotion. He wrote a reply to that note according

to my dictation, because I knew how the letter had to be worded to fit in with the situation as I knew it. While writing it he was visibly affected, so much so, that he could not restrain laughing with delight. I complained to Griffith that my job in London was very onerous, that I had no one to consult with, and that I had no one whom I could trust to carry a message to him. I arranged with Griffith to call on him the following morning to discuss the matter further. At that meeting he sent for Desmond Fitzgerald and asked him to arrange for the establishing of a line of communication between me in London and Griffith in Dublin. He did not tell Desmond Fitzgerald what was being done, nor did the latter ask him. Desmond Fitzgerald gave me the address of a lady named Miss Hynes of 43 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W., London; I was to contact her and arrange that any correspondence that I should hand her would be conveyed to Dublin without delay. Desmond Fitzgerald was to give her the necessary instructions. When, later, I called at Miss Hynes's house, she was not at home, and I was unable to obtain any information from the lady I met there as to when Miss Hynes would be available. As a result of this, I went to the head office of the Provincial Bank at 8 Throgmorton Avenue, and made arrangements with the Secretary, whom I knew personally, that my letters would be placed in the official Provincial Bank postbag which was posted each day to the head office in Dublin, and that my wife would call for them each day, and this continued with great success until the Truce.

Griffith told me that morning that Dick Mulcahy had just escaped an hour or two earlier somewhere in Ranelagh, that he left an attache case with all his papers for the burning of the Liverpool and London docks behind him and now, as I was going to Downing St., that I could make use of this as the British would not know of the contents of the papers that were captured for three or four days and that I could make use of it in Downing St. On my way out of Griffith's office that

morning Desmond Fitzgerald waited for me on the stairs and he took me into a small room at the back of the stairs on the ground floor and asked me what was on. I stated I could not tell him if there was anything on, that he was a member of the Cabinet and I was not, and that if he wanted to know he should ask Griffith.

In my discussion with Phillips over the nomination of a deputation from Ireland to meet the British I deliberately confined that deputation to three or four. At that discussion with Griffith I begged of him to spend a week in fasting and abstinance so that God might guide him to choose his delegation. I warned him not to attempt to pit brains against brains as, if he did, we would get the worst of the bargain, but to nominate men who "knew the price of their pig". I said I had often seen a Connemara farmer make a bargain for pigs with a Ballybricken jobber and, notwithstanding the knowledge and tradition behind the latter, the Connemara man took his pig home if he did not get his price. I also warned him there and then against our greatest and most imminent danger, that was, the danger from an avalanche of job-seekers. The first man Griffith mentioned as being suitable as a delegate to the British was the late Hugh Kennedy. I said tha in my opinion he would be unsuitable. It was then I said not to attempt to pit brains against brains. He then mentioned Mick Collins. I said: "Mick Collins is all right, but I would be afraid of his second act because he is impulsive and might be very direct in his language and attitude, and then if he withdrew or apologised for something he said he would be finished". I also added that Collins should never go on a delegation as, in my conversations with Phillips, I had described him as being a man who was hopelessly impossible so far as the British were concerned; that he would agree to no concessions of any kind.

That night Griffith, Collins and myself met at Alderman

Cole's house in Mountjoy Square. The Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, came later. I did not know if Dr. Fogarty knew what was being done, because I did not recollect that we had discussed the matter in his presence, but on subsequent occasions when I met him, he knew of it and discussed it with me. Collins was as delighted with what I had done as Griffith. I must here mention a conversation which took place between Collins, Griffith and myself that night. We discussed the question of de Valera's activities in America. This arose over messages which Collins had from John Devoy and also in connection with de Valera's statement in reference to Cuba. Collins was critical of de Valera's action. Griffith disagreed with him. The latter stated, and I will use his own words, "We know the President better than we know the men who are opposed to him in America. It is our business to be perfectly loyal to him. If it were necessary to do anything in reference to his actions, the correct method would be for a meeting of the Cabinet of Dáil Éireann to be held to which we would summon the President and there discuss the matter".

I returned to London and called at Downing St. where I informed them that arrangements were being made by the I.R.A. to burn Liverpool docks and possibly to do likewise with 10 Downing St. A few days later I had the pleasure of seeing the British authorities erecting the most formidable wooden barrier I had ever seen, across the road both sides of No. 10 to prevent the entry of the dreaded Sinn Féiners to the precincts of the House. From that date, discussions went on in reference to a truce. Immediately I went to Downing St. I handed in a copy of Griffith's letter and returned home to Dublin. I told John Steele when I was returning that I would not go back again.

On the 5th November I got a letter from John Steele asking me to return and, on returning, I decided that I would

do some further propaganda. Sir George Cockerill, Captain Shaw and myself decided to form a committee with a view to letting the British public know what was being done in their name in Ireland. It was suggested by Cockerill that a committee would be made up of certain people to inform the British public of the actions that were being done in their name by the Crown forces in Ireland and condemning the Government. Cockerill proposed that I would act as secretary of this committee and the proposal was seconded, but I refused, as I informed them that I was not of them; that I was only there on sanctuary. As a result, the committee went on with its work. They explained that their work would have nothing to do with Cavendish Bentinck and Commander Kenworthy, as their programme only went so far as to do away with reprisals, Cockerill explaining that even though reprisals were done away with, that would settle nothing. That committee functioned, although I took no part in it other than to recruit certain men for it. It did useful work, as it succeeded in getting the Archbishop of Canterbury and nine other Protestant Bishops to condemn the British Government for the actions of their servants in Ireland.

Sir William Tyrrell's daughter had a twenty-first birthday party at the Foreign Office; her father was the secretary of the Department of Foreign Affairs. I was invited to the party. On my first meeting with Tyrrell we discussed the Irish situation and the only comment he made was: "If Sinn Féin takes advantage of half the mistakes that we made we are ruined". I went to the party, and Sir William Tyrrel C.J. Phillips and a Mr. Koppel, a Foreign Office official, retired to a private room. We had tea by ourselves. Presently there was a knock on the door and C.J. Phillips rose to answer it. I heard him mention the name 'Monsignor Kelley, and tellin that gentleman that he could not come in. I was aware of the fact that Mgr. Kelley was in London and that he was a

representative of the Vatican. I had never met Monsignor Kelley, but I was long wishing to add him to my list of friends; therefore, I asked Mr. Phillips to admit him. Monsignor Kelley, later Bishop of Oklahoma, when on a visit to my home in Monkstown, Dublin, described how he first met me, stating: "I was accustomed to going to that office for a considerable time without any procedure, and this was the first occasion I was refused entry. When I went in I met a gentleman with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of cake in the other, and without any formality or introduction he asked me where I could meet him that night". Replying to this query by me, Monsignor Kelley said he could meet me at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, at 6 o'clock. I was at the appointed place at 6 o'clock and I met Minsignor Kelley in the library. I was no stranger in the Archbishop's house and I told him so. He (Monsignor Kelley) then said: "This is a damn dry old place - they would give you nothing here after 6 o'clock". So we went to an ex-Parson's premises in Dean St., Soho. The parson was a convert, and as he had a wife and two children, he could not become a priest. I may here state that Monsignor Kelley is known world wide as "Extension Kelley". I may also add a short history of the bishop and, as he is of Irish descent, it won't be out of place. His people left Inistiogue a few years after the fall of Limerick and settled in Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Bishop was born in that island and after his ordination he made a proposition to his Bishop to be permitted to make use of what he called an "autovan" as a travelling chapel, to be used in the streets of cities in the United States. He is the founder of the Catholic Church Extention Society in the United States and, from the proceeds of his own efforts through the Extention Magazine, he built over 300 churches. He was appointed by the Pope to represent the Catholic Missions in India and the ex-enemy territories, and he was the only Catholic dignitary at the Peace Conference

at Versailles in 1919. He there met Signor Orlando, who was then Prime Minister of Italy. He asked the latter why they kept the quarrel up with the Vatican. Orlando stated that they would give their right hand if they could made a settlement with the Vatican, but that they could not give back to the Vatican the Papal States. Monsignor Kelley, when next visiting the Pope, mentioned the matter to him and a sked the Holy Father why did he wish to continue looking for the return of the Papal States. "Surely", he said, "you don't want the Papal States; when you had them they were no good to you?" The Pope agreed and said he did not want the States, adding that he would be very glad to have a settlement with the Italian Government. This was the beginning of the 1919 settlement between the Italy of Mussolini and the Vatican. I remember reading in the Press at the time a statement made by Mussolini and Signor Orlando confirming what I have stated. Monsignor Kelly was then representative of the Pope in London. He got Pope Benedict XV to send me his special blessing and autographed photograph dated July 1st, 1921, through the Foreign Office in London. I received it immediately after the Truce. He had informed the Holy Father of my work in London. He requested me not to mention his name in connection with my activities during his lifetime.

Following my visit to the Archbishop's house and having added Monsignor Kelly to my propaganda list, I resumed my activities with Mr. C.J. Phillips at the Foreign Office. On the 12th November Mr. Phillips addressed me a s follows:- "In the event of Dáil Éireann arranging to meet under a guarantee with a view to receiving proposals from the British Government, would the first act of Dáil Éireann be to stop the police and soldiers being murdered; we, on our side, ceasing reprisals"? I went to Dublin that night. I returned to London with a letter from Griffith.

When Lloyd George saw Griffith's letter he said: "You can start with this man; he has credentials". This remark was to Phillips in reference to me. Phillips asked me how far would we go away from the Republic. I said that we wanted a Republic and that so far as being a thorn in the side of England we, as a small country, would have no navy or army so far as World Power navies or armies went, but that we would want complete charge of our own affairs and that we would want an army of some kind; that we wanted complete fiscal independence and the usual consular and ministerial services that any other country enjoyed. They asked me what about Ulster. Mr. Fisher asked me that question. I said: "You are a good biblical people and the concubine is yours. We are willing to accept the concubine's children as brothers but not as masters and we will not divide our house with them". Lloyd George took Griffith's letter with him to the country for the weekend to digest it. That was 'Bloody Sunday' weekend.

On the 20th or 21st November (Bloody Sunday) I was at dinner with Dr. Roger Walters-Sibley. This was the gentleman who was appointed by the Walters family to sell their interests in the London Times newspaper. In fact, they were the entire owners of it. His home was in Wembley. On my return to London that evening I heard of all the tragic happenings in Dublin that day. I also had a message from C.J. Phillips to call at Downing St. as soon as possible. I called next morning at about 10.30 and the message I received from Phillips was that the Prime Minister had instructed him to see me to ask me to send a message to Griffith: "For God's sake to keep his head and not to break off the slender link that had been established", adding that the British soldiers who were killed in Dublin on the previous day took a soldier's risk; but later I heard from another source that Lloyd George, in discussing the question with my informant, said that it served them right to allow them-

selves to be beaten by a crowd of 'Dublin counter-jumpers'. Phillips specially asked me to send a letter to Griffith and to please him I did so. This letter I sent with John Steele who specially crossed to Dublin with it. I sincerely hoped that Griffith tore up that letter when he received it, because it contained a lot of incoherent statements about anything but the subject I was supposed to write on. I immediately sent a letter with Dr. Paddy Browne, now head of the university in Galway, giving Griffith the necessary information. I have not a copy of that letter, but the gist of it was that the position in London, as far as I was concerned, was not nearly as difficult as he might imagine; that things were going well. I knew very well when Lloyd George saw Griffith's letter and spoke about my credentials being all right, and when he took the letter down to Chartres, that he (Lloyd George) wanted to do business and that is what I told Griffith in the letter I sent him with Dr. Browne. The next message I got from Phillips coming from Lloyd George himself was, if anything could be done at all to get one week in Ireland without activity in order to produce an atmosphere so that Lloyd George could face the House of Commons and the English people with a move towards settlement. My answer to that again was "to call of their dog", that we could do nothing in that way while their men were still active. I crossed over to Dublin after "Bloody Sunday" and I met Griffith and Collins separately. This is my recollection of it. We discussed the matter. Griffith, Collins and I were agreed on a programme. My side of the programme was to get that conference sitting. We all agreed on the fact that the important thing was to get a conference called which yould recognise Dáil Éireann. The week following the 21st November I had conferences every day with Phillips. That week, after the 21st November, I spent every day in Downing St. and we discussed the question of a settlement in detail from every angle. Phillips informed me that we would have a settle-

ment by the end of the week, that everything would be ready. I put forward a proposal that the conference would not be held in London; that it would be better to hold it in the old halfway House "Chester", which was the usual thing in the pre-Tudor days, or in the Isle of Man; that I had already warned Griffith not to go to London to a conference, that the atmosphere would have an effect on his delegates. After a few days I got a reply from Lloyd George, through Phillips, saying I was right, that he would prefer the conference to be held mid-way, that he was afraid of the London Political Clubs; if the conference was held in London they would get secret information of each day's discussions and would have criticized the doings of the conference in the Press, and most probably wreck the conference. He also stated that if the conference was not held while the Coalition Government existed a settlement would never be effected, as one of the English parties would not allow the other party to make a settlement. The question arose as to what was to be done over machinery that was to be set in motion to effect the Truce. I stated that we in Ireland would be responsible for the I.R.A., but that it was natural to expect that men who had been flogged by the British forces would not be covered by a truce, as, if I myself had been flogged, no truce would cover me, and I, therefore, suggested that the Auxiliaries would be confined to barracks somewhere and that the Black and Tans would be put under canvas in Phoenix Park. They recognised that it was humanly impossible to get men who had been flogged to recognise a truce if they saw the men who flogged them. The question of confining the Auxiliaries and the Tans to barracks was not agreed to, but I was able to give guarantees that the truce would be met by the I.R.A. I was anxious only for a three weeks' truce and I did not at any time agree to an indefinite truce.//I was told by Phillips that a public statement would be made in the House of Commons, that, althoug

After the arrest of Arthur Griffith and MacNeill

Griffith had been arrested, on inquiries being made, the

authorities found there was nothing against him and not a stain on his character.

On going to see Phillips one day, the last week in November, I bought the "Evening Standard" and, the time being about 2.45, I saw in the latest news column two and a half lines of a statement attributed to John Sweetman which he made somewhere in Wicklow requesting to call off the activities of the I.R.A. I was fortunate to have bought that paper. The first question that Mr. Phillips asked me was: "Who was John Sweetman?" (John Sweetman was T.D. for Wexford and, of all the men elected on behalf of Sinn Féin in the 1918 election, John Sweetman was the only man that showed the white feather. Strange to say, he was not the candidate chosen for Wexford. The candidate who was chosen on behalf of Sinn Féin was non persona grata with Labour on that county. One day, just previous to the nominations, Dom (Father) Sweetman called into the office at 6 Harcourt St. and asked us to nominate his nephew and at the same time he put down a cheque for £100). Phillips asked me what kind of a man was John Sweetman; was he a man of consequence? I promptly replied that he was the best authority we had in Ireland on milch cows and he did not pursue the inquiry further.

The conference still went on every day until Thursday, between Phillips and myself. During one of these conferences a telephone rang in Mr. Phillips's office, and, picking up the receiver, Mr. Phillips spoke to the Prime Minister, who wanted to know from Phillips who was responsible for ordering Griffith's arrest. Phillips replied that the Irish Office in London knew nothing of it and gave no authority; consequently he took it to be that the arrest was ordered by the authorities in Dublin, but added that he would communicate with the Prime Minister later.

The question of exemptions in relation to articles in the

Truce then a rose at our conference. This a rose on the Thursday of that week. They wished to exempt Mick Collins, Dan Breen and one or two others. The Truce would not cover these men, meaning that they were reserved for subsequent prosecution. He had a document in his hand which he was prepared to give me covering all the articles we had discussed in reference to the Truce, but this was a clause that was new to me. I stood up immediately he mentioned this to me and I said to him: "To hell with you. Do you think that I would touch a document with blood hanging to it. "This", I continued "finishes the thing so far as I am concerned. If you want blood, this vendetta will go on from one generation to another and you may tell Lloyd George that if we don't get him or his Ministers now, we will get his sons or his grandsons, and, personally, I would be responsible for the death of men ..." - mentioning Cruise, Commissioner of Police in Galway. I also told Mr. Phillips that he would have to send for me again and that when he did so he would have to have the clause eliminated in reference to Collins, Breen and one or two others. I walked out then. The following day, Friday, he sent for me. It was in the evening and he informed me that it was decided to wipe out that clause and that he was arranging to have the Truce announced on Saturday evening. On that Friday night I did not sleep. At 5 a.m. and 6 a.m. I was still awake as I was frightfully worried having to carry all that responsibility and having no one to consult. At 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, we started business and at that meeting it was agreed that the conference would not be held in London and also that the amnesty was to cover everything that happened in Ireland up to the moment of the Truce, that is, that no one was to be exempted and that I was to go to Ireland on Monday to arrange with Griffith and Collins. Griffith and MacNeill were to be released, and I was to carry a 'safe conduct' in case I was arrested. At 7 o'clock on Saturday night we had finished all the details of the proposed Truce.

I was to call on Monday morning to get my "safe conduct". When I met Phillips on Monday morning he told me that Lloyd George had led off with a new suit of cards and, in his opinion, before he had three cards played he would be back in the old suit again - to drop metaphor - that Lloyd George had made other plans. He told me in confidence that the Irish Government had threatened to send in their resignation if the arrangements made with me were carried out; that they had made another contact with Archbishop Clune, who was then in England, and that they would get a better settlement than what was proposed. This, in consequence of the unfortunate Galway resolution of the previous Saturday. He informed me that Archbishop Clune was going to Dublin to see Griffith in prison and he had staked his reputation to the Prime Minister that Griffith would not see this man in prison. That left me in a quandary, as I had to get a special and confidential message to Griffith, as Archbishop Clune was to go to Dublin that very night. I remembered that there was a man named Nix who was late editor of the Galway Express. He was then on the staff of the Catholic Herald in London. I telephoned him to come and see me immediately. The hour then was 4 o'clock. He came at once to see me in my rooms at the Jermyn Court Hotel. It was only natural that I could not ask a man to go straight to Dublin with a message without telling him something of the purport of the message. This ultimately had some undesirable reactions. Mr. Nix could not go to Dublin himself but he told me that their Dublin agent, the late Cathal O'Toole was going to Dublin that night on the 8.40 train. I gave Cathal O'Toole a message in writing for Griffith which, I told Mr. O'Toole, must be in Griffith 's hands before 9 o'clock the following Saturday morning. I told him to go first of all to see Mrs. Griffith at 122 St. Lawrence's Road, and to give her the message. If her visits to Mountjoy had been exhausted for that week, he was to go to Seamus Whelan at Ormond Quay, and he would get in touch with Mick Collins so that the message

would be delivered in time to Griffith. Personally, I do not know what happened that morning when O'Toole arrived in Dublin, but I do know that Joe Dixon, who was solicitor to Arthur Griffith, gave that message to Arthur Griffith before 10 o'clock on that Saturday morning. In that letter I explained to Griffith what had happened and I asked him not to see Archbishop Clune. Arthur Griffith did not see Archbishop Clune in prison, although it has been stated many times, both in Great Britain and Ireland that he did. I discussed this question with the present Canon Patrick Fitzpatrick, P.P., of Foxrock, and with the late Canon McMahon, P.P., of Clontarf who were chaplains to the prison. Dr. Fitzpatrick told me that Canon McMahon was very angry at the time with Griffith owing to the fact that he refused to see a dignitary of his own church. Canon McMahon himself told me that he was surprised that Griffith refused to see Dr. Clune. He also told me that he was very relieved, even though late in the day, to know the reason why.

On Griffith coming out of gaol he told me that he refused to see Canon McMahon, but he referred him to Michael Staines, who was then in prison. When I decided to return to Dublin Phillips stated that he was of the opinion there would be no settlement of the plan of Dublin Castle and he said: "You will be back here again in two months"; that was when I told him that I had decided to quit London.

I left London within a day or two (as soon as I had settled up my affairs there). (As a matter of fact, I had decided to leave London the day Griffith was arrested and would have done so had it not been for the guarantee they gave me that his papers would be examined and a pronouncement given in the House of Commons that there was nothing objectionable found in his papers and not a stain on his character). I had a considerable quantity of papers to take home with me and immediately after "Bloody Sunday" it was not easy to travel as there was a rigid inspection of all passengers

coming into Ireland. There was a suggestion made to me by a diplomatic friend from the United States as to how I would get my documents to Dublin without inspection. He was very friendly with the British authorities and he volunteered to find out for me what particular night that week the Vice-Regal carriage on the train from Euston to Holyhead would be unoccupied, that is, when no official was travelling. The only night free was Saturday night. He told me to get a first-class ticket and book a berth in a sleeping car and that if I gave a tip to the attendant he would put me into the carriage usually set apart for the use of the Viceroy of of Government messengers. I did this and was put into the Chief Secretary's apartment by the attendant. It had peculiar consequences, but also the desired ones, as when I got to Holyhead I was met on the platform by the stationmaster and the captain of the ship,or his first officer, and the head Customs official, and before anyone was allowed off the train I was taken aboard without any examination of my luggage and put into a special carriage. On arrival at Dunlaoghaire Pier similar procedure was adopted. The Harbour Master, the Customs officials and the captain of the boat, or his 1st Lieutenant, met me and one of the officials asked me would he telephone to the Castle for a motor to take me to town. I said No, as it was Sunday morning that I intended to stay with friends in Kingstown (Dunlaoghaire), and that ended the matter, so my documents were not inspected.

During all the time I was in London I visited Wickham Steed daily and, as a rule, he showed me copies of the following day's leading article if it in any way referred to Ireland, and he showed me all the various correspondence, his own as well as others. I kept him acquainted with what I was doing the whole week until the Truce and he specially asked me to give him a copy of the 'safe conduct' which was proposed to be given to me and to give him a photostatic copy of the document in reference to the Truce, as he said that I

ran grave risks of being murdered by the Auxiliaries even before I arrived in Dublin, that they certainly would murder me if they knew what was being done. Phillips told me that the Irish Office did their mightiest to get to know who I was and he said he could not give them my name or any idea of my identity because he did not want to have blood on his hands.

On Sunday, 5th or 6th December, I reported my arrival to Michael Collins. By arrangement, I met Dermot O'Hegarty at Alderman Cole's House, 3 Mountjoy Square, at 8 o'clock, and we walked to Phil Shanahan's publichouse in Corporation St. Outside that publichouse there were six or eight men acting as Mick's bodyguard. They looked the ordinary type of men one would expect to see around a publichouse at the docks. The inside of that publichouse was the filthiest I had every stood in. It had a clay floor with holes in it nine to 10 inches deep and some places from two to three feet wide. Eventually Mick appeared out of a panel in the wall. He told me it was one of his hide-out places as it gave access to the majority of the houses in Corporation Buildings. I explained the situation to him as I had left it in London. I told him of Archbishop Clune's visit, all about the truce and conference. Unfortunately, by a peculiar, malign destiny of fate, the very day that Dublin Castle was acquainted with the arrangements which had been made in London in reference to a truce was the day on which the Galway Co. Council passed their famous resolution. Immediately that resolution was reported to the officials in Dublin Castle, the Chief Secretary came to London. They said they had been in touch with John MacNeill and that the latter was ready to accept a proposal which they submitted to him, with the result that I decided to discontinue any further talks or communications or peace talks with Fisher. Greenwood crossed to London and asked the Earl of Denbigh to give a dinner party which was to

include Archbishop Clune of Australia. The Earl of Denbigh was a Catholic. This dinner was given and the Archbishop attended and there met Greenwood, with the result that the Archbishop was sent as an emissary by Greenwood to see Griffith in prison. This will explain why I was so anxious to get a message to Griffith telling him of the mission on which Archbishop Clune was engaged and the purport of that mission. This was the state of affairs when I met Collins at Phil Shanahan's publichouse. I gave him a full explanation of what I had done in reference to the truce and how near it was for the truce to have been called that week. After over an hour's discussion of the situation, Mick Collins said to me: "To hell with it, let's get on with the work". He also said, as far as Dr. Walsh of Galway was concerned - who was chairman of the Galway Co. Council at the time - he thought it was an error of judgment, but he said: "For God's sake stop Father Mick".(Father O'Flanagan). (Father O'Flanagan had sent some wires to Lloyd George). "When you leave here", he said, "tell all the men of our crowd that you meet that you met a man who met Lloyd George and tell the whole story as you have told it to me, but do not say that you met Lloyd George yourself." He also asked me to see Fr.O'Flanagan, that he would refuse to see him, and to explain to him what damage he had done.

I should have mentioned that before Griffith's arrest George Russell went to London and got in touch with Lloyd George - how, I do not know - and I knew of it in London. I told Griffith that it made things rather awkward for me in London - a man like George Russell coming over the job I had done - and Griffith told me that he would allow no one to interfere, so far as he was able, with the work I was doing; that he would send word to Russell, who was very friendly to us, not to take any further action. Incidentally, I met Shane Leslie one day outside Phillip's office waiting to see him. I had known Leslie for a number of years. I asked Phillips

the next day I saw him what was Shane Leslie doing and he told me that he was there representing the Irish bishops. This was subsequent to Archbishop Clune. Phillips was the man appointed to carry on the affairs of Ireland so far, but Lloyd George took the leading part all the time.

Another thing, at an earlier date I got this message from Lloyd George through Phillips, and Lloyd George said that he did not want to see me until his arrangements were ready to be made public, as if he saw me and the work I was doing was a failure, then, he said, the second stage would be worse than the first. At the same time I was told that Lloyd George never entered into a conference until the details were first settled.

Going back to Mick Collins when he told me to see Father O'Flanagan. I left Collins at 9.30; curfew was at 10 o'clock. I had to get home to Crossthwaite Park, Dunlaoghaire. When I got to the middle of George's St. the tram was stopped; there was a raid on the Grocers Assistants Club in that St. I left the tramcar and went through a back street towards Crossthwaite Park. I had not, however, gone far when I was confronted by an armoured car packed with Auxiliaries. They shone the lights on me and they hesitated for a time, but they did not come out to search me.

On that Sunday, 6th December, the "Sunday Independent" had in the Latest News column a paragraph in reference to the work I had done in London. T.J. Nix, who was already mentioned, was working on the Catholic Herald, London, and I gave him an outline of what I had done. I thought this was necessary owing to the fact that I asked him to go specially with a message to Griffith. Nix evidently told Mr. McInerney, the Irish representative of the "Independent" in London, what I had given him in strict confidence, and I think, too, some others in the Falstaff publichouse restaurant in Fleet Street, London. I was very annoyed when I saw that he had given me

away and, in consequence, at about 4.30 that Sunday I went to the "Independent" office in Abbey St. I saw Mr. Harrington, the editor, and I asked him to publish a denial of what Mr. McInerney had written. He said: "Who are you that you could give me such instructions?" I said: "I am the chap that you see sitting in front of you and I am about 45 years of age and what else matters? but it is of the utmost importance that you give denial to what Mr. McInerney has written in your latest column of today's "Sunday Independent" He bluntly refused. I told him that if he did not deny it his paper would not be published that night. After some further words, he handed me a piece of blank paper and said: "Write your denial on that and you don't need to sign it". Monday morning's "Irish Independent" came out with a big heading in one inch letters stating that what Mr. McInerney had written in reference to me had been contradicted by a leading Sinn Féiner. Years later, I received and still have a letter from Mr. Harrington saying that I was the man who made the denial.

The "Catholic Herald" published a full page in reference to me in its edition of 6th December. I knew Charles Diamond, the proprietor of the paper, so I wrote to him to deny it. He refused to do so. I saw his agent in town, the late Cathal O'Toole, and his assistant, J.J. O'Leary, and I explained to them the necessity of what had been written, using the same threat that I had given to Mr. Harrington. The result was that the "Catholic Herald" had three-quarters of a page of an apology to me typical of what Charles Diamond could write. I wrote and thanked Charles Diamond for that article.

After the Truce T.J. Nix came to Griffith looking for a job as a journalist. Griffith seemed to remember him, as he said: "Are you the man that let down poor Moylett?" Nix replied "Yes". Griffith then said: "I don't want to see you". But before Nix went away Griffith relented and said to him: "I am a journalist myself and I can understand what that piece of news meant to you". Griffith's description of the explanation

given by Nix was: "It was like throwing a quart of whiskey down my neck. I had to vomit or be sick".

On Monday, 7th December, I think, I called a meeting at the Gresham Hotel of Colonel Moore, Mrs. Wyse Power, P. O'Keeffe, Secretary of Sinn Féin, and a man named Larry Nugent of Upper Mount St., in whose house the late Father O'Flanagan usually stayed when he came to Dublin, with a view to sending a deputation to Father O'Flanagan to Roscommon to ask him to discontinue his correspondence with Lloyd George. Dr. Browne was present at that meeting. We arranged to send Larry Nugent and Colonel Moore to Roscommon, and they went that evening. At that meeting the denial which appeared in the "Independent" of that morning was discussed. I told Paddy O'Keeffe that I was the man who did the work that was referred to in McInerney's article, and I have never seen a man get so angry so quickly. He there and then threatened to have me executed, but he did not worry me much. I simply told him that before he carried out the execution he should have the sentence confirmed by Mick Collins, his superior officer. Seemingly he must have consulted his superior officer very soon after the meeting as, at about 7 p.m. that night, there was a knock on the door at 18 Crossthwaite Park. I opened the door and himself and Willie Corrigan, solicitor, appeared. Before I had time to speak to either of them, O'Keeffe told me that Mick Collins had sent him out to apologise to me for what he said in the Gresham Hotel. I asked them in and told Páidín O'Keeffe that I valued the threat and apology equally.

I next saw Darrel Figgis and I told him what Mick Collins told me to tell other people, that is, that I met a man who ha met Lloyd George and I explained to him how far that man had gone towards the arrangements for a truce, and in consequence of this, he wrote "The Watchman" letters in the Press, the object of which was, apparently, to hearten the people. I must have told that to hundreds of people within the next week

Alec McCabe soon after told me that they were very despondent in some parts of Sligo or Leitrim owing to the trend of affairs caused by the Galway resolution and Father O'Flanagan's telegrams and, to a lesser extent, John Sweetman's action. Alec McCabe told me that they got my message at a time when they were collecting bombs etc. to attack a barracks and that the message gave them "great heart".

About the middle of that week I met Father O'Flanagan at Upper Mount St. in Nugent's house. I explained to him what had been done, and I gave him Mick Collins's message. I begged of him, as an old friend, to desist from further action in pursuance of the object he had in writing to Lloyd George. I also explained to him that it had a very serious effect on the national fight, and all I can say is that I found Father O'Flanagan in a very depressed condition. He gave me his word that he had finished with the matter. A few days later I was again with Mick Collins. I told him what I had done in reference to Father O'Flanagan and he was very pleased. He was still very angry and he felt the action of Fr. O'Flanagan very deeply and he regarded it as treason to the country.

I decided to call to All Hallows College during the first week of December as, although I was a complete stranger there, I was anxious to see one or two bishops whom I knew were staying there at the time. (As previously explained, I met Shane Leslie at Downing St. and Phillips told me he was there representing the Catholic Bishops of Ireland. I then told Phillips that, so far as Sinn Féin and Irish republicanism were concerned, he might as well represent twenty-six tramway-men and that he could tell that to Lloyd George or Greenwood). Greenwood and his crowd got some concessions from Lloyd George and possibly from the bishops. I went to All Hallows College to acquaint the authorities there and some bishops who were staying there of

the position of affairs as they existed when I left London and to tell them they were simply being used as tools by Greenwood and the Dublin Castle officials. From that time until Christmas I took no further action, but returned to the offices at 7 Fleet St. which were those of The Irish Overseas Trading and Shipping Company, of which I was a director.

On the 3rd June 1921, I got a letter from General Cockerill, worded as follows: "I have seen your friend in Downing St. He has asked me to write to you to say - "They have hunted a fresh fox in the shape of Fr. O'Flanagan and that now they have found the scent cold". "To drop metaphor, will you agree to renew the communications where they were left off?" My answer was that Lloyd George would want a long period of moral convalescence before I would do business with him again. I also stated that when Lloyd George asked Griffith for a man to"stand on the bridge", Griffith did so, and he arrested Griffith. Continuing, he said: "I will take no further part in any conversation while Griffith is in gaol".

When de Valera returned from America I used every endeavour to see him but could not do so unless I gave particulars of the reason for my visit to Erskine Childers. I resented this very much as a natural-born Irishman faithful to the republican movement from its inception. I considered, therefore, that I should not have to tell an ex-British officer the nature of the business I had to communicate to Mr. de Valera. Furthermore, as I was bound to secrecy by A. Griffith in consequence of his arrest and detention, I felt that it was my duty to see Mr. de Valera and explain to him what I had done. I tried to see Mr. de Valera through various channels, but on each occasion I was sent back to Erskine Childers as I was informed he was the only man that could make an appointment for me with de Valera.

A peculiar position arose in the national movement on the arrival back from America of Mr. de Valera. This position may have passed unnoticed by the general public, but it did not pass unnoticed by the people who, up to the moment, carried on the main work of the republican organisation. On Mr. de Valera's arrival we find Erskine Childers being appointed to the office of Director of Publicity. We had his cousin, Major Robinson - just retired from the British army - made secretary of the White Cross. We had a new star arise over the republican horizon in the shape of John Charters, a man who had been sent to Ireland by Lloyd George on a secret service mission in reference to munitions. We also had Mr. Smith-Gordon, an Englishman, who was appointed managing director of the National Land Bank, and one or two other visitors of the same ilk. These were put up as an inner cabinet or advisory board by Mr. de Valera. Mick Collins was somewhat demoted from the position which he held in the Cabinet, but not from the position he held in the country, and so was Cathal Brugha. They were relegated to their own departments by the President. Up to this time Collins was the highlight in the country, but, on the arrival of de Valera, the President, Collins's light was officially dimmed.

Meeting Frank Fahy (who was acting Minister for Education - the Minister, John MacNeill, being in prison) I asked him who was John Charters and his answer was: "What I want to know is who the hell is John Charters? I am the Minister, but I am never consulted". This situation became quite plain to me and I foresaw in it that there would be a cleavage in Sinn Féin through dissatisfaction on the part of these Ministers and others who felt slighted, and I felt this so strongly that in April 1921, I went to my home town in Ballina to explain the position to my friends there and to

ask their advice, as it seemed clear to me that the interpolation of so many outsiders into the inner circle of the republican movement would most certainly cause dissatisfaction and ultimate cleavage. When Mr. de Valera was questioned about his action in taking these men into an inner cabinet he gave as an explanation that these men were to be trusted and that they were always available, whereas Mick Collins and others were not always available.

April 14th 1921 - A letter which I wrote in "The Times" was reproduced word for word in Australia, South Africa, South America and North America. Oliver Gogarty told me that it was reproduced in Italy; he was there; It was accounted to be one of the best pieces of propaganda of that period. Wickham Steed told me that not one man on the staff of "The Times" would have written and signed his name to that letter. I wrote that letter in reply to a letter from Lloyd George controverting a previous letter written by the Bishop of Chelmsford, who had accused Lloyd George and his Government of atrocities in Ireland. In that letter I gave my own personal experience in Galway, naming Cruise, the Commissioner of Police, and others I had seen committing crimes. I enumerated the various acts of the ordinary police, as well as the Black and Tans. I gave the names of men whom I had actually seen looting houses and shooting at men on the night in September when they looted Mr. L. O'Dea's house in Eyre Square, Galway. I wrote it purely for propaganda purposes. (Copy of letter to be attached).

The sequel to that letter, according to an account given to me immediately after the Truce by Michael Staines, was that the police, including the Black and Tans and Auxiliaries, held a meeting in Galway as to what action they would take against me. Their first intention was to take an action against the "London Times" as well as against me; but, on mature consideration, they decided that they would not take

legal action against "The Times". However, they sent two Auxiliaries from Galway to Dublin to "fix" me. One of these was named Harrison, a South African, and the other was Jock Burke, who was the leader of the Auxiliaries in Galway.

The Auxiliaries were in the habit of getting supplies of whiskey from a friend of mine named John T. Miller, who owned Pearse's Distillery in Galway, and, as Miller was a staunch loyalist, or appeared so to the Auxiliaries, they discussed some of their private business in his presence, part of which was that the two men, Burke and Harrison, were going to Dublin to get me. Mr. Miller sent his son, George, to Dublin to convey this information to me. Through indirect means he found out my address. A day or two later, Mick Collins sent for me to tell me that these men were in Dublin specially to shoot me, and would do so on sight wherever they met me, on the street or elsewhere. Collins had given instructions to four or five men to watch me. One of these men was placed on the roof over 19 Eustace St. and three or four were constantly on the ground floor of the house nearly opposite 19 Eustace St. - about halfway between No. 19 and No. 16. No. 16 was Ernest Blythe's office, which was never discovered, and some of these men were also keeping watch on it. I never asked who these men were.

On 7th June 1921, at about half-past five, while walking up Dame St. towards the Castle, I saw Harrison about ten yards in front of me. I immediately crossed to the other side of the street, and when he had passed by I re-crossed and followed him from Hely's in Dame St. to North's in Grafton St. I kept a sharp lookout during this time to see if I could recognise an I.R.A. man on the street, as I had made up my mind that if I could get hold of a gun I would shoot Harrison. I never knew what it meant to shoot a man in what is called cold blood until then, but on that day I was wearing boots and I had the lace tied around the top of each boot, and my feeling was that

my whole body, from the top of my head to where the laces encircled my ankles, was cold, and only from my ankles to my toes was warm. I decided that I would not shoot Harrison in the head, but would shoot him through his backbone, which would guarantee that he would not return fire on me. I did not wish to kill him. I knew that Harrison's sole job in Dublin was to get me. I was a first-class shot with either rifle or revolver.

On 28th May 1921, Mr. Dumont, the American Consul, with an address at 14 Lower O'Connell St., sent for me. I had never seen the man previously. I called at his office at about 11 o'clock that day. After the usual courtesies he told me that the British were very anxious to meet de Valera. I answered: "That is easily done. If they want to meet de Valera they can put an advertisement in the daily papers and he will certainly see it". Mr. Dumont replied: "Now, that is foolish. You know very well that things cannot be done in that way". I told him, in answer to that: I would give no assistance. He then said: "You are the most impossible people I ever met. I might tell you that I am more than a Consul here. I am a political agent. I am going to do something now, and were my government to know it, I would never serve them another day". He then took down a file of correspondence between himself and Washington, and also between himself and Dublin Castle, which included the Chief Secretary and Sir John Anderson. I saw a letter from Sir John Anderson asking for Mr. Dumont's good offices in bringing the British authorities and de Valera together. Having seen that, I decided to act. I knew then that they meant business.

Before I set out for Dumont's office I had been in the office of the Irish Overseas Shipping and Trading Company in Fleet St. After my interview with Dumont I returned to the office in Fleet St. and consulted with Frank Maher

who was my co-director. We decided we would send the information through W.T. Cosgrave, who at that time was in charge of Home Affairs and had an office in the Alexandra Hotel in Exchequer St. He was known there as Mr. McDermott. As a result of this information, there was a Cabinet meeting held that night, at which Mr. de Valera presided. The information which I had conveyed was put before the meeting. What I now relate is information which I subsequently received next morning from Mr. W.T. Cosgrave. Mr. de Valera said it was a trap, and warned Cosgrave against having anything to do with it. Subsequently de Valera agreed to my going into Dublin Castle the following day, but mentioned that if I went in I would stay in. He asked Mr. Cosgrave to take four or five men at 11 o'clock the following morning and see me safely in the Castle gate, and that he was to remain at 7 Fleet St. if I had not returned by 2 o'clock he was to report me missing.

Having got the O.K. from Mr. Cosgrave I called on Mr. Dumont and informed him that I was prepared to go to Dublin Castle. He was delighted and told me that he would immediately convey the matter to the British authorities. I arranged to go in to Dublin Castle at 11 o'clock the following morning

I left Dumont's office and walked from O'Connell St. to the Shelbourne Hotel. I went into the lavatory in that hotel and I found there Mr. Dumont and General Brind, the Chief Intelligence Officer for the British. I got my first introduction to General Brind in that room, and that was where the information was imparted. Brind was about 55 years of age and had a face as red and as round as a well-shaped tomato.

The following day, May 30th, Mr. Cosgrave, his four men, whose names I do not know, and myself, walked up Fleet St. and through Crane Court, immediately opposite the Castle gates. Mr. Cosgrave and his men halted and I walked forward. I looked back and I saw Cosgrave, with his quiff of hair,

looking wistfully after me. Before I left him he had impressed on me the necessity to be out of the Castle before 2 o'clock, as, if not, he would go at once to the evening papers to report me missing.

Seemingly, the people at the Castle gates knew I was coming, because a policeman promptly opened the gate. He was a Dublin Metropolitan policeman and, whoever he was, he showed me where McKee, Clune and Clancy were murdered, which did not do me a bit of good, as I had a creepy feeling up the backs of my legs when I heard the gates being closed behind me.

As I passed what was then known as the Chapel Royal, I saw a number of Auxiliaries firing revolver shots at small barrels filled with clay, the class of barrel that came from Spain with grapes.

The man who was appointed to take me to the British officials took me through the archway and I was ushered into an apartment on the ground floor on the right. There I met for the first time Mr. A.W. Cope, afterwards Sir A.W. Cope. After the usual introductions and offering of cigarettes or cigars, of which I did not partake, Mr. Cope opened the conversation by saying that they were anxious to meet Mr. de Valera. I said to him what I had already said to Mr. Dumont - that could easily be done by putting an advertisement in the papers. I asked Mr. Cope: "What is your programme, or, if you want to meet him, what is your agenda?", and he answered: "We are willing to acknowledge that we are defeated. There is nothing else for us to do but to draft into this country four hundred thousand men and exterminate the whole population of the country, and we are not willing to do that". I replied: "You would do it if you thought the world would stand for it. What proposition have you to make?" He answered: "We are willing to withdraw our whole establishment, from the lowest policeman to the highest judge". I added: "And their pensions?". "Yes", he said. I told him: "You will have room

for the civil servants now that the 26% German Reparation Act is coming into force, and you will have room for the judges in the Divorce Courts" - they were about 10,000 divorce cases in arrears in England after the war. During the conversation we discussed the whole situation and the possible future situation. Then the question of ports arose. It was understood by Cope and by me that the British were to withdraw completely from the country, but he mentioned that they would want the use of the ports in war time. I told him that we could not agree to that, and that if the British were to insist it would be cutting across what he had already stated - that they were withdrawing their whole establishment. I said to him: "There is always open to you the use of force in the case of seizing ports, but we could not agree to alienate any portion of our territory. The position may arise later on for all I know, as happened in Australia and New Zealand, where a future Irish Government - if you treat the country properly - may offer to build and pay for a warship for your navy and give it to you free, but we could not agree to give you control of any of our ports".

Mr. Cope and I discussed the whole field of trade, currency, economics, which included tariffs, and such matters. He quite understood and stated that this country would - onee the British left - have the right to do what it wished concerning the various aspects of trade and economics, as well as politics.

Mr. Cope told me that he had superseded both the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary. They were the direct representatives of Lloyd George in this country, and he said that although he was only an ordinary civil servant he was here to make peace.

When I was leaving, at about half-past one, Mr. Cope told me that he wanted to catch the 3 o'clock train to Belfast to

see Craig, and asked me where he could meet me on the following Monday, which was a Bank Holiday. "Certainly not here", I said. "I will meet you outside". During the interview there was nobody present but Mr. Cope and myself. There may have been a stenographer there, but I do not know whether the stenographer took notes of the conversation or not.

When I left Cope I immediately repaired to 7 Fleet St. where Mr. Cosgrave was waiting to receive me. He was extremely delighted with the news I brought him. I gave him details of the whole conversation while it was still fresh in my mind.

The following Monday I met Mr. Cope again. He told me that he had seen Craig, that they were forcing him ('forcing' was the word he used) and that we would have peace in a few days. For a fortnight or so after that conversation things went on as usual.

Then Mr. de Valera was accidentally arrested in a house in Blackrock, but was liberated the same day. At that time, and for a long time afterwards, many people wondered why Mr. de Valera was liberated so quickly. Within forty-eight hours of his release, Mr. de Valera received a letter from Downing St. proposing a truce, an amnesty and a conference.

I can state here that at the date of Mr. de Valera's arrest, that letter had already been written in Downing St. and it was delayed for two days at the request of Dublin Castle. They had a last try to delay the truce.

On the Friday before the Truce I got a letter from John Steele of the "Chicago Tribune" in London, informing me that he had been called to Downing St. by Mr. C.J. Phillips, who requested him to communicate with me and ask me would I go to Mountjoy Jail and ask for the release of Arthur Griffith and John MacNeill. If I did this, I was told that they would

be handed over to me. I replied that whoever put them in would have to let them out without any request from me. I immediately wrote to Mrs. Griffith to say that Arthur would be out on the following day - which he was.

The next day, Sunday, Arthur Griffith called at the house I was staying in, No. 8 Ormond Road, Rathmines, I was the first man he visited when he came out of jail. The first thing he said to me was would I tell the President. He did not specify what I was to tell the President. I said no, that I could not give the information to Mr. de Valera unless I gave it to Mr. Erskine Childers first, which I refused to do. I said I did nothing and refused to take any a act or part in any discussions from the day he was arrested until 28th May, the day Dumont sent for me.

The "London Times" offered me £1,000 for two articles, and they mentioned that it was the highest figure they paid to anyone. My reply was that I never swam in froth, that the thing was not finished yet.

When the first meeting of the Dáil was called after the Truce, Mr. Wickham Steed and Captain Shaw of the "London Times" wrote to me asking, if possible, to have Lord Dunraven to represent the Irish Unionists instead of Lord Lansdowne, as Lord Dunraven was always anxious to have a settlement in Ireland and was always friendly, whereas Lansdowne was not. Immediately I got this letter I handed it to Arthur Griffith where he was having some refreshments in the Bailey Restaurant.

Wickham Steed, notwithstanding what people may think of him, was the best friend we had in England. Lots of people thought it was Lord Northcliffe who changed the policy of the "Times", whereas in truth it was Wickham Steed, the editor. Lord Northcliffe was then becoming feeble-minded.

During my many trips, of which I made possibly two dozen, to London between October 1920 and January 1921, Wickham Steed consulted me on numerous occasions in reference to leading articles which he wrote on Ireland. I always found him friendly and anxious that Ireland would get a square deal. I will say that he never wanted to go further than Dominion Home Rule, which he favoured.

At the first meeting of the Dáil after the return of the delegates from London, I was the only outsider admitted. Paddy O'Keeffe kept the door of the Mansion House. As I walked in I asked him: "How are they?". His answer was: "Go in. They are fighting like cats and dogs. Go in and see them". There was a huge crowd outside the Mansion House waiting for news.

I went into the room where the Dáil was meeting, and when Arthur Griffith saw me at the door he walked down to me. There were tears running down his face. The various T.D.s were talking in groups.

As people who were ignorant of what I had been doing were, as usual, taking an unchristian view of my activities, I asked Griffith for permission to publish the facts on that, and he asked not to do so until things were settled. In consequence, I never gave to anyone this story, which is, according to my conscience, perfectly true. When Wickham Steed owned "The Review of Reviews" he asked me to write it for him. He told me that he could not pay me as much as the big papers, but he made arrangements to have the story published in "The Sydney Sun", and in a paper in Buenos Aires. I promised Mr. John Steele of "The Chicago Tribune" that if I ever wrote the story I would give them the rights of publishing it in the United States, but, as I have been disillusioned over the way things have been conducted in this country during and since 1922, I have no wish to publish it.

In February 1899, I was invited to a meeting in the Westminster Palace Hotel in London. At that meeting a reconciliation took place between the warring factions in Ireland consequent on the Parnell split. At the conclusion of the meeting, J.F.X. O'Brien, the last Fenian sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered and subsequently reprieved, asked me, as the youngest man in the room, to bear witness to the Ireland of the future what Ireland lost through the Parnell split. Unfortunately, I was to witness a split much more disastrous than the Parnell split. During the critical weeks of December 1921, I did my utmost to try and prevent the aplit in the republican ranks which was then visible to all. I found then that men who had taken no part in the national struggle were the most vociferous in their demands for upholding the republic. Consequently I took no part whatsoever in the Civil War.

I must mention that I was in Portobello Barracks the evening before Mick Collins set out on his fatal journey. I went there to get a permit for 1,000 gallons of petrol, which I got. Mick Collins told me that he was going to do a circuit of the country; that he intended to speak to the 'boys' - meaning his opponents - and to reason with them. He said he knew them all personally and he would explain to them the foolishness of their action. He said he would tell them that if they continued in their way of action he would use force and repressive measures to stop them. That was my last meeting with Michael Collins. He died a few days later.

SIGNED: P Moylett

DATE: Dec 16th 1952 (P. Moylett)

Dec. 16th, 1952.

Witness: William Ivory Comd't.

(William Ivory)