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MEMORANDUM OF AMBULANCE WORK & EFFORTS FOR PEACE.

Wed. 28.6.22.

My Ambulance duties in connection with the Civil War began on Wednesday, the 28th June, and continued until the Saturday following. My work was varied. At one time I had charge of the S.J.A.B. party at the hut opposite the Hammam Hotel; at another, of the party at the Metropole Cinema; much of my time was spent going round with Mr. Bentley Thom in his improvised ambulance car. During one of my journeys with him, on Thursday evening---to the Insurgents' dressing station at the rear of St. Kevin's House, Parnell Square, to remove a dead man and a wounded man---the Insurgents seized the Hammam, into which we had just transferred the contents of the hut for the night. On our return we found the guests very excited and frightened.. Much anxiety was felt particularly for an aged and delicate Catholic prelate, Bishop O'Reilly, of Peoria, Illinois, who was suffering severely from the shock. We brought his lordship in the ambulance to the Shelbourne hotel. On the way, to cheer him up, I talked as pleasantly as I could; and before we parted we were already good friends.

Th. 29.6.22.

30.6.22.

On Friday evening I was greatly pleased to hear of the part taken by the Brigade in facilitating the negotiations that led to the surrender of the Four Courts. I gathered---wrongly as it transpired later---that they had taken an active part in the negotiations.

Sat. 1.7.22.

Bp. O'Reilly.

On Saturday, when coming in from Clontarf, where I live, I pondered gloomily on the possibility of a prolonged sanguinary and obstinate contest, of burnings, raids, mines, anarchy here and there throughout the country. Before reporting for duty I went to the Shelbourne to enquire for Bishop O'Reilly. On the way, at the First Aid station at Foster Place, I heard that Father Albert had requested the Commission of the Brigade, Sir John Lumsden, to meet him, and I assumed that further negotiations were intended. I found the Bishop recovered from the shock, but still very feeble. In the course of conversation he described his meetings with Mr. de Valera and Miss Mary MacSwiney in America and of his friendship for them both. It occurred to me that his influence might prove a useful factor in the negotiations for peace, and I asked him whether I might mention his name to my Chief in that regard. He at once expressed a strong desire to do anything he could, regretted the feebleness that confined him to the hotel, but urged me to induce if possible Mr. de Valera and Miss MacSwiney to visit him there.

Fr. Albert.

I returned to Foster Place, where I met Mr. Smith, Assistant-Commissioner of the Brigade. The Chief had already gone to meet Father Albert, and afterwards motored in the direction of the Four Courts hotel, the North Dublin headquarters of the regular army. Thither Mr. Smith directed me to seek him; Mr. Tweedy took me in his motor. Sir John had not been there, nor at the medical headquarters; so we returned to Mr. Smith, who then determined to go to Fr. Albert at the Hammam, taking me with him. Even in the sad circumstances, I was glad to renew my acquaintance with Fr. Albert, and we talked for a little while about my late dear friend and colleague, his cousin. Then he plunged into the subject that was causing him so much anxiety, the present deplorable situation. Finding that I was as keen on peace as he was, he impressed me that the main obstacle to it on the Insurgent's side was the irritation caused by the accusations against them in the Press, and the tone adopted in the Government communiqués, which he described as being the "Go-along-to-the-devil-out-of-that" style. So long as they were addressed in such a strain, he declared, the Insurgents would never surrender; on the other hand, a friendly message from the other side, as from Irishmen to



brother Irishmen, would create an atmosphere in which really friendly negotiations could begin. Previous negotiations had perished because of the poisoned atmosphere. Could not we, he asked, get from Mr. Collins or his Government a message of goodwill to his former comrades?

Our position. Mr. Smith and I undertook to do everything in our power after seeing our Chief, who, we were confident, would call on Mr. Collins, taking one or both of us with him. Our position was made quite clear. We were not "Butting in" on negotiations conducted by more important persons; we were engaged in the humbler but very necessary task of clearing the road for them, purifying the atmosphere, reviving the recollection of former camaraderie and friendship among the men now fighting each other so bitterly: thus only could the negotiations of peace get a fair chance.

Sir John  
Lumsden.

At the headquarters of the Brigade, 40 Merrion Square, we found the Commissioner. To the surprise of Mr. Smith and myself, he disapproved of the promise we had given ~~to~~ Father Albert: he thought that for him to visit Mr. Collins on a peace mission would go dangerously near to an infringement of the Geneva Convention, and might expose the Brigade to an accusation of taking sides in a military or political matter. He consulted District Secretary Mr. Connor, and District Officer Miss Blandford. All agreed that any accusation of taking sides would be a misrepresentation, but the danger of it was there. I considered--- apparently alone, for Mr. Smith did not speak---that we would expose the Brigade to far greater injury if we allowed it to be truly said that at such a critical hour we turned down a request, not for aid ~~for~~ to one side against the other, not even for peace negotiations but for help in letting the head of the Government know that a leader on the other side would welcome a friendly message.

The Chief decided to send Mr. Connor <sup>of me</sup> to inform Mr. Albert that the Geneva Regulations prevented us as members of the Brigade from doing what he asked. I went with Mr. Connor, introduced him, and he explained. I then handed to Mr. Connor my resignation from the Brigade, first showing it to Father Albert so that he might understand that I was now free to do anything he wished me to do. Mr. Connor refused to accept the resignation, declaring it entirely unnecessary; it would be quite sufficient for me, he said, to put off my uniform and don civilian clothes: I would be then a simple citizen for whose acts or words the Brigade would be in no way responsible. I therefore pocketed the card, went home, changed clothing, and drove straight to the Offices of the Provisional Government.

Mr. Collins.

Mr. Collins received me very affably, and we talked for above half an hour. He felt very sore over the explosion of the mine in the Four Courts after the garrison had decided to surrender, over the demonstration in Mountjoy on Friday night, and certain other acts of the Insurgents. But when he learned fully the moderate demand I had to make, he had no hesitation in complying. After a minute's pause, during which he seemed to be settling in his mind the form of the friendly message he was asked to send, he spoke to this effect: "Tell these men that neither I, nor any member of the Government, nor any officer in the army (and I learned the feeling of every officer in Dublin on my rounds yesterday) ~~not~~ not one of us wishes to hurt a single one of them, or even to humiliate them in any way that can be avoided. They are at liberty to march out and go to their homes unmolested if only they will---I do not use the word surrender---if only they will deposit their weapons in the National armoury, there to remain until and unless in the whirl of politics these men become a majority in the country, in which case



they will themselves have control of them."

I said: "Let me make quite sure I fully understand you. You will let them all go to their homes---you will make no exceptions of any of the leaders?" He paused, then said with an emphatic gesture: "No, not one. They may all return to their homes if they will deposit their weapons in the National Armory."

Fr. Albert.

Mr. Barton.

I could look for no more. I thanked him with a hopeful heart and went straight back to Father Albert. That gentleman was, I think, as surprised as myself at the unmistakably genial and friendly character of the message; but as he was very busy hearing Confessions, he went and brought Mr. Barton to speak with me instead. I pause for one moment to remark that it was a sight to see, the depth and the warmth of the mutual affection of those two men so opposite to each other in many respects.

But I soon found that Mr. Barton had no desire for peace. He was friendly to a degree, suave, manly, and frank. When I repeated Mr. Collins' message he expressed high appreciation of its graciousness and friendliness, but immediately added a strong doubt of its sincerity. When I replied that any terms agreed to would of course be in writing he replied in substance: "We want no terms other than victory or death. The Republic has been betrayed by the very men who were joined with us in fighting ~~with~~ for it. Instead of joining with us now to fight England, they are, at England's bidding, trying to crush us. Even if they succeed in crushing us---which remains to be seen---the shedding of our blood will keep alive the spirit of the nation as the blood of the martyrs of 1916 revived it. Our death will be the very best means of showing to the world that there are thousands of Irishmen who will never submit to be ruled by an English king, and our example will---it may be soon, it may be later---inspire the vast majority of our countrymen to fight ceaselessly until independence is achieved. It can be brought about in no other way."

I pointed out that although the majority of Irishmen differed from him as to the best way to advance towards independence, yet he was of course entitled to his opinion, and would be justified in giving his life to uphold it; but was he justified in leading to death---death in many cases so certain as to amount practically to suicide---even one hundred of the brave boys who followed him?

He replied: "If we are entitled to die, so are they; if we are entitled to our opinion, so are they. They were right in 1916, as events have proved."

"But surely," I said, "you perceive a fundamental difference between the genesis of these boys' opinions then and now. In 1916 they fought British troops from motives which they imbibed with their mothers' milk; today they are fighting Irish troops owing to their leaders' disagreement in policy. They have an opinion on the subject, but you know well that most of them did not form that opinion for themselves, but adopted that of their favourite leader and imagined it was their own. Are you justified in leading them to death in promotion of such an opinion, so acquired?"

"There," said Mr. Barton, "is exactly where you people make a mistake; you cannot realise that on this question the rank and file not merely have formed their own opinion for themselves, but hold it more strongly and aggressively than the leaders. If we were to make peace today on the terms proposed by Mr. Collins the vast majority of the men would simply discard us, select other leaders, and continue the



fight. In this case the rank and file are the real leaders."

What better terms, I asked, could Mr. Collins offer, consistently with his position as head of the Government? "The only proposal that Michael Collins could make," said he, "that we would consider worth looking at would be to come over and stand by our side and let us both fight England."

Feeling sad and depressed, I bade him goodnight, and came away without disturbing Father Albert, who was still busy hearing confessions.

Sun. 2.7.22.

Commissioner.

Bp. O'Reilly.

Mr. De Valera.

On Sunday, July the 2nd, I waited on Sir John Lumsden and his staff at 40, Merrion Square, and ascertained from them that in case Mr. De Valera wished to visit Bishop O'Reilly at the Shelbourne the Brigade could, with the consent of the Government, lend him a car and guarantee his safe return. A little later the Bishop, at the Shelbourne, gave me a letter for Mr. de Valera requesting him to come and see him. I took the letter and found Mr. de Valera---I must not say where, for he asked for my word of honour not to reveal his location. He recollected the Bishop well, and regretted that, for reasons which he asked me to convey verbally, he could not come to him. I related to his Lordship every word that passed at this interview.

Dr. Brennan.

Some hours later, while waiting for Father Albert, I was asked ~~for~~ by Dr. Brennan, Director of Medical Service for the Insurgents, to take charge of a letter to Sir John Lumsden. This letter I delivered at 10 p.m.

Mr. De Valera.

That evening I accidentally met Mr. de Valera for the second time. He at once came over to talk about the Bishop. After a while I told him I had been searching all day for Father Albert, at whose request I had taken up a certain job, and whom I wanted to ask whether my work was now finished. I added that if I could not find the priest I would take the opportunity to ask Mr. de Valera himself. He declared that he was quite free at the moment, and brought me away to a quiet place. There I told him all I have written above. He at once plunged into a very earnest discussion of the whole question. I should like to write down all I recollect of what he said in an interview that occupied about an hour and a half, but I cannot find the time. Besides, it would certainly not serve the cause I have been engaged in if I were ~~planned~~ to repeat vehement expressions regarding certain actions and persons; for this Memorandum may possibly be read by some to whom those expressions would give offence. Therefore, as in the case of Mr. Collins, I will omit all that did not bear directly on my mission.

Mr. de Valera described the difficulties created for him by the Treaty, his efforts to reconcile the opposing parties in the Dail, the reasons for the two Pacts and his disappointment at their results, the setting up of the Army Executive without his wishing it (indeed I gathered contrary to his wishes, although the circumstances precluded him from actively opposing it), his anxiety and his efforts for peace and for the unity of the army, his warning (which he declared his opponents were very wrong in describing as a threat) that the acceptance of the treaty might involve the country in civil war, the unsatisfactory character of the proposed constitution and his despair of amending it while his opponents had a majority which they were prepared to make subservient to English ministers; finally, his utter inability to prevent the present outbreak, which he declared was begun by the Government in obedience to English ministers.



As soon as I could I brought him round to the possibility and therefore the duty of making peace without further bloodshed. Mr. de Valera at once showed that his view of the leaders' responsibility in that matter was very different from Mr. Barton's. He was anxious for an immediate peace. He shared Father Albert's view that irritation, further inflamed by the stories from Mountjoy, was the chief obstacle to it.

I told him that Mr. Collins also was annoyed and indignant at some action of the Mountjoy prisoners. I pointed to Mr. Collins' friendly message, and expressed my conviction that the stories from Mountjoy contained misrepresentations probably born of misunderstandings. Mr. de Valera said he hoped it might prove so.

Coming at last to Mr. Collins' proposed terms he described them as a distinct advance on what Mr. Collins had said to the Archbishop when His Grace took to the Government the proposal that the Insurgents be allowed to march out with their arms in their hands. Mr. Collins' answer, he said, was; "Let them lay down their arms and then we will talk to them." After much discussion, in the midst of which Mr. de Valera left me for a while to consult the Brigadier, he told me he would be prepared to recommend to the Insurgents, and was confident he could get them to agree, to go home each man carrying his weapon with him. To explain the desire to retain the arms he described the love for his weapon engendered in each man by years of fighting. The right to retain his rifle (shared as it was by every other citizen) would do much, he declared, to mitigate the bitterness of present feeling, and this appeasement would be more valuable to the Government and to the country than the surrender of the arms.

I expressed my anxiety in these pourparlers to carry away with me as accurate as possible an understanding of what each side was actually prepared to do towards bringing peace. I feared greatly the overlooking of some points the omission of which would afterwards be differently construed by the two sides. One such point was the case of the men in the Four Courts or elsewhere who had already surrendered their arms. Surely, I said, he would not ask to have the weapons returned to these men?

Mr. de Valera wandered into a different issue, but after a while we returned to this point again. He was anxious, he said, not to make any proposal other than what he could carry the fighting men with him in accepting. But he did not see that they would reasonably claim the return of the arms already surrendered. He would forego that. But it was understood, of course, he said, that when the men then fighting returned to their homes, so would the prisoners.

His manner, rather than his words, suggested that the return of the weapons to the prisoners when releasing them would be a graceful act on the part of the Government and would still further tend to appeasement and good feeling. I sympathised with that, but we both felt that if such a proposal were to be made at all, the initiative lay with the Government.

On the whole, we seemed a long step nearer to peace and I parted from Mr. de Valera with expressions of high hope and appreciation.

It was too late to see Mr. Collins that night, and as my home was four miles from Merrion Street I slept at the Shelbourne close by. When I reached the Government offices in the morning, as Mr. Collins was at breakfast, his secretary, Mr. McGann, discussed the matter with me, pointing out some of

Mon. 3.7.22.

Mr. McGann.



the reasons that compelled the Government to act strongly.

Mr Collins.

Mr. Collins received me in his private room. He considered the proposal to retain the arms unreasonable and on several grounds inadvisable. As to its unreason I expressed my agreement, but I pointed out that it would nevertheless be wise to concede it. For on the one hand the arms in the hands of the men now fighting formed probably less than one-tenth of the weapons at present in the homes of the people in Dublin and throughout the country, and the addition of that one-tenth would not make much difference as compared with the appeasement Mr. de Valera hoped for from it; on the other hand if the embitterment continued and these men broke out again, they would not have far to go to find arms.

Mr. Collins seemed to agree with both these arguments, but he pointed out that there were several other and perhaps more important considerations---the uselessness of trying to reason with the insurgents, the crimes that many of them had committed, ~~the~~ anarchy they had set out to achieve, the feeling on the part of the law-abiding population of Ireland as well as the conviction of the friends of Ireland throughout the world that if the Government of Ireland failed to assert itself now it could never be trusted to do so, the danger of strengthening that feeling resulting in (a) the complete loss of world-opinion, (b) the destruction of all hope of bringing in Ulster, and (c) the return of the British. And all for what? To gratify the alleged sentimental desire of some desperadoes to retain in their hands the weapons which would enable them to hold up the Government of the country any time they liked, and indulge in bloodshed, raids, and anarchy. He expressed amazement that any citizen should express approval of such a proposition or allow himself to become an emissary of Mr. de Valera in pressing it.

I quite agreed that it was a choice of dangers, but I still urged that the course I recommended was the safer and the wiser. No doubt the Americans, the European nations, the English, the Belfast people, and many of the older Nationalists would, for the time being, disapprove of what they would consider a too lenient course; but I felt that he had the statemanship to look far ahead, and was convinced the result would justify him as it had done in a similar case before. For in the case of the great bulk of these men everyone admitted that their motives were political and even patriotic, and I need not remind him of the sympathy for the under dog ingrained in the Irish nature, and the danger that some outburst on the part of a National Army general, or some imprudent act on the part of a minister, might at any moment increase the rebel strength and worsen the whole situation.

Leniency in treatment of prisoners Mr. Collins entirely approved of, he said, but permission for the fighting men to retain their weapons was not defensible.

And so we parted. It seemed that I could do no more. The situation was deplorably sad. Clearly the insurgents could be put down in Dublin in a few days, but what about the country districts---Tipperary, Waterford, Wexford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Mayo, Sligo? Would it be possible to wipe them out in all those extensive areas in three months, in six, in twelve months? And if not, what was the prospect before Ireland? Economic ruin, political jeopardy. Yet, what more could I do? I was a man of no importance. Mr. Collins had received me with great kindness and public spirit, had used his best judgment, and was bound to act on it. I had done all I had been asked to do, as well as I could. Yet I felt keenly the responsibility that would rest on my soul if in this crisis I left anything I could do



advice

Mr. Douglas.

undone merely from a motive of timorousness or shrinking from publicity or fear of being thought forward or interfering. I determined to take action---to narrate the above to someone with a greater position and more power and experience in public affairs, and to take counsel with him. At once the Archbishop came into my thoughts. But my instinctive shrinking from the interview proved too strong for me. I was practically unknown to His Grace, who had met me only once during a Visitation, allowed me to kiss his ring, asked me some kindly question, and passed on. He would probably regard me as a meddler. It would have been different with Dr. Walsh, whose appreciation I knew and could count on, and with Dr. Donnelly by reason of my seventeen years' intimate friendship with his two brothers. To Dr. Byrne I was practically a ~~complete~~ complete stranger. I cast around for one who would really know me, and I selected James Douglas, chairman of one Government commission and member of another, and an old friend.

I found him at his warehouse in Wexford Street. For two hours we examined the situation from every point of view, and I internally rejoiced that the high opinion of his ability and character which I expressed fifteen years ago had been fully justified. We both realised how much further I had gone in negotiation than could have been dreamed of when Father Albert started me on it, and how much nearer to agreement the combatants had been drawn. One strong step more on each side, and peace was assured. Neither of us felt quite assured that Mr. de Valera had both the will and the power to bring about a permanent peace. But if he had, if he and the military leaders with him could be induced to give a guarantee---their word of honour---that on the withdrawal of the Government troops and the insurgents being allowed to march out of their strongholds the latter would really go home and cease fighting, so that there should be only one army in future, then in that case Mr. Douglas was confident that Mr. Collins and his Cabinet could be induced to grant Mr. de Valera's terms and we would have peace. The next thing now was for me to return to Mr. de Valera, inform him of the progress made, and if possible get from him a verbal statement---not necessarily a message (which he would be most unlikely to give)---but a verbal statement to me or some other intermediary that in case the Government would agree to leave them their ~~weapons~~ arms he would give the guarantee. Meantime Mr. Douglas would await a 'phone message from me at his house in Rathmines where he was going to attend a Committee meeting of the White Cross (of which I understand he is Chairman). If my report was favourable he would at once return to town to meet me, and would leave no stone unturned to induce Mr. Collins to make a statement corresponding to Mr. de Valera's, and the two could then be embodied in a written agreement.

I went straight to the Hamman, entering, as previously, from the lane. A striking change had taken place in the seventeen or eighteen hours since I had last spoken to Father Albert. The back rooms, which had been full of people, were almost deserted. The faces of most of those remaining were anxious. A doctor, in reply to my enquiry, said Mr. de Valera was not there. He told me where he believed he was, but doubted if I would find him there by the time I could reach the place. Learning the nature of my mission he advised me to speak with Cathal Brugha, for whom he sent, warning me that I might have to wait for some time; "for," he said, "as you can perceive, something very exciting has just happened."

I did not have long to wait, however. Cathal Brugha



Mr Brugh.

came into the room. At first he spoke with three or four men near the door six or eight yards away, giving two or three sharp, determined glances at me. Then he came over. He was courteous, but evidently hostile to the purpose of my mission. We were interrupted after two minutes, and again after another few minutes, by men who came in on business that could not wait a moment, and whose faces betrayed great excitement and determination. On each occasion Brugh left me for a minute and returned the first moment he could. He went about ostentatiously brandishing a large revolver, his gestures expressing the extreme degree of desperate determination. Before he spoke his first word, negotiations seemed hopeless. For here was a man whose resolve was clearly imprinted on his face---a resolve not to leave that house alive if he could find death without committing suicide. It was merely that he was willing to give up his life, he was determined to give it up---to get away from it. His motives (I thought I read in his face at least two, perhaps a third)---but this is not the place for them.

I was brief, he even briefer. "Lay down our arms?" said he. "Never. We are out to achieve our object or to die. There is no use negotiating with Mr. Collins. What exactly did Mr. de Valera propose?" I told him. "He could not carry the fighting men with him in that," said Mr. Brugh; "the best they would agree to would be to leave this place with their arms and go and join our men fighting elsewhere. And for my part I would oppose even that. You are wasting your time. We are here to fight to the death."

I came away, and went to Amiens Street station, and with Brigadier General O'Daly's permission rang up Mr. Douglas. I was answered by Mrs. Douglas, who told me he had gone to the Provisional Government offices to meet Mr. Gavan Duffy who had 'phoned for him. By the time I ~~had~~ reached Merrion Street they had both gone out together. I left a written message for Mr. Douglas that I would await him at the Shelbourne, but he never got it, for he did not return to Merrion Street. I came there again the following day, (Tuesday) and, by permission, phoned Mr. Douglas. He was at home at Rathmines so I determined to go to him.

Tu., 4.7.22.

Mr. Douglas.

Memorandum.

From Mr. Douglas I learned a great deal. But it seemed very unlikely that I could do any more good. Before leaving, however, I draw up the following memorandum, which Mr. Douglas verified, as a correct description of the situation as we saw it;

"The matter now stands thus:-

- "(1) Mr. Collins is willing to allow all the opposing forces to go unmolested to their homes if they will first deposit their arms in the national armoury.
- "(2) Mr. de Valera is willing to propose to his side, and is confident that he can get his side to agree, to cease fighting and disband and return to their homes each ~~man~~<sup>car</sup> carrying his weapon with him.
- "(3) There is good reason to hope that the Government would accept Mr. de Valera's proposal if they had a guarantee---the leaders' word of honour---that the cessation of fighting would <sup>not</sup> be merely ~~not~~ for the moment, but that the nation would be allowed to settle the question in a constitutional way, having only one army, and that one under the civil authority.
- "(4) It seems to me that an immediate peace could be secured if each side would declare verbally to an intermediary that they would ~~accept~~ accept the terms in paragraphs (2) and (3) if the other



side would also accept them, and were willing that they be at once embodied in a written agreement."

With this document I made my way <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ Church Street Convent, but Father Albert wasn't there. As it was now 11.30 p.m. I accepted the kindly and hospitable invitation of Lieutenant Fitzsimons, O.C. at the Sligo Hotel, to a bed and breakfast there.

Wed. 5.7.22.  
Fr. Albert.

Labour  
Leaders.

Next morning (Wednesday) I went again to Church Street, but Father Albert had not returned. I cannot recall who told me (probably it was one of the Fathers at Church Street or some member of the S.J.A.B.) that I should find him at the Jervis Street Private Nursing Home in conference with some Labour leaders. Thither I followed. Father Albert came to me in the hall; I gave him a copy of the above memorandum, and he returned to the meeting, where it was discussed, while I made some further copies of it in the hall. The meeting over, the Labour leaders left, and I asked Father Albert whether I could do any more. He merely replied that he did not know. He seemed exhausted.

Hamman.

Fire Brigade.

Fr. Flanagan.

I felt that I had still one duty to perform, if possible, before the final struggle in O'Connell Street--- to seek Mr. de Valera to give him the message that I had been compelled to give to Mr. Cathal Brugha instead. I made my way to the Hamman. It was ablaze, and no one replied to my knocking at the door in the lane. Heavy firing was proceeding from Government troops in Cathedral Street and from their two machine guns at Cahill's (corner of Talbot and Marlborough Streets) and from the insurgents' machine gun further up the lane. This gun, I afterwards learned, was operated by Cathal Brugha personally, who had declared his determination to fire on anybody entering the lane---even a doctor or a nurse---excepting only the members of the Fire Brigade. These were pouring streams of water on the rear of the burning hotels. They allowed me to pass, without saying a word, as I went along knocking loudly at every door of the burning buildings. As I passed the open gateway of the rear of the Presbytery an officer of the Fire Brigade (the ~~captain~~ <sup>lieutenant</sup>, I presume) who was within, shouted excitedly warning me of my danger. I stepped inside and explained my reluctance to abandon my quest as long as there was a chance of my finding Mr. de Valera. Father Flanagan then came on the scene, informed me of Mr. de Valera's departure, and took me into the house, where I showed him a copy of the memorandum. As the surrender and fall of the insurgents' stronghold in O'Connell Street was now a question of an hour or two at the outside, and as it would materially change the situation, Father Flanagan and I agreed that I could do no more.