

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1561

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COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS.

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 1561.

Witness

Maighread Bean Uí Luasa,
(Mrs. Margaret Lucey)

4, Upper Janemount,
Sunday's Well, Cork.

Identity.

Treasurer, Cork City Cumann na mBan.

Subject.

Activities of Cumann na mBan, Cork City, 1914-1921,
and Diary of events at Brixton Prison by Miss
Áine Mac Swiney, sister of Terence MacSwiney.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil.

File No S.2880.....

Form B.S.M. 2

ORIGINAL

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21

BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21

No. W.S. 1,561

STATEMENT BY MNAIGHREÁD BEAN UI LUASA (Mrs. Margaret Lucey),

4 Upper Janemount, Sunday's Well,

CORK.

In the year 1914 I became a member of Cumann na mBan when it was established in Cork City at a meeting held in the City Hall, Cork, which was convened by Miss Mary MacSwiney (sister of Terence MacSwiney) and Mrs. Sean Hegarty. The latter was the wife of a well-known Cork Volunteer Officer who, later on, was O/C., Cork No. 1, Brigade, I.R.A.

About a hundred were present at this meeting when it was decided to start a Branch of the Cumann na mBan in Cork. The officers were elected :- Mrs. Hegarty, President; Miss Mary MacSwiney, Vice-President; Miss Nora O'Brien (Mrs. Martin), Secretary and Miss Madge Barry, ^{Treasurer.} ~~Secretary.~~

Weekly parades were held in the Irish Volunteer hall, Sheares Street, Cork, and concerts were organised to provide funds.

When the Volunteer split came in 1915, a similar 'break-away' took place in Cumann na mBan. Those favouring the Home Rule policy of John Redmond, then leader of the Irish Party in the British House of Commons, resigned from the organisation leaving us with about fifty members. The decision to break with Redmond's policy was taken at a meeting held in the Father Matthew Hall, Cork. Following the split we retained the same officers.

We continued our weekly parades and held occasional concerts and ceillidhe, the latter with a view to obtaining much-needed funds. We also became proficient in first-aid treatment thanks, ironically enough, in a great measure to a scheme financed by the British

Government. The first World War was on at the time (1915), and the Government gave a money grant to those who qualified for certificates in first-aid after a specified course of training. We, of the Cumann na mBan, took advantage of the scheme. Practically every one of us qualified for the required certificate and was awarded the grant which we passed on to Cumann na mBan funds. A Cork doctor, named Doctor Sexton (who was a supporter of the Cause) also lectured us in a hall known as the Grianán Queen Street, Cork.

For some months prior to the 1916 Rising, we had an idea that something 'big' was going to happen. We were instructed to get ready first-aid outfits, bandages were cut, supplies of gauze, iodine and safety-pins were got together, each girl keeping her own supply. We made public collections for Volunteer arms' funds, organised whist drives, dances and jumble sales, all with the same object.

We knew of the Easter Sunday mobilisation of the Cork Volunteers and had our equipment ready in case we, too, were called out. I remember being told by ~~Mary White~~ and Nora O'Brien (Mrs. Martin) of certain houses in Cork which were ready to receive any wounded Volunteers. In fact, we had keys to those particular houses in case of emergency. The intention was to get such wounded men into the city and into these houses for treatment, where they would also be safe from the enemy.

On Easter Sunday, 1916, when the Cork Volunteers left the city for Macroom, we were instructed to remain and be alert for any happenings, such as reporting movements of enemy troops, receiving and passing despatches and generally acting as a link

between the Volunteers and the City. On that Easter Sunday morning my brother Padraig was one of the armed Volunteers who went to Macroom. Earlier in the week my uncle Fred Murray had been sent from Cork to meet the ship - 'The Aud' - bringing Roger Casement to the Kerry coast. He arrived back bringing news of the capture of Casement and the fate of the 'Aud'. During Easter Sunday, 1916, we were constantly in and out of the Volunteer Hall, Sheares Street, Cork, but could get no news as to what exactly was happening. Later that same night the Volunteers returned from Macroom to Cork but no one seemed to have definite information as to what was likely to occur.

This state of uncertainty continued all through the week of the Rising in Dublin. We in the Cumann na mBan were prepared for anything that might happen, but the week passed, the Rising in Dublin came to an end and no military action was taken by the Cork Volunteers, so we could only remain on the alert/^{prepared}for action which did not materialise.

During the week following the Rising, Nora O'Brien (Mrs. Martin) and three or four other members of our organisation were arrested by the British. They were not, however, kept long in detention. Following a decision by the majority of the Cork Volunteers to surrender their rifles to the Lord Mayor of Cork for safe keeping (by arrangement between the Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Cork and the British Military Authorities) we contacted those who refused to surrender their guns, collected these weapons and dumped them in a safe place. It should be recorded that the British did not adhere to their bargain not to interfere with the surrendered arms, or arrest Volunteers. The day following that on which the guns were handed over to Lord Mayor Butterfield, armed military arrived, broke open the store where

the arms were kept and took them away. Arrests of many Volunteers and known sympathisers were carried out all over the city and county of Cork.

When the Volunteers were arrested the Cumann na mBan immediately set about raising funds for the National Aid Association which was established to provide some measure of relief for imprisoned Volunteers and their dependants. Concerts, ceillidhe and house to house collections were organised by the Cumann na mBan and we were busily engaged knitting scarves and socks for those in gaol. I was, at this time, a committee member of the Cork Cumann. Frequent visits to prisoners in Cork gaol, bringing them comforts, were a feature of our activities during the last nine months of 1916, prior to the general release of prisoners in December of that year.

On the reorganisation of the Volunteers in 1917, the Cumann na mBan in Cork also began an intensive organising campaign on the city and county. I was then employed in the office of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, jam manufacturers and fruit canners, Cork, and all the typing work connected with the extension of the Cumann was done by me, mostly during office hours and also in the home of Terence MacSwiney at Belgrave Place, Wellington Road, Cork. Correspondence from Volunteer G.H.Q., Dublin, to the Cork Brigade ^{was} were referred to me for the typing of copies and posting. Addresses of Volunteer officers were entrusted to me and Volunteer intelligence officers' reports also came to me for typing and despatch by direction of Florrie O'Donoghue, Cork No. 1 Brigade Chief Intelligence Officer.

In 1917, there was also a reorganisation of the Cork City Cumann, which resulted in two distinct branches being formed, one known as "Craobh Poblachtach^{na} hEireann", of whom the principal

members were Miss Mary MacSwiney, Miss Nora O'Brien (Mrs. Martin), Mrs. Seán Hegarty, Mrs. Keating, Miss M. Drummond, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Furlong, Miss O'Mahony, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Nellie and Mary Harris, Mrs. Nellie Sheehan, my sister Eily and myself. In the other branch known as the "Cork Branch", the principal members were :-

^{Mrs. de Riste}
 / Madge O'Leary, Peg Duggan, Sarah Duggan, Sheila Fennell, Maria and Maura Murphy, Maire Good and Maire Ní Chuill. ^{Milly Murphy} This development was reported to Cumann na mBan headquarters in Dublin which approved of the new arrangement. Further branches were established in Cork city and suburbs with the result that by the middle of 1918 the full list read as follows :-

(1) Craobh Poblachtachna hEireann.

Officers :- President - Mrs. Sean Hegarty
 Secretary - Miss E. Barry
 Treasurer - Miss A. Murphy
 Captain - Mrs. Martin (Miss Nora O'Brien)
 Number of Members - 58.

(2) Cork Branch.

Officers :- President - Mrs. M.E. Hegarty
 Secretary - Miss M. Bastible
 Treasurer - Mrs. Murphy
 Captain - Miss M. Aherne
 Number of Members - 40.

(3) Cumann Tomás Ceannt.

Officers :- President - (no record)
 Secretary - Mrs. O'Mahony
 Treasurer - Mrs. O'Sullivan
 Captain - Miss Peg Duggan
 Number of Members - 22.

(4) St. Finbarr's Branch.

Officers :- President - Miss M. Murphy
 Secretary - Miss M. Scanlan
 Treasurer - Mrs. Dineen
 Captain - Mrs. McMahon
 Number of Members - 14.

(5) Tomás MacCurtain (Clogheen)

Officers :- President - Mrs. E. O'Donovan, Kyrils Quay, Cork
 Secretary - Mrs. O'Mahoney, 4 Sheares St., Cork
 Treasurer - Mrs. J. Collins
 Captain - Miss Nora Crowley
 Number of members - 20

(6) Douglas Branch

Officers :- Captain and Secretary - Mrs. O'Donovan, Douglas West,
 Cork.
 Treasurer - Mrs. O'Sullivan, Douglas West, Cork
 Number of Members - 8.

(7) Blarney Branch

Officers :- President - Miss E. O'Doherty
 Secretaries - Mrs. J. Cremin and Mrs. C. Collins
 Treasurers - Miss A. Harrington and Miss C. Callinan
 Number of Members - 13.

(8) Lehenagh Branch

Officers :- President - Mrs. Cunningham
 Secretary - Miss B. Richardson
 Treasurer - Mrs. Ahern
 Captain - Mrs. Fennell
 Number of Members - 10.

(9) Shandon Branch

Officers :- President - Miss B. Conway
 Secretary - Miss M. Conlon
 Treasurer - Mrs. L. Linehan
 Captain - Mrs. N. Linehan
 Number of Members - 15.

(10) Lough Branch

Officers :- Captain - Mrs. P. Sutton (no further particulars available).

(11) Bishopstown (Wilton) (12) Blackrock
 (13) St. Patrick's (14) University College
 (15) Dublin Pike.

No particulars available in regard to Nos. (11) - (15).

In addition to my typing work for Brigade Headquarters, I.R.A., I was during this period, 1918-1919, very often engaged at night typing in the home of Terence MacSwiney then Vice-Brigadier of the Cork No. 1. Brigade I.R.A. He was then preparing the draft for his book "Principles of Irish Freedom", and I was his typist on this work. Quite naturally I got to know Terence MacSwiney very well. I came to be regarded as a trusted friend of his and indeed, of all his family.

He was a man of gentle disposition, in no way aggressive either in manner or speech, but one whose whole desire seemed to be to give all he had in the service of his country. His final gesture of defiance to the British Government, which culminated in his death from hunger strike in Brixton gaol in October, 1920, was typical of the man as I knew him. It should be stated that it was his intention to devote the proceeds of the sale of his book "Principles of Freedom" to I.R.A. funds.

During the agitation against the proposed Conscription Act of 1918, we, of the Cumann na mBan, were allotted the task of taking charge of registers in which the citizens of Cork recorded their names as protesting against the imposition of the Act. Various halls in Cork city were used for this purpose in which our members worked long hours in connection with these registers.

At the General Election of December, 1918, a Cork building contractor named W. L. Kelliher, Drynan Street, Cork, placed his premises at the disposal of the Cumann na mBan for the preparation of meals for Volunteers on duty at the various polling centres in the city and suburbs. Admission by the Cumann na mBan was subject to a written order signed by Tomás MacCurtain then Brigadier, Cork No. 1. Brigade. I have a distinct recollection of this order.

Following the reorganisation of the Cumann na mBan in Cork, which resulted in the formation of the fifteen branches to which I have already referred, it was decided to form what was known as the "Cork District Council" to coordinate the work of these ^{branches} ~~branches~~. This was done after consultation and by agreement with the Executive Committee of the Cumann na mBan in Dublin. Two members from each branch formed the Council.

Herewith are some of the officers and members of the Cork District Council which functioned up to 11th July, 1921 :-

Officers :- President - Mrs. Langford (née Duggan) -
Tomás Ceannt Branch.

<u>Members.</u>	<u>Branch.</u>
Mrs. Martin (née Noran O'Brien)) Craobh Poblachtach na h-Eireann.
Miss E. Barry	
Mrs. O'Mahony and	Tomás MacCurtain.
Miss N. Crowley	

<u>Members.</u>	<u>Branch.</u>
Miss B. Richardson and Mrs. Fennell	Lehenagh
Miss M. Aherne and Miss M. Bastible	Cork
Mrs. K. Deacy	Dublin Pike
Mrs. Linehan	Shandon
Mrs. McMahon	St. Finbarr's
Miss S. Kennedy	University College
Miss E. O'Doherty	Blarney
Mrs. O'Donovan	Douglas
Mrs. Scott	St. Patrick's
Mrs. Crowley	Bishopstown (Wilton)
Mrs. P. Sutton	Lough.

Miss Mary MacSwiney, who was a member of the Executive of the organisation, with its headquarters in Dublin, represented the Cork Cumann na mBan at Headquarters.

From 1919 onwards the situation in Cork grew more tense. Volunteer activity was stepped-up, raids for arms became frequent, armed clashes with British military forces and police occurred. The British, for their part, retaliated by (inter alia) wholesale arrests. This necessitated daily visits by our members to the gaol and military detention camp in Cork, bringing comforts to the Volunteers detained there and keeping their relatives informed as to their welfare and whereabouts. Men 'on the run' were sheltered and, generally speaking, our organisation was the link between those Volunteers imprisoned and their comrades and relatives outside. We continued to organise functions, to raise funds to alleviate distress caused by the imprisonment of Volunteers. Public collections were repeatedly made for this purpose notwithstanding the presence of armed British soldiers

and police. Distribution of circulars asking for funds was carried out and the pasting up of posters done, late at night, in spite of enemy activity in the city and suburbs.

I remember arranging with a firm named Roche & Co., Coal Quay, Cork, to collect material suitable for making haversacks for use by the Volunteers on the Flying Columns. This material I took away in small quantities and passed it on to our members who made up the haversacks. Another 'sideline' in which I engaged was the procuring of empty tin cans for use by the Volunteers in making bombs. The firm by which I was employed as shorthand-typist, viz. Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, used large numbers of tins to pack the meat and fruit products of the firm. With the help of the despatch clerk I was able to secure quantities of the tins which were put into sacks and subsequently taken away by some Volunteer, for the purpose I have stated.

Another aspect of my personal activities related to the Intelligence Branch of the Cork No. 1. Brigade, I.R.A., which was in charge of Florrie O'Donoghue. One of the Brigade Intelligence officers was a man named Seán de Barra, who was an official in the telegraph office, General Post Office, Cork. He was in a position to obtain copies of messages sent in code through the Post Office by the British Military and civilian authorities. Very frequently I met Sean de Barra by arrangement, or called to the G.P.O. on instructions, to collect these cyphers, which I then passed on to I.R.A. Brigade Headquarters in Cork. On one occasion I happened to be in the G.P.O. and had just received a copy of a cypher message from Sean de Barra when armed Auxiliaries entered and

proceeded to search everybody present. It was necessary for me to do some quick thinking. If the message I had just received was found on my person, the consequences, particularly for the man who gave it to me, would indeed be serious. Quickly I unscrewed the cap of my fountain pen, inserted the cypher in the cap, and screwed the pen up again. I was searched, as was everyone else present, but my ruse succeeded; the message was not discovered and I was able to pass it on later to the proper quarter.

For the period 1919 to July, 1921 my principal task was the typing of despatches and various other documents given to me by I.R.A. Brigade Headquarters in Cork. Some of these referred to planned ambushes and were generally of such vital importance to the I.R.A. organisation in Cork city and County, that their capture, or loss, would have very serious repercussions. This work was entrusted to me by the Brigade O/C., Seán Hegarty and I am glad to be able to record that not one of these documents fell into the hands of the enemy whilst they were in my care. To ensure their safety was no easy task, as my employers were not at all sympathetic to our Movement and the typing work, which was done by me during office hours, had to be done surreptitiously, so as not to arouse suspicion. In addition, my own home was frequently raided, as my brother Pdraig was a well-known active I.R.A. officer, and others of my family were also very prominent in the Republican Movement. It was necessary for me at all times, day and night, to be on the alert for raids, hold-ups and searches by the British authorities in order to safeguard the very vital documents which were passed on to me from I.R.A. Headquarters in Cork and from me to I.R.A. officers and others in Cork City and County. I was engaged on this work when the Truce came in July, 1921.

Before concluding this statement I wish to refer again to Terence MacSwiney (and his family) with whom I had such close association before his death in Brixton gaol, in October, 1920.

Following his death, his sister Miss Aine MacSwiney showed me a diary of events at Brixton gaol which she kept. She asked me to ~~write~~^{type} some copies of this diary which I did. In giving to the Bureau the only copy which I possess (to my knowledge the only copy now extant), I do so in order that a record may be available of the sufferings and tortures endured by that noble patriot, Terence MacSwiney, before he gave his life for his country. The document will also convey some idea of the courage and devotion shown by members of his family who were close by him during the final days of his martyrdom.

SIGNED: Maureen O'Sullivan

DATE: 18-1-57

WITNESS: [Signature]



4, Upper Janemount,
Sunday's Well,
Cork.

3 December 1956.

Mr. T. O'Gorman,
Dept. of Defence,
Bureau of Military History.

Outside Brixton Prison.
23.10.'20.

Dear Mr. O'Gorman,

With reference to Miss Annie McSwiney's
Diary. I have searched and cannot find the missing page,
but I have come to the conclusion that that page was
missing when I was typing them for Miss McSwiney, as
I stopped numbering the pages when I came to that point.
However, I am sending it on to you as it is.

Yours sincerely,

Sgd. Maigread Bean Ui Luasa.

NOTE: The lady referred to in the Diary as Min
is Miss Annie McSwiney's sister, Maire.

Muriel who is mentioned is Mrs. Terence McSwiney.
"Mid" is Mrs. Sean Hegarty, now deceased.

Sd. M. Bean Ui Luasa.

OUTSIDE BRIXTON PRISON - 23.10.'20.

Diary of week of Terry's greatest torture of the English Government's and English Doctor's low malice in excluding us from his deathbed.

MONDAY: On Monday Terry was perfectly conscious. I was with him from early morning till 1.30 p.m. He was visited by the priests from Cork, who marvelled at his keenness of mind, and at his condition generally after 68 days fast.

Three doctors - Peddard, Griffiths, Hijson - visited him about 1 o'clock. They were with him some time, and when they left the room, they spoke to Maire. Dr. Peddard told her Terry was developing scurvy and should take lime juice to ward it off. Maire said he wouldn't, he would hardly take anything like that after his 68th day. It was no use appealing to her to appeal to him, because she wouldn't do it. Maire remarked that it was in God's hands, and he replied it was not, it was in ours, he should take the remedies. Maire said something reflecting on the Government (I forget what) and Dr. Peddard expressed loud admiration for it - it was an excellent Government and he admired it greatly. Terry told us later that Dr. Peddard had urged him to take Lime juice, and he threatened him with severe pain if he didn't ward it off. Terry told him he was ready for whatever pain God sent.

TUESDAY. I arrived at the prison at 1 p.m. Peter was in the passage leading to the ward, and told me Terry was dreadfully excited. He (Terry) had said something about a fight with one of the doctors, and had told the deputy Governor he wanted an interview with the Governor. Peter said he (Terry) had a long interview with the Governor, but did not seem satisfied and was very excited. When I went in I found him very different from the previous day. His eyes looked excited, and he was evidently

TUESDAY

very disturbed mentally. He began to speak at once. He told me he had sent for the Governor "to complain about Griffiths". Dr. Griffiths had attacked him in the morning, and he said he would make him take the lime juice, that he'd have to take it. Terry told me he assured Griffiths that if he attempted that, he would give up swallowing anything. Sean, who was in the passage during the interview with Dr. Griffiths, said he had been talking to Terry in a very brow-beating way. The result on Terry was fatal. All Tuesday morning and afternoon he was quite unlike himself, very excited, and going over repeatedly what Dr. Griffiths had said. I asked him was he satisfied with what he had said to the Governor, and he said "not very, I could not see him very well (his sight is dim now) and I could not make myself quite clear, but I think he understands, I think it will be alright". "I told him about Griffiths and that I would not take anything at all if they tried that trick". Maire took my place at 4 o'clock, and found him also very changed, but he seemed to calm down in the evening. Muriel found him almost as usual when she was with him in the evening - 6.30 - 8.30. He was conscious all day, but labouring under great excitement.

WEDNESDAY.

I was with him in the morning. He was very strange and restless, but I had no idea that he was on the verge of delirium. There was some knocking going on out in the yard, and suddenly he said excitedly: "Do you hear that knocking? Do you hear it? That's Griffith's new treatment, that's what he was talking about now. You stay now and watch. Listen, do you hear? What's the time?" "Quarter past ten." "Show me the watch. I can tell the time more accurately than you. Look, it is only 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes past ten (it was) and today is Wednesday" "Yes". "Now I am perfectly conscious, am I not?" "Yes". "Now, you think I am muddle-headed, but I am not". "No, you are muddle-headed if you think that". "Yes!" Then he lay very quiet for a few minutes looking at me, and then he said:

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"Now, you are my witness I'm a soldier dying for the Irish Republic. Say this after me. (I, Annie MacSwiney, do hereby affirm that). I am a soldier dying for the Republic, Now we will swear that. Have you anything we could kiss?" I had repeated the sentence after him, and now I held up the cross of my Rosary. I kissed it myself, and then pressed it to his lips and he lay still. I was called away to the 'phone and when I returned he was very excited. He said I should not have gone away, that it was very important to note the knocking. "That's valuable evidence; it is of international importance - do not let a thing escape you - note it down". I took a pencil and his copy of the Gospels in my hand and wrote 10, 13¹/₄ Wednesday knocking and then stopped. He kept watching me and told me to continue, to miss nothing. I wrote down a few more words and then his attention had wandered from that. The next minute he threw his arms about me as I bent over him and began to talk wildly. Then the nurse came along and rang for a warder, and sent for the doctor. The latter, however, was away on some case and did not get back for some time.

The scene for the next two hours was agonising beyond anything I could describe. The terror of the doctor's threat had completely turned his brain. He knew he was at their mercy when he was unconscious, and he felt his consciousness slipping from him. He felt in his weakness he could not resist them, but his delirium was one continuous struggle - he kept striking out with both hands at everyone who went near him and shouting loudly. Sometimes he tried to get out of bed. Sometimes he struggled into sitting posture, but it was an easy thing to overcome him in his emaciated condition, after seventy days fast. The concentrated horror of that first two hours of delirium is beyond the imagination of anyone who did not witness it, omitting naturally the prison officials to whom he was an object

WEDNESDAY

of curiosity, and perhaps of amusement. At the commencement of the violence I asked a warder to 'phone for Muriel and the others. They all arrived about 12 o'clock, Maire a little earlier. He was quieter then. Dr. Stubbs had come in, but could do nothing. The nurse asked would she give Terry brandy but he said he wouldn't advise it - that brandy was a stimulant to call up a reserve of strength, and that Terry had no reserve. In his opinion, brandy would only excite him and do no good. Presently Dr. Hijson came. I told both doctors that Dr. Griffiths was directly responsible for Terry's condition - he had threatened Terry on the previous day and, in his weakened state, and his knowledge that he was powerless to resist, the result was fatal. Both doctors seemed very worried. I told them to keep Dr. Griffiths away from Terry as he was the cause of all his present suffering. They said Dr. Griffiths was senior and had absolute power; they had none. After a consultation that both said that as the Home Office had accepted the fact that Terry was not being fed, and had announced in the House of Commons that he was getting no food from the prison officials that they were of the opinion no good purpose would be served by giving him food in his delirium. They said they had come to that decision when we were all present - Muriel, Maire, Art O'Brien and I. Peter and Sean were not with us at that moment - they were downstairs. We felt relieved that Terry was to be spared that torture, the fear of which brought on delirium.

About 12.30 I went away to have some lunch. Terry was quiet when I left. On my return I found him in the grip of another bad attack. Dr. Hijson gave him some morphia and, after a while, he quietened down again. The others went away to get some lunch, Muriel remaining with me and taking some lunch I had brought her. She went to the 'phone while I sat near Terry

WEDNESDAY

and after a little while he opened his eyes and looked at me as if nothing had happened. Then he said: "How is it that you are here still?" (Whoever was with him in the morning was not usually there in the evening). I said Maire had to see someone on business, she is coming later". He next asked where Muriel was and I said: "At the 'phone". He asked me the time and I told him it was sometime about 5 o'clock. Then he said: "I must keep clear now" "I must keep clear", and he lay quiet for a minute. In a few minutes he was again delirious and the nurse and warders came in. He was not quite so violent this time, nor did he become again as violent as he had been at first.

In the evening, later, Dr. Griffiths told Maire that he was going to give him food. Maire told him that she thought it very wrong and cruel as they would only torture him more. He told her we were all only there on sufferance, and if she or anyone said a word we would all be put outside the prison gates. We sent wires to the House of Commons to Shortt, Asquith, Adamson, Kenworthy, saying the doctor was going to prolong his agony by forcible feeding and asking were Englishmen going to see such torture done in their name. We were fools to suggest that Englishmen would not revel in the sight and commission of torture, but faith in human nature, even of an Englishman, dies slowly. Let anyone talk to me now of the English.

Dr. Hijson had often said that his idea of wishing to feed Terry when he was unconscious, was that an order for his release might come, and then - would we not be glad that he was alive to be released. My answer always was that if the Government meant to release Terry, they would release him before that period of unconsciousness came, if they did not release him before that, they meant him to die, and it would be the refinement of cruelty to administer doses of food in his unconsciousness - keeping him alive just to let him suffer.

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Dr. Hijson's idea was that release was possible, and his duty was to keep Terry alive if he could. Of course, his point of view was clear, the fact for us was that Terry would not be released, and they were only keeping life in him to torture him.

Maire stayed up all night on Wednesday with Sean and Father Dominic. Terry was very bad all night, delirious and struggling.

THURSDAY:

On Thursday morning I was at the prison early; we were to have Mass, but of course, Terry's delirium put that out of the question. I was sitting by his bed about 10 o'clock and the nurse gave him two teaspoonfuls of Meat Juice in water - a little later he looked at me as if he knew me and then he cried out: "They tricked me, they tricked me; how did they do it? how did they do it?" and then he went off again into delirium, striking out again with his hands at both sides of the bed. As a result, all the stuff they gave him came up again, and it was agonising to see all the pain and struggle it all meant to him. About 12 o'clock they gave him brandy and milk, but after a few minutes he had a dreadful fit of vomiting - he vomited more than half a basin full - a green liquid. The cruelty of it all was and is beyond description - to see him helpless in their hands, being subject to such torture. I turned to the nurses and said: "Oh, it is cruel to torture him - Dr. Hijson gave his assurance on his honour that he would never do anything to my brother when he was unconscious that my brother when conscious would not wish. "Why do you inflict this torture on him? I cannot stop you, but it is refinement of cruelty?" She answered: "When a man is mad with pain and asks for a drink, you have got to give it to him". "Yes" I said, "but give him the drink you have given him for seventy days - give him water". "Water would not stop his pain" she said. "Very well" I said,

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"give him an injection of morphia as Dr. Hijson did yesterday; that will stop the pain". "That would kill him", she answered. I said no more. All the time I was with Terry he never asked for a drink, or for anything. When delirious, he was always struggling against the enemy; he knew he would attack him; sometimes he would lie quietly, looking with unseeing eyes around the room. At such times, when the nurse put the spoon to his lips, he would close them tightly as if in his unconsciousness he still knew he was dealing with the enemy. Naturally, it was easy for the nurse to force the spoon between his lips. Once when he was moving his head restlessly, to get away from the spoon, I said: "It is water, Terry, wouldn't you like a drink?" He lay still for a moment and the nurse got it down. It was hot water she had brought him after a fit of vomiting.

Later on Thursday, about 2 o'clock, she brought some more stuff - I do not know whether it was meat juice or brandy and milk they gave him. Before she did so, she turned to me and said: "Would you rather not witness me give him this food? Perhaps you would rather go outside". I answered: "Since I know you are giving it to him, it does not matter whether I see it or not; the pain for me is the same inside or outside". She said no more, but gave it to him. Later, Peter was there when she was giving him more stuff and she had got some down when she said: "Will you have a little more?" Peter turned on her angrily and said: "It is a shame for you to ask an unconscious man that. You know if he were conscious he would say no. It is a mean thing to take advantage of a man in his condition. You had him there for seventy days and he would not take it from you. Why do you ask a question like that now? The nurse was very much taken back by his attack, and Muriel, who was sitting at the other side of the room, came forward and stopped Peter.

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On Thursday night I stayed up. During the early part of the night he was unconscious, but not violently delirious. He lay fairly quiet. About 3 o'clock he became violent. Of course, during the night we were not allowed near him. At most, we were allowed to stand in the passage, but we could see what went on inside, and we could see by looking through the spyhole. Fr. Dominic, Sean and I were there. We stayed in turn one hour in the passage, outside the door, relieving each other during the night. After the violence of the attack at 3 o'clock, he was quiet for some time. I had left the passage shortly after 3 o'clock and returned again at 4 o'clock. About 4.45 I heard him speak quite distinctly and naturally. He asked: "What is the time?" The nurse replied: "A quarter to five". He repeated "A quarter to five morning or evening?" The nurse then answered: "A quarter to five in the morning". Then, after a pause: "Where am I?" I did not hear the answer to that, but I next heard him say: "This is Friday - this must be Friday or Saturday". The nurse at this juncture offered him a drink and he said sharply: "What's that?" She answered: "Hot water". Then he said: "Oh, hot water" and drank it. He was apparently quite conscious for the moment. After that, he seemed to relapse again, but he did not become delirious. About 7.30 the nurse called me in.

FRIDAY.

After 7 a.m. Sean was usually allowed in. I sat near Terry and he opened his eyes and looked at me. I said: "Do you know me?" He answered: "Yes". "Who am I?" I asked. "Annie" he replied. Then he asked me: "What month is it?" "October", I said. "What year?" "1920" I answered. "Have I been here all the summer?" he said. "Yes" I answered. "And have you been in England all the year?" "No" I replied, "only for two months". "But what are you all doing here?" he questioned. "Muriel, Maire

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and I are at the hotel" I said. "What hotel?" he asked. "The Germyn Court Hotel" I replied, "and Peter, too" I added.

"Peter" he repeated in a puzzled tone. "Peter" - as if he could not understand what Peter was doing there. Then he said after a pause: "But what is it all for, what are we here for?"

"Don't you remember you're in Brixton?" I said. He looked at me for a moment without speaking and then said: "What count have they got me here for?" I answered: "For the Irish Republic".

His whole face lit up and he said: "So it is established" Oh, so eagerly. I answered "Yes". Then he said: "Is it in alliance with the Allies?" I answered "Yes" again. I did not quite know what was in his mind or what answer he hoped for, but I said "Yes" anyhow. Then he looked straight before him and said: "Oh, we did grand marching in the night, and they marched, too; we made them march, but we marched better".

After that, he went rambling incoherently and his gaze wandered unseeingly around the room. All Friday he was quiet, at times speaking incoherently, at times lying still, gazing straight ahead and seeing nothing; at least, seeing nothing that we could see. I went away about 11 a.m.

Maire was with him in the early afternoon, and then Muriel and Peter were there later. When I returned about 5 or 6 p.m. I found my way was blocked by a warder who said I could not go upstairs (I had been prepared for something of the kind by a remark of Peter's whom I met at the gate). He had told me he was turned downstairs. I asked the warder the meaning of such an order and he said the doctor said it, and it was the nurse's wish, and I would be allowed up for a little while when the nurse was ready. I told him to go up and see the nurse and say I wished to see my brother, as I had not seen him since morning. He came back and said the nurse said I would be allowed up for a little while when she was ready. I told the warder I would go and stand in the passage outside the room as usual, and he said

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I would not be allowed, that Mrs. McSwiney was there and was the only one who would be allowed there. After a little while Muriel came down and told me what happened. Dr. Griffiths had paid Terry a visit and Muriel and Peter had left the room as usual and waited in the passage. When Dr. Griffiths came out he said they should both go downstairs, that no one would be allowed to remain there in the passage. Muriel said she would not go downstairs; she harmed no one and interfered with no one by remaining where she was, and she meant to remain there. He insisted. She still refused. Then he went down and sent up the Chief Warder. Muriel again refused, but eventually, she went down to Dr. Griffiths and asked what his reason was. She said she never interfered with anyone and asked if he were ill would he not wish his wife to be near him. In the end, he consented to let her stay in the passage as usual, but refused to let anyone else there. That was the story she told me. She also said she had been speaking to the nurse and the nurse said that she (Muriel) was the only one who never interfered with her.

I was dreadfully upset as I felt there was something sinister about this new move and eventually I was let go upstairs I went first to the nurse and asked her what was the meaning of this new rule. She said she could not be interfered with; she had to do her work. I said: "I never interfered with you, I always left the room immediately that you asked me, and I never said or did anything to interfere with you. Yesterday, I did make a protest against forcing food on my brother in his unconsciousness, because I knew the pain it would cause him if he knew it, and I saw the agony all that vomiting caused him. You are adding torture to the agony he is already suffering and you are only prolonging his life to prolong his sufferings. You know that he will die, and it is cruel to keep him alive like that to make him endure more agony. I made that protest once," I added, "but only once; I made it in my brother's name, and for his sake, but I never mean to say another word. I would stop

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you if I could, because I know it is added pain for him, but I am powerless to stop it and I never mean to speak of it again. In any other way I never interfered with you, but I always did what you asked". "You refused to go away yesterday when I asked you" she said. "Do you mean when I spoke of the food?" I replied. "You asked me then would I prefer not to witness you give him food, and I replied that it did not matter whether I was inside or outside the room, as the pain was the same to me since I knew you were doing it. You never suggested that it was for any reason of your own or for anything you needed to do for him". "Well", she said, "your brother hurt me very much yesterday". "I knew he spoke to you", I said, "he felt how cruel it all was and how mean to ask him when he was unconscious to take food. He was sorry after he had spoken". "Well", she said again, "you all make me nervous and I can't do my work. I don't like doing it, because it is against his will and against your will, but I have to do it, and when I feel you are all watching me I can't do it". I said I would sit anywhere she liked, if she objected to my being near the bedside I would sit at the other end of the room; I would leave the room the instant she wished me to; all she need do was to nod towards the door and I would go - only, in the name of human feeling we asked not to be kept from the bedside of our dying brother. She said she personally did not mind, but she would have to ask us to leave very often, almost every quarter of an hour. I said we did not mind; all we wanted was to be near him. With reference to remaining in the passage outside the door, she said it was the doctors who objected; they did not like meeting us there, as we spoke to them. I said my one ambition ever since they started torturing my brother was to avoid letting my eyes rest on them, that I went into the room off the passage so that I might avoid meeting them, far from wishing to speak to them.

FRIDAY

She said my sister spoke to them. I said that she did once, but had no intention of addressing them again. That ended our conversation. She said that as far as she was concerned, she did not mind whether we were there or not.

I stayed with Terry for some time and, later, Muriel came. All the time I was there Terry was unconscious, muttering and rambling, or looking straight before him with eyes fixed. Poor Terry! It was dreadful to see him who had been so marvellously keen in his mind up to the preceding Monday reduced to such a state of mental pain by these torturers. When Maire came I told her what had happened and she went to see Griffiths. She tried to get him to change, but he refused. He said it was the nurse's wish, that it was her decision. Maire saw him send for the nurse and, as soon as the nurse had gone to his room, she followed and said to her that Dr. Griffiths had said that she (the nurse) was responsible for shutting us out from our brother while "you say it is Dr. Griffiths is responsible". The nurse looked very confused and Dr. Griffiths broke in and said: "That is not fair to the nurse" Maire said she only wanted to get at the truth. However, it was all no use. Dr. Griffiths stuck to his point and refused to let us upstairs except at long intervals. Maire had intended to stay the night, but felt it useless to remain sitting downstairs away from Terry when there was no immediate danger that night, and when she might need to be there more urgently another night. Consequently, we both left about 10 o'clock p.m. after Sean and Fr. Dominic had arrived

SATURDAY

Maire was to come first on Saturday morning. She had breakfast about 7.30 a.m. and arrived at the prison about 8.30. When she got inside the outer gate, the warder asked her name. She was, naturally, surprised, as we had been in and out twice

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and three times a day for over seventy days. However, she answered: "Miss MacSwiney" and was asked her Christian name and she gave it. Then she was informed that she was not to be admitted and was requested to leave again. She refused and asked who gave the order. She was told the Governor. She said she would wait and see the Governor and insisted on doing so, in spite of the warder's repeated demands that she should go outside. The Governor came along later and was inclined to be blustering and insolent. He informed her that it was a Home Office Order. She said she would not leave the premises till she saw her brother. All this time Sean was with Terry and could not understand why Maire had not turned up, while I was 'phoning the prison and Art O'Brien for news of Terry. Maire had promised to ring me up at 9 o'clock and tell me how Terry was, and when no message came, I rang up the prison and asked for her. The clerk said he would send her my message. I waited for a while and rang up Art O'Brien. He had no word either and was feeling rather anxious. I rang up the prison again and was told she had got my message. I was not uneasy as I concluded that Peter, who was to go out at 10 o'clock, had not arrived and that Maire would not leave Terry to go to the 'phone. I had some shopping to do and decided to go out and do it and get back to the office as soon as possible. I was due at the prison at 1 p.m., but was anxious to get news as early as possible. I arrived at the office about 12 noon and found Art O'Brien very anxious indeed. No word of any kind had come either from Sean or Maire. He told me Sean McGrath had just gone out to Brixton to get Fr. Dominic and send him in to see what was wrong, and Sean McGrath had just rung him up 10 minutes before to say that Fr. Dominic had gone in, and had guaranteed that he would be out again in twenty minutes with news. If he were not out in twenty minutes, it would be a sign that he would not be let out and that some bad work was afoot. I felt I could not remain inactive there for

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the next ten minutes, that Terry must be dying, but, on the other hand, I realised that it was the best thing to do. When a quarter of an hour had elapsed, I ordered a taxi and was just going off when Sean McGrath arrived with a letter from Maire. In it she told what had happened on her arrival and said she was going to remain there fasting, on hunger strike too, until she saw Terry. She said the order of exclusion from Terry did not apply to me, but Fr. Dominic said it did. However, I said I would go out and, if prevented, would join her there, and neither of us would leave or touch food until we had seen Terry. Art O'Brien told me that I had better be warned that, in all probability, I should not be even allowed inside the outer gate - they would be on their guard since Maire had refused to leave for them.

As I feared I should not be allowed in, I decided to take some lunch first, as I realised the ordeal ahead of me. It was after 1 o'clock when I arrived at the prison and I was allowed inside, contrary to my expectation, but was informed I could not see Terry, nor be allowed inside the prison. The outer gate, as in all prisons I have seen, only admits you to a flagged passage with a guard room and a waiting room at either side. In the waiting room we remained all day. Maire spoke to the doctors as they passed and asked each one individually was he responsible for the brutality. They all considered it was the Home Office Order. And so the day wore on. At 10 p.m. the deputy Governor came and said: "It is time to lock up" "Well", answered Maire, "lock up". He told her we should go out; she said we would not. He said we would have to; she said we would not move until we had seen our brother. Then he turned to me and said: "What do you say?" I answered: "My sister expresses my views, but it is not necessary for us to say it in chorus; we won't go until we have seen our brother". He argued and said

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he wanted things to be "pleasant". "They are very pleasant, aren't they?" I said, "when our brother is dying here and we will not be allowed 5 minutes by his death bed". He said it was a Home Office Order and that we should go. Again we refused, and then he said he had to inform us that the Home Office had 'phoned to the local police to put us out if we did not go quietly. He thought that would terrify us. Maire said: "You can arrest us if you like; we are only two women and cannot resist your armed force, but we will yield to nothing except force". He said of course they would not arrest us, and they hoped we would be sensible and go. Eventually he brought along three police inspectors who begged us to yield to "moral suasion". We refused to move. They said they had to obey orders. We said no decent man would obey such orders, and they answered they had to or they would be dismissed. We told them if they were dismissed, and if those who took their place refused also to carry out vile orders, soon their vile Government would refuse to give such orders. We added that we were sick to death of English cant about democracy and about the real sympathy of the English people and their disapproval of the Government. The Government was of their choosing and they were responsible for everything it did. One of the Inspectors said to me: "If you had a servant and gave an order which she disliked, you would expect her to obey it no matter how much she disliked it". I answered: "I'd expect her to leave my employment rather than do any dishonourable act, no matter how strong the order." At length, when they found it useless to try to get us to leave, they came and laid their hands on our shoulders and then we left, as we did not mean to let them drag us out. Mid O'Hegarty and Desmond Murphy were outside; they guessed what would happen and had a taxi waiting. And so we went back to the hotel.

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It was 10.55 as we drove down the Brixton road and Maire had been there since 8.30 a.m.

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MONDAY

were locked in every time, and there was no way of communicating with a warder if you wanted to go out. Once that I had to leave, I tried for a long time before a warder, who happened to be passing, opened the door. None of us will ever forget the horror of that place. Peter and Fred stayed up on Monday night and, considering the place, their vigil was a dreadful one in every way.

TUESDAY.

We spent all day on Tuesday by Terry's side, leaving for a short time in the afternoon. Muriel did not come at all - she felt ill and had to remain in bed. Mid and Mary Ahearne were with us in the evening. On Tuesday night, Peter and Fred stayed again and again the experience was dreadful.

WEDNESDAY.

The inquest was fixed for 11 a.m. Wednesday. Muriel was served with a notice to appear to identify the body, but the authorities seemed rather anxious that she should not appear. It was suggested that Sean should do so, as it might be too much for Muriel. However, after consultation together, we all decided it was better that Muriel should go. Accordingly, we all went up to the prison at 11 o'clock. The account of the inquest in the Press was fairly accurate; but, though they gave Muriel's words correctly, they could not give the dignity of her bearing. When the typically English coroner sneered at her statement that Terry's occupation was that of an Irish Volunteer she very quietly repeated the statement - pointing out the existence of the Irish Republican army, of his position as a soldier in it. The English coroner could not sneer away the fact, and so he noted it down. I thought then, and shall always think, that Muriel's quiet dignity was just the tribute Terry would have wished - her simple statement that he was a soldier

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of the Irish Republican Army and that his occupation was to work for his country. What is essentially simple does not bear description; its simplicity is lost sight of in the attempt - it is as if one were to try and probe an axiom, and the atmosphere created by Muriel there was felt by its simplicity and its finality.

When the inquest was over, Mr. McDonnell, the solicitor, asked for the certificate that would give Terry's body into our keeping, whereupon the Crown Solicitor jumped up and said: "The coroner had no power to give release of the body for burial outside England". They began a long discussion, with its foregone conclusion. Mr. McDonnell asked for release to Southwark Cathedral, but that, too, was refused, and all the gallant Englishmen sat there with satisfied sneer of the Englishman who is wounding an enemy at his mercy. Physically we are at his mercy, but spiritually and mentally, we were and are his conquerors, and he felt and feels it, however in his rage he may try and sneer the fact away. He can no more sneer that fact away than he can sneer away the existence of the Irish Republican Army and Terry's place in it.

Eventually, it was decided that Muriel and Art O'Brien should go to the Home Office and ask for an explanation. They left about 12.30 and Min and I returned to the morgue to await news by Terry's side. We were there until nearly 6 o'clock before anyone came and, as the day wore on and the darkness came, while we watched by his dead body in that awful place, we wondered what evil malice the English Government was planning. That they should pursue him with their spite to the grave we felt in keeping with their reputation, but their final brutality we did not dream of. Min and I talked of the different possibilities; first, that probably they would not let us take him back to Ireland, in which case we would embalm his

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body, and that we should not even be permitted to visit his grave. Our one thought was that he was beyond their power; they could hurt him no longer, much as they wished to do so, and for ourselves - well, whatever Ireland asks she will get. In the meantime, Muriel and Art O'Brien went with Mr. McDonnell to the Home Office. They waited in the taxi while Mr. McDonnell went in. After a short time he came out again and said he was informed that a government vessel would be placed at our disposal, free of all expense, and every facility offered if we would go straight to Cork. Art O'Brien sent word back that we had all our arrangements made and would not change them. He sent word in that Mrs. McSwiney wished to see Mr. Shortt. Muriel was admitted and Art O'Brien accompanied her. Muriel took Mr. Shortt completely by surprise, according to Art. When she entered the room she walked straight to where he sat and said: "Am I to understand that you refuse to give me my husband's body?" I do not know what Shortt expected, but he was completely flustered. He assured her that, of course, he didn't refuse, but that he didn't quite know what his powers were. Art O'Brien broke in: "Your powers are exactly what they were when Richard Coleman died in Usk, and when Pierce McCann died in Gloucester". Shortt, however, kept reiterating that he had to find out what his powers were, that there were legal points involved, etc., etc.; any lie at all in the hope of getting rid of his unwelcome visitors. Art O'Brien said: "Considering all the pain and grief you have already caused the relatives, do you not think you could name a minimum time in which we could have an answer?" No, he could not do that either he had no idea at all as to when he could give an answer, he had to look up the "legal points". They said they would return at 3.30 p.m. and left the Home Office. Not long after, they got back to No. 3 Adam St. Mr. McDonnell got a 'phone message that

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he was wanted at the Home Office. He went there immediately and was told it was quite all right, that we could have Terry's body without any restrictions whatsoever. Shortt sent a special message to Muriel expressing his regret at any delay, and assuring her that he merely wished to find out how he stood, and hoped she did not think him in any way callous, as he had no wish to be so; he merely was not sure of his powers. It was all so very English, so Hamar-Greenwood-like, especially in the light of after events. However, then we did not know what was planned for Holyhead, and it was with such feelings of relief that we took Terry from that vile place where he had been tortured to death, to the peace of Southwark Cathedral.

It was 7 o'clock when we got to the Cathedral and, after the recitation of the Rosary, we left the Church, having first seen the lid of the coffin removed and having taken a last look at Terry.

THURSDAY.

Next morning, Mass was fixed for 11 o'clock and, after the Requiem, the procession to Euston began. We reached Euston at 4.30 p.m. and, on arrival at the station, were informed the train was due to leave at 4.45. We had arranged to travel by the 6.20 train. Somehow, at first, we did not realise they were trying to carry out some of their underhand work, and we all hurried down the platform, that is, after we had accompanied Terry's body to the van. I do not know when we first realised that some trickery was afoot, but Min and I went into the van with Terry's body and Dr. Mannix accompanied us. Min and I said we would stay there, and wherever they took Terry's body they would take us. We felt they were meditating some move that needed all our watching. In the meantime, Art O'Brien was protesting to the stationmaster and informed him that if he ran a special train at 4.45, he could run it for pleasure of the

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expense, as no one would travel on it. After some discussion, it was decided that the train should leave at 6 p.m. This was to be a special, the ordinary train we were to leave by being the 6.20. We remained in the van by Terry's side until 6 o'clock when the train was to leave. The train was crowded with police, but being quite accustomed to the sight of police, it did not occur to us to see anything particularly sinister in their presence at the moment. However, after we had been some time in the train, a guard came to Art O'Brien and said the police Inspector wished to speak to him. Art went down to him and he asked what representatives of the Lord Mayor's family were on the train. Art answered, two sisters and two brothers. He then asked was the Lady Mayoress on the train and he was told, No - she was ill and had to remain in London. He announced then that he had a communication to make to the Lady Mayoress but could not make it until we had passed Crewe. On being asked "why not until we had passed Crewe", he said he had to get instructions at Crewe. In due time we left Crewe behind us, and then the Inspector saw Sean and Art O'Brien. He gave a letter from Hamar-Greenwood, addressed to Muriel, and said as she was not on the train, Sean had better open it. The letter was published in the Press to the effect that, owing to a possibility of trouble, the Government had ordered that the remains should go straight to Cork. Sean and Art O'Brien said they should go and consult us, which they accordingly did. Min and I had just turned down the light in our compartment - we were alone - when this new shock came. Of course, there was only one thing to be done. We could not countenance this action by acquiescing in it. We said they had better say the Lady Mayoress was in London and we could take no decision without consulting her, so that we had better remain in Holyhead while

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someone went back to lay the facts before her. We all felt they would refuse that, and then came the hardest part, to refuse to accompany Terry's body if they took it by force. But there was nothing else to be done. Sean and Art went back and told the Inspector about Muriel and the need for consulting with her. As we expected, he said that would not be allowed; his instructions were to proceed to Cork. Then Sean asked did that mean that they were meant to take Terry's body by force and he answered, yes, if necessary; such were his instructions. Sean told him that we would resist, that he would have to take the body by force, that no relative would go on the vessel, or no friend, and that there was no one in Cork to receive the remains but a baby daughter, two years old. Both Sean and Art said later that it had evidently never occurred to him that we would let them take Terry from us, he looked so utterly taken aback, and began to lecture them on their duty to the dead and the sacredness of the dead. It was again so very English, especially in the light of after events. The Police Inspector told Sean and Art his instructions were to proceed to Cork and he would carry them out.

At last we reached Holyhead, about midnight. We had arranged that all should go at once to the van where Terry's body lay and this we all did. The train stopped at the town station, and it was there the Kenmare, which was told off to bring us to Cork, was waiting. As we left our carriage to get to the van, the stationmaster came forward and said: "Hurry up, the boat is just leaving, get on board quickly". Some of the number, who did not realise what was happening, were almost on board before they did realise; but, fortunately, someone at hand put them right. We all went down to the van, and Min and I took up our post at either side of the coffin. Down at the other end of the van Peter, Sean, Art O'Brien and all others stood.

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Art O'Brien produced the Contract of the railway to take Terry's body via Kingstown, to Cork, and he ordered them to carry out their contract. The stationmaster said he would go to the 'phone but the police Inspector had a talk with him and then came along and said it was a Government order, and he would not carry out the contract. While all this was going on, Min and I stood by Terry's side and Mid O'Hegarty and Fred kept going and coming giving us information of what was being said. Min went and spoke to the stationmaster, too, but, naturally, without avail. The desecration had been planned when Shortt was assuring Muriel that the body was given without any restrictions whatever. That was all so very English, so typical of the Nation.

All the time that the discussion was going on, the Black and Tans, and others of the same ilk, were glowering in through a window in the part of the van near where we stood by Terry's dead body, and, to my dying day, the horror of those evil faces will be before me. They were muttering through their clenched teeth, glaring at us and at the coffin, showing their teeth in their diabolical fury, that the sight of them made us shiver with horror.

After some time, there was a general movement at the other end; someone cried out: "They're coming", and Sean, Peter and all the others hurried down to where we were. We felt only relatives should be there, and we felt uneasy at any men but Sean and Peter being there, as we felt they would attack us and would probably only look for an excuse to get at all the men they could. We didn't worry so much about the women present, as the men are of more real value in a fight, and some of them, realising their duty, went out. The rest of us joined hands around the coffin. Sean and Min were at the end nearest the entrance; next were Fred and myself. Art O'Brien, Fr. Dominic, Fr. Dan Walsh and Desmond Murphy were at the other side. Mid O'Hegarty, Geraldine O'Sullivan, Aileen O'Sullivan and May Foley

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were all there. "Donald Og", Jose O'Connor and others had been there, but we begged them to go and they had gone. The door near the coffin was opened and railwaymen came in and took away the wreaths, while police and Black and Tans and ordinary military lined the platform. We didn't try to prevent them taking the wreaths, but when the stationmaster came along helping them, Fr. Dan Walsh said to them: "I thought the age of body-snatching was gone". Min and I had both told him they would not be allowed to take the coffin. When all the wreaths were removed, the railwaymen came towards the coffin and, almost in unison, we all said: "Don't dare touch that coffin - we forbid you to touch it". On that, they all left the van and said to the police: "We are forbidden to touch the coffin". On that, the police rushed forward and were on us. Before their rush, just when exactly I don't know, I saw Sean McGrath in front of us. I hadn't noticed him before, but there he stood in advance of us facing the entrance, with his shoulders squared his hands clenched and fire of battle in his eyes. I shall always see him as I saw him then - we often recall how he looked - as he stood forward to meet the rush. I know he was pretty roughly handled, but nothing was very clear in the first rush. Sean (our own Sean) and Min got the brunt of it, they were dragged from the coffin; Min was lifted off her feet and thrown out of the van. Sean tried to protect her; he had his arm around her, and three huge police attacked him in front; one of them struck Min in the face, while a military officer jumped at him from behind, caught him by the collar and tried to choke him.

That, I was told after by Desmond Murphy and other onlookers. I was still in the van at the time; after Min and Sean had been dragged out, the police came at the rest of us. I was pushed from behind away from the coffin and, having nothing

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to catch on to, they got me easily away. I tried to get back again, but a cordon of police surrounded the coffin, and it was impossible to get back. In the same way, everyone was either pushed or dragged from the coffin. As I got near the entrance, I caught sight of Sean and Min, and to me they seemed the centre of an attack. I remember I cried out: "Don't, don't" and jumped from the van to get to them. Fred was near me all the time and I could hear him talking to me and saying: "It's all right; it's Sean McGrath". He was gripping my arm and trying to make me realise that Min and Sean were all right and that it was Sean McGrath whom I saw struggling with the police. I saw Sean McGrath distinctly, but I saw the others too, and it seemed to me they were being attacked, but it was over then in reality. Fred did his best to hold me and make me realise it was "only Sean McGrath". Poor Sean McGrath - as if it didn't matter about him, but I knew what Fred meant.

When I caught sight of Sean McGrath, he was in the grip of two policemen and he was giving a pretty good account of himself. He knew how to use his hands and they found they were dealing with someone who knew how to defend himself. His hat was spinning along the platform and he was there facing them and they gave in before he did.

When I left the van, Terry's body was under arrest again. A circle of policemen surrounded his coffin and the platform was lined with Black and Tans and police and "officers and gentlemen" of the English army, all to arrest the dead body of one Irish Volunteer. The next thing I knew was that Terry's gaolers had him on board the vessel. I had not seen the desecration when they whirled his coffin through the air, I was so upset about Sean and Min. The attack seemed to have worked them both up dreadfully. Then the gallant English "officers and gentlemen", the Black and Tans and police filed on board and the vessel steamed out of the harbour. As it went, we all knelt and said the Rosary in Irish and watched all that

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was left of Terry being carried off across the sea to the land he died for, and carried off a prisoner, dead. They feared him dead as they feared him living. When we had seen the last of the steamer, we went into the train for Holyhead Pier and there we found Mrs. Wyse-Power and Mrs. Mulcahy who had come across to meet us. They had heard some trouble was afoot at Holyhead and tried to come on but would not be let.

The journey to Dun Laoghaire was quiet, and there we assisted at High Mass for Terry, and left for Cork at 2 p.m. The Archbishop assisted at the Mass, which, considering his age and feeble condition, was considered by those who knew him marvellous. After the Mass, we went in funeral procession behind the empty hearse that Terry's body should have lain in to Kingsbridge; then we left Dublin.

About 6.30 we reached Cork, where Sean and Florrie met us, and it seemed so strange that Terry wasn't with them. Many kind people were there to meet us; those who had done everything for us while we were away - everything for us, and everything for Terry. One thing stood out clearly through all our pain - that Terry's fight was Ireland's fight, and that everyone was feeling with us and for us. That was plainly shown in that homecoming and, during the time that followed, for everyone seemed on the watch to make things as easy for us as they could be made.

We reached St. Ita's at last, and we felt dulled to everything all the time. We had learnt on the train that the boat had arrived in Cork, and, on arriving home, we learned that the military had been trying all the afternoon to get in touch with the Deputy Lord Mayor to deliver to him Terry's body. They had tried to do so in Cobh, but everyone they approached had said the same thing - "No one had any authority to receive the Lord Mayor's body in the absence of the Lord Mayor's relatives".

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In Cork it was the same way. Eventually, they sent word to the City Hall to the Deputy Lord Mayor that the tug on which Terry's body lay would have to return to Cobh at 9 o'clock. They were informed in return that they should apply to the relatives, and so, at 9 o'clock, three officers appeared with a note saying Terry's body was at the Custom House waiting to be delivered to us. Maire replied that we would take our brother's body immediately, and so we went down to the river-side where Terry lay, guarded in death by English military. It was drawing near 10 o'clock as we again received Terry's body into our keeping, and we followed the Volunteers who bore him from military custody to the City Hall from which the same military took him three months before. We felt it was the homecoming he would have wished - in the quiet and silence of the night - it was in keeping with the long-drawn silent suffering of Brixton; in keeping too with the quiet anxiety of endurance over tyranny.

And so we laid him in the City Hall, and there he lay in state all day on Saturday, and comrades and his friends passed by and looked at his dead face. Some thought it beautiful, though marked with the awful signs of his agony; others thought it the face of a stranger. To us, he did not look as he did in Southwark Cathedral; at times I could hardly recognise him at all, and at such times I felt even nearer to him, because the change brought back the desecration at Holyhead which had changed the face of Terry we knew, and the feeling of protection for him grew strong within me; but I knew he was beyond need of any earthly attack or protection then.

On Saturday night, Min and I stayed with him all night, and on Sunday morning he was removed to the Cathedral where Requiem was sung before his last journey to his last resting place. The Requiem was very beautiful, and no greater honour

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could have been paid him than was paid by the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church. They all walked after his coffin and buried him with all the prayers and benediction the Church could give - no hand but a comrade's touched his grave.

Those who had worked and fought with him laid him there; then they covered his coffin with the earth of the land he died for and when, finally, they laid over him the fresh green shamrock sod, and resting on it, the Volunteer hat that he had worn last as he followed Tomas to his grave, we felt indeed that the end had come.

The flag that had wrapped him, the cross that had lain on his breast, I got, and it soothed me to have them - the touch of what had lain on his body brought me a certain measure of peace. That flag and the cross and the IMITATION he loved so much and used so constantly are laid in a safe place until Maire is old enough to get them and value them. So also is the camera I got the day he died to photograph his dead face. It was only used that once to get the picture of him as he lay in the stillness of death after his long fight, and it will never be used again until it is given into the hands of Maire as a memory of the father who loved her so much.

I never want to stop talking of him and writing of him, and memories not only of Brixton, but of every period of his life, come crowding in on me. I cannot believe he is dead - I cannot believe he will never again come rushing in, in a hurry, for a "CUPAN". Terry - just Terry - faithful until death. No rest, no peace, no thought of either, until the rest and peace of the grave forced themselves on him at last and found him ready in death as in life for the duty of a soldier dying in defence of his land.

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