TERENCE MacSWINEY

O'HEGARTY

MacSwiney, Terence.

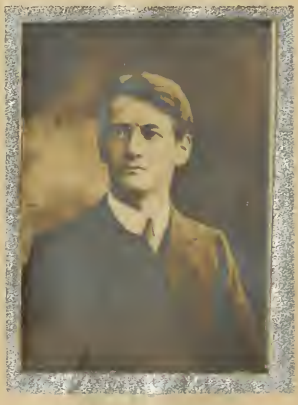
Terence MacSwiney. By P.S.O'Hegarty.

8vo. Dublin. 1922. First Edition.

(My late friend O'Hegarty, high in the councils of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, was an intimate friend of MacSwiney. Accompanying this Association Copy are Press Reviews, a personal In Memoriam Card with Photo, and a 5-verse poem typewritten by MacSwiney himself in Reading Gaol, 29th July, 1916.)

It is not to those who can inflict most, but to those who can endure most that the victory is certain.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."



In Loving Memory of

Tomás Ua Mac Suibhne, T.D.,

Commandant 1st Cork Brigade, I.R.A.

Lord Mayor of Cork.

Who died for his Country in Brixton Prison, England, 26th October, 1920.

(4th Year of the Irish Republic)

—✠—

May God have mercy on his soul and on the souls of those who have died for Ireland.

TERENCE MACSWINEY.

"The Principles of Freedom," by Terence MacSwiney, late Lord Mayor of Cork, who deliberately embraced death as a sacrifice for his political convictions, will make most readers regret his untimely end. It is not a profound or impressive book, and though the author always succeeds in making his meaning clear, his style is diffuse and even verbose. Yet it is a book which deserves to be read by all who would know what manner of men are the higher class leaders of *Sinn Fein*. Terence MacSwiney was evidently a man of unusual moral and spiritual quality. It is somewhat perplexing to find that he belonged to the new school of insurrection in arms which despised the older methods of obtaining political freedom.

Mr. MacSwiney in the volume before us presents a reasoned defence of resistance in arms, and, tested by its success, the policy that he advocated seems to have been justified. Our view is that Irish freedom was won not by arms, but as a consequence of the world situation. England suddenly made up her mind to yield the full Irish demands for self-government, not because she was beaten, but because she felt that it was due and that it was just, and that it was accordant with the world-movement. As regards resistance in arms we do not dispute that it may at times be ethically justifiable. What we assert is that the resort to arms can hardly be defended if methods of obtaining freedom are open which do not involve the shedding of blood. Moreover, they that make use of violence teach the community the use of weapons that will yet be turned against themselves. Another consideration is that, once arms are taken up, very dastardly and cruel deeds, not distinguishable from murder, become common. The plain fact is that the appeal to arms in civil strife tends to demoralise the men in arms, and those who abet them. It tends to make them wholly sceptical about the appeal to reason and man's sense of fair play, and the power of the spirit of good-will. They become believers only in Webleys and leaden bullets. That is the peril in which the world is now, and it is Irelands peril, too. The youths who have been taught to whip out revolvers and cry "Hands up!"—will they, we wonder, ever make peaceable, law-reverencing, kindly citizens?

Mr. MacSwiney does not consider any of these points. He keeps to the track of pure dialectics in his discussion of the right of armed insurrection; yet we feel that a heart so finely tempered as his must, at times, have suffered acute distress by reason of deeds done in his own County of Cork by men fighting for the cause which he himself maintained. These things are now of the past, and we would willingly erase them from memory, hoping that men will find a better way of settling their differences than by destroying one another's lives. It is time that jungle law were banished from Christian lands.

"The Principles of Freedom." By Terence MacSwiney. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 5/- net.

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Irish Literary Supplement

TERENCE MACSWINEY.

10 March 1921

PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM. By TERENCE MACSWINEY. (New York: Dutton. $2.)

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the late Lord Mayor of Cork had collected a volume of articles for publication. But one learns from the introduction to this volume, prepared by the author himself, that the articles, with one exception, had previously appeared, though where is not stated, and that they were to be reprinted practically without alteration. They deal with such general topics as "Moral Force," "Loyalty," "Womanhood," "The Propagandist Playwright," "Religion," "Militarism," "Resistance in Arms," and so forth. Altogether there are nineteen of these chapters, not including the introduction.

The level of MacSwiney's writing rarely surpasses the average standard of well-intentioned liberal essays. He has nothing very new to say, nor does he invest the old truths, and sometimes half-truths, with any new grace. He tells us that a strong mind is greater than a strong hand; that right will ultimately triumph; that the man who truly believes in his cause will fight to the bitter end; that resistance to evil is justified; that unity is strength; and all these maxims he applies to the situation in Ireland as it was when he was an important living figure there. Some of his statements, however, are not beyond criticism. He tells the reader in his introduction that there is no religious dissension in Ireland; there is, he says, only religious sincerity. English politicians, he declares, have worked upon the religious fears of the North of Ireland in order to divide the country. He remembers that the Ulstermen of 1798 were the first fighters for Republicanism in Ireland, and claims that "the present-day cleavage is an unnatural thing created by Ireland's enemies to hold her in subjection, and will disappear entirely with political freedom." But anybody who has lived in Ireland knows that this is not really the case. Not to search into the sentiments of the Ulstermen of 1798, we may at least affirm that their opinions are not those of their descendants of to-day. Religious fanaticism in Ireland—in the North certainly—is still a phenomenon that astonishes the English visitor. One meets Protestants in Belfast who have immutably persuaded themselves and their fellows that Home Rule, as they say, means Rome Rule. One may leave politics, and English politics in particular, out of the discussion and yet find that these things hold true. To go back a hundred and thirty years to disprove something about contemporary Irish life which everybody knows, and most people deplore, is an attempt doomed to failure.

By far the most interesting side of MacSwiney's book is the curiously prophetic strain that runs through it. In almost every chapter one comes across references to the nobility of dying for one cause; how the vindication of a cause may rest upon one man, and he must not shrink from any cost; and other remarks of this nature that are peculiarly applicable to MacSwiney's own end. It is not merely that these are platitudes which are in tune with the rest of his sentiments, but there does seem throughout to be stress laid upon this line of thought. True, he insists that one must live for one's cause as well as die for it:—

> It is harder to live a consistent life than die a brave death. Most men of generous instincts would rouse all their courage to a supreme moment and die for the Cause; but to rise to that supreme moment frequently and without warning is the burden of life for the Cause; and it is because of its exhausting strain and exacting demands that so many men have failed. We must get men to realize that to live is as daring as to die.

One has become so accustomed to reading such phrases that one has ceased to take them very seriously; but at least they are justified in this book by the fact that their author did indeed hold firm to his cause to the death. It is not often that literary heroics are genuine; the fact that in MacSwiney's case they were so only shows that from the literary point of view no distinction is to be drawn between heroics that are real and those that are affected. The fault of the book is that it only repeats what many other men have written before; that these meant little of what they said, and that MacSwiney meant it all, are matters for history, but not for literary criticism.

A Prayer.

(In my cell at Reading)

29th July, 1916.

I.

My soul, oh God, Thou hast greatly blessed
With high baptism of desire,
But, oh, I pray the further test,-
A boon, oh God, baptism of fire.

2.

Behold me in my prison cell,
Not for the things I have essayed;
But that they charged me set - and well -
For one great deed for which I prayed.

3.

Oh, let me pray my enemies
Speak justly,-if in this alone-
To this I set Life's energies,
To free my country from their throne.

4.

My Comrades, trusting me to death,
Called to me ere they sank in strife,
God! then Thou mad'st Thy test of faith-
The long-drawn agony of life.

5.

Because I have endured the pain
Of waiting, while my Comrades died,
Let me be swept in war's red main,
And friends and foes be justified.

Terence. J. MacSwiney.

To Eleora

from Claire

with all good wishes

Xmas 1922.

A SHORT MEMOIR OF TERENCE MacSWINEY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

JOHN MITCHEL: an appreciation; with some account of Young Ireland.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE NATION: a survey of Irish history from the English Invasion.

SINN FEIN: an Illumination.

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The INDESTRUCTIBLE NATION: the Second Part.

GLIMPSES OF AN IRISH FELON'S PRISON LIFE. By T. J. Clarke. Edited, with introduction.

TERENCE MacSWINEY.

A SHORT MEMOIR

OF

Terence MacSwiney

BY

P. S. O'HEGARTY

WITH A CHAPTER BY

DANIEL CORKERY

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NOTE.

This was written in December, 1920. The manuscript, however, has had rather an exciting career, and I have only just recovered it.

The Memoir is based partly on materials supplied by Mrs. MacSwiney, by Mary and Annie MacSwiney, and by many of Terry's friends in Cork, but largely on my own personal recollections of him.

I have tried, in it, to see his life and death as a historian would, to show him in relation to his epoch.

CONTENTS.

A SHORT MEMOIR OF TERENCE MacSWINEY

I. MacSWINEY OF THE BATTLE-AXE.

In the early days of the English invasion of Ireland, their cartographers made many curious maps of that country, surprisingly accurate in some parts and quite inaccurate in others. But in those days they had the pleasant habit of decorating maps, and if you look at a fifteenth or sixteenth century map of Ireland, you will find the country peopled with strange figures. Old Neptune probably figures on the Atlantic, and in the Irish Sea a fish of wonderful proportions. And in various districts you will find a realistic representation of an Irish chief, drawn over the length of his territory.

In the far north-west, straddling over Donegal, you will find a huge figure with a battle-axe on his shoulder, and underneath "MacSwyney of the Battle-Axe." It was the battle-axe, and the use the MacSwineys made of it, which impressed the English.

The parent MacSwiney clan, the Donegal MacSwineys, was essentially a fighting clan. In alliance with the great O'Donnells, the Princes of Tir Chonaill, they make a proud appearance in Irish history, and in the van of every O'Donnell battle, every O'Donnell foray, gleam their battle-axes. But there was between the two clans more than a mere alliance, there was a strong friendship, a fosterage almost. Their position towards each other

was stable and constant. When Red Hugh O'Donnell was a child he was sent to the MacSwineys for fosterage, and it was from the MacSwineys that Perrott, through his pirate merchantmen in Rathmullen Harbour or Lough Swilly, captured him. And when after that capture, the English installed an illegitimate O'Donnell, Domhnall, as sheriff of Tir-Chonaill, it was out of the MacSwiney country that Inghin Dubh, Red Hugh's warrior mother, came and, with the MacSwiney battle-axes behind her, broke the battle on Domhnall and slew him. Let the battle-axe then be their symbol.

The Cork MacSwineys are of that clan. They first appear in Cork, in the Muskerry district, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and at the end of the sixteenth century, they were further added to when Hugh O'Neill made his circuit of Ireland. Whether it was done as settled policy or not, groups of northern names dot the lines of O'Neill's camps in West Cork. But to-day, with the MacSwineys or with others, the northern origin is only a dim tradition. They settled down, built castles and built bridges, and traded and hunted, and in the piping times of peace degenerated. But whenever there was fighting to be done the battle-axes were in it, and the Muskerry MacSwineys, as befitted their race, were sent " to Hell or Connacht " by Cromwell, and their castles and bridges assigned to Cromwellian soldier planters. But the planters have vanished. And though the MacSwineys no longer lord it over Muskerry, yet the valley of the Bride is full of their memories and their relics ; and upon their ancient territory still stand MacSwineys, rooted in the soil. And when trouble is afoot they are in it. In Cork, as in Donegal, the MacSwineys remain warriors. Their symbol is still the battle-axe.

II. TERENCE MacSWINEY.

TERENCE JAMES MACSWINEY on the baptismal register, but Terry always to his friends and to Cork generally, was born in Cork City on March 28th, 1879, and was baptized at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul. The MacSwiney family was then well known in Cork, and Terry's father had been a tobacco manufacturer and dealer, whose early death threw upon Terry's mother the burden of bringing up a family, amongst whom Terry was the fifth of nine children, two of whom died in infancy. The MacSwiney home was typical of the best class of homes of the Cork of that generation. It was the generation between Fenianism and the Irish Volunteers, before yet the policy of John Redmond had sapped the essential manhood of those Irishmen who followed parliamentarian leadership, before yet the hurry and bustle of a music hall and cinema civilisation had put to flight the last vestiges of the old intellectual life of Cork. For in Cork, in the days when there was leisure in the land, when her merchants built the villas that still dot all her great roads, there was an active and widespread intellectual curiosity, which left its results in after generations in a somewhat higher brain equipment than the average. Nationalism was an instinct as well as a tradition, and culture a natural necessity. And the atmosphere of the MacSwiney home was conditioned by the intelligent nationalism of the father and by the

culture and spirituality of the mother. Mrs. MacSwiney was a woman whose spirituality was of the type which influences, and it influenced all her family very strongly, and especially Terry. Even in the years after the death of her husband, when the grim spectre of poverty frequently hovered near, she found the courage and the time to maintain the family atmosphere as it had been in the earlier years, and to keep out hard materialism. From both his parents Terry drew much. In the early years it was the custom of the children to learn a poem every week for recitation to their father on Sunday afternoon. It had to be an Irish poem, and the more rebel the poem selected was, the better the father was pleased. As a general rule, the children of that generation needed little urging to read and recite rebel poems, and especially in households where, as in this one, Ireland was taken for granted as a place separate from England, as a nation by right independent. From his father he drew that instinctive, inflexible Nationalism, which is the heritage of so many Irish children, and which, from his boyhood until his death, made it natural for him to dream of and to plan for an Independent Ireland, and which always placed him amongst the few who upheld, in the lean years, the separatist faith. From his mother, on the other hand, he drew his spirituality, that deep faith of his, that passion for righteousness which was in many ways his most striking characteristic, and probably also his bent towards literature. For, in common with so many other of those who in our day have died for Ireland, his interest in literature and drama was as deep, and as much a part of him, as his national work. That is one of the prices which a subject nation pays: the diversion, at a time of crisis,

of all its talent on to political work. For the first time in modern European history, the European nations have paid that price, in the crisis of the late war. But Ireland has had to pay it in every generation. That it is paid willingly does not make it any the less a tragedy.

It is easy to see the MacSwiney household in the early years. The father, intelligent and honorable, a good citizen, a good husband and father, a pronounced and instinctive nationalist; the mother gentle and spiritual; the family generally simple and united and affectionate, a household in which natural intelligence was fostered and encouraged in the best Cork traditions. And in its midst Terry, a boy with jet-black hair, clear complexion, bright blue eyes and a disposition which could be, and was, both serious and merry. When he was doing anything he did it with his whole might, but he played as heartily as he worked, and the merriment of his playing was as natural and as thorough as the seriousness of his working hours. His face, his glance, had a flashing brightness and a friendly appeal which made him friends everywhere, boy and man. It was a happy household, and a happy Terry.

III. SCHOOLDAYS.

TERRY'S schooldays were cast in the days before education was the easy thing it now is. There was then in Ireland no technical education, and no easy way to the university. The average boy went to his day school; if he showed any capacity he went through the four grades of the examinations held under the Intermediate Board of Education, examinations which were supposed to be a preparation for a university. But there usually he stopped. Unless he could produce more money than the average boy of capacity could in those days, it was nobody's business to worry about his education. And when he had got through senior grade in the Intermediate he was derelict. So that every year the Intermediate turned out hundreds of boys, all half educated, all half way to a university education, and instead of helping them to that education, sent them into clerkships and shop-assistantships, and into all grades of the English civil service, and into all climes. Terry was one of the unfinished products of the Intermediate, though in his case he took the bull by the horns himself and carried his studies forward to the university.

At that time the best education in Cork was given by the Christian Brothers, who then had three schools, providing for the north, north-west, and south of Cork city. The main school was the northern one, where also were the Brothers' headquarters, and here were Terry's schooldays passed. His record at the north

Monastery Schools was a long one and a brilliant one. It was customary then to pull out those young boys who showed more than average capacity and put them into special classes, classes which were put forward for the Intermediate Exhibitions. Terry's name figured as an exhibitioner in each of the three years of his school life during which he was of the necessary age to sit for the examination, and it is significant that amongst the subjects in which he got honors was "Celtic," as the Intermediate Board termed the Irish language in those days, and "English," which included essay writing and Irish history. Yet that brilliant passing of examinations was not the full sum of the education which the Christian Brothers' schools of that decade gave.

The great mass of Irish boys go either to the Christian Brothers' schools or to the National schools. The great difference between these is the fact that the Christian Brothers are free to frame their own curriculum and to choose their own text-books, while the National schools, subsisting on public grants, are bound to adopt a curriculum and text-books as laid down by the Board of National Education. So that the Christian Brothers have always given a more national education than their rivals. That was why the Christian Brothers' Exhibitioners of that decade all had Irish as one of their subjects, and in most cases got honours in that subject. For it was taught for love of itself as well as for the sake of the marks it brought in the examination. So, too, with Irish history. The Christian Brothers write their own text-books, and write them as such books should be written. In the Intermediate classes, they had, of course, to use the books specified by the Intermediate Board, and these were at that time: for history, Collier's

History of Ireland and Ransome's History of England. They were both bad books. But though the Brothers used them they were free to use them as they thought fit, and they used them with blue pencils. As the books were gone through, their errors of deliberation and of ignorance were corrected, and the truth of Irish history was made all the clearer to the boys because of its establishment in direct conflict with the text-book version. It was then the age before the modern movement, before the Gaelic League had been founded. Since then, Irish history has been made by two things: by the study of the Irish language and by the study of Irish history. And in these studies the Christian Brothers were honorable pioneers. Of the men who, since Parnell's *debacle*, have remade Ireland, it may not be inopportune to set down that, like Terry, Arthur Griffith, William Rooney, and P. H. Pearse were pupils of the Christian Brothers' schools. And countless of the lesser known men, the men who stuck it as Terry did, in the lean years, owed their first conscious impulse towards an aggressive Nationalism, from the education given them at the Christian Brothers.

To Terry, with his home atmosphere, that school atmosphere was the right one. And as his schooldays progressed, so he became more and more a dreamer and a planner. Lionel Johnson has written an unforgettable verse in :

> " A terrible and splendid trust,
> Heartens the host of Inisfail ;
> Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust,
> A lightning glory of the Gael."

That dream always abided with Terry. It was natural in him, and the whole circumstances of his home life

and school life strengthened it in him and strengthened him in it. As he grew up to adolescence, many a little incident, both at home and at school, betrayed his visionary absorption in his country's affairs. On one occasion, for instance, when the family at home got to discussing John D. Rockfeller's millions, then a common topic outside America, they had a discussion as to what they would do with them if they had them. Terry's contribution to the discussion was eloquent. "I would free Ireland!" The same spirit was observed many times in class when questions of Irish history were to the fore.

But that side of him, intense though it was, did not by any means absorb him. He was as full of mischief as most boys, and as ready for a lark. He liked to do his work, though, first, and it is recorded of him, during vacation time, that he worked steadily from the beginning of the holiday until he had all the work set for the holidays finished, and then enjoyed an uninterrupted spell of real holidays. Side by side with that serious side of him there was always a merriment, a sense of humour, and a general friendliness that made at all times a very popular and a very companionable boy. His schooldays were happy and pleasant, and it was a matter of genuine regret, to his schoolfellows and to himself, when they were cut short in the autumn of 1894 and he went to business.

IV. ADOLESCENCE AND EARLY MANHOOD.

In the autumn of 1894, when Terry was fifteen years of age, his schooldays ended and he went to business, entering the countinghouse of Dwyer and Company, manufacturers, of Cork. His business career was characterised by unfailing good spirits and steady application to his work. He never liked commercial life, and occasionally when he met that one of his schoolmates who kept up a post-school friendship with him, he would joke good-humouredly about Dwyer's. It was clear that the work and the routine and the whole conditions of business existence at Dwyer's were exceedingly distasteful to him, but it is characteristic of him, and of his unfailing and rigid sense of duty, that he applied himself to his work there as earnestly and as thoroughly as if it were the one thing he preferred to do. So that after a time he became an accountant with the firm and held that post until 1911, when he became a commercial instructor under the Technical Committee for the county of Cork.

It was probably of minor importance what work he went to at that age, for at that age a boy of any sensibility, of any imagination, only begins to live when his daily work is done, and Terry was only one of a large number of boys who did their daily work in an office or countinghouse or behind counters; did it distastefully but did it well, and when five o'clock, or six o'clock or

seven o'clock ended it, turned to the real work of their lives, the things they really wanted to do. And it was after his working hours that Terry's real work began.

In the first years of his life at business he had little time to pay attention to anything but the wonder of the panorama of life. Between sixteen and twenty-one, boys are alive as never before or after, with nothing on the horizon but the future, the future with its endless possibilities. And Terry plunged right into life. He loved the open air and the sea, and he loved books and plays, and in the winter evenings and week-ends he cultivated the one and in the summer the other. At this period he might be met with almost any fine Sunday, swinging along Union Quay after Mass, with Fred Cronin and others, cycling to Crosshaven, or on fine week evenings walking on one or another of Cork's great roads. And the Cork Opera House which then was something of an intellectual factor, which had about two months of opera in the year, two months of Shakespeare, and, perhaps, three or four weeks of a repertoire comedy company, usually that of the late Mr. Edward Compton, was a haunt of his. How many times we all saw Mr. Benson's Hamlet and Macbeth, and Richard—we never got tired of them. And Terry mixed this with explorations into literature, the prodigious explorations which one can make at that age. Dickens he loved, and Thackeray, while Tone and Mitchel pounded their Irish Nationalism at him, and all the poets he read greedily. He was storing his mind with a mass of ideas, of thoughts, which were, as the years passed, to be co-ordinated and sifted until he had evolved, as he did evolve, his own set of principles. His nationalism, inspired by the dead great ones of nationalism, was his

own in the sense that it had its nourishment and its justification from his own reasoned exposition of it; and when it came to write drama, also, he wrote that in his own way, rejecting the current framework because he saw what seemed to him a better one.

And beyond these activities he turned to another and a more difficult one, to the task of completing his education. That schoolmate of Terry's who was nearest his own age, and who alone kept up a friendship with him, and who alone of his schoolmates rowed in the same political boat with him, when he left school at fifteen, threw his school books with a sigh of relief into a corner and said to himself, "Thank God, I'm done with them!" That was the natural impulse of the youth of fifteen, with a whole world of books to be read, with the whole of life to be explored, and with the intoxication of an unknown but immediate future drumming at his soul. Terry must have felt that, too. Books and life called him insistently, but he felt also that his education ought to be carried on to its natural conclusion, and he found time, after business, to pursue his studies and even to attend university courses. His method of study sounds almost incredible, but it is true. At first, he used to stay up at nights, but he speedily found he could do no study at nights, so he tried the experiment of morning study. He went to bed every night at eight o'clock and rose the next morning at two o'clock, and found that under those conditions he could study. And in this way he did study, and later on when he was writing, he did his writing in the same way. At first in the winter, he used to have a fire, but he found that with a fire he got drowsy and sometimes fell asleep, so that he abandoned that, and worked away in his overcoat

But he accomplished his task and took out his B.A. degree in 1907 in Mental and Moral Science.

The boy was now hardening into the man. As a boy he had been tall and now, on the threshold of manhood, he was taller than most, with a bright complexion, a frank open countenance, and a genuine friendliness of temperament. His method of life, his studies, and his temperament disciplined him, and of follies in his career there were none apparent. His deep feeling for righteousness, his deep religious faith, his rigid sense of duty, all those kept him from the minor peccadilloes. He took life seriously, and loved to make a serious use of it.

V. FIRST POLITICAL VENTURINGS—THE BEGINNING OF SINN FEIN.

TERRY MACSWINEY drew near to manhood as the old mould of Ireland was being rent, and rent forever. The death of Parnell, and the split, ended the possibility of the Parliamentarian movement accomplishing anything for Ireland, and the young men sought some other outlet for their energies. The vast majority did nothing, never troubled their minds one way or the other, but there was a minority which did trouble itself, which built up the two movements which finally coalesced and triumphed in 1918: the language movement and the political movement which began with Celtic Literary Clubs in Dublin and Cork and developed into pre-1916 Sinn Fein. Amongst these young men was Terry. In the years from 1894 his political ideas had been forming. And when the '98 Centenary Celebration, in 1898, brought political questions home to everybody in Ireland, he knew where he stood. In all Ireland there still lingered the remnants of the Fenians. In Cork they kept together as "The Old Guard," and marched together at all public functions. Now in 1898, they formed a "Wolfe Tone Club," which included young men and old men, but it collapsed owing to the existence in it of a section of the young men who had got caught by Socialism and insisted on preaching it. So that in 1899 those who believed that Ireland must settle her quarrel with

England first, withdrew and formed the "Young Ireland Society," which was composed of the " Old Guard," and of the group of young men who believed in the principles of Fenianism, prominent among whom were Terry and Liam de Roiste. The Young Ireland Society lasted for two years, in which time it had a somewhat precarious existence, for although all the members were agreed in principle there was a wide divergence between the young men and the old men. The old Fenians, in all Ireland, were the same. They themselves had failed to free Ireland, but though few and scattered they held their faith. They had no hope of ever seeing Ireland free, of ever again seeing Ireland responding, as she did in the sixties, to the ideal of an Irish Republic, but they did hope that some future generation would raise aloft again the banner of the Republic and carry it to victory. Themselves, they knew, could do nothing, and they had no belief in the generations they knew, their sons and their grandsons. Consequently their political ambitions were limited to two things, first to " keeping the spirit alive "—so long as there existed in Ireland the continuous tradition of Republicanism they were satisfied ; and second, to erecting in every city a National Memorial to the dead of '98 and '67. The young men, on the contrary, believed in " doing it now." They believed in all sorts of constructive work, in the language movement, in supporting Irish industry, in a campaign of anti-recruiting ; above all they believed that those who believed in the principles of Fenianism should come out into the open and say so, should contest public boards against the nominees of the Parliamentary Party, and generally should be alive and vigorous. In these circumstances a clash was inevitable, for to the imaginations

of the older generation, the Republic was a thing of secrecy, to be spoken of in whispers, a thing anointed with secret oaths and secret meetings and secret drillings. And in 1901 there came an open breach in Cork, and Terry, Liam de Roiste, and the young men withdrew and founded the Cork Celtic Literary Society. There was already a similar Celtic Literary Society in Dublin.

"In the Celtic Literary Society," writes Liam de Roiste, "Terence MacSwiney developed as a writer, a debater, a preacher of uncompromising faith in Irish nationality and independence. The two men in Irish history whom he kept constantly before the minds of his fellow-countrymen as examples were Tone and Mitchel. I think that of these two he probably held Tone in his mind more than Mitchel perhaps, because Tone somehow shows himself more human. And also Tone was a soldier. A soldier of France, indeed, but a soldier of Ireland, too. To be a soldier of Ireland, to lead a brigade in the heroic fight for Irish Freedom, to die, if need be, in a glorious struggle battling bravely for liberty—that was the highest ambition of Terence MacSwiney. His mind was essentially the military mind in its thoroughness, its quickness, its regard for detail and order, its view on organisation, its insistence on discipline."

The Celtic Literary Society acted in Cork as similar societies acted in all Ireland, as a preparatory ground for the later Sinn Fein movement. In them young men learned to think, to argue, to write; learned the pros and cons of Irish political and social history; learned economic questions, and ultimately learned to know themselves. The years winnowed them, decreased their numbers in many cases, but those who remained were

strong and sure and unafraid. The history of the Literary and Debating Clubs of Cork, Dublin, Belfast and London in these years is the history of the development of the men who in the later years were to be foremost in the battle which ultimately won Ireland to the Republic. Their work was mainly of that intensive self-cultivative nature, but it also devoted its attention to public affairs. Its greatest and best loved public activity was the anti-recruiting campaign, a campaign by speech, poster and hand-bill against recruiting in Ireland for the British army. Many a night they spent in sticking up bills and posters on hoardings and on walls and on doors, and many a fine Sunday they took advantage of country excursions to carry the campaign into the country districts. In all this Terry was foremost and untiring. He had developed into one of the pillars of the Cork Society, was one of its readiest and soundest speakers, and by far its readiest writer. It had, like all the clubs, a monthly manuscript journal, and to it he contributed many poems and articles, most of the latter being signed, characteristically, "MacEireann" (Erin's Son). And all this while, remember, he was reading voluminously, thinking hard, and at the same time pursuing his studies for his university degree.

In the meantime the Sinn Fein movement was growing into a definite movement. In 1899 Mr. Arthur Griffith founded the *United Irishman*, which drew all the clubs together, directed them, heartened them, and encouraged them, for it gave to the Separatist movement an articulate voice, and in 1905 all the clubs and societies were formed together into an organisation called "Sinn Fein," the executive of which was termed the "National Council." Thenceforward there was no going back.

Sinn Fein had been formally launched as a movement, with a platform and a policy; an open movement, with an open policy, pledged to come out publicly and contest the political field in Ireland with the Parliamentary Party.

For several years Terry continued active in the Cork Society. By this time his ideas were clear cut and definite. He believed in a Republic and nothing but a Republic; he believed that we should have to fight England physically for that, and he believed that nothing else was worth fighting for. And he also believed that all preparations for that fight must be made in the open. He never joined the Irish Republican Brotherhood because he believed that a secret oath-bound society could never be effective. Secrecy, he held, was unhealthy and would never come to anything. And when it was put up to him that there had to be secrecy, because England would never allow arming and drilling, he would answer that if we waited and prepared our opportunity would come, and that our duty was to wait and prepare. He believed that every Irishman should regard himself as a soldier, and perfect himself, awaiting the opportunity. His creed was that which has been expressed by John O'Leary when he said: "We do not know when the hour will come; on the other hand we do not know when the hour will not come. Your business is to make ready for it, to be always ready. There is work to be done here in Ireland. You all know what it is. Go ye home and make ready."

He came to believe also most intensely in the language movement. In the beginning he did not recognise the full importance of the Irish language, but now, in a mood of self-examination, he realised that it was vital, realised

also that he himself was very imperfectly prepared to do his part. And, characteristically, he withdrew temporarily from the society, giving as his reasons that he was unfitted to lead the people and would withdraw and study and prepare himself to be a leader, if and when the time for him to lead came. His next few years were devoted to perfecting himself in Irish, and to literary activity.

VI. LITERARY CAREER.

BY DANIEL CORKERY.

TERENCE MACSWINEY'S literary career began probably before he had left the Christian Brothers' schools, where his abilities shone specially bright in the literary department of the Intermediate programme. Anyway, to judge by his first published poem, he must have given earnest thought and study to the form of literature as well as to the matter. This poem was published in a weekly literary paper called *St. Patrick's*, over a *nom-de-guerre*, but attracted so much attention that some weeks later the editor thought it wise to reprint it, giving this time the full name and address of the writer, with a line of warm commendation added. The poem, which was very characteristic, was called, "Nature's Hymn," and had for theme the fact that all the beautiful features of Nature—the winds, the strong waters, the birds—are all free to live their own life; in this is their happiness—but Ireland—Ireland is not free! This was the poem of the boy MacSwiney. Could anything be more characteristic of the man MacSwiney, of the leader MacSwiney?

It was characteristic of him in another way: it was a well-made poem. He could not bear slovenly work in any department of life; least of all could he bear it in literature; and in literature that had Ireland for theme, slovenly work was quite criminal. It was in his

nature to take things seriously. He took his literary ventures very seriously.

Terence MacSwiney was easily the most literary member of the Cork Celtic Literary Society. He had more natural abilities in the way of literature, and he had the application that could make the most of such gifts. He shouldered most of the responsibility of the group's manuscript journal. He wrote poems, articles, sketches in it. There was always something happening which needed a comment—an address to the Lord Lieutenant, a King's visit, a weak-kneed crawl on the part of some local public body, a visit of an anti-Irish lecturer, or an anti-Irish play, a whine in the local press. These and all such indignities came under his lash. His poems almost always had Ireland for theme. They sung to battle for the most part.

This period of his life—its labors, its aspirations, its achievements—is well summed up in the book of verse, "The Music of Freedom," that he published in 1907. It is really an expansion of his first poem, "Nature's Hymn." The theme is the same, only now treated with more verve and dash.

> "What sings the rolling waves?
> Know we are free:
> God made us, and He gave us liberty."

We have a song of the zephyr in it, a sermon of the sea, a song of the hills, a song of the streamlet, and in fact a lyric treatment of every thought and impulse that the word Freedom can arouse in a patriot's heart. It concludes with a spirited address to the North to unite with the rest of Ireland in the cause of Liberty.

This book contained over 100 pages of fine lyric verse in a great variety of metres. It was signed "Cuireadoir"

—that is, "Seed-sower," but, at least in Cork, the authorship of the book was well known.

A little after this a society called the Cork Dramatic Society was set up in the city. The aim of the society was not so much towards the acting of plays—many local societies were already doing this—as to the writing of plays. It resolved not to produce any play that had not been specially written for it. The plays should also have the merit of at least aiming at being literature. In fact, the whole venture nearly resembled the Little Theatre movement of America. Into this work Terence MacSwiney went with all his heart. He had great faith in literature as an aspiration towards freedom; and the theatre was the easiest way of giving literature to the people. Give the people vivid plays about their own past, about their own present-day life; set before them the heroes of their own race; through the drama teach them the great stories of Ireland's ancient literatures—and they cannot fail to acquire a deeper sense of self-consciousness and a more earnest desire for freedom.

As has been said MacSwiney could not tolerate slap-dash work; work for Ireland must be well done. He went carefully to work. Without interfering with the many activities he was already engaged in, he somehow found time to study the great dramatic schools of the past, and to read the best books of criticism in the world. Not alone did he read them, he studied them, heavily underlining the passages which contained essential points hidden in them. With this preparation made, he next plotted out a few dramas in rough notes. For his themes he went to the old heroic literature of Ireland; and these themes, he held, should be treated in verse, not in prose, as was being done by the Dublin school of

dramatists. Now, of verse he had complete mastery; it is almost literal fact to say that he wrote blank verse, and quite vigorous and varied blank verse, almost as easily as he wrote prose. This stood to him immensely. His first play was at last ready for the actors. It was called "The Last Warriors of Coole." It deals with the rescue of the broken warriors of Coole by the great son of Coole, Fionn himself—a subject found in the old Irish literature. The motif of the play is—never surrender, fight on, even when all hope seems past. The play was produced in November, 1910. It was the first verse play produced by the Society and was received with enthusiasm.

It is now interesting to turn up the Press notices of those days. One says: "The verse is remarkably good, resonant, full of beautiful cadences, and was well spoken by the several players."—(*Cork Examiner.*) Another says: "What amazes the spectator who follows the play studiously is the wonderful atmosphere produced by the stage-setting, the players and the words. One becomes interested and then absorbed in thought as the idea is unfolded, until there is fully realised 'Crimal's deathless hope' and Fionn's saving of his people."—Fionn's saving of his people—the words seem prophetic.

The author was called before the curtain. Characteristically, he did not take the call; he was never a man for the limelight.

On December 27th of the same year (1910) his next play was produced. It surprised all the members of the society, both writers and actors, for it revealed a new side of Terence MacSwiney. It was a complete contrast to his former play, as will be seen from the story of the play thus told in one of the Press notices: "The Holocaust

deals with a very tragic side of life that perhaps is only too frequently occurring, or at any rate has only too frequently occurred in this country, and also cannot be said to be uncommon in other communities. It is full of pathos, of reality, of fight and struggle against the inevitable. It pictures a poor, humble, cold, wretched home, the breadwinner of which is out of work, and the only surviving offspring, a little girl, on her deathbed. The mother strives hard to offer whatever consolation she can, and inspire what hope and cheer it is possible for her to impart. The priest arrives, and out of his sympathetic heart tenders the monetary wherewithal to purchase nourishment and heat for the drear and cold habitation, and the mother leaves to make the purchases. The doctor, a truly worldly man, horribly unsympathetic, terribly blunt, arrives, and holding out no hope, departs to attend other patients. The husband enters, in despair of getting work and at war with the world. In the midst of such a scene of domestic misery the little girl dies, and the curtain falls."—(*Cork Examiner.*)

"A poignant little etching of the problem of slum life," a Dublin critic wrote of it.

It is impossible to describe the silence in which the audience followed the play. Here was a piece of drama snatched out of the life of their own city; the accents on the stage were the accents they heard all about them the whole day long. The priest might have stepped in from the nearest parish church, the doctor from the nearest dispensary. The humble labourer spoke as such men speak on the quays of Cork. The actors treated the plays with great reserve, almost with reverence. They overdid nothing. The result of all was that, as some of the audience said, it was a new experience for them.

The society repeated both plays more than once in the succeeding years. Perhaps a still greater surprise was MacSwiney's next play, "Manners Masketh Man." It was a little bit of light-hearted, delicate comedy. "A very pretty and appealing morceau," the papers wrote of this comedy of a young man affected with *ennui*, to whom the "grotesque tyranny of being perpetually polite" had become intolerable. The dialogue was at the one time both homely and incisive, witty without being forced. There was but one "male" in the piece, the four other characters being all feminine, which greatly added to the fun of the little thing.

It should not surprise us that Terence MacSwiney could write such comedy as this. It is true that he was naturally of a very grave disposition; his mind was ever dwelling on the heights; but then Molière, perhaps the world's greatest writer of comedy, was spoken of among his intimate friends as the "Contemplative"—and his portrait gives us to understand why.

In his next play he essayed a far bigger theme than any he had yet tried. Up to this the plays produced were all one-act plays, the first in blank verse, the others in colloquial prose. He now went back once more to the old heroic stories—the story of Cuchulain, and there found what he wanted. The story of Cuchulain's wooing of Emer was after his own heart, both being such characters as he should have loved to set up before the youth of Ireland for their edification. Emer in the old stories is presented as no clinging maiden who will hold back her lord from the fight, when to fight is his duty. She is rather the very opposite. At the same time, she is modest, gentle and home-keeping. To wed Cuchulain she must break with her father, but this she does not

hesitate to do. It is only at the point of the sword that Cuchulain weds her, but his masterful wooing has justice in it as well as love.

The play was written in verse of great beauty, full of color. And the action of the play gave rise to a succession of beautiful tableaux. It, however, was too big for the society's stage and suffered as a consequence. For all that it was the most successful play of the season, a fact curious to relate when one takes the heroic nature of the play into account, as well as the fact that it was written in verse, which does not tend to make a play popular.

Those who still survive of the little band of authors and actors will not easily forget the first performance. No play had ever been so long in rehearsal, it was full of difficulty in itself, and the smallness of the stage at the society's disposal did not take from this inherent difficulty. The caste was a large one, with a result that the society had to bring in new members. All these circumstances made the first night quite an adventure. But not these, but quite an external circumstance made the first night memorable in the society's annals when at last it came. The fact is that such a night of downpouring rain never came, and Cork is a place noted for its rainfall. Only a fool would venture out, if he could abide within. The play was given to empty benches. The actors were not depressed. They looked on it as a very fine full-dress rehearsal. The few present, however, thoroughly enjoyed the play and must have spread its fame the next day, for when the night came the theatre could not contain the audience that crowded to it. And this continued to the end. The author's brother, Sean, played the leading part in this play.

This then, in short, is the tale of Terence MacSwiney's plays produced by the Cork Dramatic Society. That society was a very high-hearted, happy little gathering of about fifteen members all told. Both actors and authors were enthusiastic about their work. They all gave their services voluntarily. The actors were authors and the authors were actors. A rule was made that whenever possible an author should take a part, if only a minor part, in another author's play, never in his own play ; and it often happened that the author of the first play of a bill would turn actor for the next play. The living of authors and actors in constant communion with one another tended to unify their ideas and to teach the writers the craft of the stage. Terence MacSwiney, however, never took a part. For one thing he was too busy a man ; for another he was not the sort of man who makes an actor ; he did not dwell sufficiently on the surface of things. If he did not act, he, however, helped in a hundred other ways, often with his pocketbook, for example ;. and his presence at the rehearsals was always welcomed. He was not difficult to please. He liked the little company, and they revered him. He was a very busy man at the time, and it was often at ten or half-past ten at night that he dropped in to see how things were getting on. He would sit down quietly and not interrupt unless it was absolutely necessary. He always thanked the actors personally after the first night's performance, and they valued his words of thanks because they knew how genuine they were.

In 1914, before any expectation of war had come to darken the world, he published his second book—the five-act play—" The Revolutionist."

The preface is very characteristic. In it he defends

his cutting up of some of the acts into a few scenes, in this harking back to an earlier tradition in drama. His defence is that nothing but the gradual elaboration of the mounting has forced on the dramatist this modern convention of " one act, one scene " ; and that by a return to simplicity in the staging, we may return to the older convention of frequent change of scene in the play, thus giving his old sense of freedom back to the dramatist.

There is in this preface a plea for more " fundamental brainwork " in drama, for, in fact, a return to philosophy. He demanded of the dramatist brain as well as imagination—and only those who know the rut into which Irish drama had then fallen can fully understand how necessary was this plea.

The book was dedicated in memorable words to his mother's memory—" for the heritage of her great faith, the beauty of her living example, and the ecstasy of her dead face."

When the play was published in 1914, Asquith's Home Rule Bill was before the House of Commons, and had but a short time more to go before becoming law. Everybody knew that it would pass and that the King would sign it. (As events proved, it did pass, the King did sign it, but somehow it never " marched "—it was still-born in the shock of the opening of the war.) Well, the play takes it for granted that the bill would pass, and the action of the play is laid in an Ireland that is actually " enjoying " Home Rule.

The first point to notice is the author's firm assurance that the setting up of Home Rule in Ireland would not mean the end of all things—no, there would still be dreamers, there would still be revolutionaries as well as the opposing types—toadies and flunkeys. It is

certain that the author expected that the coming of Home Rule would mean a great outburst of jingo imperialism, of flag-wagging, military bands and all the rest of it. In the play, then, the Revolutionist (Hugh O'Neill) is shewn as wrestling with this new hideous world. Some of those on whose help he depended are wrenched from him, as it were, in this flood-tide of jingoism. They must live, they must marry, they must settle down, build up homes, etc., etc. Only a faithful few remain to him ; and these are as difficult to manage as soldiers ever are when they find the enemy to be overwhelmingly strong. Hugh O'Neill's task is all up hill, never-ending, exhausting, killing. He rushes from place to place, encouraging, organising, steadying. He wears himself out. He dies.

Interwoven with all this there is a very beautiful love interest.

Now two things come before the mind in reading the play. The first : Is this as Ireland would be under Home Rule ? It is an interesting question and gives great interest to the play. The author thought that Home Rule would be in being soon after the publication of the play, and that therefore the play could be judged from real life. But the second thing that is always before the mind in reading the play is bigger ; it is this : the character of Hugh O'Neill, the revolutionist. I do not think that Terence MacSwiney intended it for self-portraiture ; if he did, he could not so frankly have done it, not so intimately. No, he was simply painting the revolutionary type at its best. Without knowing it, he painted himself. Hugh O'Neill's earnestness, his frankness, his sanity, above all his unselfishness are the writer's own. There is not an utterance of his in the

play that could not be tallied with an utterance from Terence MacSwiney's own lips when later on he found himself playing the same part: "There will be no peace till there is independence." "Life is a divine adventure, and the man whose faith is finest will go farthest." And the very fine saying: "Are you afraid to take the consequences? I'm afraid *not* to take them." "We won't rouse men by asking them to do a little." "It may be we're given the work of angels and the nature of men—and the man cuts a sorry figure at times." And no one can read the words of his beloved, as she stands above him dead, without being moved: "We must leave him uncovered that everyone may look on his face, that men may wish to be like him in death."

No sooner had he published this play than the new world was upon us, the world brought into being by the clash of cannon. From then on, whatever writing he did was in the nature of propaganda.

VII. THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS—THE CASTING OF SHADOWS BEFORE.

When Terence MacSwiney withdrew from active work in the Celtic Literary Society, with the avowed object of disciplining and preparing for a struggle with England, he would seem to have been prophetically inspired, for the years of intense study and preparation that followed could not have been better employed had he been aware of the impending appearance of the Irish Volunteers. As events turned out, he was to become Volunteer organiser for Cork county, and in these years before the Volunteers he steadily pursued the two things which, as it happened, were the two things which an organiser most needed. In the first place he had become convinced of the vital importance of the Irish language, and had taken up the study of it with an application and a whole-heartedness which were characteristic. The Gaelic League was now a venerable institution in Ireland and classes for the study of the language were available in every town in Ireland and in most villages. Terry became a close student in one of the Cork branches of the Gaelic League, but he went beyond that. He perceived that in order to become thoroughly proficient in the language, to speak it and to write it fluently, one had to go where the language was the ordinary language of intercourse. So that he began to spend his week-ends and his holidays in the district around Ballingeary, in

West Cork near the Kerry border, where the ordinary language of the people was the Irish language, and where there was a wealth of literary and oral tradition full of the characteristic elements of the old Irish civilisation. In Ballingeary he was in his element, moving about amongst the people, living with them, thinking with them, arguing with them ; finding his real self more and more clearly as he began to be fully proficient in Irish, feeling himself the stronger, the more Irish, as he got more closely in touch with the old Irish civilisation. There are people of the city who are as much removed from country people as if they were of different nationalities, and there are people of the city who are akin to country people, who are accepted by country people —the most conservative of all Irish people—as one of themselves ; and of these latter was Terry. After all, though his first language was English, though he was born and reared in the city, it was in a city which is fed on the rich life of the country, a city whose western ear is always open to the old language and traditions of Ireland. And, after all, his character was essentially rather the character of the Irish speaker than the English speaker. His simplicity and his directness were exactly paralleled by the simplicity and the directness of the Irish-speaking peasant, and his natural courtliness equalled theirs, while he had that deep and fundamental faith which is the most striking and most natural characteristic of the Irish-speaking peasantry. They never question, neither did he, and to him, as to them, faith was one of the foundations of life. Even his love for argument, his capacity for turning a subject over from every point of view, hour after hour, must have appealed to them, for there is nothing which they

love better. And so he won his way to their hearts and to their minds and to their language in a few years. This must have been one of the times when his life was happiest. And as it was a time when he perfected himself in Irish, and as whoever was to organise the Irish Volunteers in County Cork would need to have Irish, it was also a time of intense preparation for an event which no man could foresee, of which no man could even see the shadows.

In the second place his business life changed. In 1907 he had taken out his university degree in Mental and Moral Science, and in 1909 he was appointed Lecturer in Business Methods in the Cork Municipal School of Commerce, which was then in its infancy. But that appointment only involved a couple of lectures a week and he still remained an accountant at Messrs. Dwyer's. But at the end of 1911 he was appointed Lecturer and Organiser in Commerce under the Cork County Joint Technical Instruction Committee, which was a whole-time appointment, and resigned his post with Messrs. Dwyer. As Lecturer and Organiser in Commerce he spent his time travelling Cork county, travelling for commerce the routes he was later on to travel for the Irish Volunteers, forming, as commercial organiser, the friendships, the links, and the knowledge which were to be so effectively used later on for the furtherance of the Irish Volunteers. The whole week, from Monday to Friday, was spent travelling. On Monday morning he would take a train to some centre, then away on his bicycle, across country, from place to place, until Friday evening, and he usually returned to Cork on Saturday, to open a strenuous week-end there. In his three years as commericial organiser the centres from which he

worked were Buttevant, Charleville, *Coachford*, Doneraile, *Kanturk*, Mallow, Mitchelstown, and Riverstown, a network covering practically all of Cork county except the extreme western side, which side he had already covered from Ballingeary when learning Irish. So that when the crisis did come in Ireland, when the Irish Volunteers did want a capable organiser, here was the man, ready and willing.

In the meantime Ireland was changing. The shadow, no bigger than a man's hand, was creeping steadily forward. On the surface it looked to be a perfectly contented, perfectly degenerate, perfectly materialistic country. The Irish Parliamentary Party held the political field, and held it in the grip of a very powerful and very unscrupulous political machine. When Mr. C. J. Dolan, their member for North Leitrim, became a Sinn Feiner in 1907 and contested the seat against them, they beat him 2 to 1. When in 1910 the see-saw of English politics gave them the balance of power in the English Parliament organised Sinn Fein dwindled to a couple of branches. And when they gave Asquith and Lloyd George *carte blanche* and agreed to the shelving of Home Rule they retained their political grip. They even, after many years and after the expenditure of much money, succeeded in suppressing the "insuppressible" Tim Healy. To all appearances they had the country in their pockets.

But yet there was a cloud. There was this fact overlooked. They were all men of the older generation. Their political machine was composed mainly of men of the older generation. Their active supporters were mainly men of the older generation. The young men and young women of Ireland were emphatically not of

them. They were frankly and openly contemptuous of them, though for the most part they gave them a clear political road. All the thinking political brain in Young Ireland was outside the Party, and not alone the political brain but the thinking brain generally. "The intellect of Ireland," wrote Lecky in his truthful youth, "has always been Separatist." Parnell caught it for a few brief years in his transparent honesty, ability, and capacity, but after his eclipse intellect scornfully withdrew. For the most part it stayed outside all politics and scoffed. But a not inconsiderable portion of it had gone into the Gaelic League, and in the Gaelic League was laying the foundations of that mental revolution of which the actual revolution was but the physical expression. Intellectual youth, in the years after "Unity," made two contributions to the Irish Parliamentary Party: Mr. Richard Hazleton and Mr. T. M. Kettle, and in the one case the motives were known to be mixed, and in the other case the motive was known to be ambition. In neither case was it a matter of political conviction. So that the years between Unity and the Volunteers witnessed the diversion from the dominant political party in Ireland of the whole youth of Ireland, whole intellect of Ireland. And intellectual youth must sooner or later, in a country whose main interest necessarily is politics, find suitable political expression. That was the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand.

And it grew, rapidly it grew. The first Separatist sentiment of the young men, directed and organised by Mr. Arthur Griffith in *The United Irishman*, had been damped by the adoption of a constitution for the Sinn Fein movement which left the objects of the movement

undecided as between an independent Nation and a Dual Monarchy. But not even Mr. Griffith, the strongest influence in the Ireland of the last twenty years, could hold it thus. In the autumn of 1910 was founded *Irish Freedom*, the most uncompromising and most definite journal that has appeared in Ireland since John O'Leary's *Irish People*. Its motto was taken from Wolfe Tone, first and ablest of modern Separatists, and its inspiration from Tone and Mitchel. In its first number it wrote: "We stand not for an Irish party but for National tradition—the tradition of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, of John Mitchel and John O'Leary. Like them we . . . . stand for the complete and total separation of Ireland from England . . . . Like them we stand for an Irish Republic —for, as Thomas Devin Reilly said in 1848, 'Freedom can take but one shape amongst us—a Republic.'"

The young men were out, the flag of the Republic floating defiantly from their masthead. And slowly, but surely, Ireland rallied to them. From the first their following increased; they never had a set back.

Amongst them was Terry. He, too, felt that the time was coming when the young men would have to lead, and to decide, to strive, and to suffer. And than he *Irish Freedom* had no more appreciative reader. To its columns he contributed a series of articles entitled "Principles of Freedom" which have recently been published in book form, which constitutes the most considerable piece of political thinking he did. And amongst them he became recognised as one of the men "in the gap," one of the men who could be counted upon to stand firm against all odds. Already they were counting resources. The joy of approaching conflict was in them.

VIII. THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS—THE BEGINNING.

SINCE the passing of the Parliamentarians, their favourite phrases have fallen somewhat on evil days. In the hey-day of their power, there was a hardly a week that either Mr. John Redmond or Mr. Dillon, or some of the minor fry, announced somewhere "a great day for Ireland." It might be Mr. Asquith threatening the House of Lords, or it might be Mr. Lloyd George threatening the Landlords, but almost anything was good enough to give an occasion for a "great day" speech. It is years now since anybody in Ireland has used the expression, and perhaps one may again use it in its ordinary meaning. In our time we have seen one really great day for Ireland, one day which will stand out to the future historian of the Resurrection—the day when the Ulster Unionist Council decided on the establishment of the Ulster Volunteers, in full agreement with the English Tory Party.

When the Ulster Volunteers were established, their significance was utterly misunderstood both by England and by most of Ireland. To Mr. Redmond and his followers the Ulster Volunteers were a great bluff, armed with modern guns, a force to be met with ridicule. To England they were a Heaven-sent contrivance to preserve the Empire. But the young men of Ireland, the *Irish Freedom* section of them, alone appreciated

their true significance. Alone in the Irish Press *Irish Freedom* welcomed the arming of Ulster, declared that no Irish nationalist would put the least hindrance in their way, and prophesied that all Ireland would follow. It drew the parallel with the Volunteer Movement of 1778, which also began in Belfast, and it wrote "The sheen of arms in Ulster was always the signal for the rest of Ireland." And while, on the surface, the whole of Ireland just looked on and laughed, yet there was in that small section of Separatists a tension and an excitement which made of life a glorious thing. A Volunteer Force for Ireland had been the dream of most of them, and many a time had the ways and means of establishing some such force, under cover of a series of rifle clubs, been discussed amongst them. But none of them had ever really expected to see it. And here, here at last, thanks to the incredible stupidity of the English Government, here was the opportunity coming to them. It was at once clear to all of them that if England allowed the formation and the arming of a Volunteer Force in Ulster she could not (recollect that it was in the pre-war days when there had to be a certain appearance of consistency even in British Government in Ireland) wholly prohibit the formation of a Volunteer Force in the rest of Ireland. And as the weeks went by, and not alone were the Ulster Volunteers not proclaimed but they were blessed, when they marched in public and drilled in public and flourished their wooden guns, as uncertainty was changed to certainty, there ran through the minds of the young men that here at last was Ireland's opportunity. Despite the influence of the Parliamentary Party, despite the efforts of their machine to laugh at wooden guns, there ran through Young Ireland the determina-

tion to prove their manhood. And, in a flash, the Irish Volunteers burst out of the ground.

In the formation of the Irish Volunteers the moving spirits were the young men, but they went to work warily. It was necessary, if the movement were not to be at once pounced upon by the Parliamentarians, that the majority of its promoters should be men who were not at all indentified with either the Sinn Fein or the Republican section, and that was arranged. In Dublin a small provisional committee sat a few times making preliminary enquiries, and when the Irish Volunteers were formally launched on the 25th November, 1913, by a public meeting at the Rotunda in Dublin, its secretaries were Professor Eoin MacNeill, who had never been identified with politics, and Mr. L. J. Kettle, who was a strong Parliamentarian, and amongst the committee were Mr. T. M. Kettle, M.P., and other known supporters of the Party. The best elements in the Party following, in fact, had got ashamed of the part which the Party was playing, and it proved to be easy to get enough of them into the governing body of the Volunteers to make it impossible for Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon to denounce them, much though they wished to do that.

15,000 people attended that meeting and the Irish Volunteers were formally launched. The young men were confident that, once launched, it would be impossible to recall them. And they proved to be right. The moving finger writes, and in this case it wrote "Irish Volunteers." The Irish Party did its best to hamper the Volunteers by private pressure, but the country was not to be denied. From county to county the flame spread until there were 30,000 enrolled. They had few arms, it was true, but they had the spirit, and

they were getting the training, and none doubted that they would get the arms too, all in good time. *Irish Freedom* was proved a true prophet. Ireland had answered the call sent out from Ulster.

There were many middle-aged men, and some old men, who joined the ranks of the Volunteers, who did their drill and their route march with pride and joy, but the majority, as was fitting, were the young men of Terry's stamp, the men to whom the Volunteer movement came as the movement for which all Ireland had been waiting, the movement for which her best minds had been unconsciously preparing. And from Terry and the small band of men of similar outlook, the men who had cudgelled their brains in vain to derive some way of getting an Irish army together, there went up in silence a prayer of thanksgiving that to them and to their generation had been given the opportunity to strike a blow for Ireland such as had not been attempted to be struck for more than a hundred years. At first it was almost unbelievable. After the launching of the Volunteers its proclamation was hourly expected. But when, instead of that, all that happened was that the importation of arms into Ireland was forbidden, then there was joy in every countenance and hope in every heart. John Mitchel in his day had referred bitterly to the operations of " the British Providence," and one of the young men now expressed the general feeling when he observed " Providence has ceased to be British." To the minds of Terry and his friends no other supposition could possibly explain the mistake of England in not promptly suppressing the Irish Volunteers. She could have done it then. But once having allowed the idea to take bodily form, once having allowed the idea

to take root in the imaginations of the people, she could never suppress it. Thus it was that they watched the first weeks with trembling eagerness, watched the idea, like a new born babe, hovering between life and death, tended it unnoticed, watched it, saw it survive and grow strong. Local difficulties, local quarrels, local discouragements did not depress them. They knew that it was the idea that mattered. And they knew that, having been given bodily form, it had come to stay. And, with joy and with pride, Terry and his friends in Cork set to their work.

IX. THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT IN CORK—EARLY DAYS.

TERRY was a strong and convinced Sinn Feiner, he was a strong and convinced Gaelic Leaguer, and for both movements he did much work. But the Irish Volunteers was his real place, and from the beginning of the movement he threw himself into it with his whole soul and his whole strength. A weekly drill was not an end of his duty, for he spent the rest of the week in studying military science, in fitting himself to do his duty as a Volunteer. When the Volunteer movement came, it was so pre-eminently *his* movement, it so clearly fulfilled all the conditions he had laid down for the perfect and long-looked for movement that all his considerations of his own fitness vanished and he stepped into the arena, perhaps the most competent and most serious of the Cork Volunteers. At the first drill of the Cork Volunteers began, to all practical intents and purposes, his career as a leader.

Circumstances in Cork were more difficult and more trying than in any other part of Ireland. For some years previously the machine of the Parliamentary Party had been slowly decaying all over Ireland, and the really active force within the Parliamentarian movement was Mr. Devlin's "Ancient Order of Hibernians" which, organised for the purpose of getting jobs for its members, was a formidable and an unscrupulous body. It was

strongest, of course, in the North, but Mr. Devlin, conscious of the decay in the regular machine of his party, had tried to anticipate its collapse by the extension to the South of the Hibernians, which both increased his own power and stiffened up the Southern branches of the machine. In this extension he met with varying success, but Cork was the one town south of the Boyne in which he had met with conspicuous success, and in Cork the Mollies, as they were familiarly called, were all powerful and unscrupulous. And they had none of the hesitation which characterised the Party itself in these years. When the Volunteers were mooted they did not fear to condemn them, to jeer at them.

Immediately on the start of the Dublin Volunteers, a small committee was formed in Cork to launch the movement there. Its most prominent members were Terry, Tom Curtin (Cork's first Republican Lord Mayor) and J. J. Walsh, now Dail Member for Cork City. The attitude and probable action of the Mollies came in for full discussion but, in view of the general party attitude, it was hoped and expected that they would content themselves with keeping away from the movement and damning it privately. At any rate, Mollies or no Mollies, the Volunteer movement in Cork had to be launched, and a public meeting was called, at which the principal speakers were to be Professor Eoin MacNeill and Roger Casement, who had now joined the Volunteer Provincial Committee and was working hard in the furtherance of the organisation. The speculation which was rife in Cork just before the meeting was perhaps typical of the attitude which the average citizen then took up towards the Volunteer movement, for the interest of the meeting, to them, lay, not in its objects, but in what the Mollies

did with regard to it. To an intelligent outsider it would seem incredible that the beginning in their midst of an Irish army would not have some national significance for the citizens, but they could see nothing in the incident but a matter of party tactics. Having handed over their political thinking to a machine, they could no longer recognise political fact—even when it stared them in the face. And, above all, they knew not their sons, they knew not the fire and the passion in the hearts of the young men who saw through the Volunteers Ireland arisen.

On the Sunday morning of the meeting it was known that the Mollies had met and had decided to boycott the meeting altogether, hoping thus to lame it. But at the meeting itself, the first half-dozen benches were filled with the most notorious Mollies in Cork with, at their head, the most ignorant and pretentious of their leaders. These men, it was afterwards learned, had come to the meeting, in defiance of the decision of their Party, with the sole object of breaking it up and of injuring its promoters, a typical example of the workings of the Molly mind. And they did break it up. Nobody who went through the Volunteer movement fails to recognise that it owed everything to Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Volunteers. Their existence it was which alone made the first meeting of the Irish Volunteers possible, and their non-suppression it was which alone made it impossible to suppress the Irish Volunteers after their first meeting. When the sober verdict of history is passed on these events, that view will be made definite. And Professor MacNeill, in his remarks, gave utterance to words of praise of the Ulster Volunteers. It was enough. Like one man the six benches of Mollies hurled

themselves on the platform and the meeting ended in a melee, in which there were casualties on both sides, the most serious on the Volunteer side being the injury sustained by the Chairman, Mr. J. J. Walsh, who was laid out by a chair on the head. But although that baulked the start it did not stop the movement. The Irish Volunteers had been started in Cork, and those who started them then got themselves together, took drill rooms, and began with their handful of recruits as composedly as if they had all the Mollies with them. "The Volunteer Movement," wrote Mr. Walsh to the Press, "has been baptised in blood. Come along and join."

It was here that Terry's leadership began, and that the unyielding determination of his character began to have its true field and its true weight. One of those who worked with him in the Celtic Literary Society, and who very often disagreed with him, writes of him: "The only impression he made on me in the old Celtic Literary Society was the *persistency and insistency* with which he stuck to his ideals from first to last." And that quality of his was of particular value in the early days of the Volunteers. He never doubted, he never contemplated failure, and he infused into others his own quiet assumption that everything was going in the best possible way, and his determination, having got the Volunteer movement public and open, to keep it public and open, few or many though its membership should be. And with him stood Tom Curtin, in many ways his opposite, but like him in unwavering allegiance to the Separatist principle, like him in untiring energy, like him in inexhaustible cheerfulness. From the beginning of the Volunteers they were its natural leaders, and they led

them competently and courageously, together and singly, while they lived.

The first drillings in Cork did not look very promising. The young men were hard put to it to pay the rent of a suitable drill-hall, and the room which was eventually secured only accommodated a couple of dozen men. It was ample for their first drillings. There was no lack of ex-army instructors, and patiently and steadily the drilling went on, and slowly recruits drifted in. Then the movement got a great lift, when the Cork Cornmarket Committee of the Corporation was induced to allow the spacious Cornmarket to be used for drilling. That was the first glimpse the citizens of Cork had of the Volunteers and on drill evenings the gates used to be crowded with sightseers. But it was months before the Brigade was sufficiently strong to venture on a route march. It was months, but all the time they felt that they were gaining, that they were winning. And finally a route march was announced.

It was a curious experience that march. Outside the Cornmarket the street was lined with people, and as we swung out, very conscious of ourselves and wondering what we looked like, there was almost dead silence from the people, One or two who began to titter were roughly threatened by a tough citizen, but for the most part there was just silence, silence and a sort of wistful curiosity. Many of those who looked on, I felt, would have liked to march with us, but they did not want to " make a show " of themselves. And yet they must have felt something of the magic of that moment. And it was the same through the city. All along the route people stopped and lined the streets and gazed at us, neither approving nor hostile, but just wondering, with

something vague stirring far back in their consciousness. It was a wet day, but we never minded, and when "Stand at ease" was given by Tom Curtin half-way to Blarney, we felt that we had been baptised, that we were almost soldiers. After that the march became steady and confident. And at Blarney, right opposite the police station, we held a recruiting meeting at which Terry spoke. And then back again. As we walked back into Cork it was dark, and the curious could not see us, could only hear the tramp, tramp, and see the bulk of marching men. But as we tramped down Blarney Street we met a priest coming up. And he stopped, took off his hat, and said: "God bless ye, boys, anyway." And so we swung home and were dismissed.

That march, simple though it was, made the Cork Volunteer Corps. Not alone did it give the men a soldierly consciousness, a soldierly pride, but it gave the citizens generally the conviction that the young chaps meant business. From that day dated the inevitable reaction in Cork, the swing over of public opinion from the anti-Volunteer side to the Volunteer side. Thenceforward, until Mr. Redmond tried to destroy the movement, we had the sympathy, tacit or avowed, of the best of the nationalists of Cork. And the money position became easier.

X. THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT IN CORK—THE RISING TIDE TO THE SPLIT.

ALL over Ireland the Volunteer movement grew apace. The Irish Party used all their private influence against it, and Mr. Richard Hazleton, who was a sort of "rising hope," came out publicly against it, but the boys and young men who had taken no interest in politics were taking an interest in the Volunteers. Nothing could stop the movement. It grew and it grew until the Party was forced to take cognisance of it. It decided that, since it could not crush it, it would control it and make it innocuous, make it what it afterwards made of the "National Volunteers"—a paper organisation.

Mr. John Redmond, still immersed in the subtleties of political proceeding, suddenly wrote to the Provisional Committee of the Volunteers, asking that they should accept the addition of 25 members to be nominated by himself, and threatening to split the Volunteers if his demand was not conceded. At the same time, before the committee had time to consider it, he circulated his letter to the Press, and set in motion the Party machine and the Molly machine all over the country. The rank and file of the Volunteers was in favour of telling Mr. Redmond to go to hell, but the Provisional Committee did not feel justified in risking a split, and they accepted Mr. Redmond's 25, of whom 23 were Dublin bosses. The object of the manœuvre was thus perfectly clear—

to ensure to Mr. Redmond effective control of the movement, as his 23 stalwarts, all living in Dublin, were in practice a clear majority of the attending members of the committee. And his nominees on the committee did their best to hamper any steps being taken to get arms or to become militarily effective. But the original members pressed this forward, unperturbed, and as they were abler and more persistent than Mr. Redmond's selected, they usually carried their point.

In Cork also it was felt that, things being as they were, it was wise to avoid a split; and a number of Mr. Redmond's followers, as well as some of Mr. William O'Brien's, were co-opted on the committee. And then began a curious struggle for control, carried on determinedly but with all appearance of friendship. Terry and Tomas and their friends found that they had to attend every meeting of the committee, and attend punctually, otherwise they might find all sorts of motions proposed and carried in their absence. The first trial of strength came when, according to plan, the local Hibernians applied to be affiliated to the Volunteers as companies, each branch to form a company. But this proposal was beaten on the committee, and it was ordered that the Hibernians should join as individuals and should be drafted into Volunteer Companies in the ordinary way.

The word had gone forth to join the Volunteers, and all over the country the honest supporters of the Party, glad to join a movement which they had admired, joined up. Companies grew rapidly. Maurice Talbot Crosbie, a neighbouring landowner, who had been a captain in the Royal Engineers, was appointed Brigade Commandant, with Tomas Curtin as Vice-Commandant, and

Volunteering became the fashion. In the belief that Mr. Redmond really controlled the Volunteers the most amazing people in country districts joined the movement —Lord Fingall, for instance, and other lords, who were only half-baked Devolutionists. But Terry and his friends had no leisure to grow humorous over this aspect of recruiting, for they were busy licking the recruits into shape. On the committee they found the Party men suspicious, and loath to go forward, but unable to hamper things, while in the companies the rank and file of the Party men took their natural place in the movement and loyally obeyed the Volunteer discipline.

Then came the dramatic prelude to the war. A couple of weeks before the English ultimatum to Germany the Dublin Volunteers ran a cargo of rifles into Howth, held up the police and coastguards, and safely landed the rifles, and with the arms on their shoulders marched into Dublin. A short while before the Government had looked on while the Ulster Volunteers landed a cargo at Larne, but it was a different matter when the Irish Volunteers did it, so they were intercepted on the road into Dublin by police and military. There was a short scuffle, and then by a ruse the Volunteers got away with their rifles. But the military were sullen, and on their way through Dublin they fired a volley at an unarmed crowd in Bachelor's Walk, killing and wounding several harmless spectators. It is difficult now, when death is as common as life, when blood is shed every day, to realise how that moved Ireland. In a flash it went through the country that there was one law for the Ulster Volunteers and another for the Irish Volunteers, in a flash it became clear to the country that England was still England, and everywhere men poured into the

Volunteers. The couple of weeks later that followed that Sunday were memorable weeks in Cork, for recruits poured in every night, poured in in numbers larger than could be dealt with, and in addition offers poured in, from staid and respectable nationalists, offers of money to buy arms, offers of motor cars to convey arms, offers of yachts to run cargoes. Terry beamed on mankind, while Tomas looked lovingly on the massed recruits and laughed and chuckled. What we all felt was that now we had the ball at our feet, and Ireland in our hands, and that now if we were careful and did not rush things, now we would do the trick. The whole soul of Ireland was alight and strung up just then, and if we had been given time to consolidate that feeling, to marshal and discipline and educate the mass, we would confront England with an army as big as her own army of that period. We knew, we actually knew, that there was given almost into our hands the power to free Ireland, for the whole of Nationalist Ireland outside the actual machine had leaped all barriers and all prejudices right into the Volunteer camp. No other movement in Ireland, for the moment, counted. And we could have made that movement permanent.

But scarcely had the echoes of the King's Own Scottish Borderers' volley died away when there came to our ears the English ultimatum to Germany. War between England and Germany! It looked, at first, like the thing for which we had been waiting. England, at the outbreak of a war in which we knew she would have to fight for her life, had to reckon on Ireland, no longer unarmed and peaceful as she had been in the Boer war, but Ireland with an organised army of 300,000 men, the best fighting material to be found anywhere.

Surely now, thought we, even John Redmond will play his cards like a man ; surely even if he does not want to do that we can make him. Surely, even if he plays Ireland false, the Volunteer movement will not play her false, and *it* is the reality in Nationalist Ireland to-day. England's difficulty, thought we, is Ireland's opportunity. And we exulted.

That was Terry's thought, as it was all our thought. It was clear to us that Ireland could win her freedom now, without bloodshed perhaps, but with bloodshed certainly. Upon that Mr. Redmond's appeal to the House, offering to hold Ireland for England, came as a shock, but it was an even greater shock to find that that speech was not immediately repudiated by the Volunteer Committee. Then we discovered that the Party leaders in the Volunteers were carrying on, evidently under orders, a campaign in favour of helping the Empire instead of hampering it. And the whole of the Press of the country, except the weekly Separatist Press, followed suit. Then we realised that we should have to fight, and fight bitterly, to preserve our ideals. And on the Cork Committee the two parties watched each other closely and sullenly. We tried to force the issue, tried to trip up Captain Talbot Crosbie in a surreptitious offer to the War Office of the services of the Cork Volunteer Brigade, but he evaded it and we had to wait events, realising that we were losing. The whole country seemed to Terry, and to us, to have gone mad, and it was a real relief when at length the Volunteer Committee, after Mr. Redmond's wrapping of the Union Jack around him at Woodenbridge, expelled his nominees from the committee and resumed full control. We were beaten, we knew, but now we could fight.

The Cork Volunteers assembled at the Cornmarket to decide their side. Captain Talbot Crosbie, in an impassioned harangue, asked them to follow Redmond. And all but a handful, less than 50 out of 2,000 present, did so. The Volunteer movement was split.

XI. THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT IN CORK—THE UP-HILL FIGHT.

THE number of enrolled Irish Volunteers, when the split with Redmond came, was over 250,000. Of that number all save 8,000 went with Mr. Redmond. In Dublin alone did the original Provisional Committee carry with them any considerable proportion of the membership. Outside Dublin only a fraction everywhere remained staunch. And straightaway these men found themselves up against tremendous odds.

Save for the fraction, all Ireland was led astray. Betrayed by their leaders, betrayed by their Press, they swallowed every lie which their leaders, in alliance with the British Government, thought fit to circulate. The men who stood in the gap for Ireland were denounced from Press, platform and pulpit as enemies of Ireland, as irreligious, as bought by German gold. Nothing was too horrible to say of them. The local lights of the parliamentarian machine, released now from the restraint which the party support of the Volunteers had placed on them, now let loose the accumulated venom of months. To all intents and purposes the minority were snowed under.

In Cork that snowing under was tremendous. In Cork, because of the antics of Mr. William O'Brien, the old Party feeling kept alive and vigorous long after it had lost all vitality in other places, and under the

urgings of Mr. O'Brien's "All for Ireland" Party, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Devlin's Hibernians, public opinion swung round completely to the big battalions. The Irish Volunteers were snowed under, all but their heads. They had their heads free, and they had their heads clear. They began again.

In Cork, as in other places, the men of ability, the men of intellect, the men of energy, were all amongst the minority. And the Cork minority included Tomas Curtin and Terry, the two soundest and best heads in the community. They preserved their coolness, got their men together, got other headquarters, for the Cornmarket was now closed to them, and went about their volunteer work as usual. They drilled, marched, they actually had the nerve to go recruiting. And they actually did get recruits. All over Ireland the same thing happened. The one, or the two, or the three, or the four, Irish Volunteers left went on with their own work and went on with their recruiting. And it was this crisis which first placed Terry definitely as a leader in the consciousness of all Ireland. There appeared in Cork on the 19th September, 1914, a weekly journal entitled *Fianna Fáil*, of which eleven weekly numbers appeared, the last appearing on December 5th, 1914. It was founded, financed, and most of it written by Terry and through its pages Ireland as a whole became aware of the existence in Cork of a man with an absolutely clear national philosophy, of a man who was putting the war, and recruiting, and the whole of the public agitation, through the test of the eternal principles of Nationalism. The motto of the paper was taken from John Mitchel :— "The passionate aspiration for Irish Nationhood will outlive the British Empire," and every number of it, at

a time when there was nothing on earth to distinguish the Irish daily Press from the *Daily Mail*, was a bracing tonic to every man in Ireland who was standing fast by Ireland. There is nothing to hearten a man who is struggling against odds as well as knowledge of the fact that other men were carrying on the fight also. And the voice from Cork spurred on to redoubled exertions many people all over Ireland who were also fighting, but fighting inarticulately.

Fianna Fáil represented perfectly what was best and most permanent in Terry's character: his impersonality, his tolerance, his firmness, and the clarity of his general ideas. At a time when the other side had no arguments but mudslinging he kept his pen clean, and wielded it with a courtesy and a decency which were rather in keeping with the old heroic tradition that he so loved than with a time of yellow journalism. In the first number he wrote: "The present crisis has called us into being—not to disseminate news but principles; to help in framing a policy for Ireland consistent with her sovereign rights, that will seize the opportunity of the moment and restore to her the supreme power of deciding her affairs within and her relations without. That is our minimum." And, in another article, he wrote this (the split in the Volunteer ranks had not then taken place): "If Mr. Devlin had ventured, following Mr. O'Brien's path, to suggest volunteering for the Empire, that parade would have been rent and split with the escaping fury. It is certain. It is equally certain that if he stood for Ireland, or if Mr. Redmond, or if both of them, stood for Ireland militant and uncompromising, all sections of men there and elsewhere through Ireland, moderate and extreme, new and old, would follow them

through fire and water. Was there ever such a chance given to a man or men in Ireland? It is unthinkable that they will refuse to take it.

"What is the great new factor in the situation? The eagerness of the men called extremists—simple lovers of Ireland without qualification, no more—to stand in with the men called constitutionalists. They are anxious, eager, almost pathetically eager it might be said, to strengthen and support any party leader who will take the straight course for Ireland. They recognise that the older party leaders are, perhaps, battle-weary. They want it to be recognised that they themselves are young, full of fire and vitality, that they are not battle-weary; and that they want a fight. They wish the leaders to realise that there is this support behind them, that they themselves can be relied on, that they crave to be called to sacrifice and trials of endurance for Ireland, to enter the last and victorious battle for Irish liberty. Whatever the cost to them, they crave it. They want it to be realised, approved, and acted on. And then let the issue be set."

And in a later number he has this, which might be taken as a sum-up of his philosophy:—"We want Ireland set on fire, and we think our personal sacrifice is not too high a price to pay. Think of the logic of sacrifice; the blood of our enemies may be shed in Ireland, but it must not be shed first; that would light up chiefly the feeling of vengeance. But let Irish blood be the first to fall on Irish earth and there will be kindled a crusade for the restoration of liberty that not all the powers of hell can defeat. Ponder the words of Mitchel from the dock, speaking of his defiance to Lord Clarendon: 'My lord, I knew that I was setting my life on that cast,

but I knew that in either event the victory should be with me, and it is with me.' We have not yet realised the certainty and magnitude of such a victory; we are about to learn it anew. We shall have again the victories of our soldiers in arms. What we need to distinguish now is the two orders of triumph, and how the one we are considering leads up to the other. Our Volunteers are yet not fully alert, not fully trained, hardly at all tried. The philosophy of Mitchel is needed to rouse them, to make them quick and eager and ready for death or victory. A sacrifice will do it; like a breath from Heaven it will blow on their souls and kindle the divine fire; and they shall be purified, strengthened, and made constant, and the destiny of Ireland will be safe in their hands."

Such were the tone and temper of the paper, and such were the tone and temper of Terry's mind. The last number appeared on December 5th, 1914, after which it, as well as *Irish Freedom* and the other Separatist papers, was suppressed. The sequel is also characteristic of Terry. He had started the paper on his own initiative and was personally responsible to the printers for the cost of it. In order to pay that now he had to sell his library, his lovingly-gathered, carefully tended, familiar books. In normal circumstances he would have gone hungry and naked first, but he made this sacrifice, for his country, with fortitude. The sale realised enough to pay the printing bill. But the paper had done its work. It had spoken out for Cork when all Cork seemed rotten; it had put new life into the faithful minority; it had established Terry definitely as a leader, as a veritable rock.

The year which followed, the year 1915, was a year

of slow disillusionment for Ireland, of slow but steady growth for the Irish Volunteers. The National Volunteers, as the Redmond majority called themselves, became a paper movement, and as the months went on its best men left it and rejoined the parent organisation. In that, reorganisation went on apace, and Terry did much organising work in his ordinary travelling. But in July, 1915, he resigned his Instructorship and became a whole time organiser for the Irish Volunteers. In that capacity he was tireless and wonderful. All over Cork county he went on his bicycle and the living flame sprang up behind him. Thanks largely to him, the beginning of 1916 saw Cork county one of the best organised of the Irish Volunteer counties.

All over Ireland the country was slowly swinging over to the Irish Volunteers and to their point of view. Not their leaders, not their Press, but the rank and file. They had never been quite happy in the rôle of Empire-worshippers, and now they were disavowing that rôle. Underneath the Party solidity, the foundations of their power were being undermined. The young men were winning.

XII. 1916—THE FIRST ARREST.

The increased strength and efficiency of the Irish Volunteers in Cork county was easily traced by the Government to the energy and organising ability of Terry, and they resolved to strike at him. In those early days they were only experimenting towards repression, and the farflung engine with which we are now familiar had not even been begun. Not alone was there no arrest without a definite charge, but there was no arrest for things which now are very heinous offences; trial by courtmartial was unknown, and not alone was trial by jury still flourishing, but trial by magistrate, by Davitt J.P., so to put it, was still flourishing. The ordinary forms of civilised government were still being adhered to in Ireland, and the repression which was being carried on, though at the time it seemed to all of us to be about as bad as it could be, sinks, in the light of our later experience, into a mere fleabite.

On January 13th, 1916, Terry was arrested at his house in Victoria Road. His person and his house were searched for arms and ammunition, and none were found on him, but a good deal of his letters and papers were taken away. He was charged at the time with having made a seditious speech at Ballynoe on the 2nd January. And, with his arrest on that definite charge, mystery began to appear in the case. In the ordinary course of events, he should have been brought before a bench of

magistrates and charged, and given six months. This was the usual thing in magistrates' cases, as whenever it was a question of this sort the unpaid magistrates, under the dread of seeming to be anti-war, had allowed themselves to be dictated to, in the few cases that up to then had happened, by the paid magistrates, who in all cases usually gave out a verdict by instruction from the Government. But weeks passed by, and Terry remained in prison, and there was no attempt to bring him to trial. This circumstance was so unusual that a question was asked in the British House of Commons, and the reply was that the delay was owing to "the gravity of the offence of which Mr. MacSwiney was guilty." This greatly mystified everybody, for he was charged with nothing more serious than making a speech calculated to excite sedition—which was common.

The secret of the delay in bringing Terry to trial, when discovered, proved to be one of the best jokes of the Little War. Terry had a younger brother named John, and this John was living abroad. He wrote home frequently, and several recent letters of his were captured on Terry. These included lengthy denunciations of Mr. John Redmond, and many and oft repeated utterances couched in sedition's deepest dye. All common enough. But what made the policeman who captured them think that now he had sure promotion, and what made the Government delay in bringing Terry to trial was the fact that all these letters were headed, clearly and simply, from "Berlin." Mr. Dillon and his friends had been sedulous in accusing the Irish Volunteers of being in alliance with Germany, of accepting "German Gold," and so on, and these letters made Mr. Birrell's mouth water. Surely, he said to himself, here is evidence at

last. Here is this man MacSwiney, a Volunteer leader, in communication with some scoundrel at Berlin. So all the experts were set to work to discover the secret code in these letters, and all the outgoing letters from Cork city were watched.

Then the bubble burst. Amongst the letters posted at Cork at this time was one from Miss Mary MacSwiney addressed to John MacSwiney at "Berlin," Ont. And the gods laughed. John MacSwiney was arrested straightaway at Berlin, Ont., and all his papers and belongings were searched. But nothing to justify a trial was found upon him, and he was released. So ended the first "German Plot."

There was no longer any reason why Terry should not be tried, and on the 16th February he was brought up at the Cork Police Office. The Crown Solicitor gave formal evidence and asked for a remand, and after a wrangle the magistrates agreed to this, but allowed Terry out on bail, his sureties being Tomas Curtin and Fred Cronin. On February 22nd the adjourned trial came on, and thereby hangs another tale. The Crown Solicitor, as he then was, Dr. H. A. Wynne, is known as the bitterest and meanest Unionist in Cork, and his proceedings were watched very closely, after the 16th February, by Terry's friends. They knew perfectly well that on any representative bench they would get an acquittal, but they knew also that Wynne would do anything to get a conviction. And they had him watched all the time. The Crown, at that time, had the power to bring up any case on any day on which magistrates were sitting, without any notice whatever to the other side. On the day before the trial, Dr. Wynne informed Terry's relatives that he was not bringing the case up

on the morrow, but something made them suspicious, and they had the watch on him doubled. Then in the course of the evening they saw some things going on which made them certain that he was trying to spring the trial on the next day when, unless they knew it was on, hardly any of the Nationalist magistrates would be in attendance. But he was woefully disappointed. The magistrates were kept in reserve until Wynne had gone too far to draw back and then he saw confronting him on the bench six Nationalist magistrates, of whom one, the Lord Mayor, was chairman by virtue of his office, so that the paid magistrate was only one vote in seven, and being only an ordinary vote could not influence the case particularly. His face showed his surprise and disappointment, but he went on with the case.

Terry was charged on three counts :—(1) Making statements likely to cause disaffection ; (2) attempting to cause disaffection ; (3) being in possession, when arrested, of "certain cypher capable of containing military or naval information." It is a curious coincidence that a cypher code should figure in his first trial as in his last.

The case lasted all day. The evidence was all police evidence, and no evidence whatever was called for the defence, though Terry was represented for cross examination purposes by Mr. Frank J. Healy, B.L., of Cove. It was quite an interesting trial, with many spirited exchanges between Dr. Wynne and the Nationalist magistrates and Mr. Healy, and the crowd which filled the court cheered everything seditious which came out in evidence and made Wynne lose his temper badly. And it ended in a blaze of humour. Here is the *Cork Examiner's* report :—

"The Lord Mayor said that the majority of the "magistrates dismissed on the first two counts in the "summons. The defendant was convicted on the "third count, and by a majority the magistrates "fined him one shilling, without costs (loud and con- "tinued applause in court). Mr. Starkie said that he "dissented from the decision of the magistrates in "the first and second counts in the summons. The "fine was immediately paid."

To find the defendant guilty and fine him one shilling supplied that necessary touch of humour which made all England mad and all Ireland merry. And Mr. Starkie made the case worse by betraying, by his protest, that the majority which dismissed the summons consisted of all the other magistrates. The case had a most stimulating effect in Ireland, an effect which was broadcast, for it showed that the war propaganda had failed and that the country was swinging over to the Irish Volunteer position of armed neutrality. The magistrates' decision, in effect, was an endorsement of organising and recruiting for the Irish Volunteers, such conduct having been adjudged not seditious, and a condonation of the possession by a Volunteer of a secret cypher of military utility. The young men felt that they were winning.

XIII. EASTER WEEK—FRONGOCH—READING BROMYARD—LINCOLN.

When the war between England and Germany broke out, the majority of the people of Ireland were caught up in an emotional wave and supported Mr. John Redmond in his suspension of Ireland's agitation during the period of the war. But there their war enthusiasm stopped, and when it was suggested that they should, in addition to this, fight for England, it cooled. On the other hand, in the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Republican Brotherhood the Government and Mr. Redmond met two enemies who were unwavering, and who worked ceaselessly to bring Ireland to a sense of the opportunity which she was missing. In the ranks of the Volunteers were included all who believed in an independent Ireland, and through the Volunteers the I.R.B. worked. As the war developed the Volunteers developed two sections which, while agreed on such things as anti-recruiting for the British army and the necessity for strengthening and arming and training themselves, were not agreed on a plan of action. The I.R.B. section, which included Tom Clarke, Sean Macdermott, Pearse, and Plunkett, was in favour of an insurrection at the earliest possible date, while the new Separatists, so to put it, amongst whom were Professor MacNeill, favoured the retention of the Volunteers intact until the end of the war, and then the throwing of their might into the

scale to secure for Ireland as much freedom as the circumstances would admit. The I.R.B. leaders thought that the Volunteers would not be permitted to remain intact and, as things proved, they were right.

The failure of the recruiting campaign in Ireland, and the growing strength and efficiency of the Irish Volunteers, alarmed the Government. Everywhere they struck at the leading Volunteers, as they struck in Cork at Terry, but with very little effective result. The time had not yet arrived when to be suspected by any soldier or policeman of "being about to commit" a seditious act was to be taken as sufficient evidence to warrant detention. And the Irish Volunteers grew, while Mr. Redmond's "National" Volunteers faded from the sight and memory of man.

The action party in the Volunteers was the party which was urged and controlled by the I.R.B. and the Insurrection of 1916 was far more a Fenian Insurrection than a Volunteer Insurrection. The men who were responsible for it were Tom Clarke, Pearse, Macdermott, Plunkett, and Connolly, and of these all save Connolly were members of the I.R.B., and Connolly was in touch and in alliance with them. In the Volunteer headquarters they practically held all the strings of control, and in the course of 1915 they became convinced that the time for an Insurrection had come, and they made preparations accordingly, using the Volunteer organisation without the knowledge of the full Volunteer Executive. They were convinced that an Insurrection, and an Insurrection alone, would arouse Ireland to the knowledge of first principles, and on an Insurrection they staked everything. The vast majority of the Volunteers thought with them, but the fact that they

worked without the knowledge of the full executive caused conflicting orders to be sent out when the Insurrection was actually on the point of beginning.

In this memoir the history of the Rising need not be given. Suffice it to say that Terry and Tomas Curtin in Cork were in full sympathy with the I.R.B., and prepared plans for the Insurrection, and worked and organised late and early, to have everything ready in good time. The Insurrection was fixed for Easter Sunday, 23rd April, 1916, and as that date drew near Terry hardly slept, and hardly ate, flying about all over the country by day, and staying up at nights poring over plans, discussing, hoping, trembling. For there was coming that day for which as a boy he had longed, the day when Ireland's flag should wave again over armed men, the day when the young men should challenge and defy her ancient enemy. And all was ready, and all in the best possible spirits, all glad and eager, when the evening papers of Saturday evening printed an official Volunteer announcement, signed by Professor MacNeill as Chief of Staff, that "owing to the very critical position all orders given to the Irish Volunteers for to-morrow (Easter Sunday) are hereby rescinded." It was a countermanding order for the Insurrection, signed by the Chief of Staff and, with heavy hearts, they obeyed it. What had really happened was that MacNeill, who had only been told of the Rising a few days before the date fixed, had at the last moment decided to stop it and had issued these instructions in order to stop it. Nor could they know that the I.R.B. men, more than ever convinced that the Insurrection should not be delayed, had decided to carry it out, but to begin it on Monday 24th instead of Sunday

23rd, and had sent out messengers, following MacNeill's messenger, all over Ireland, to countermand his countermanding order. In Cork the plan of action did not include an Insurrection in Cork city. The plan was that the city men should march out and meet the county men and that the whole body should attempt to hold a certain line of country. Faced with the countermanding order, the leaders decided to march out as arranged and meet the county men and call off the Rising. They did so. They were absent all day Sunday, and never were the men in better spirits than on that morning, but the countermanding order dispirited them, and as Terry and Tomas dismissed them at Sheares Street that evening they could not fail to note the despondency. And then they had a thunderbolt. For during the Sunday had arrived Pearse's message countermanding MacNeill's, and the county men had been dismissed and the city men had been dismissed. While they debated it, far into the night, came a messenger from MacNeill, and they looked at one another, bewildered. In three days, the Cork leaders received seven different messages from Dublin, with the result that in Cork there was no Insurrection. The news of the Dublin Insurrection only percolated in late on the Monday evening, and before it had got abroad the military had taken precautions, and held every exit from Cork heavily with infantry and artillery. Cork is a city in a hollow, commanded on all sides by hills, and the military command of the hills absolutely prevented any attempt at insurrection. Tom Clarke had sent a message from Dublin that he knew he could depend on Cork, and it went through the men's hearts to disappoint him. But in this, as in everything, Terry obeyed his conscience

unflinchingly, and his conscience told him that no good result could come of a Rising, as things were. It was a different thing, however, if the military attacked, and accordingly the Corkmen were mobilised at the headquarters in Sheares Street, where they remained under arms, expecting, and many of them hoping for, an attack by the military.

At this stage, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the assistant Bishop, intervened, and interviewed the Volunteer leaders, and subsequently the military leader, and after much negotiation a treaty was come to (the Dublin Rising was now over) under which the Volunteers were to surrender their arms to the Lord Mayor, who would retain them until the crisis was over, the military undertaking to be satisfied with their being in his custody, and there was to be a general amnesty of all Volunteers in Cork. These terms were agreed to by a majority vote of Volunteers and the arms were surrendered as agreed. But the military, as usual, broke the agreement, carried off the arms, and arrested the leaders. On May 3rd, Terry was arrested and lodged in Cork gaol, thence after a week to Richmond Barracks, Dublin, and thence to Wakefield Prison, and thence to the Internment Camp in Frongoch, North Wales. Then followed that what Pearse had foretold, the complete swing-over of Irish opinion to the side of the Insurrection. And in August the Government decided to segregate the leaders in a separate prison. They therefore picked out all those whom they regarded as leaders and removed them to Reading Gaol in Aguust, 1916. Amongst them was Terry. But public opinion in Ireland grew stronger, and under the impression that the release of the prisoners might give control into the hands of the "moderate"

men amongst them, a general amnesty took place on Christmas Eve, 1916.

The Prime Minister of England had announced the amnesty as in order to "create an atmosphere" favourable to conciliation; and the released leaders soon created an atmosphere. Everywhere they took up the work of reorganising the Republican movement and pledged themselves to the Republican Proclamation of Easter Week. So that Government was soon striking again. On February 22nd, 1917, Terry was again arrested, and deported to Bromyard in Herefordshire, in England, where he was confined within a five mile radius of the little village. At the end of June that internment order was cancelled, and he returned to Cork, once more to organise, speak, work, and generally prepare for another fight. He was rearrested in October, 1917, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, but went on hunger strike and was released in November. In March, 1918, he was rearrested, to complete that six months, and when his six months expired, on 4th September, he was allowed out as far as the prison gate, and then rearrested and deported to Lincoln Gaol, in England, where he found De Valera and other leaders deported on the bogus charge of being concerned in a German plot.

But all this while things had been moving in Ireland, and the arrests were England's futile efforts to stem the Republican tide. They failed badly.

XIV. THE IRISH REPUBLIC—DAIL EIREANN.

1918-19-20.

In the days when Sinn Fein was a very small minority, the kernel of its policy had been the refusal to recognise the English Parliament and the withdrawal of the Irish representatives from that Parliament. And now, when it was a majority, it placed that policy as the first thing to be done towards establishing an Irish Republic. And in the years 1916, 1917, and 1918, whether the leaders were in prison or out of prison, that policy was unwaveringly pursued. It was the one thing which Government feared. When Count Plunkett, in a bye-election in February, 1917, carried the parliamentary constituency of North Roscommon by a two to one majority over the Redmondite candidate, they were perturbed, but when that was followed by the victory of Mr. McGuinness in South Longford by a narrow majority, after a struggle in which the Parliamentary Party put forth all their resources, and by the overwhelming victory of Mr. De Valera in East Clare, they were seriously alarmed. They recognised at once, what the Parliamentary Party never would recognise, that a refusal by an Irish majority to attend the English Parliament and the setting up in Ireland of a Government which the people would obey, despite the law, if persisted in meant the end of England's rule in Ireland. And in order to counter that, when they knew that a general election could not long be delayed, they invented

a "German Plot" for Sinn Fein and arrested and interned all the leaders in May, 1918. Ireland's immediate answer to that was the election of Mr. Arthur Griffith for East Cavan by a tremendous majority within a few days of the arrests, and the swinging over of huge numbers to the Republican programme. The gaps were filled up, the organising and the propaganda went on, and Sinn Fein steadily prepared for the election which everybody knew to be imminent. In December, 1918, the election was held, and Sinn Fein swept Ireland, winning 73 seats, against 6 Nationalists and 26 Unionists. It had a mandate at last from Ireland for its platform of an independent Republic. The majority of its 73 members were in internment, and amongst them was Terry, who had been elected unopposed for mid-Cork, for the district, that is, which includes Ballingeary, for the Irish-speaking Division. And in May the internees were all released, as their internment had failed to affect the power of Sinn Fein.

"Business as usual" was the order of the day. Immediately on their release the leaders set themselves to organise the Government of the Irish Republic. During their internment the balance of the 73 members had assembled, summoning to the assembly *all* the members elected for Irish constituencies, had declared the connection of Ireland with England at an end and had declared the establishment of an Irish Republic. When it was reinforced by the release of its ablest leaders it set about the immediate organisation of Government in the country. Eamonn de Valera was chosen President, and a Ministry was selected, and a Government loan was floated, and Dail Eireann sat down doggedly to its business of organising in Ireland a living Govern-

ment, leaving to English Government only its skeleton framework. In the thick of it was Terry, attending Dail meetings in Dublin and attending to Volunteer affairs in Cork, and attending at the same time to many things in connexion with his constituency.

Slowly, but surely, Dail extended its operations and its control. Its loan was a huge success, and the country as a whole took it seriously as a Government, and when in the autumn of 1919 the elections for the local Councils were held they gave to Sinn Fein a sweeping majority over all the other parties put together. So that in 1920, with the whole representation, local and parliamentary, in its hands, it was able to co-ordinate its activities and swing all Ireland towards the Republic. It established Republican Courts of Law, at which all quarrels and disputes, and also all criminal cases, were decided, until in a short time the British Courts were doing no business. Over the greater part of Ireland the local Councils and Boards accepted its programme and pledged allegiance to it. And finally the Irish Republican Army, as the Irish Volunteers were now called, cleared the police out of the country districts, so that they were confined to the towns, and except in the large towns where there were also troops, hardly dared to leave their barracks.

The Republic was making good. That was the situation which England faced in the spring of 1920, and which she attempted to solve by an attempt to reconquer Ireland, an attempt waged by the methods she had made infamous in the Boer war, by murder, arson, terrorism, and the dragooning of the civilian population. And that attempt brought to Terry MacSwiney his last fight and undying fame.

XV. TERENCE MacSWINEY, LORD MAYOR OF CORK.

WHEN Sinn Fein, after the local elections in the autumn of 1918, assumed control of the local Councils, Tomas Curtin was elected Lord Mayor of Cork. The choice of Lord Mayor, it was generally felt, lay within a few names, of whom Tomas and Terry were the best known. And Tomas possessed the two great qualifications: he was a fluent Irish speaker, and he had been working for Ireland since his boyhood. And the whole proceedings in connexion with his election were carried through in Irish, the proposer being Terry. Tomas Curtin was a man of extraordinary character. He was neither poet nor writer, but a man who combined the most practical of business heads with an unwavering belief in the future of his country, a man who was full of song and story, fertile in resource, always the cheery word, and Brigade Commandant of the Irish Volunteers since the split with Redmond. He and Terry made a perfect pair, and worked together in perfect comradeship, and with the most surprising efficiency. Tomas was only a couple of weeks in office when the citizens discovered that they had in him the best Lord Mayor they ever had. He held all parties in the Corporation in control and in friendship, and in its first great administrative test in Cork Sinn Fein began to make good. It had provided not alone the most popular Lord Mayor Cork ever had but also the most competent. And that, of course,

could not be allowed. Tomas Curtin assumed office in the month of January, 1920, and in the month of March, on the night of the 19th, he was shot dead in his own house by masked men, by men who were known to be policemen. At that time Coroner's Juries had not been abolished in Ireland, and the Coroner's Jury that conducted the inquest on him retured a verdict of wilful murder against Mr. Lloyd George, and against the direct Government agents who carried out the deed—the police force in Cork.

When on 30th March the Corporation met to select a successor to Tomas their unanimous choice fell naturally on Terry. Not alone was he known to have been the intimate friend and comrade of the dead Lord Mayor, but he was clearly the most competent person left. And neither his proposer nor his seconder, nor those who voted for him, had any doubt as to what they were asking of him. They were asking him to stand in the gap of danger, knowing full well that the hand that murdered Tomas Curtin would also murder his successor. But they no more scrupled to ask him that than he hesitated to accept the post, for it was both his fight and his duty. He knew, none better, that Sinn Fein in Cork was being tried, and tried severely, but he also knew, none better, that the real test was a soul test, and that Sinn Fein, having being put into the saddle in Ireland, had to give Ireland an example which she had not had for generations, an example of unflinchingness. He knew that he was setting his life upon the cast, but he knew also that other men, and still others, would follow as long as might be necessary. The men of this generation are going to settle this question in this generation, for good and all.

He was nominated as Lord Mayor by Ald. Liam de Roiste, speaking in Irish, and seconded by Ald. Barry (a Frongoch comrade of his), also in Irish, was supported by Sir John Scott, the leader of the local Unionists, and unanimously elected. The speech which he made on accepting office will show more clearly than anything else the man and the time. Having spoken first in Irish he spoke as follows in English :—

" I shall be as brief as possible. This is not an occasion for many words, least of all a conventional exchange of compliments and thanks. The circumstances of the vacancy in the office of Lord Mayor governed inevitably the filling of it. And I come here more as a soldier, stepping into the breach, than an administrator to fill the first post in the municipality. At a normal time it would be your duty to find for this post the Councillor most practised and experienced in public affairs. But the time is not normal. We see in the manner in which our late Lord Mayor was murdered an attempt to terrify us all. Our first duty is to answer that threat in the only fitting manner by showing ourselves unterrified, cool and inflexible, for the fulfilment of our chief purpose—the establishment of the independence and integrity of our country—the peace and happiness of our country. To that end I am here. I was more closely associated than any other here with our late murdered friend and colleague, both before and since the events of Easter week, in prison and out of it, in a common work of love for Ireland, down to the hour of his death. For that reason I take his place. It is, I think, though I say it, the fitting answer to those who struck him down (applause). Following from that there is a further matter of importance only less great—it touches the efficient continuance of our civic administration. If this recent unbearable aggravation of our persecution by our enemies should cause us to suspend voluntarily the normal discharge of our duties it would help them very

materially in their campaign to overthrow our cause. I feel the question of the future conduct of our affairs is in all our minds. And I think I'm voicing the general view when I say that the normal functions of our Corporate body must proceed, as far as in our power lies, uninterrupted, with that efficiency and integrity of which our late civic head gave such brilliant promise. I don't wish to sound a personal note, but this much may be permitted under the circumstances—I made myself active in the selection of our late colleague for the office of Lord Mayor. He did not seek the honour, and would not accept it as such, but when put to him as a duty he stepped to his place like a soldier. Before his election we discussed together in the intimate way we discussed everything touching our common work since Easter week. We debated together what ought to be done, and what could be done, keeping in mind, as in duty bound, not only the ideal line of action, but the practicable line at the moment as well. That line he followed with an ability and success all his own. Gentlemen, you have paid tribute to him on all sides. It will be my duty and steady purpose to follow that line as faithfully as in my power, though no man in this Council could hope to discharge its functions with his ability and his perfect grasp of public business in all its details and as one harmonious whole (applause). I have thought it necessary to touch on this normal duty of ours, though —and it may seem strange to say it—I feel at the moment it is even a digression. For the menace of our enemies hangs over us, and the essential immediate purpose is to show the spirit that animates us, and how we face the future. Our spirit is but to be a more lively manifestation of the spirit in which we began the year—to work for the city in a new zeal, inspired by our initial act when we dedicated it and formally attested our allegiance, to bring by our administration of the city glory to our allegiance, and by working for our city's advancement with constancy in all honourable ways in her new dignity as one of the first cities of Ireland, to work for, and, if need be, to die for. I would recall some words of mine on

that day of our first meeting after the election of Lord Mayor. I realised that most of you in the minority here would be loyal to us, if doing so did not threaten your lives; but that you lacked the spirit and the hope to join with us to complete the work of liberation so well begun. I allude to it here again, because I wish to point out again the secret of our strength and the assurance of our final victory. This contest of ours is not on our side a rivalry of vengeance, but one of endurance—it is not they who can inflict most, but they who can suffer most, will conquer—though we do not abrogate our function to demand and see that evil-doers and murderers are punished for their crimes. But it is conceivable that they could interrupt our course for a time; then it becomes a question simply of trust in God and endurance. Those whose faith is strong will endure to the end, and triumph. The shining hope of our time is that the great majority of our people are now strong in that faith. To you, gentlemen of the minority here, I would address a word. I ask you again to take courage and hope. To me it seems—and I don't say it to hurt you—that you have a lively faith in the power of the devil, and but little faith in God. But God is over us. and in His Divine intervention we have perfect trust. Anyone surveying the events in Ireland for the past five years must see that it is approaching a miracle how our country has been preserved. God has permitted this to be to try our spirits, to prove us worthy of a noble line, to prepare us for a great and noble destiny. You among us who have yet no vision of the future have been led astray by false prophets. The liberty for which we to-day strive is a sacred thing—inseparably entwined as body with soul with that spiritual liberty for which the Saviour of man died, and which is the inspiration and foundation of all just government. Because it is sacred, and death for it is akin to the sacrifice on Calvary, following far off but constant to that Divine example in every generation our best and bravest have died. Sometimes in our grief we cry out foolish and unthinking words. 'The sacrifice is too great.' But it is because

they were our best and bravest they had to die. No lesser sacrifice would save us. Because of it our struggle is holy—our battle is sanctified by their blood, and our victory is assured by their martyrdom. We, taking up the work they left incomplete, confident in God, offer in turn sacrifice from ourselves. It is not we who take innocent blood, but we offer it, sustained by the example of our immortal dead and that Divine example which inspires us all—for the redemption of our country. Facing our enemies we must declare our attitude simply. We ask for no mercy, and we will make no compromise. But to the Divine author of mercy we appeal for strength to sustain us, whatever the persecution, that we may bring our people victory in the end. The civilised world dare not continue to look on indifferent. But if the rulers of earth fail us we have yet sure succour in the Ruler of Heaven ; and though to some impatient hearts His judgments seem slow, they never fail, and when they fall they are overwhelming and final."

How perfect a thing that speech is, paralleled only by that other speech of his which we shall come to later on. " I come here more as a soldier, stepping into the breach, than an administrator." When he spoke that he spoke what was uppermost in the minds of those who listened to him, and when he spoke this further: " This contest of ours is not on our side a rivalry of vengeance, but one of endurance—it is not they who can inflict most but they who can suffer most will conquer," he spoke not alone to the corporators and citizens of Cork but to the whole Irish Nation. Rarely does a public speech reveal more of the real temper and mind of the speaker, more of the real circumstances in which he speaks. That speech will illuminate for all time the Irish fight for freedom in the year 1920, its basis and its conviction, its sanity and its strength.

XVI. THE LAST ARREST AND TRIAL.

THE first Republican Lord Mayor of Cork had been a conspicuous success, and Terry who succeeded him was an equally gratifying success. Different in character and in outlook as he was from Tomas, he was yet equally successful, the qualities in him which differed from those of Tomas proving themselves equally capable of directing municipal administration. From the beginning he never spared himself in Corporation work. Indeed into that last few months of his public life he crowded the activities of a lifetime. For the Republican Party, under his guidance, not alone faced the normal municipal problems, and the problem of carrying on financially with the British Government fighting determinedly to cripple Republican municipal finance, but they undertook also a general survey and revision of the whole administrative machine of the municipality. In all this Terry was foremost. And in his personal capacity as Chief Magistrate he busied himself with everything that could possibly appertain to his office in an ideal state. He corresponded with foreign municipalities, was ever ready to devote his time to foreign journalists and other foreigners seeking information, was looking into the question of housing, and took a special and particular interest in child welfare. As was usual with him, everything he touched he went into thoroughly and mastered, and the citizens found that they could depend

upon him for wise leading in any matter on which he expressed an opinion. In addition to that he was Commandant of the Cork Brigade of the I.R.A., and attended as closely to that as to his municipal work. It was a period when he did nothing but work. Meals were snatched hurriedly and in the shortest possible time. In those days it was hardly possible for any of his friends to see him on anything but business. From 10 a.m. until 10 p.m., with short intervals for dinner and tea, he was at the City Hall, working, interviewing, directing. And there was no seeing him there except on business. To an old friend who during a short holiday in Cork at this period liked to see him every day he used to say: "Come here at 12.45. I'll be going to dinner then and you may as well walk up to the house with me and have some." At 1.30 he would return and plunge into work once more. It was simply phenomenal courage and endurance. No man in Ireland had a higher sense of the responsibility which the local elections placed upon the Republican Party, and no man in Ireland worked harder to shoulder that responsibility efficiently, or succeeded so well in shouldering it effectively. It was conceded by all, his friends and opponents, that he bade fair to be one of the most capable of administrators, working as he always did on a definite plan.

And that, of course, the British Government could not allow. Already the good faith of the Republicans, their proved ability, their proved tolerance, their general bearing, had thinned considerably the numbers of those who still bore any allegiance to the English connection, but the Republicans went even further. Everywhere they stood for the abolition of jobbery and for the running of municipalities with the minimum of waste

and the maximum of efficiency. In the old days before popular control the municipalities were run by the Unionist Party, but they were not run justly or efficiently. In the hands of the United Irish League and Mr. Devlin they had become hopelessly corrupt, but these young men were making a clean sweep of all the corruption, were actually beginning the erection of a clean edifice. Everywhere it was the same story. The common citizens, of all politics, the man who wanted justice and fair play and efficiency in municipal administration, saw that the Republicans were preparing to deliver the goods, would certainly deliver the goods in time, and the last opposition to the Republic vanished for all practical purposes out of Southern Ireland.

The British Government saw all this with dismay, and it set out to smash the Republican administrative machine. It dissolved the courts where it found them, arrested leading members of the municipal councils, and put into play all its physical force. In pursuance of this policy, a military raid was carried out on the City Hall at 7.40 p.m. on the night of the 12th August. A Republican Court was sitting adjudicating on a case in which the plaintiff company was the greatest and wealthiest of the English Insurance Companies. But Terry and ten others were arrested. No charge was made against them, nor was anything found on them on which a charge could be based. That night, at 11.30 p.m., a second raid was made on the City Hall, during curfew time, his private desk forced open, and many documents extracted. And these documents formed the basis for four charges against him.

Immediately on arrest all the prisoners went on hunger strike, and on the 15th August all were released

except Terry. They had determined to strike at him, and on 16th August he was courtmartialled. The following account of the courtmartial is taken from the *Cork Examiner* of the 17th August:—

"A District Courtmartial, over which Lieut.-Colonel James, South Staffordshire Regiment, presided, assembled at Victoria Barracks, Cork, yesterday, when the following charges were preferred against the Right Hon. Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork:—(1) Without lawful authority or excuse being in possession of a cypher on August 12th, which cypher was the numerical cypher issued to the R.I.C.; (2) having this under his control; (3) being in possession of a document containing statements likely to cause disaffection to his Majesty. This document was the resolution (an amended one) passed by the Corporation acknowledging the authority of, and pledging allegiance to Dail Eireann; (4) copy of the speech the Lord Mayor made when elected as successor to Lord Mayor MacCurtain.

"The members of the court were—Major Percival, Essex Regiment, and Capt. Reeves, Hampshire Regiment. Capt. Gover prosecuted.

"The Lord Mayor, who has not partaken of any food since his arrest, showed signs of the ordeal he is going through. He was accommodated with an arm-chair placed between two soldiers carrying rifles. There was a large number of the Lord Mayor's friends and colleagues in court, including Rev. Father Dominic, O.S.F.C., Lord Mayor's Chaplain; the Lady Mayoress, Miss MacSwiney, Mr. D. O'Callaghan, Chairman Cork County Council; the Town Clerk (Mr. F. McCarthy, solr.), Mr. Mce. O'Connor, solr.

"Every person before being allowed to proceed to the court had his or her name and address entered in a book, and they were also subjected to a search.

"When asked if represented by counsel, the Lord Mayor said: I would like to say a word about your proceedings here. The position is that I am Lord Mayor

of Cork and Chief Magistrate of this city. And I declare this court illegal, and that those who take part in it are liable to arrest under the laws of the Irish Republic.

"He was then asked if he objected to the personnel of the court, and replied: What I have said covers that.

"When asked to plead, his Lordship said to the President: Without wishing in any way to be personal to you, I want to point out that you are guilty of an act of presumption to question me.

"President: Any statement that you wish to make later on will be taken down.

"The Lord Mayor: It is not necessary to take anything that I say down. It is only attaching importance to the proceedings.

"The Prosecutor (Captain Gover), outlining the case for the prosecution, said that the four charges were grave, but their gravity was increased by the position 'held by the accused.' 'Because of the high office he held,' added prosecutor, 'I would like to say that I regret accused is not professionally represented, and the attitude he adopted towards the court—not to recognise it or not defend himself.' That threw on the court and on him as prosecutor, the greater responsibility, and he mentioned that any cause of doubt in the proving of the charges the court should construe it to the benefit of accused. He proceeded that on August 12th a party of military, with officers in charge, went to the City Hall, arriving there between 7.30 and 8 p.m. They surrounded the Hall, and an officer would give evidence that he went to the back of the Hall, and there climbed a wall with a private. When this officer got over that wall he saw eleven men coming out of the back door of the Hall. These men went into a hut—a workshop—and the officer, going there, put a guard over them. One of this guard—a private—said three or four of them were tearing up papers, and one of these men was the accused. This fact was reported to the officer, who came and put accused and the other two men away from the others. A private searched the hut, and found behind the corrugated iron, near the place

where accused was standing, an envelope addressed to the Commandant First Cork Battalion, I.R.A., Cork. Shortly after that accused and the other ten men were put under arrest and brought to Victoria Barracks, where they arrived about 10 p.m. After that another party of military went to the City Hall and completed the search. The officer in charge of that party went to the Lord Mayor's room. It was locked, but he got it opened. A roll-top desk in the room was rolled down, but not locked, and in that desk there were found the papers which were the subject matters of the four charges. There was also a diary there, which, having examined it, he submitted the court would hold was the private diary of the Lord Mayor—the accused. Other documents in the desk were letters addressed to the Lord Mayor, Mr. Terence MacSwiney; or to Mr. Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor. There was no direct evidence that this desk was the accused's, but, in view of these several documents, found there addressed to him, he asked the court to accept the fact that it was. The cypher was that used by officers of the R.I.C. The papers found behind the corrugated iron included a telegram form, and written on the back of it were messages in cypher, which had only been sent out actually the day before by the police. 'None of the search party realised the importance of this code at the time,' he said, 'because there were no police officers present at all.' The key of the code was found in the desk in the Lord Mayor's room. The officer who found this key was not present at the first search, and did not know what it was.

"Sergt.-Major Bailey who was in charge of the Detention Barracks, Cork, on the night of August 12th, said that accused gave his name as Terence MacSwiney. He proceeded to take charge of his effects. When I asked to take off his badge or chain of office, he replied: 'I would rather die than part with it.' The following day the accused was satisfied that the money taken from him was correct when he counted it in witness's office and signed for it.

"President: You did not take the chain?

"Witness: I took everything from him except the chain.

"Private Norris, Hampshire Regiment, gave evidence of being placed on guard over 11 civilians who were found in the hut, a workshop, which was at the back of the City Hall. He saw three men, one of whom he identified as the Lord Mayor, tearing up papers. He reported the matter to his officer. He found two letters (produced).

"President: What sort of light was in this hut? It was daylight, sir.

"Lt. W. M. Gillisk, 2nd Hampshires, said that he went to the City Hall under Capt. Forde, on August 12th. They got there at 7.40. He proceeded to the rear of the building and got up on the wall. He had one private with him. 'When I got to the top of the wall,' he said, 'I saw some civilians coming out of the back door of the Hall. We ran around the path and found them in a hut, a workshop place. There were 11 men in that hut.'

"What did you do then? I sent the private back to the sergeant for some more men and then put a guard over the civilians in the hut. He proceeded that he went to another part of the building after and reported to Capt. Forde. Going back after ten minutes, the last witness made a report to him of three of the men, including the accused, tearing up papers. He then separated these men from the others. He noticed torn papers on the floor where they had been standing. Later Private Norris handed him two letters (produced), and the cypher message. He did not know what cypher it was at the time.

"Lieut. Kells, who was one of the military party that went to complete the search that night at 11.30, said that a room indicated as 'Lord Mayor's Room,' on the notice board in the City Hall, he found locked, but got the key for it. In the roll-top desk, which was unlocked, in the room he found all the papers and documents produced.

"County Inspector Maunsell said that the document

produced was a copy of figure cipher used by officers of the R.I.C., and officers only. It was the same as one he had in his possession, and it came into operation on July 28th this year.

"'Take this second document' (a telegram form). 'Is there on that,' asked prosecutor, 'copy of a message sent by you on August 11th?' I find it is the same as the cipher message I see here. On August 11th I sent in cipher a message—it was addressed Cotter, which is the telegraphic address for the Inspector General, Dublin. The message was: *Re* cipher yesterday the Admiral can do nothing till he knows the number of prisoners, whether hunger strikers, number of escort, date and place of embarkation and destination.—Signed C.I., Cork.

"President: Is it a complicated cipher? I consider it would be impossible to decipher it without a key.

"Lord Mayor: I have something to say to this gentleman. The only thing relevant about a code is this: any person in possession of such code who is not a member of the Irish Republic is evidence of criminal conspiracy against the Irish Republic. Therefore in giving that evidence you do not indict me but yourself.

"This closed the case for the prosecution, and

"The Lord Mayor, in response to the President's request if he had anything to say, rose from his seat.

"The President: You can remain seated, Mr. MacSwiney.

"The Lord Mayor: I believe I will be able to hold on my feet until after the close of these proceedings, and then it is immaterial. These proceedings, as I have said, are quite illegal. Anything I have to say is not in defence, and it is in the written statement, parts of which are made the subjects of charges here in this illegal court. You have got to realise, and will have to realise it before very long, that the Irish Republic is really existing. I want to remind you of the fact that the gravest offence that can be committed by any individual is an offence against the head of the State. The offence is only relatively less great when committed against the head

of a city, and the illegality is very much more grave when in addition to seizing that person, his building and private room are violated and his papers taken. I wish to reverse the position and for the moment put you, gentlemen, in the dock. One of the documents seized is a resolution relating to our allegiance to the Government of the Republic. There was quite a similar document there too. It was a resolution drawing attention to the verdict and inquest on my predecessor, in which a jury found a unanimous verdict that the British Government and its police were guilty of his murder. And now it must be obvious to you that if that were an invention, it would be so grave a matter that it would be the chief charge here to-day, even in this illegal court. But that document is put aside, and I am gratified to be here to-day, notwithstanding all its inconveniences and other annoyances, to have that brought out, because this action in putting that document aside is an admission, an assent to a plea of guilty on behalf of those who committed the murder. That being the position, you must know that holding the office I do is absolutely grave for me, in view of the way my predecessor was sent to his death. I cannot say but that the same will happen myself, at any moment. We always regard soldiers as others than policemen, and though misguided in coming to this country, as still men of honour. I knew where the code was, but did not know who separated it from other documents ; but it must have been done to make two charges against two individuals. No one is responsible but me. I know where that paper was and where it was sworn to be. My respect for your army, little though it was, owing to happenings in this country of late, has now disappeared. It is a document that ought to be only in my possession. No one else could have it without my consent without committing an offence. Anyone who used such cipher to transmit messages about the Irish people is guilty of a crime against the Irish Republic. If he were a private citizen he would not consent to address the court, but by virtue of his position he wanted to point out and make it clear

to the court that acting on directions from higher quarters could not absolve them from the consequences of the actions of their court. My entire answer to this court, or any court, is the document the original of which you have seized. But I would draw your attention to the fact that there were seized amongst my papers a copy of a letter I addressed to His Holiness the Pope on the occasion of the Beatification of Oliver Plunkett. His Holiness has read that letter by now, and it will be of interest to him to learn that it is a seditious document when found in my possession.

" Prosecutor : If you desire that letter will be returned to you. There is no charge whatever in connection with it, and it will be returned.

" Lord Mayor : It is too late to make the correction. Another letter taken was one I received from the President of the Municipal Council, Paris, asking for information relative to the port. I supplied that information and kept a copy of my reply. It will be of interest to the French Government to know that it is an offence for the President of the Municipal Council of Paris to address letters to me, and that when found in my pockets they are seditious documents. Another matter to which I wish to refer is to the numbers of visiting cards found. These were cards of distinguished foreign journalists from America, France and other parts of Europe; when linked with my name they are taken as evidence of seditious conspiracy ! He added that documents which were found in one place should not have been stated to have been in another place for the purpose of implicating other people. I am the one person responsible. The officer and private had committed perjury in this regard. I must frankly say that I am sorry for it, because as a soldier of the Irish Republic I like to respect soldiers of every kind. His attitude was expressed in the speech he delivered when elected Lord Mayor, and which they cited in part as sedition. They were brave words. They asked no mercy and sought no compromise. ' That is my position,' his lordship concluded. ' I ask for no mercy.'

"The court then retired, and after an absence of 15 minutes, during which time the Lady Mayoress conversed in Irish with the Lord Mayor, returned to court when

"The President announced that the findings were, 'not guilty' on the first charge, and 'guilty' on the second, third and fourth.

"The Lord Mayor: I wish to state that I will put a limit to any term of imprisonment you may impose as a result of the action I will take. I have taken no food since Thursday, therefore I will be free in a month.

"President: On sentence to imprisonment you will take no food?

"Lord Mayor: I simply say that I have decided the terms of my detention whatever your Government may do. I shall be free, alive or dead, within a month.

"He was then sentenced to two years' imprisonment."

The following morning, between 3 and 4 a.m., he was placed on board a British naval sloop and landed late that night at Pembroke Dock in South Wales, and immediately entrained for London, where he arrived on Wednesday morning, the 18th August. About 4 a.m. he was handed over to the Governor of Brixton Jail. The long agony had begun.

XVII. AGONY AND DEATH IN BRIXTON PRISON

THE long agony in Brixton Jail does not now need any detailed record. It was followed at the time, first by all Ireland, and then by all the world. And day after day it never varied. Day by day Terry maintained his resolution, wasting away in body but secure in soul, until the day came when his body was entirely wasted and the doors of his prison opened. He carried through his resolution with the courage and endurance of that old Roman who has become a standard of determination, and from the beginning he knew that he would not be released. He knew that his was a test case, and that the Government would not give way on it unless they were prepared also to give way on the general question. And he knew also that by giving his life thus, not once nor twice, but every minute in 73 days, he was doing one man's part in cementing the edifice of the Irish Republic.

So far as that last prison experience is concerned I cannot do better than transcribe the following notes which have been made by his Chaplain, Fr. Dominic, O.S.F.C. Fr. Dominic says :—

"After the courtmartial, Lord Mayor MacSwiney was being removed by private soldiers to the prison cell of the military barracks. He, however, protested that when General Lucas of the British army was a prisoner of the army of the Republic, he was treated in a different fashion, and was afforded all the privileges due to his

rank. This had its effect. The Lord Mayor was taken to a private room and the bed of an officer placed at his disposal, while an officer, as guard, remained with him.

"From this he was removed between 3 and 4 a.m. the following morning to the Custom House Quay, placed on board a British Government naval sloop and transported to England. At this time he had been on hunger-strike more than 107 hours. He arrived late that night at Pembroke Dock (South Wales) and was entrained for London, where he arrived on Wednesday morning, reaching Brixton Jail about 4 a.m. The British Government lyingly stated he arrived there at about 11.30 p.m. on Tuesday night.

"The above account of what occurred from the close of the courtmartial till his arrival at Brixton was given to me by the Lord Mayor himself while I attended him in Brixton Jail.

"The deputy Lord Mayor (Councillor O Ceallacáin) demanded transport and safe conduct for me and facilities to attend the Lord Mayor as his chaplain. The British Government after nearly 24 hours' delay replied that they 'could not bring Fr. Dominic to England, but if he comes he will be allowed visit him' (the Lord Mayor).

"I left hurriedly, with the Lady Mayoress, on Friday night, 20th August, arriving the following morning. In company with Madam MacSwiney and Miss MacSwiney I proceeded to Brixton Jail, where I found the Lord Mayor considerably worse than when I had last seen him on the Monday before. He was wan, wasted, and haggard-looking, but clear in mind, and fully determined to force open the gates of his prison, even though he should die in the attempt.

"He was in the Hospital Wing of the prison, in a large airy room, about 40 by 60 feet in size. This ward contained 7 beds; but these were unoccupied, except the one in the left-hand corner in which the Lord Mayor lay. This was the ward in which Roger Casement—'Rory of the Gael'—was imprisoned while on remand in Brixton, in 1916.

" Statements, at various times, in the British Press, alleged that the Lord Mayor was taking food, was able to be up, and such like. These were all absolutely false. The Lord Mayor never had any food from the evening of his illegal arrest until he became unconscious. Casual visitors, as I myself did too, sometimes saw him look pretty well, and they unthinkingly reported that he was much better than they expected to find him, and so on. Such thoughtless persons were unaware that this was due to the system, in its search for food, coming on some nutritious portion of itself.

" During all the time he was confined in Brixton Jail, Lord Mayor MacSwiney remained in bed and kept as still as possible. This he did with a view to preserve his life and conserve his strength as long as he could. Though prepared to die and quite willing to offer his life for his country and his principles, yet he was not anxious to die. He was anxious to live to see our flag saluted by the nations of the earth ; but if his life were necessary to hasten the day of its accomplishment he was quite willing to offer his life. But every ounce of value he could get out of his earthly existence he was determined to get, to use it for Ireland's benefit.

" His sufferings no pen could write. Try and conceive the pain you suffer in your shoulders and back, and in your knees, the stiff numbing pain in the calves of your legs, the agony in your heels, instep, and ankles if you remain for even a quarter of an hour outstretched on your back. What a relief to bend your knees, and draw them up towards your body ! But even this little relief our heroic soldier could not have ; for the flesh had wasted from his knee joints and the weight of the clothes on them was insupportable.

" There, not for a quarter of an hour, but for over 70 days did he endure that suffering. And these were pains and torments added to the pain of hunger itself. I heard it said, many a time, that after the first few days the pangs of hunger left one, and the desire for food ceased. For that reason I questioned him several times during the long fast, even the day before he became

unconscious; and up to that very day he had a desire for food, and 'would give a £1,000 for a cup of tea,' as he said himself. As the blood supply became less for want of nourishment, neuritis set in, accompanied by violent heart attacks, and equally acute headaches, leading to gradual blindness, and dulness of hearing. Add to all this, the continued mental strain of seeing his wife, sisters, and brothers daily. This, while a comfort in one way, was a great distress in another; for it made him see and think of the sorrow of parting from them, and the suffering they were themselves undergoing. But he never complained, never flinched. He knew he was risking a slow lingering death and he was ready for it. He even thanked God for giving him the chance of a long preparation for death.

"While the doctors and nurses did all they could for him yet the nurses were merely mechanical ones, and the doctors, though forced to admire his heroic fortitude and extraordinary will-power, were unsympathetic and even hostile as far as the hunger-strike was concerned. They looked on it, or pretended to look on it, as a fool's game. They were frequently a cause of great distress to the Lord Mayor by their lecturing him on the foolishness of his act, and by placing before him the sorrow he would inflict on his wife and family, as well as by endeavouring to show him how much more useful he 'would be alive and strong after two years to work for Ireland.' No one, they used to urge, can see any use or benefit coming from your present act.

"In spite of his own sufferings his mind and heart were full of his comrades in Cork Jail. He daily asked for them and daily prayed for them. Their heroic fortitude was he continually praising. 'They were 'his boys.' He looked upon them almost as his children. And for Kenny he had, if possible, a still greater admiration. He mentioned the agony of mind he must have endured thinking of his 'wife and houseful of children depending upon him.' 'While we have such boys and such men,' he used to say, 'the Republic need have no fear of going under. Compare them with Englishmen,

even with educated men and men of standing like the doctors there, and you'll see the worth of those boys.'

"Daily he received with edifying devotion Holy Communion, to which he attributed all his strength. Frequently, by permission of the Bishop of Southwark, I said Holy Mass, at his bedside. He often spoke of how helpful his religion had been to him. He spoke in loving admiration of 'Tomas' (MacCurtain), and Eoghan Roe, and of the magnificent combination in them of the qualities of a soldier and a Catholic. And like them, he fought the good fight, dying in the same cause. All honour to Terence MacSwiney, Brigade Commandant of Cork (1st) Brigade of the Army of the Republic of Ireland, Lord Mayor of Cork.

"I joined him, in Brixton Jail, as a friend, as his chaplain. But it was as a brother, a fellow child of St. Francis of Assisi, I bade him farewell and sent him to meet Tomas and Eoghan Roe and Joan of Arc in the company of the soldier and gentle patriot of Italy, St. Francis.

"When the acting President of the Republic over the grave of Terence MacSwiney said, 'St. Joan of Arc welcomes a comrade in Heaven'; he could have added, 'and a brother and fellow-soldier too.'"

When Terry died he had entered the 74th day of his fast and, were it not that the doctors had fed him some days previously when he was unconscious, I think he would have lived many days more. He had stood to his word, he had broken the gates of his prison, he had, as the London *Times* admitted, "vindicated his courage and resolution," and the British Government, conscious that he had beaten them, was spiteful to the last. Some days before he died they forcibly ejected his two sisters from the prison, and refused to readmit them. And they hesitated about giving up to his wife his body, haggling and temporising. The English Home Secretary wanted to make it a condition of giving the body

that it should go straight to Cork and not pass through Dublin. Reluctantly he agreed to give the body unconditionally, but by a characteristic English manœuvre it was intercepted at Holyhead and placed aboard a British sloop and sent direct to Cork by sea, with, a crowning jibe, a guard of Black and Tans.

In Cork the body was received by the I.R.A. and laid in the City Hall where, next day, the citizens of Cork thronged to see the last of their Chief Magistrate. And on Sunday, 31st October, he was buried in the Republican Plot in St. Finn Barr's Cemetery, by the side of his friend and comrade Tomas Curtin. It was the last of Terry, but Terence MacSwiney remains an inspiration for all time. And the cause for which he died remains stronger and more vital.

XVIII. CONCLUSION.

WHILE Terry's body lay in state in the City Hall, with the hood off, the people were allowed in to see him for the last time. They went in at one door, then in single file up, around the coffin, down on the other side, and out by a different door. To me who had been intimate with Terry it was a queer experience to go thus, and a revealing experience. The first glimpse of his dead face, from afar off, was unmistakably Terry, a flashing glimpse, as it were ; then as you went nearer it seemed to get unlike him, until you were right up at the coffin head. And then suddenly you understood. The face was almost the face of a bronze statute, but that was not the unfamiliar thing about it. The lines were different, for it was a face in which all the tissue had gone, in which everything had gone but the fundamental things. It was a face, in fact, in which the real Terry, the fundamental Terry, first appeared. And what was left now was essentially a warrior face. Nobody had been accustomed to regard Terry as primarily a fighter, in that sense. His many other activities obsessed the outward show of it. And yet that was what death revealed, that this man was fundamentally a warrior, a warrior of the highest caste known to mankind. As one looked at the face, stern and set, one's mind instinctively leaped to the word "Samurai." It was his type. Unflinching courage, unflinching resolution, unflinching self-sacrifice on the altar of duty. That was Terry.

When his last play, "The Revolutionist," was published in March, 1914, Terry wrote, in sending a copy

to one of his oldest friends: "I had these two things in mind; that there is a conventional revolutionist just as there is a conventional dandy, and that death is not necessarily a tragedy or a defeat." And in the play itself the hero, just before he dies, delivers this pregnant message: "Yes—tell them nothing matters if they don't give in—nothing—nothing—the last moment—that's the important time—the grip then—What's the good of being alive if we give in?" That feeling was the pith of all his national philosophy. And that disjointed speech of the hero of "The Revolutionist" is the thing he would most have liked to say to the people of Ireland as he lay dying. But he knew that it was not necessary, he knew that this time the young men mean to settle the question definitely, he knew that this time there would be no question of giving in. And he knew also that his death would be a message to England that Ireland would fight it out unflinchingly to the end. He would have asked nothing better than that his name and deed should be battle cries in the last fight, and he died with the full knowledge that that fight was now set, grim and clear. He had no doubt of the issue.

Tone and Mitchel were his great exemplars. Tone he loved, but I think that Mitchel's unswerving temper was nearer to him, and that Mitchel's political outlook was nearer to his own. He and all the young Separatists of his generation were men who had thrilled to Mitchel's "The liberty of Ireland may come sooner or later, by peaceful negotiation or bloody conflict, *but it is sure*," and in that faith they lived and worked, and many of them died. Ireland will remember.