

Mountjoy Prison. Dec. 14<sup>th</sup>. At a quarter to 9 last night most of the women prisoners were at classes in the larger cells & the Hospital was exceptionally quiet. Just as the little bell which for 4 weeks has been sounded nightly as a summons to the work was sounded, 3 shots were heard. Miss S. Darling, who is ill, rushed out of her cell. She & 2 other prisoners had been sitting on the beds drinking tea when a bullet crashed through the window & a piece of plaster fell on the beds. One pane of glass previously broken was entirely blown in, there is a small bullet hole in the pane beneath mine and two large bullet holes in the opposite wall. On returning to her own cell, which had been empty, Miss Ethna Coyle found bullet holes in the window & the wall opposite mine & plaster on the floor.

The Prisoners' Council sent a message requesting the Governor or Deputy Gov. to come & inspect the cells & explain the firing. They refused to come.

This morning the Deputy, interviewing our Council said that Miss Coyle had been signalling at her window. He spoke in bullying tones about Sean Hayes, said he took full responsibility for the executions of Friday last & that the order has been given that if we signal the sentries are to fire to kill. It is genuine Irish humour ~~this~~. That there was any attempt at signalling. If Miss Coyle had been at her window she would certainly have been shot.

A possible explanation is that the gas lights in our cells are very bad & continually flickering; - we sent in a complaint about this some days ago. The sentry may have assumed that we were signalling & therefore fired. Shots are being fired by the sentries continually especially at night. They shoot birds & cats in the compound. About three weeks ago one of them shot a convict prisoner through the eye.

~~There~~ The attitude of the Deputy-Governor implies that <sup>in his opinion</sup> the sentry was only doing his duty in firing into our cells. As we are unable to stop the flickering of the gas the shooting is likely to recur.

## A Dream

I am dreaming of sleep, any place, night after night.  
It was on a rough hill path, last night, that I was travelling,  
mother, I think was with me, & dear friends, - I know my  
love for them, but I do not know who they were. The path  
we climbed up through a wood & a golden, broken sunlight  
played on it, falling through autumn boughs. We were very eager  
very happy, knowing that some ~~great~~ miracle awaited us at  
the end. The summit was like grey-green, ~~shut~~ among shadows  
of a hill, & we found straight into a hospitable house which  
stood with all doors open, welcoming us. I went through the house  
alone & came out again ~~and~~ through a doorway & saw on the  
stone threshold, & there, laying my feet, filling the whole  
valley, lay ~~an inlet~~ of a radiant, dark blue sea. The  
mountain peaks rose out of it, purple & sun-dimmed, & the  
open ocean lay beyond, & over my head was a clear, blue  
heaven of air.

Feb. 11. (after Dr. Butler's wish, "happy dreams").

## Charge for the Dying Year

Farewell sad year: Down in the clouds ~~at last~~  
Sink with the dim gloomy pageantry  
Of royal purple, as is meet for thee,  
For thou hast vanquished even our mightiest  
And buried them away with the dead leaves.

A plunder was it that the air becomes  
Of sweetness, war of joyous brotherhood,  
Life of its prime, Death of its quietude;  
But thy ~~slow~~ <sup>dark</sup> passing mournful line grieves  
The gentlest sons by sons our faithful slain.

Thy clouds were miseries, thy winds were pain  
That stripped our blossomed boughs & strewed the flowers  
On every valley; all things that were ours  
Thou didst lay waste: ~~They will not laugh again,~~  
~~nor shall we be a people.~~  
Though men remember: Haste thee hence!  
Linger no more! Thy tyranny is done:  
Young stars muster their spears behind the pall  
Of dusk: They march & guard thy funeral  
And herald to our skies tomorrow's ~~new~~ Sun.

D. A.

Montjoy Prison Dec 31<sup>st</sup> 1722



A Dream

I think Nora was with me, & other friends, & in some way the place we were in was wonderful & was with forgotten memories, like a place that had been loved in childhood or far off in another life. We knew that in a certain situation if we could travel far enough by some beauty of the land of Heavly Drive. The way by which we were going was through a pathless meadow of long wet tangled grass, & before us we saw dark trees. Our feet were stretched & impeded by the grass & suddenly I remembered that there was an easier way - a path along a river, under trees...

We found the river but the path was on the other side & there was no bridge, because the river <sup>was</sup> widened towards the place from which we came. We turned back then & took the difficult way again. Following it we were soon in a ~~dark~~ narrow, tunnelled passage leading steeply upward into utter darkness. ~~As it~~ In sleep it was that I cried out that to climb was impossible, we would fall back with every step; but then, popping in the darkness we discovered that the path had been cut roughly into shillies steps by some who had gone before, & it was possible, though hard to mount.

We went on then, into deeper & deeper ~~darkness~~ <sup>gloom</sup> & at no point assailed us that the glory we half remembered would open to us at the end. At last we came out into a faint green day light - among ancient trees, & passed through the thicket & stood out on the brow of a high hill. There it lay open before us, beauty & peace & grandeur stretching to the heart - a green world, verdurous & wild - living, & immense lakes, mirroring a cloudless heaven, & the river flowing to the sea.



73 St. Stephen's Green  
Dublin.

My dearest Dorothy

How do you feel? It seems to me a great relief to write a few lines to you on Monday - I only knew of your arrival the following day & only for little Ruby I would not have known you were in Dublin - I am very much surprised of your coming to see me & of your being ill! A tall girl especially was very surprised when I went to see you & when I told her you were there she said to her - "said you were not" - She said her father had said nothing - I hope you got your clothes & that the things brought from the States - I shall be going to America this morning - There was an appalling raid on 73. The house was shot up as the Tans would say - Doors destroyed windows smashed, the blue light gliders smashed pictures thrown about, destroyed - I think you saw Edmund McFarlane flat after the Tans left & well 73 is much worse - holes in the walls boards up & seats & even bones & various fine blue works painted over the walls of your sitting room in green paint - The worst thing of all is that they took all your manuscripts, plays, lectures everything & made a huge bonfire on the road in front of the house & your people were getting hit of lecture on Hamlet & bits of plays as souvenirs - I am sorry to hear of the loss of the best picture I have of A. E. The one with the two sparrows in the jeweled band I am putting in for compensation. Shall I do anything in that way for you? Your father called - I was out. He said I should be much less upset than I should have expected - He left it for yourself to go



it is expected this would happen  
even he is writing to Dr. Hays to express  
his regret for Dec 1st. I have had your review & all the other  
photo - I have also a few. The Fair Glades  
showed it well for their work.

I am very busy as the Commission are here  
been discussing for on the treatment of your  
meets to right.

Do you see Miss McQuinn I tell her we are  
succeeding in getting the truth known, and  
safe in growing - Give her my love & tell her she  
is never out of my thoughts.

But love Dearly Decent  
Yours truly  
M. J. McQuinn

M. J. McQuinn  
13 Nov.

Lament-

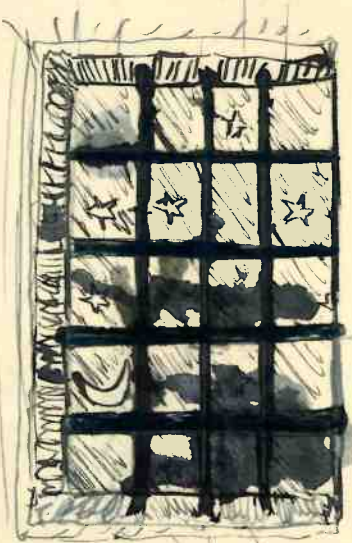
O live, as a wood wind-torn, storm-riven,  
Has all thy virgin and beauty been,  
Burdenous love have thy pale lovers given.  
With scathe and soundings have they praised  
their queen.

The storm is fallen & the winds are weary,  
That flamed against thee, clamorous with hate,  
Quietude is about me, — live, live!  
I find thee not, and I am desolate!

A wilderness, — Dear saints, will some tomorrow  
Bring that sweet holy anguish back again?  
My soul is sorrowful for the old sorrow,  
My heart is hungry for its ancient pain.

---

Nov. 22. 1890.



Through prison bars  
we see the stars

And the blessed Christmas morn:

We pray them send  
to every friend

Sweet Freedom's kindest boon.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mountjoy

1926



Mountjoy Prison

Dublin

Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> 1912

Dear Mr. Crook

I have heard indirectly the decision of the Council with regard to my post & am surprised that you have not written direct to me, as you know my address. I feel sure, however, that no discourtesy was intended.

I also hear indirectly that members of the College staff have received the impression that I failed to keep my promise to inform the Council before undertaking public political work.

I cannot believe that either you or Mr. White would be a party to a deliberate mean misrepresentation & feel confident that you will take steps as soon as College re-opens to make my position clear. I must ask you to circulate to the staff a copy of my letter to the Council & the following note:-

"Having <sup>promised</sup> ~~undertaken~~ to inform the Council of College before undertaking 'premeditated public political work' I wrote this letter without one day's delay as soon as it became clear to me that activities in which I felt bound to take part could be so described, although I never <sup>before</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>previously</sup> confided my intentions to a number of people hostile to the Republic. I would <sup>very likely</sup> ~~possibly~~ be precipitating my own arrest. I was further concerned to write in this way to the Council, ~~because~~.

(although this consideration was outside my promise) because

I knew that secret political work on which I was engaged — the editing of "freedom" — might at any moment become known to the agents of the present Government.

I am certain that Mr. White will bear witness to the fact that I insisted on writing to the Council without delay without any pressure from the other organs of the movement.

I have kept both the letter & the spirit of my promise to the Council scrupulously & demand only that you should be equally fair-minded.

I shall be glad to have your assurance, when College has re-opened, that this note & my letter have been circulated to the staff. I would not trouble to justify myself against so mean a suspicion as any but people whose opinion I respect.

I remain  
Yours very truly  
Dorothy Macardle

Copy



Dance — for the Dying Year  
1922

Farewell, sad year: down in the clouded West  
Sink with the day mid gloomy pagentry  
Of royal purple, as is meet for thee,  
For thou hast vanquished all our Kingliest  
And buried them away with the dead leaves.

A plumed was it that the air bereaves  
Of sweetness, bitter war of brotherhood,  
Life of its pride, death of its pride;  
In thy slow passing mournful line goes  
The gentlest sons by sons in faithful slaves.

Thy clouds were miseries, thy winds were pain  
That swept on blossomed boughs & shivered the flowers  
On every valley; all things that were ours  
~~Thou didst lay waste. Now haste thee and before!~~  
~~Thou hast laid waste. December's moon doth wane.~~  
~~The sands run out. Now haste thee and before.~~

Linger no more; thy tyranny is done;  
Young slaves unmaster their spears behind the pall  
Of dusk: they march to guard thy funeral  
And herald to our skies tomorrow's ~~new~~ Sun.

The clouds were misers the wind over pain  
that swept our blossomed boughs & shewed the flowers  
by every valley all things that are ours  
How least kind waste:

December 18th 1891.  
Samuel Sadler's. The same  
For further & before!



1. Earth Bound - Two volunteers, hunted by black &  
904 Tans through the Wicklow Mountains and  
Guided to safety by the ghost of Red Hugh.
2. Samhain - a dying priest is saved by the  
119 prayers of drowned fishermen who rise at  
midnight to pray for him.
3. The Brother - A young volunteer, misled into betraying  
907 plans to the enemy, discovers his mistake,  
tries to fight & is on the point of being killed  
when the ghost of his murdered brother appears  
& the murderers are stricken with fear.
4. The Prisoner: 99
4. A Hunger-Striker, on the verge of madness sees in his  
cell the ghost of a boy - the ghost tells his  
own tragic story of '98 & the companionship  
saves the sufferer from madness.
5. St. Probus - a boy serving mass for a priest who has  
115 been Earth Bound as penance for decades  
after his death. The priest's soul is released  
& the boy's mother saved from death.

6. The Return of the Chief

7. My friend is Macey — A boy acting as guide to  
the Chief is killed by the  
murder-gang lying in wait for the Chief.  
The spirit summons his relatives who  
give the warning in time.

8. The Portrait of the Chief

9. A Story Without an End — The wife of a leader tells  
the story during the dance. She has  
dreamed of an officer in green uniform  
of the execution of her husband; the officer  
has the face of a volunteer whom she  
brought back to life. They wonder what  
the dream can mean.



## A Fable for Patnemists

Story related in the spirit of the story of the man & the dog.

An old inn in the south of Ireland was haunted by a ghost which used to pace up & down on the first floor. During the fighting the inn was partially destroyed & when it was re-built the first floor was placed a couple of feet higher than in the original structure. One night two travellers sat until late over the fire in the coffee-room, then one went upstairs to his bedroom on the ~~new~~ first floor. Presently the other, sitting by the fire, heard a shriek & his friend came running down in a state of terror. He said that there was a ghost in his bedroom, but a ghost of the most horrible kind - the upper half of a man only, which was gliding about the floor. They glanced up & saw two ghostly legs dangling: the lower half of a man was gliding about the ceiling. The faithful ghost continues to walk &, refusing to recognize the new structure, continues to walk on the floor which no longer ~~there~~ exists!

A Fable for Extremists.

An old inn in the South of Ireland was haunted by a ghost which used to pace up and down on the first floor. During the fighting the inn was partially destroyed and when it was re-built the first floor was placed a couple of feet higher than in the original structure. One night two travellers sat until late over the fire in the coffee-room, and then one went upstairs to his bedroom on the first floor. Presently, the other dozing by the fire, heard a shriek and his friend came running down in a state of terror. He said that there was a ghost in his bedroom, but a ghost of the most horrible kind - the upper half of a man only, which went gliding about the floor. They glanced up and saw two ghostly legs dangling; the lower half of a man was gliding ~~xxx~~ about the ceiling. The faithful ghost continues to walk and, refusing to recognise the new structure, continues to walk on the floor which no longer exists

Story related in the spirit of the  
E. Savel Hicks.

by the Rev.



An obituary article for Piren -  
Very urgent, please.

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### With Mary MacSwiney in Prison

With a strong, irrational nostalgia, some of us are living again through times when Mary MacSwiney was the focus of all our thoughts. For me, there were two such periods, one in Yungtjag & one in Kilmainham gaol.

While she was on her fast-hunger strike I was teaching in Alexandra College, pledged not to let my Sinn Féin sympathies show my lessons on English literature. I intended to keep that pledge. But that morning, reading about poor Julius Caesar, my mind turned & turned to what was happening in Yungtjag. I came to this passage:

"Nor strong walls, nor towers of beaten brass  
"Can be retentive to thy strength of spirit:  
"That part of tyranny that I do hear  
"I can shake off at will."

#  
Fire ran through me; my voice failed & a swift illumination rippled over the class. Those girls saw the Irish Cause in a new light.

Copy of letter from Mrs Mac Swiney to Mr. Humphries, Wed. Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>

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to Mrs. Mac Swiney.

My dear Angels

For that is indeed what you were to me for the past fortnight especially - angels of loving kindness and unceasing prayer & vigil. I can never thank you all enough. I could not write yesterday - was honestly too weak and am doing it now sub rosa, after getting the doctor off my hands. It ~~would~~ would be a long letter but I wish I could tell you all I feel. The one drop of regret was leaving you all behind, but to be done it would be long.

You remember the story of the Fall of Jericho. How the Jews had to walk round 7 times praying & singing Psalms etc.

Well on Sunday the Women's Procession walked round ~~the~~ Mountjoy 7 times - they had done it once every night - saying the Rosary - you did the singing - and on Monday the gates fell. Good evening now to be so des.

How is poor little Kathleen? It is a shame to have her there suffering like that.

Well dear I am so sorry for bringing away the blankets. It was stupid & they would have been so much nicer for you. But we can send them back, I hope only for a short time. Yr. aff. M. M.



I  
has called twice but I have not been allowed to see  
her. I left special word this morning that she  
was to come up but the doctor had not arrived &  
the doctor had not arrived. The nun in charge who  
got the message said she could not come. after all  
that long journey over.

I was terribly done up on Monday night  
after the move. Between the joy and triumph, and  
excitement & weariness you would not give much  
for me. Then my internal organs went on a  
strike of their own evidently. - I suppose on the  
principle that of "He who will not when he may,  
when he wills he will have may". Anyhow  
the result for about 20 hours was that I  
almost killed myself on hunger strike organs.

I am much better today b.l.d. and expect  
to join Anne soon. She came into see me for 10 mins  
on Monday night & promptly did a proper faint  
when she went out. But she is getting better fast  
b.l.d. I'm now that the excitement is over &  
that no more effort is required of her that she  
will feel it.

How are you all since. Write home &  
tell me every bit about yourselves. Big love now



That you no longer act as Secretary in one sense.  
You can do it in another.

I wish I could thank you all as I should  
for being so good to me. But you know don't you?  
That Vigil was wonderful. That anyhow is  
one was one act of Cosgroves which will stand  
to his credit. It meant so much to us all,  
that I am going to pray harder than ever for  
his conversion. I still believe too that Paddy  
has a streak of good in him somewhere though  
we did not see much of ~~him~~ it. Never mind!  
I would rather convert them than disgrace them,  
but judging from the state of some letters which  
went out from Mountjoy they seem to be as much  
afraid of prayers as the devil is of Holy water.

I was disappointed not to see that altar  
coming out - only the picture. It had to make  
way for my stretcher. I know it is up again  
now & that you are going to say Vigil is dead  
of night but it will be more distracting, if  
less hard on you. I shall be with you in spirit.

I am ~~finishing~~ my Rosaries with you  
& hope to be able to continue it till I am well &  
ready to work again.

I have not yet <sup>heard</sup> who the lightest new arrivals are. I  
suppose they were glad to get my cell free to pack  
a couple in there.

I am timing my rosaries with your hope to be  
able to continue it till I am well enough to  
work again, by which time I hope you will be out.  
If you make any changes tell me.

Last evening Monday I was with you  
from 6-9 listening to Mr Copley & the glorious Ave Maria  
& the choir as well. I thank you all again  
1000 times. Je grand merci de tout le monde  
de vous voir & de vous entendre  
le 5<sup>me</sup> mon  
marche.

Remember me to all the nurses & wardresses.  
They were very kind  
marche



Citizens of the Republic — This a difficult and bitter time —

But he & cruelty seem to have triumphed for a while —  
We have had to give up our armed resistance, leaving hanging trails  
in power, leaving brutalized men, armed & free ~~to~~ to their will,  
leaving thousands of prisoners, the best of our men & women, helpless  
in their power.

We know this is not & cannot be  
the end — But other means must be found to guard the nation's right?

But meanwhile we have to be passive. Do nothing, knowing  
how our prison suffer, not knowing how ~~deeply~~ ~~in~~ which  
~~is~~ ~~is~~ — That is hard. That is discouraging. Know that  
the unarmed soldiers of the Republic are still being hunted in the  
hills; seeing the heavy machinery & self-charges move across every day —  
All that is very hard, very discouraging if we look only at  
the surface of things —

But if you look into it, it is not discouraging at all.  
What does it all mean?

What does it mean that these thousands of men & women  
are still in jail?

It means that — thousands of men & women, those who  
have suffered the most wearying, dispiriting, nerve-breaking  
dispiriting that of all — confinement in vile conditions, seen & heard,  
with the nightly, hourly probability of torture — that those  
thousands are not weary, not nerve-wrecked, not dispirited —  
that these thousands are indeed unbreakable & invincible  
in their allegiance still. I think of the prisons, with



The stolen flag flouting one them ~~as~~ and as for names  
of the two free state & the Empire, but as strongholds of  
the Republic - It is right that the two colors should  
fly over the Scales, by those prison the Republic lives -  
It is not a sign that the Empire's strength but the weakness - ~~but now strength~~ <sup>but now weakness</sup> that  
does it mean again, that the free  
State Ministers are atrocious criminals, by passing  
violating all Democratic & constitutional ideas,  
behaving like a military despotism of the dark  
ages, passing bills to imprison without trial, enable the  
to flog prisoners, & imprison their opponents,  
to meet or suspicion - to all the things the  
Craze & tyrants of the dark ages had to do?

It means that they know their power is not founded on the people's will: They know it means they have learnt their lesson, seen that truth has lost. They know that Ireland is not with them: know there is an opposition against them unconquerable, thousands strong: they know it will be possible for them to ~~not~~ administer the British Empire in Ireland except by the old Imperial method — coercion, violence, brutality — It means that they know that in spite of all their efforts to crush it, the Republic lives.



What does it mean that so many of the prisoners are young  
boys & girls that the young sons of freed slave fathers are - well -  
I mean that youth is with us - that the future is for us - 3

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And what does it mean that ~~as~~ the President of the  
Republic is a thoughtless, & the slaves of the  
Republic, these men ready to sacrifice everything, have  
thought it well to lay down their arms &?

Desperate men, men who know they are beaten &  
who cannot face the spirit of our army, when  
they are desperate. when they know they are beaten, do  
is the last ditch. What does this mean then mean?  
It means that they are not beaten, that they do not  
despair. Civil war is a hideous thing: de Velve did  
all he could to save Ireland from the horrors, Ray  
& Courton did all he could - but England <sup>thinks</sup> wanted it,  
& England's slaves & the Union all not shamed, & civil  
war was made on the Republic by Irish men. They  
wanted it - the enemies of the Republic wanted  
war, because they know they could crush the  
Republic in no other way. They have tried it &  
they have not crushed the Republic that way. It  
means that our ~~army~~ <sup>army</sup> knows how to win war & how  
to win it. ~~They are fighting a war on the prisoners~~  
The army has put an end to the war.

Indeed, I believe they have saved the Republic  
that war <sup>is making war on it</sup>. Our leaders are fugitive, but they do  
know what to do, or in prison, but they are Republicans  
still for the people. The poor, confused, deceived,  
hew-drawn people, who believe Michael Collins' great lie -



They have seen at least that the Treaty is not freedom, not  
Independence, nor a stepping stone to Independence,  
that is <sup>the</sup> English tyranny is a green coat.

I believe the people of Ireland see that now &  
that soon, and yet perhaps, but ~~in~~ in a little while,  
they will take courage again - the courage to declare  
openly what is hidden in their secret hearts - that  
they stand for freedom - for the Republic not less.

When that day comes we shall have war -  
The blood of our martyrs - the men fallen in action,  
& Boy & his & his children - almost 200 murdered  
men, has been needed to wash out Michael Collins' lie -  
but ~~the blood~~ <sup>his</sup> has been given & that he is dead.

If we look back on Ireland's history what lesson  
does it teach us for today? ~~But some see this~~  
lesson. This law, as it seems the. Of Ireland's war - that  
not by military achievement but by sacrifice, we have  
won whatever we have won.

Look back at 1916. Was that a military victory  
for the Republic? No! Was it a victory for the Republic?  
Yes! Yes, because the sacrifices of those noble leaders  
who Ireland owes the world to a great truth - <sup>that Ireland had</sup> the right to be free.



Look back at the years of the terror. Was that a military victory for the I.R.A. Did they make the English suffer as they suffered themselves - torture - imprisonment - torture - executions... No. How then did they force England to a truce? But their sacrifices, their sufferings by which they ~~and~~ all the faithful people of Ireland endured. England was so shamed, so excoriated for her persecution of Ireland that she had to give up trying a more cunning plan.

That cunning plan has succeeded, in a little way, for a little while. The reports of the hypocrisy are able to imprison & flog obscure Republicans. To visit Republican houses, to visit the persecution England was forced for a little while to cease.

And our own stand has remained, in the days of violence, in flight, in hiding, suffering everything....

The lesson of Irish history teaches us that - it is thus Ireland will win -

I think those words of Seneca the Elder were inspired - I think they were prophetic from your time: "Not those who can inflict most, but those who can suffer most, the victors will be."

What is there left for us to do? To resist: to stand (fearlessly by Jim Deir. Ireland's salvation is in that -

The enemy will try to break us through our  
prisoners. We know our prisoners - we know that  
if we can induce help as well as they can all is  
well. The enemy will try to divide us - to  
sow disloyalty & dissension in our ranks. We  
know, I think, has laugh at that.

The Republican army now is Sinn Féin - every  
one of us <sup>man and woman</sup> help out: every one must be as  
fearless & as loyal & as enduring as the prisoners. as  
the men of the I.R.A. In a few days orders

~~There can be no doubt that such~~  
will come - The programme of Sinn Féin will be  
published. Every one of us then will know what to do.

This is with us. Truth is with us: when, in  
time, the whole truth is known, the whole people  
of Ireland will be with us again. ~~I think we~~  
~~I think we have no need of these heart-~~  
~~beats and we have the most skilled & leaders - the~~  
~~enemy knows that support as well as we know & ourselves -~~  
~~the enemy is trying to get him but they won't get him -~~  
~~the I.R.A. will see to that. I think we have~~  
~~no need of these heart-beats... And even if we do lose~~  
~~heart there is no this may be one of it. The~~  
~~prisoners ~~will~~ never will.~~



Miss MacSwiney's Condition.  
Report from Mountjoy.

Mountjoy Prison  
17 Nov 1922

Open to all

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Nov. 22. (19: Day of Hunger - strike)

A discreditable attempt is being made, with the assistance of the press, to deceive the public with as to Miss MacSwiney's condition. This false impression has been fostered within this prison by well-intentioned nurses from Marlborough Hall who perseveringly see "no change" in their patient's condition, although to inexperienced eyes significant & perturbing changes are only too apparent. "She is feeling dreadfully cold", one of us said: "She is always cold", was the answer. "She had a collapse about 4 oc." another watcher reported. "Her usual morning walkiness" was the reply. Since Saturday, as a protest against the exclusion of her sister, Miss MacSwiney has refused the administration of doctors & nurses. We, her fellow-prisoners, are now her only attendants. Nevertheless the night nurse who sits by the surgery fire, refusing even to fill the water bottles for Miss MacSwiney, which we bring down, writes the medical reports. We have little doubt that these are false reports and as will be useful to the pro-British propagandists if they fall as low as did the English by spreading rumours that the patient is taking food, or as documentary evidence at an inquest. We, Miss MacSwiney's only attendants, have carefully noted & compared our observations & wish to record them with all possible accuracy, avoiding exaggeration.

Her vitality ~~was~~ during the first 14 or 15 days seemed to us remarkable; she conversed, read, & wrote letters, & although her voice & movements grew fainter each day & the periods in which she could exert herself shorter & the exhaustion which followed more distressing, her mind was alert, cheerful & at peace. Since Saturday her respiration about her



Sister has ~~just~~ an acute change, especially observable at night, when the suffering so bravely concealed during the day is betrayed by pitiful ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~clamorous~~ <sup>clamorous</sup> ~~uttered~~ <sup>uttered</sup> in sleep, & by restlessness in the long hours while she lies awake. We can see that she is struggling against extreme weakness; <sup>that</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~temperature~~ <sup>temperature</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~constantly~~ <sup>constantly</sup> ~~below~~ <sup>below</sup> ~~normal~~ <sup>normal</sup>. Her pulse is very weak; in the last couple of days it has fallen as low as 63.

None of us have experience of ensuing cases of  
hunger strike or can say how long this starved,  
suffering, exhausted body can retain life. In  
the case of a woman we suppose that the end  
will come suddenly in one of these early morning  
collapses. When that crisis comes we can  
do nothing, for we are pledged not even  
to administer a stimulant then. We await  
for her, daily, hourly, the opening of the  
gates, - either of this prison, or of death.

There was published  
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