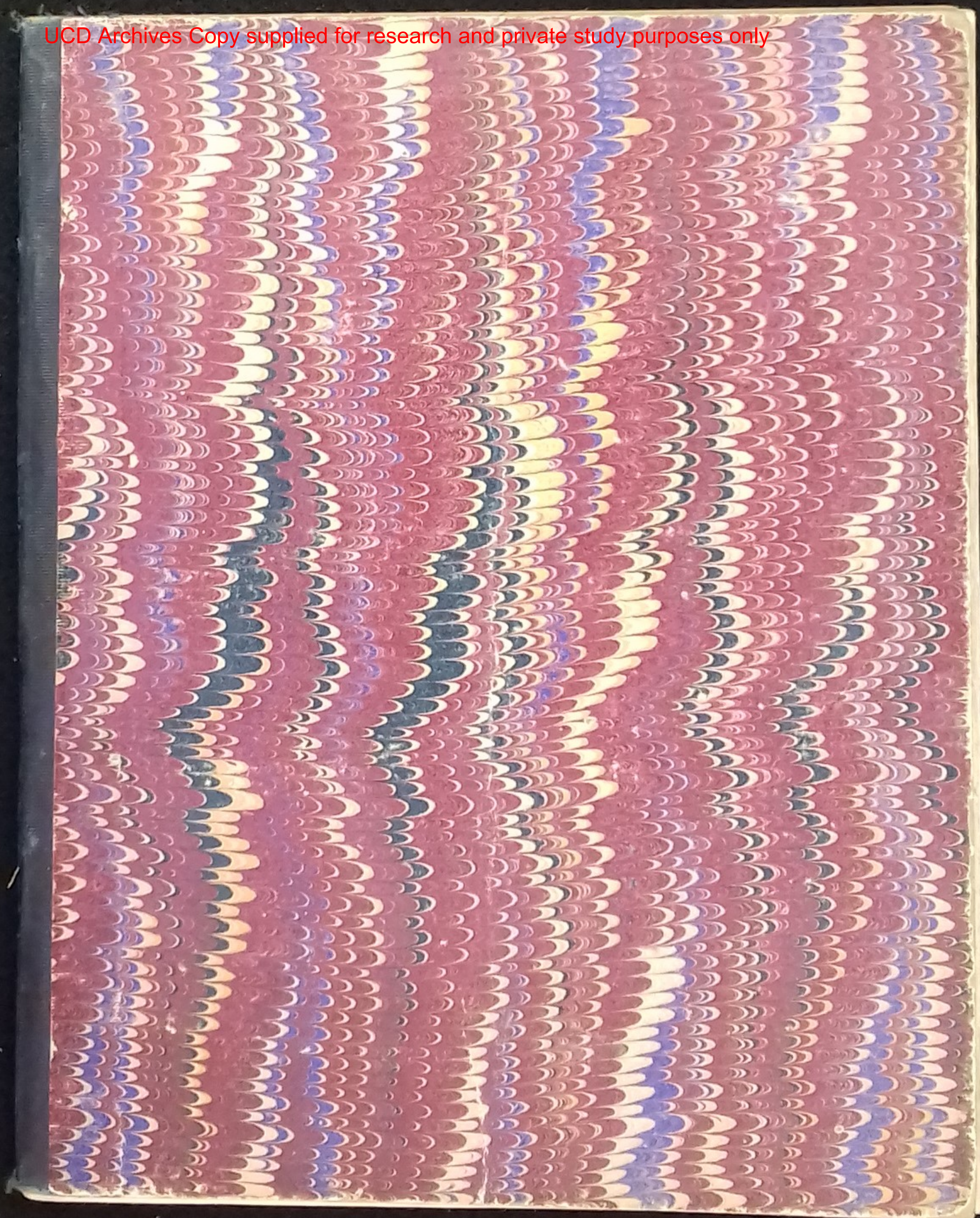


UCD Archives Copy supplied for research and private study purposes only





Vigil

A Journal of Mourning

November 1922

by Dorothy Macanell



Vigil.  
 Prison moods  
 Prison dreams  
 Prison moods  
 Prison ~~weather~~ letters.  
 Prison books.  
 Victory  
 Prison lumps  
 Prison letters  
 The golden rule.  
 The "Locals".  
 Slavery.  
 Ice - parties.  
 The Commune.  
 The prison outbreak.  
 Child's play.  
 The sentries.

(Wed Nov. 22)

Never was a heretic more completely captured in the atmosphere of an alien world than I am here.  
 I am sure that nothing that can happen will ever make me a member of the Roman Catholic Church; there is a quaint child-like-ness in it, a fantastic exaltation about the unimaginable otherworld which would always shut the like of me outside. Yet I am sure that of all religions on the world it provides most openings & avenues into the spiritual life, most magic for the exorcising of our seen powers. St. Humphries is the mother - Catholic here. Three times daily she shepherds us all to prayer and we kneel on the bare stair-way looking up at the little altar they have made with sweet & pious ingenuity, where a candle ~~burns~~ lights up a gilded picture of our Lady of Perpetual Succour, ~~and~~ the rosary in Irish for Miss MacSwiney's sake. This is another thing which seems strange to me. - That instead of framing the imagination in



① Lili's Miracle

~~I think Lili has a rare spiritual power. She ~~has~~ is able to ~~become~~ very quickly ~~as~~ after through ~~grace~~~~

I think Lili has a rare spiritual power: her faith & in her religion, in her friends & heroes in the Republic is unflinching, imagination vigorous. No small thing I think can darken her mind; & even <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>from my mind</sup> ~~delusion~~ I believe, would seem a heathen ~~to~~ her, - death for this faith. She understands the spiritual bearings of things. Tonight, ~~after the vigil~~ When I came on vigil after her, there was a sense that surprised & subdued me, of heavenly benign presence. It was as if they were leaning over us, waiting for our prayers.

Prayers & Wonders

Wed: 22

Careful words the one grace & blessing we all desire, they say always these same traditional words - I can not pray so, - indeed I can scarcely ever pray at all, but sometimes I can ~~ring~~ <sup>ring</sup> the opening of the gate, - ring her release & recovery with an intensity that may perhaps be helping a little to bring these to pass, & I can call on invisible, beneficent powers, but without knowing ever, whether they hear or heed. I think this praying of mine is worthless, but I am quite sure that there are some of these religious, pure-hearted women whose prayers have power. For their intentions we are all praying now, in order as this meeting asked for them, - first that the sister may be let in, second that looking Charles may be saved from execution & third, for her release. I prayed so strongly, at my first vigil for the first - trying to thrust my will on the prison governor &



7

Lili came down from her vigil quiet & glowing, her little white face like a child's. She sat in a corner telling about the stranger, fantastic things about her vigil, with such sweet wonder that it is certain her story had already taken hold in the depths of her heart. She told us the candle was guttering out & that the ~~melting~~ wax, as it fell, formed a self into one figure after another of the Madonna, the Saints - St. Patrick was there the Holy Mother & Child. Quite evidently this little mystery had filled her with happier thoughts.

Wed. 22-

5

appealing to the invisible powers, that I felt sure, almost, that they would bring her in. But when I prayed for looking Children it became clear to me that prayer must be always only for the highest spiritual thing & that this is the meaning of that perplexing "they will be here" which used to seem to me to annull our prayer. I knew that I must pray for the purification of Ireland & for his life only if the sacrifice of it was not necessary to that end. It seemed to me that he might very probably be spared. But when I prayed for this machinery I felt terrible, because it seemed that the people of Ireland could not be purified again & quickened without her death. When I questioned Lili I found her thoughts had gone just the other way & I think she is more likely to have caught the truth.

back-

Terrie & I kept vigil together last



Wed 22<sup>nd</sup>.

found we suspected that the medical  
 report book was being written up  
 by nurses who knew nothing  
 of how the MacBumey was.  
 Bright looked at it & found  
 a quite false report that  
 last night the MacBumey  
 had slept for - I think -  
 seven hours.

He protested & began  
 to keep a report book of our own.

I wrote out a report of "Miss MacBumey's  
 Condition" of the D. P.

Wed 22<sup>nd</sup>

8

### The Blessed Spirit

night, - the two earliest hours. Miss MacBumey  
 was very peaceful, although wide awake.  
 There is no doubt that receiving the  
 Sacrament has given her fresh strength. It  
 was when Jessie & I were both kneeling  
 that the strange little mystery happened.  
 The place was very quiet, no one moving  
 at all, & I wondered when I heard light-  
 swift footsteps coming down and from her  
 room & felt ~~the~~ someone pass behind me  
 & pause at the top of the stairs, - so sur-  
 prised that I turned to look. There was no  
 one there. For a moment I ~~thought~~ ~~with~~  
~~my heart~~ ~~beat~~ my heart failed me - I won-  
 dered if she had died & her spirit had gone  
 past us into the night, but the night  
 seemed extravagant & ~~fantastic~~ without looking  
 at Jessie, I went on praying just as I had  
 been. But in a moment she looked round with



Thurs. 21<sup>st</sup>

9

a perplexed countenance at one, asking who  
 had come; - He has heard a full fall  
 behind us & heard it pause on the stairs.  
 Startled, I went quickly into Miss Mackenzie's  
 room & was relieved to find her there still,  
 wide awake. Tessie & I were pleased  
 by this mysterious visitant, because it  
 seemed a brotherly presence, - Teresa Mackenzie  
 perhaps. But those who came to  
 relieve us, when we told them, grew  
 terrified of our "ghost".

Thursday. This has been a peaceful & even happy  
 day, our patient has so much more strength  
 & the fret and trouble seem almost gone. She wrote  
 a splendid answer to a very stupid statement  
 which was in the papers of Bishop Colahan. It  
 is good too, to hear of the separation to Longmore  
 house from Tully & Mr. Mulcahy, - then Mr. Wyse-Power!







Parcels

Thurs. 22<sup>nd</sup>

14

is deferred until Monday - to the Court of appeal. "Oh," she sighed joyfully, "I'll play a game of bridge!"

She & Dan, Noreen & Lucie are playing quietly now under the light.

At last, this afternoon, my pens & paper came! A hot poor poor I sent this morning - she has been ill & is miserable about the work - promising to send any things; then a wooden box from Leverett & Pease - I met ~~with the~~ <sup>"local"</sup> our ~~servant~~ <sup>servant</sup> staggering under it - & groaning that "Christmas is coming". There are ~~pages~~ pressed meats of all kinds, game biscuits, lemon-curd, - innumerable delicious things. All that will last - I am burying against the day when we shall fulfil parcels for some enterprise; but we had an exciting tea. And there were pens & papers, & I have begun, at last, to write this journal.

For speed the work!



Good resolutions! But at the end of their game  
 such groans of hunger & pathetic pictures  
 of food they hoped and for came forth from  
 the players. And I could not forbear to  
 say: <sup>ceremoniously</sup> in a minute I'll give you some bread  
 & ham. At first there was a gasp, then an  
 ecstatic silence, — then like a Beethovenian  
 sort they were upon me while I cut  
 bread & spread it with butter & ~~got~~ dispensed  
 ham sandwiches. A choral hymn of  
 rapture followed the first taste of it, then  
 a munching quiet, & after the second  
 sandwich all round, such intoxicated  
 hilarity that the girls on vigil had to  
 come & join in the ~~noise~~ <sup>laughter</sup> as they came.

My vigil was from eleven to one. Miss Mac-  
 Swiney lay so still, breathing so faintly, it was  
 hard to know whether she was living or dying.  
 There were moments of suspense, but — all was well.



The Sacrifice

~~Today is the day~~ It is the truly - first - day  
 now. After this, ~~the nurse~~ says, even  
 if a lunges - strike is released it is either  
 death or health broken for ever. And now,  
 Miss Redwine has said to Noreen, the  
 shrinking of the flesh will begin & the neuralgic  
 pain. Standing over her in that dark  
 room, while she lay still, unconscious of  
 anything but utter weariness and the needful  
 medicine on & on, her eyes closed, her  
 sweet face hollow & thin, an odium  
 of it all rushed ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> one. The minutes  
 pass over her so slowly, so monstrously  
 here, each one of them deepening her  
 suffering, ~~haunting~~ <sup>bearing</sup> her nearer to an  
 anguish one can scarcely imagine. And  
 outside, - through Ireland, what work are  
 those dreadful moments achieving? And for  
 whom? And no people she is torturing herself



Dream of Parole

Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> '17

For worth it all? Ireland is worth it. — I know  
 she is right, — prophetically, ~~and~~ heroically right.  
 But how are we ever to forgive our own  
 generation if they leave her here to die?

Friday 24<sup>th</sup> I have been trying to write a poem,  
 but the thing I want to say is too hard  
 for me, I can't catch any own thoughts  
 in the air, in this chatter-full room. So  
 I write instead, ~~in view of~~ <sup>in view of</sup> the weekly invitation  
 to Confession, <sup>write out</sup> Some "Poems for Priests". I am  
 tempted to go into the Confessional for the fun  
 of posing them but I suppose it would be  
 sacrilegious to me the Confessional so.  
~~But~~ An interesting dream I had last night.  
 I was out for one day on parole & had  
 gone into College. The attitudes of all the different  
 people were as unexpected as you would  
 expect them to be. — This I forgot intensely.



Letters

Jr. 24. 18

though shyly, sorry; ~~the girls~~ the girls almost  
 tragic, lovingly kind. Min White. When I  
 said goodbye gave me a firm hand-clasp  
 at arms length, — the dream was old-  
 fair to her, — Min Webb clung to me &  
 kissed me with an affection not remembered  
 everything.

The only letter was <sup>an answer</sup> from Sir Robert Woods, —  
 as slight & formal as though we had never  
 been friends, saying the swelling above  
 the old scar need not worry me at all. He  
 disapproves of me I suppose. I hope they  
 won't scold Patricia for writing to me. I  
 enjoy her letters, — funny, restrained little  
 notes, generally with a child-like, affectionate  
 outburst — at the end; & she sent me a pack  
 of cards, which was a thoughtful gift.

Cyprianthemums came yesterday from  
 Mary Cherry, — & she was one of the first to write.



but an ~~old~~ embowered letter. She is an ingrained conservative, I think, whose knowledge of history of the world makes her feel that she would like the revolution, ~~abz~~ - but she never will. The painted letter of all was from that good, Christian Protestant, Frideswede, - a little account, like a school girls essay, of the "expedition to places of interest" in Dublin, on which she ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> Division IV, and one syllable on the fulfillment of what she felt to be a Christian duty, I suspect, in writing about my ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> Dad's letters, full of his faith in the new state, hoping that this new society will take root, or be granted "a fool's pardon", ~~for~~ full, too, of concern for me, and another demonstration of the oddity of the misstate out of which for many men. Mother's letters, which are sympathetic, & David's which are vividly narrative, & Helen's children



Jan. 24 '20

and, I think, the best. Monica are, as  
always, pathetically constrained. Yet  
I know she would do everything there is  
in her for me if she were here. As  
it is there is no one idle enough or  
quite concerned enough to imagine my  
necessities and send me the things I want. I feel  
in very good, but I know more would be  
done if I had any one of my own. I  
wrote to Hilian yesterday & asked that  
my girls - only my best-friends - would  
send me writing things. If they are still  
what I remember myself at their age, in  
friendship, I have been, they will be  
happy to do this. Girls give friendship  
of a loyal & lovely kind. Life without  
my students will be empty of a most-  
precious thing. I am quite sure to  
lose my college post.



Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> 21

⑧

Mulcahy

See next pp

Erskine Childers

Lili was happier & more hopeful about  
 Erskine Childers today. But Miss MacSwiney  
 told her the appeal for Monday had been  
 refused. About dinner time we could  
 hear a 'Stop-Puer' being cried in the  
 streets - Lili said it must be an  
 order for Miss MacSwiney's release. I  
 stayed in, copying letters, while she  
 & the others went out to exercise, &  
 Mr. Drumphreys told me Erskine Childers  
 had been killed. We know this  
 evening, that it is true. They have  
 killed him, - put him out of Ireland,  
 out of life, - that ~~was~~ dear, loving,  
 grateful, brilliant, heroic man. They have  
 done a hideous, unutterable, never-forgotten  
 thing. Erskine Childers was  
 good - good & clear & splendid to  
 the heights & depths of his spirit. He



back  
 G. Mulcahy

Mr Mulcahy, we understand, who is responsible for refusing the release. Some paper has published the statement that he is little Miss MacSwiney's God-father & that once he was ill with pneumonia in Miss MacSwiney's house & she nursed him back to health " & saved his valuable life".

She is angry that this has been made public. She likes to remember that he is Miss MacSwiney's God-father; 'Some day I will get hold of that Church Register & scratch it out!' She said vehemently. 'Do!' I answered, with my heart shrinking at that 'some day'.

But how to account for this most strange thing? Is he, as a pupil of the registers once, like ~~Rich~~ Shakespeare and Richard II — a contemplative, a poet, forced into action by mischance?

Inaction

gave over the love that belongs only to heroes & saints. Every moment of any memory of him is splendid with the worth of his work, his fearlessness, & happy with his quick, impetuous praise. He was selfless in his devotion to Ireland as a woman <sup>might be</sup> in love can be; he had the wisdom & penetration of the astute politician & yet he founded every thought and act of his on pure principle & truth. ~~He~~ ~~had~~ this life, all that belonged to it was right & happy in spite of dangers & losses beyond number, and gentle <sup>always</sup> in spite of the poisonous hostilities of the vilest foes. His wife, his boys, his home & few possessions were all. His wife is wonderful & their love fabulous & there are no sons of Ireland <sup>more</sup> ~~able~~ <sup>top</sup> than his boys.



28  
29  
Jul. 24<sup>th</sup>

Or, as I suggested then, Macbeth, — a  
man full of inquisition in action  
goodness taking one evil step & then  
forced for his own protection to go the  
same way — "Things had begun make  
strong themselves by ill". He cannot  
be explained in either of these ways —  
"a fanatic" or an ascetic. His own way says  
"He thinks he should crush his own  
feelings in everything".

There I am sure is insight & the  
truth. It is like a most dangerous,  
unconquerable type, — upheld in cruelty  
by all the selfish <sup>ambitions</sup> ~~ambitions~~ of a martyr;  
incomprehensible from his ruthless course;  
unconquerable by fear. St. Kevin,  
who strangled the young girl who served  
loved him, must have been such  
a man. What a figure of

To have put all that happens, all  
that sweet men, all that glorious service  
out of the world? — ~~what~~, what has  
come to the men he laboured for that  
they could do this thing?  
Despair of Ireland? Light of ~~the~~ our  
recollections of dangers & labours suffered for them? <sup>These traitors</sup>  
Race, a praise of the men <sup>who have</sup> ~~these traitors~~  
have killed? is all the theme of the  
It is like the execution of Conquest, other day  
prison, talk tonight. I feel is reconciled,  
kind & brave; Dary is perhaps the  
most desperate; I am selfish, — I can  
not help it, — amiable for my own  
loss. I thought his friendship was  
one of the golden things to come. I thought  
I could have ~~understood~~ <sup>understood</sup> him —  
We have not told him MacDermot, —  
she is so very weak. It is said now,  
Nurse Anne Kelly says, that it is their  
intention to let her see, & will remain  
D. Malle & the seven other men, & to



Tragedy! What drama could not  
Shakespeare have created around  
such a man.

I suppose there is no greater  
danger to human character than  
the pride we sometimes take in  
crushing our human, natural  
clemencies. What in fact this &  
all women must learn to do it.  
When it ceases the good becomes  
hideously evil is hard, cruel,  
to discern. It is especially a danger  
of this hateful war.

Text

Take some revenge against Mr. Thompson.  
I think it is likely the time. The new  
reign of terror has <sup>helped</sup> begun.  
God strengthen <sup>deep</sup> us to save Ireland  
from these corrupt & evil men!

When I was working with Patrick Clithers  
those days of the fight in Dublin I kept  
a rough record & I wrote the story  
of our journey to Waterford in a green  
manuscript-book. I wish I could know  
whether the raiders have burnt this &  
two little notes I had from him.

The jealousy & meanness that are  
in our people are so pitiful that it  
was perhaps the only way his honour  
could be saved, — this death for the Republic.  
His best friends are saying it is for the  
best. Frank Gallagher told Cecilia in



Jan. 24. 25

a letter that he ~~has~~<sup>had</sup> promised it ~~will~~<sup>is</sup> be his life-work, if children die, to tell the story of his splendid life. I am thankful he is living to do this - I know he will do it well.

He was a man whose praise one longs for. He praised me & made me write in the Republic all this time while he was fighting. I have sore my best. I would have loved to know that he was pleased. There are contemptible, selfish thoughts.

God's pity & the love of pity of Ireland on Bobby, the children & the lost one Og!



Sat. 25

3

Civilization

Saturday. 25

A rumour & a promise have been bubbling in the air for a week - this morning it was fulfilled - Mary came back from the bathroom with the news that the hot-water was hot. Owing to congestion in our landing I went up stairs. Mrs. Humphries' bath was now made her bath as clean as any bath ever seen; I lay in a deep, hot water, & washed with flower-scented, foamy soap. I was at peace with the world. Afterward I climbed upon the bath & ~~had~~ found a place where the window glass of the window was scratched clear, & I saw the water of the canal & the streets, all gaily in the cold sunlight, & the woman going out in a fur coat, & the white smoke of a train.

And surely, surely it seemed, that the anywhere in the free air of the world, whether poor or alone or hungry or dejected or dejected, is all a human being need sense -

There are prison mounds, I suppose, as foolish



The MacSwiney read this  
 morning's paper that her  
 sister left the pale kept  
 night, without breaking her  
 fast, & returned this morning.  
 — She is distressed &  
 puzzled about this.

The paper contained part of  
 her letter to Bishop Walsh on

Prison House

that news.

Sal. 125 31

as all the words which work make <sup>telling</sup> us  
 to wonder that we ~~do~~ know not of them.  
 hear those all we have. They work  
 come more poignantly & often. I am  
 sure, if the ~~great central fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> of our  
 absorbing anxiety were ~~of the~~ <sup>of the</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> part.

When I went in this morning she  
 had been told, I could see, about - Pickens  
 Children's Death. She was lying deep in her  
 pillow, unresponsive, suffering. I bent over  
 her & kissed her. "I can't forgive them" she whispered.  
 "Can't forgive them for killing Pickens Children."  
 I talked just a little, praising him, but  
 nothing could distract her from the worst misery  
 of it - "I feel ashamed... ashamed". Still,  
 this great heart - the Irish people are  
 one of the faithful one ashamed with the  
 injustice of the traitors. I lost that sense  
 of fellowship long ago - perhaps because



Sat. 25<sup>th</sup>

37

The Open Air

I never knew any of these renegade men.  
 She had tears in her eyes - it is the  
 only time I have seen her cry.

It has been a cold, pale day, lit by a  
 wintry sun. When I went out our little  
 compound, ~~was~~ even, was glamorous  
 with a faint gold. In the ~~sky~~ colorless  
 sky, over the dull solid tunnels of the  
 prison, floated a ~~cloud~~ of <sup>fragile</sup> ~~light~~  
 clouds, every tint in the spectrum  
 gold & bronze. My mind is full of  
 Robert Louis Stevenson today. I wish he  
 had been in prison & written ~~of it~~.

"To make this earth our hermitage  
 A changeful & cheerful page  
 Of strange & intricate series  
 of days & seasons both infinite -  
 How many days & seasons, I wonder, ~~it~~ will







Bates

Wed. Nov 29<sup>th</sup>

~~and the great and the small~~  
~~the little things.~~

That prison should be sent books is apparently obvious to their friends & is certainly true. But the books they send! Here, where there is not a peg of new fol. of table-spoon has the sketch of a jekel as a gold miners claim, I have the exact collection of antiquated magazines, books on health & beauty, books on trade human, - rec. some novels picked up on railway bookstalls, - the school books found in dusty corners of the house - it gives one a sense of being a beggar as a pauper.

When I decide to read, & to write out for exactly the books the head has

The Bible

Sat. 25<sup>th</sup>

At night, during any night I have been reading that grand, Shagreened, pagan book, the old Testament; <sup>the book of things</sup> a rich and gorgeous world it is. This of King David & Solomon & Saul. David is as lovable as Lancelot I think, and a stranger, more original personality, more outright & daring in his sin; ~~he is~~ ~~and of his~~ from his adorable boyhood to his royal old age he has the same vital, originating <sup>in relations</sup> mind & unhesitant will - his <sup>passions</sup> ~~passions~~ human affections, - ~~child~~ <sup>passions</sup> - magnanimous & child-hearted as Lancelot ~~for that~~; the free personal imagination breaking out in the lyric outcry of one Touchstone and Absolon; the immense & Kingliness of the man, the manliness of the boy of the King - ~~all~~ make up one of the most vivid personalities recorded or imagined I have ever known.



it becomes a most difficult & exciting question -  
of the myriad books in the world that I  
have never had time & never hoped to  
have time to read - I have leisure  
for now, which are to be chosen?

Because there is so much leisure,  
long books - but the long poems that I  
would have chosen in my academic days -  
"The Ring the Book" or "The Faery Queen" or  
"Paradise Lost"? - no, - not sufficient - moving  
enough to entrance these tedious days.

Books finely written, with the discretion  
of finish of consummate art - I desire -  
life is so less & rude here that one  
craves for ~~the most highly distinguished~~  
the company of master artists.

Books of activity & adventures, colored  
worlds, remote from this stagnation, - books  
of revolution, or foreign places; ~~or~~

But what a God is this Church! jealous,  
petty, self-glorious, tyrannical, mean -  
an absolute enslaver of the soul of  
man, by levitical formalism and  
Personism unsurpassable by any faith.

That Christ did not preach as an  
utter revolutionary against the  
idolatry of this false God, seems to  
me ~~so~~ unaccountable. To build his  
doctrine of love upon this doctrine of  
~~of~~ multilennas was impossible surely.  
Why did he not condemn this  
venable religion, <sup>as the God of Israel</sup> root-branch? <sup>as the Father of the Father of Christ?</sup> The  
did not condemn it - it is stronger  
in us than Christianity today. To  
suffer blows & humiliation patiently  
is good, Christ teaches: it is  
base & slavish, answers the  
blood of man, in which the violent



great characters in them, great movements, such  
as well as seen some or trivial even beside  
the ~~main~~ story Ireland is making  
today; or a fantastical history, remote  
from all our world...

And famous books, so that the reading  
of them adds to the large pleasure there is  
in being intimate with the things the rest  
of the world knows, ~~and~~ keeps as its  
outlines or its types...

A good person's family, mine!  
~~David~~ has sent me Machiavelli's  
History of Florence — what book in the  
world would it be better to read here? I know  
enough for Florence to say I know more — &  
it is the first foreign city I will live in  
when my time for travel comes — &  
may be I shall discover ~~some~~ others for  
and the play like "The Fifth" — & Machiavelli  
will be fascinating to read.

Doctrines of Jehovah <sup>still</sup> broods. So the world  
is torn and devastated with war. Those  
who are violent ~~by~~ and predatory  
by nature have a creed <sup>which</sup> ~~praise~~  
themselves ~~on~~ the world's praise.  
Those who love truth and justice are  
paralyzed by a creed which ~~for~~  
~~then~~ allows them to see evil done &  
not take arms against it. The  
good are able, the evil busy in the  
great affairs <sup>of</sup> the world. And when  
~~as~~ man or woman, like Peking  
children and Mary MacSwiney, try  
to fight for justice, reconstruct these  
two creeds. There are so few <sup>to</sup>  
follow them that they die.



68

Wed. 29.

4)

Daniel has sent me the Gadfly - a book of Irish Revolution - the latest movement - done in the most different setting & a place & time <sup>in which</sup> from reading about Norrie & Garibaldi, I know enough to understand. I read it - long ago & remember the intensity of the book, & remember the Gadfly himself, but all his history I forget. It will be good to meet him

of course, from I recall, Dostoevsky, "White Nights" - the most absorbing of writers, most perfect of artists - <sup>the strange, subtle, cunning, thought</sup> And I have sent me on Quince.

Whether I shall love him or not I can't guess - ~~if I do~~ here I enter a really unknown world. I ~~enter~~ Now feel I like some Batchelor of the Shire.

Praise to all makers of good books!

They have a prisoner's prayers.

Samuel - The Bible -

"No change".

Sun. 26.

39

Sunday 26.

When the Standard to Har at 7 o'clock. I went up to take care of him & his dinner. The report of the last watchman was "very restless, & moaning" - I reached going on & finding her asleep, but when I went in she looked up at me, smiling & talked - her voice was - very faint.

"No change" is the report, as always - the morning papers. This is desperate, - a most mean & dangerous part of the campaign. I proposed interviewing D. D. Connor & we waylaid him with four of five cuttings giving the same forced account of her. His defence was that there were no bases on medical reports & what the papers said was no concern of his. He challenged his professional honour & told him that - it would certainly appear to be collusion between him & the Government in a campaign against his life. He ~~was~~ consented at last - to stop these reports.



Slavery

Sun. 26<sup>th</sup>

40

whose sympathies are fair enough,  
 Even at this crisis this man, could not be  
 persuaded to break through the routine of his  
 work, risk his post, speak one unexpected  
 word; ~~He~~ indeed he is not yet-  
 anting to say yes that we are a nation  
 of slaves. This moral enslavement  
 is a thing so massive so oppressive,  
 & at the same time so imperceptible  
 to the senses that ~~the people~~ <sup>the people</sup> has  
 crawled under it for generations & never  
 known themselves to be less than free.  
 To live on flag, ~~the secret~~ <sup>the secret</sup> about our faith,  
 To conceal our true desires, to refrain from  
 the enterprises we would gladly undertake, to  
 hold back from supporting our ~~friends~~ <sup>more fearless</sup> friends,  
 to defer to people so pinions that we despise,  
 to use the tools of tyrants which we abhor,  
 to act, speak, even think a counterfeit &  
 system. <sup>the very basic foundation of the</sup> This slavery is Ireland's slavery, —  
 from this the Republic of Ireland shall be free.



Sun. 26<sup>th</sup>

41

~~Monday Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>~~Sun. 26<sup>th</sup>

~~Last~~<sup>Sunday</sup> night was very unhappy. Miss Redburner was wretchedly weak & looked up with such suffering eyes that I could hardly keep ~~separate~~ enough to stay with her. Then I found Bridie expounding a question of protocol to her, & insisting on her arbitrating. Patsy Cogle & Noche & these had been brought in. They had not been given leave to have their cells unlocked at night. Ought they to refuse to go in to them at 10 o'clock. It was evidently a hard & very distressing problem to Miss Redburner & she took it with a seriousness & an effort to concentrate that was very painful to see. Bridie insisted on her deciding. ~~She~~ <sup>She</sup> can this deciding could not help realizing that a fight would probably mean ~~for~~ for her the loss of ~~her~~ us, as we should be locked in our cells. So we



Sun. 26<sup>th</sup>Militarism

I wonder whether this is not ~~the~~ the  
 worst force in the world, — the system which  
 brings intelligent men & women into  
 organizations which demand ~~obedience~~  
 & the negation of their own judgement  
 & obedience in all things to authority. Where  
 this organization is a Religion, as the  
 Roman Catholic Church, the results are  
 such deplorable manifestations as the  
 recent Pastors & the desertion by converted  
 Republicans of the Republican cause — they  
 & cease to speak or work for the thing  
 which they believe. When the organization  
 is military it results in such appalling  
 demoralization as we see here today, when  
 the new habit of obedience induces thousands  
 of good hearted Irishmen to ~~be instruments~~  
 become the instruments of ~~evil~~ by which

that thought was unbearable. ~~The idea of~~  
 fighting for this seemed unreasonable,  
 needlessly aggressive, even a little like taking  
 an unfair advantage of the concave.  
 "It is a concave, and a right" — Miss Mackenzie  
 said, & then ~~sinking~~ <sup>resting</sup> wearily into her pillows —  
 "Very gently — I am afraid I shall have to ask  
 you to let someone else decide. I am too  
 much concerned..." Really indignant, I  
 said surely the newcomers had consciences  
 & could decide for themselves, & went with  
 Bessie out of the room. Then followed  
 fierce little meetings at the stove, in  
 passages & in our ward; extreme wrath  
 against what seemed the arrogance of  
 Bessie, determination to put an end to  
 this unstable position. The little controversy  
 ended with an interview with Cogswell when  
 he readily agreed to the request of Bessie which  
 related the concave to the other two.



2)

the We Thing  
Com- [ ]  
mun-  
ity

Dec. 6.

Peter Wood has been forbidden to write to me  
or send me messages - she says. Peter who  
has loved me since she was three years old  
wrote for three hours without an answer last,  
sending a pack of cards. I worshipped her father  
when I was a little girl. A queer coincidence this.

It came to a head with this little crisis -  
the curious latent conflict which is  
~~manifested~~ in the Republic - the difference  
that is between ~~the~~ the political party &  
the army, between ~~the~~ the Navy & Army,  
& here between the <sup>lighter</sup> human & the element-  
& "Suffolk Street". We think them vastly  
pugilistic, too ready to be aggressive on  
a weak case: They think us "willing  
to think the military organization and serve - they think it should command  
slaves". There are two acutely opposite  
points of view as to what should be our  
attitude here. We would fight, but only  
for our rights within the prison: they  
would find pretext for fighting all  
the time. We want to study, write &  
debate & distract incessant distraction.  
Distraction is then the breath of life.  
They upset the subject - & Prisoners'  
Council - tonight behave decided that we must  
win or lose. Lily is on the war path on Friday.



A night of fear

Sun. 26 46

After all this <sup>when</sup> my right-sight came I found this poor winey ~~suffering~~ ~~exhausted~~ & suffering more than I have seen her ever before. Her hands were clutching & twisting from the quivering finger-convulsion of the <sup>fast</sup> ~~fast~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>head</sup> ~~head~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>said</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>arms</sup> ~~arms~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~had <sup>a</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>bothered</sup> ~~bothered~~ <sup>feeling</sup> ~~feeling~~ in her head. She would have nobody blamed, "they were quite right"; she would not have one sister. She let me arrange the poor thin white with can-de-cologne, & settle her pillows, & praised <sup>my</sup> strong hands & pretended to be restful then. I think she was a little easier but she did not fall asleep. It all began to seem utterly impossible: as if it must be a nightmare & not true, that this awful thing had begun. We were all we had been told so definitely by everyone that they mean to let her die; the savagery of those proceedings opened so~~



This sacrifice

Sun. 28. 47

familiar horrible policy; the power was  
 so false & powerful an enemy; Ireland  
~~so~~ so ~~so~~ enslaved & dead-hearted corrupt;—  
 all hope of her release was gone from  
 me. The longing since that used to  
 come, of a happy day when we would  
 be talking together maybe at seventy—  
 then, remembering all this, had ~~gone~~ to  
 be ~~so~~ thrust away. I foresaw days  
 & nights of more & more awful agony,  
 & we watching, helpless & helpless it—  
 I foresaw the day she would be there  
 dead — but it brought a kind of  
 numb madness to think of that.

Such horror, & such agonizing beauty  
 is in all this. Each moment of this long  
 torture she is inflicting on herself; she  
 is crucifying herself, hourly, daily for  
 the people of Ireland. And not for



Sun. 28<sup>th</sup>

48

any swift, bright, tangible salvation her  
 among. Death can give them, but  
 for the little hope of bringing a little courage  
 back to their fainting hearts. Such love,  
 such faith, such power of spirit can  
 hardly have been witnessed in the world.  
 Almost more wonderful than Science's  
 sacrifice it seems to me, because to go to  
 suffering that is unknown to you in affliction  
 is less difficult than to go to suffering of which  
 every hideous moment is known, branded  
 into the inflexible memory as is the  
 suffering of hunger struck into hers. I think  
 there is scarcely anything in the world for which  
 I could do this. And no less wonderful  
 than her power to do it is her power of doing  
 it without <sup>regret, without</sup> bitterness, without self-pity,  
 without impatience, day after day. She  
 is without a human thing so that Science



Sun 26

Copied letter of the 18th -  
to Patrick Joyce, Cuckfield,  
Bosham about the 20th.

Sun 26

49

has, without things that would give her ease.  
We are not nursing her as she should be  
nursed - we are all living ~~for~~ on our own  
nerves, irresponsible, ~~thoughtless~~ lines; hardly  
hushing ~~for~~ our voices for her sake. All  
day long there must be things that  
make her suffer a little more than she  
needs; but she does not think of that.  
She never asks us to be quiet for her sake.  
She smiles at us as we come in, & what  
she asks for she asks considerately.

Thanks in love, & trouble? if we  
for are very good, & said gently, when? ~~for~~ ~~has~~ ~~her~~ ~~this~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~thing~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~  
seen lines. We are ~~attending~~ ~~at~~ ~~7~~

assisting at the sacrifice of an heroic and  
beautiful life. ~~I want this woman for~~  
~~my friend. I want her to be in the world?~~  
I want her for Ireland ~~and~~ - & her  
one going to let her be - by right  
was for 5 to 9 am. I stayed a little late  
she was anxious for me to be there.



Monday

Nov 27.

Today she is feminine. Bribed  
Told the doctor! He says if that is so,  
this is the corner of the end.  
We have been hoping desperately, day after day,  
that he has made no do less for her than we  
should have done. Today I meant to send  
a letter ~~and~~ to the newspapers, challenging  
them about the false reports, but there is  
no way of getting it out. Her letter to  
the Cardinal & the Archbishops will go. I  
hope today. The Independent actually gives  
a true report: "She is very weak". May be  
the doctor has done this. I talked to  
Mr. Thompson & the others. I wrote to Dr. Lynn,  
through the censor, asking for a lotion, pretending  
at work for myself - I think she will understand.  
I am to be in charge every day from 11 to 10.  
This will be a relief. Women, Cecilia &  
Lili are to take afternoon duty. We all  
realize we shall be nursing a dying woman  
now. ~~but it will be~~



Mon 27.  
The Prisoners' Council

52

We summoned a full meeting at 2-30.  
Noreen in the chair. All came. Brixie in a  
more ~~the~~ reasonable frame of mind. A Council  
one than meeting has been held first at  
which Lily attended, relieved the air. ~~the~~  
Our meeting was very frank. The real issue  
was faced, all went well. No objection  
was made ~~there~~ a Council of 5 was  
was chosen: Lily Brennan, Brigit O'Mullane,  
M<sup>rs</sup> Coker  
- a very fair & satisfactory result, I thought -  
I am particularly glad Noreen is on.

I came in a little early from evening -  
went in to this Machinery. She was lying in the  
dim light, miserable, - for once, mourning. I  
knew her sister was on her mind. I had just  
seen the letter from Annie which she had sent us  
to read - an account of Thursday night, when  
the soldiers attacked her like savages. Yelling,



May 27.  
Anne Macdonald's letter

53

Fine down her screens. <sup>with bayonet</sup> Thence the girls  
 who guarded her, & even forced her at last,  
 to see the girls ~~live~~ <sup>go</sup> away. It  
 was terrible story. Demonization could  
 not go further than it has gone in those wild  
 hearts of men. And after days of hunger strikes,  
 as the doctor said in terrible sickness, her  
 sister would not be fit for all that shock.

The most dreadful thought is that a time  
 must come when the peace of mind &  
 contentment while he goes she will be  
 unsuited, as now. I think she is trying  
 to shorten it all for her sister's sake. She  
 refuses even <sup>the marriage</sup> ~~the~~ the one relief left  
 to her, she refuses now.

With a heart ~~full~~ <sup>stuffed</sup> with sorrow,  
 unable to say any encouraging thing, I  
 left the room. The people of Ireland  
 could save her & they are letting her die.



Release

Mon 27

54

It was after the gas was lighter reflected,  
when we were scattered in one another's cells.  
That the ~~murder~~ <sup>terror</sup> ~~murder~~ came. — The Governor,  
+ some men — Did know or strange doctor  
and coming up. The one continued dread  
seized us. — They were going to remove her  
to another part of the prison. — Take her  
away from us. That was what they were  
out-going to ~~do~~ <sup>allow</sup>. We were prepared to  
fight — like death rather than that. Or it-  
might be... Somebody said the word breathing-  
release. "It is release" Dave cried in the  
door. Release. Joy like that, so sudden, after  
such despair, is a thing one hardly remembers  
afterwards — it vanishes from memory as does  
violent pain. I only remember our looking  
at one another speechlessly, our sense of  
light. — light shining out of faces &  
wide open eyes. But we knew we must be



Mon. 27.

85

quiet... we crept up stairs... Sheila was  
 coming out of her room, radiant as a Seraph -  
 we stood there silent against the walls. Then  
 she came again. She went in there... came  
 back... Mother-in-law had told her she was not  
 equal to it... excitement... sent her away. We  
 lined up on the landing against the wall. We  
 were to give her a silent military salute. The  
 Sheila began weeping. Birdie & Kate were called  
 up to move the altar - & I brought Kathleen  
 O'Connell out for her too - maybe it was  
 bad for her, but she must have it - to  
 remember, this splendid hour - & put her  
 away in a chair. Sheila came down  
 & said she wanted after all, to say goodbye -  
 too happy, faint with happiness, she was. Sheila said, like a  
 dear every one says. We said we would  
 stand as we were & she said she would  
 be carried past. At last it was  
 on the landing steps. We saw them lift up











Sun. 28.

59

~~The~~ In Memory

The memory of it now has a strange quality,  
not all pain - a sweet anguish, an  
aching beauty are in it. I know at least  
what the old word 'glory' means, it  
means the great pride and wonder that  
can exist only with danger or sacrifice  
or pain. Remembering easy contentment  
says, regaled with ~~luxury~~ words of glorification,  
or some little with ancient words,  
there says when our hearts were half  
breathing with love & pity, when ~~we~~  
we saw human love & endurance at  
their highest, ~~these & living, laboring,~~  
~~aching~~ held tense & resistant, night &  
day, - there in spite of the pain,  
the says when life was most terrible.



Tues. 29

6

Afternoon

~~As a person of sense & the light & beauty~~  
~~of her~~ I have often heard that there  
 is nothing on earth so much as a  
 patient one has missed - certainly this  
 patient is missed - missed so that one  
 looks around, bewildered, at a new world -  
 find it - prison. While she was here  
 this was where we wanted her; now that  
 she is gone it is all changed. Life has  
 moved away & left us here in a waste  
 space. Poor, in a day or two, we will  
 turn to make it habitable, & become interested  
 & happy at that. But now there is  
 nothing but missing her & the need of us,  
 & her keen desire to know everything that  
 concerned us, & her courage & her long  
 words <sup>will come</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~. When shall I see her  
 again?



Nov. 29-

Tuesday, Nov. 29

Mr. Humphries is troubled - she mines  
 Mr. Nash's strength. She has been swayed  
 to for since the Bishop's pastoral. To  
 give up Holy Communion seems to her the  
 worst thing in the world & a deprivation inflicted upon  
 God. To her obedience to the Pastor, even where her  
 conscience is in conflict with theirs, would be the  
 greater virtue - (a doctrine which seems to me  
 to make a religion for slaves) - But she is so  
 deeply involved in the Republican movement now,  
 with her son & daughter, that she cannot bring  
 herself to renounce it. Instinct more pleasing to  
 her heart, I dare say, than her conscience - let  
 her think. This Nashiney she said, by her  
 grand strength made all seem clear - "She is  
 her weakness, & is giving strength to us." It is  
 true - that <sup>spiritual</sup> strength, which may be in full health a  
 little overbearing, here, shining through physical failings  
 & dependence was a miracle - working this.

Nov. 29 (Cont.): Letter from Mr. Nashiney  
 to Mr. Humphries from us all.  
 She told us the women had, on Sunday, called 9 times  
 on the walls of Mounting, praying for the release -  
 the fall of Jericho.



70

Monday 27: This MacSwiney released.

~~Thurs.~~ Very girls arrived.

Tuesd. 26: Question feeding out our food.  
Pulverized meat in 10 - Charades.

~~Wed. 27~~ Honor Murphy released.

Wed. 29: Parcels - cups & saucers - little tea  
knives & spoons - ~~the~~ clean clothes -  
bodies - civilization.

Now our prison life begins.

In hand - painted body.

That you may have a son & Bishop!

I don't care & Pandeen!



UCD Archives Copy supplied for research and private study purposes only

