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Nov.

Montgomery

by
Donalby Macanella

I thought the tide was turning in Ireland,
~~that~~ those few swift days - the that-mood
of intense pity, ~~and~~ one with intense hope &
pride. That was the mood of Ireland before
last July, seemed to have revived
again. ~~My little~~ Our work at 73 ~~was~~
then with meal or sleeping time: we
painted poppers, gathered processions, even I
spoke ^{with Mary} to whole-faced crowds ~~in the~~
~~twilight for the~~ Dark streets & being
from the ruins in D. Connell Street, - the
crowds that were changed & thickened
& fired one by soldiers, but would not
go. I rushed Apr. 15. of freedom out-
in haste, - the little paper has become
the see into which tumbles every
doubtful & fine thought, - & what peace
it is is that of ~~that~~ that those
aimless, evasive ^{unstable} ~~unstable~~ ^{unstable} have found a see -
This was my thought then about the time: -

from Frederick, No. 15.

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~~21~~

Thurs. Nov. 9th

Behind the stone river of Mount Joy
 Miss MacSwiney's ~~danger~~ suffering became an in tolerable thing
 to be doing anything for her ~~enough~~ seemed shameful -
 Thurs Day ~~inside~~ ~~there~~ ~~of~~ ~~Mount~~

I spent hours on the floor in my
 sitting room pain of posture - Miss MacSwiney
 6: Day of Things ~~Strike~~ - Mount Joy -

" 6 Women on ~~Stung~~ ~~Strike~~ in Mount Joy -

(a) 13 In the afternoon a ~~cable~~ ~~telegram~~ came
 from Mr. Shelly Sheppington - Muriel

ill: anxious about Mary & Baby. Wine
 news at once. It was poor Mr. MacSwiney
 who was ~~at~~ ~~in~~ the United States.

Maene could not go to discover where little
 Moira was. I said I would go to 23.

Suppose that I find out. There
 Lili B. Brennan, ~~kind~~ ~~kind~~

~~patient~~ ~~very~~ kind as ever. Told me
 the best plan would be to go to

Mr. Calhoun Brughe, in Rathgar -
 She would know. She gave me

Li 1. for the cable gram & I left. I

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went with a message then to the newspaper
 office. After that ~~should~~ ought to have
 taken the train called in at the printing
ten to see how Rose was getting

on with the printing of No. 16.
 Then straight to Mr. Calhoun Brughe.

But I did not do what I ought
 to have done. ~~felicitous~~ ~~drifting~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
 School as well as ~~her~~ ~~son's~~

birth day. He is not satisfied with
 the shade the brown he had bought

for him. He wanted the colour
 of the colour of my leaf I had ever met.
 He said leaf - it was in my
 bag - I went to the optician's shop

& changed it, & walked forward
 Newman St. then to get the

train to Rathgar.

So it happened that I passed
 Supple Street & found a crowd
 gathered, & looked down & saw

milit-ary ^{no for cars} & Louis Brown
 up outside 23. ^{The big raid got lost!} Was Sir may be -
 those "Captured Documents" would be
 published, - more Republican secrets
 in the enemies hands, - ~~the~~ the women
 who worked there might be taken to
 jail... I saw B. standing silent
 in the crowd. Could one do anything
 to help? I asked him, "by going in?" - "I'll
 go!" a girl standing by said. I
 emptied my pockets into my hand-
 bag & gave it to her to hold. - There
 are documents they will want - taken,
 answered B. The soldiers let
 one pass in & upstairs into
 Lili Bonnaman's room. She &
 Miss Bonnichan were sitting by
 the fire. Mr Cogley was in another
 room & Mrs Gallagher & two girls.

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 The raiders were turning out all drawers,
 reading everything. There were ^{still} no papers
 except in a drawer of the table,
 and far from the fire. I sat
 by the table writing: Lili
 sat between me & the fire: but
 a sentry stood watching me all the
 time. I had finished a long birthday
 letter to Donald & still had no
 chance. It was impossible. We
 were all under arrest. "No one is
 allowed out!" Mr Cogley thought she
 might persuade him of her
 innocence & ~~be~~ he allowed to go.
 The spies had promised she
 should be released. I also de-
 manded to be allowed to go: ~~saying~~
 he asked my name & address:
 I gave the Dunsell address. He

Means the Macar and Le's & said he jumped
19 game ~~with~~ ^{devaney} any warm scarf. She had no
to let me go. And the Spicer said ^{cost.}
we should all be taken to Port Belles
first, & he said to go take us there.

We were put into comfortable motor cars at the doors & driven away through the familiar lamp-lit streets of New York. The world was bright and cheerful. The streets were as quiet as the

that we were captives, ~~help~~ power-
less to escape, being taken to in-

Prisonment that must last, ~~until~~
~~the Republic~~ at best, until the
Republic is winning -- months or
years, maybe. I thought I

years, maybe. I thought I
would open the door & try to
step out — in panic, — the
second car was behind.

So we came to Portbello, &
sat in a circle in the parlor-room.

There, the light of a curious lamp,
like a light house, on our faces,
while sudden, rough-looking soldiers
came in & out. The authorities
were looking up our records, we
supposed. A voice began shouting
insults from the window bars: we
complained to an officer. The man
went away. Our spirits were
high. Peter told even, & — the
ruling passion strong in captivity, — I
related to the others the true story
of the English ~~Prisoners~~ gunners
who had to manage the guns
for the Free State army at the
Four Courts. It would be news, I
thought, to the young soldiers behind
the camp.

NOT- a work description was

given to any of us. Then or after-
wards. We were packed into the
motor cars again & driven to
our Stephen Green & brother St.

Some thought we were being
taken back to Suffolk Street; others
knew it was Mountjoy. I longed
intensely to see one face of a
friend - to let them know I had
not been true to me. I had
the letter I had written, & would
addressed, in my hand, &
would have thrown it to the post
to any friend I might see. I
was alone, quite alone. I told the
Misses, that Anne & her brave
thing of Republican women
would be either in O'Connell St.
or outside Mountjoy. It was

just about the hour when they
always met. I would see her &
call out to her I felt - ~~the~~
sure. There would be a ~~hand~~
trunk to take the letter - even -
not possibly, a rescue - we might
slip out into the crowd & be
hidden & get away.

But she was not in O'Connell

Street - There was no sign of
her. ~~She had been by the door but was not~~
a friend; no sign of one Republican
woman outside Mountjoy.

Those families & others outside
which I had stood so often in
suspense & anguish for those
within, opened before us &
closed behind. We were
Republican Prisoners of War.

Recluse
in the
parsonage
again

Montjoy had been the centre of all
 our thoughts as two years ago, ~~but~~
 was Brinsford fast. Now the one scene
 was to see this Redwinger - to know
 for ourselves how she was. After
 an interview with the Governor in
 the office, where we told our names
 or some other name, though not invited to go, while the Governor
 and names our names - ~~but~~ an old
 fellow - worker & friend of his, was not
 asked even that, - we were let.
 Down long, dark corridors across a
 yard, & down into the hands of
 a Major & Wardens, perfunctorily
 searched, & ~~shut~~ ^{shoveled} into a long, bare
 cell. This was the hospital:-
 we seven were the kept - here.
 Then began, among the
 Wardens, a quest for bedding &
 supper, & for us, gathered out-

on the landing, the questioning & probed-
 lay heavily on my heart. The
 women here were on hunger-strike.
 must we, in loyalty, hunger-strike
 too?

I had ~~discussed~~ ^{discussed} asked but
 hunger-strike all the morning.
 Gentle horror of it as blasphemous
 against the body ~~had~~ ^{had} increased the
 horror of it which ~~there~~ ^{the} ~~plastic~~ ^{plastic}
 history of Brinsford had given me.
 I had been able, for weeks, to con-
 template in prisonment serenely &
 had not felt it worth while to fine
 up at a little work & sleep of
 Roebuck & avoid arrest; but for
 these few days, ~~sure~~ ^{sure} that hunger
 strike, I ~~had~~ ^{had} felt afraid; - afraid
 that the arrested men would anchor

necessary to do this terrible thing. Probably
if we did it, they would let us do —
Mull had heard a description
of the pain — I was afraid still he was afraid.
Lili was the first. I knew,
when I knew he believed, that
she was bound to. A little,
to light; fairy-like being she is,
worn to a ghost of a fairy ~~with~~
by her burning faith and intense
work; a gentle, eager-hearted,
loving woman. She would not urge
it on any other, but she would do
it herself. It would be a long for
her: she was all —

One or two were stubbornly against
it — the rest waited for a lead.
There were a dozen reasons against
it, — it was too late, — one day

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too late, — it would be useless now, —
we were none of us very strong.
And I knew, knew clearly
without question that ~~the~~ I had
no reason but fear of death &
agony for and ~~so~~ this thing. I
knew it would be a service to
the Republic, — it was a ~~key~~ that
I could do. I had written &
spoken of the ultimate sacrifice:
was all that ruined, — was it
only the sacrifice of others that I
was ready? I grew utterly
ashamed. And still I was afraid.
All my imagination knew of the
long tale of Briction with rich life.
I think I prayed — to Tenen Nechney —
not to go. Then the pain, ~~which~~
~~but~~ thought of the Republic grew

strong - strong enough to make ~~even~~ it
~~the~~ possible. I said I would
 hunger - strike too.

~~Little~~ Fannie - a pretty, apple.
 cheeks, dark haired very ^{fine}
 said she would do it too. I
 told her she was scarcely more
 than a child, but ~~not~~ would
 dissuade her: she was brave.
 Two who were very delicate, ~~and~~
 should have been exempt. I
 wanted three to do it ~~and~~ the
 rest: others said it should be
 more or all. The thought of
 covering any girl to that ~~death~~
 risk & suffering was horrible.
 Cecilia said then that we should
 not decide until the morning:
~~she~~ we should take supper

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to night. The bread butter were
 brought in, & ~~the~~ they all took a
 little supper. For me, the
 hunger strike had begun, ~~and I tried to~~
~~but~~ could not eat a ~~crumb~~ ^{bit}. I
^{my throat felt contracted very} ~~seven~~ ^{times} were brought in &
 placed side by side: the boys all
 just had room for them: candles
 were lit. ^{one was broken} we took off our
 dresses & let down our hair. There
 was much high-spirited gossip
~~the whole of the night~~ talk. I had hardly courage for
 it. The thought of what was coming
 frightened me. I lay in bed -
 a bed that was a punishment -
 snugly & after while I slept. I
 dreamed all night - that I was out-
 driving among trees, - but prison was
 before me; ^{in the dream} the hunger strike, & maybe
 death.

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Delighted in her from the first, -
 her frank blue eyes & curls of
 beautiful hair, ~~deep, happy voice~~
 & friendly, ^{tranquil & gentle} sincere manner. Bridget
 O'Mullane & Marie McKee had been
 brought in after us - we had one gay
 glimpse of them - the passages last night -
 & were quite a happy set home.

I have not made up my mind about
 Bridget O'Mullane. I remember her during
 the ^{in those memorable days} Bombardment when I was working
 with Mr. Childers & we wanted recruits.
 He told me with a considering look that
 she had volunteered to help but - he
 said, helpfully - only because she
 supported the work that had become
 dangerous now. This attitude
 startled us. She has certainly
 what they call Terence MacSwiney's

comrades used to call a "Die-for-
 Ireland Face" - transparent, colourless,
 with thin, keen features, dark eyes,
 a high smooth forehead &
 brushed back from it, a ~~glossy~~
 thick, short, ^{dark} ~~glossy~~ mane of
 glossy dark hair. Her move-
 ments are light & decisive, -
 boldly indeed; she is a characteristic
 type - one of the first in many
 aspects, - of the young Ireland group
 times. Marie McKee - Dick McKee's
 Sister - is of another type - ^{small, dark} "quiet",
 sympathetic, gentle & shy, with
 a health-taking amount of adventurous
 secret service to her credit. Known
 only to a few.

We talked to John Murphy. First
 through the peep-hole of the cell, then

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Fri. 10

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Sat- 11

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 Mr. Humphries, wife & motherly and
 gentle to us from the first, summoned
 us ^{up stairs} to the ^{upper} ~~room~~ ^{outside} ~~cell~~ ^{cell}. After it we went in
 one by one. She was lying on her
 side, among white blankets & pillows;
 looked up smiling & spoke in a
 voice less faint than I had feared.

I felt almost sure, then, that it
 would not be so long.

Prison dinner - a plate of rice which
 I wanted of spoons & for cheer
 amusement, some lapped up with
 their fingers, & his only the, -
 very weak, with thick bread &
 butter, made a hungry day.
 At bed-time we demanded &
 were given milk. I wrote to David,
 & ~~my~~ my ~~friend~~ friend, how bright

hearted & unaged - I was, made laughter with
 fairy & stories & Irish dances. But
 outside continually there were raucous
 shouts from sentries & sharp challenges,
 & just outside the window, stalling
 shots. To these sounds we ~~left~~
~~asleep~~ went - & then again, half
 awakened, & sleep drove our
 faint prison day.

Saturday Nov. 11th.

"The priest will be here at 9.30 to hear (in French)
 the women who awakened us said. Then began ^{discussion} grave
 & furious - What was the case? Absolution could
 be refused we knew, except on the unthinkable
 condition of promising to appeal the Bishop's pastoral
 & do nothing to oppose the provincial government.
 I had an inspired desire to engage the
 priest in a political discussion - & ask him

Oct. 11

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four or five questions which I felt quite sure
 would be unanswerable - but ~~even a leading~~ could not
 use the Confessional for a prank. However
 the others were hungry & to Communion
 & went to the Chapel. They came back
 crestfallen & bitter. Ceat's had gone in
 jail. The priest had heard her confession &
 then - "Now my child I have to ask you
 certain questions - on account of her being here.
 Outside she must not have been asked. She
 protested, kindly answered - not to his satisfaction -
 & ~~she~~ he would not absolve her." - The bar
 Weller of Mountjoy keeps you from abolition"
 as he said. To a heretic this keeping
 of the keys seems strange.

(6.1) As ^{the} ~~we~~ walked about our high-walled recreation
 ground & the ^{high} ~~land~~ ^{land} of the prison ~~came~~
 came towards us; that uniform, Pean's

deserted uniform, is more repellent - here
~~than~~ than ever blacki could have been.
 We turned away. But I heard my name
 called & crossed to him. He stilled, startled?
 looked after, certain it meant release.

"No he said, - at a Mr. P. Kelly I want."
 She was in the chapel. He waited for
 her. We did not see her again - she was
 released, but for fear, I suppose, of
 her taking out oranges, was not allowed
 to come near us. I thought - I had done
 so little, so miserably little for the Republic -
 that my turn would come very soon - a
 half ignominious release.

I wanted the sailing - the journalistic
 habit was on me, it was almost a
 physical deprivation now to have no
 channel for the outflow of your thought.
 I hoped 'freedom' was being earned or -
 we had prepared, fortunately, for the abolition and.

We were ~~beating~~ asking for a sign from
the other world. How had our friends heard
of you and? Who would write? When would
be we be sent - nightgowns, brushes - combs?
I knew how possible that ~~for~~ for ~~Says~~ Says no
one had heard of you until Friday when
I should have lectured in College. Had
my pupils guessed? The dear & faithful
would be ~~beaten~~ shocked, agitated - would
they be a little inquisitive. I wondered?
Would it, even a very little, make them
think about the Republic? If it did it
might be almost worth while - They are
wondering for Ireland, - those sweet-
spirited, intellectual, ~~and~~ and ~~girls~~ girls. I
was forbidden by my promise to
College to win ~~the~~ them through my
teaching or discussion. It would be good
to win them, even a little way, through this.

The letters came. one for me from Hilie
Dillon, ~~so~~ heart-felt & loving & sorry ~~that~~
& a good letter to get. My Effie's came
resolute, she says. Poor Helga. she
will really care... She has been
afraid to think about the Republic because
of her protestant mother... will she
gain courage to think about it now?

It was child-hood again. The hour in
the recreation ground, running & crying out
I play as ~~the~~ in our life. We who
had fancied the ~~whole Republic~~ life of the
Republic hung on our wit & labour, utterly
irresponsible now — helpless. Though it
should perish. The child-hood too, the
scene in the cell when we found great
white parcels lying on our beds — linen,
sponges, pencils, linen gathered together

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crushed up to the gate by our friends. There was no pretence of restraining our excitement & delight.

The assay again a brief glimpse of the machinery. Then it was five o'clock.

At five o'clock the comical little Deputy Governor required we should be locked into our cells. This, it appeared, was not political treatment. Brigadier O'Mullane, a Commandant of Curragh, was taken to the last house in our head, determined that we must protest. The cell door must be open until 9 o'clock.

Prisoners could take only one form. We would refuse to leave the language. Pardon would send for soldiers. There was no paper facility to our cells. This had already been done to him once. To some of the young & warlike spirits

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The thought seemed inhibiting. To any ~~the~~ adventurous spirit it was repellent in the extreme. Pardon arrived before the question had been settled. Lili O'Brien who had directly by ^{that} consent which so swiftly in little communities recognizes character, been appointed our spokeswoman. She & Brigit went forward to interview the Plucking little man.

He had to await an answer from Potabell: it should come in a few days. Some wanted to refuse to relieve. Others thought it would be more reasonable to wait. I suggested an ultimatum: an answer by Monday or we would be free. This was put to the vote. Patience carried the day the majority were relieved. "Suffolk Shield" covered, I felt some, with the contempt of the warrior sect.

Sigle. "You should think of consequences." UCD Archives Copy supplied for research and private study purposes only

We were all propagandists in cell as
our medium. Thought word.

The four above, ~~see~~ Sigle, Bongi,
& Rita Dwyer were women of great
one almost the heroism of a famous
fight, ~~but~~ champions of human-
ity. How would it be a
difference of attitude... a little scorn....

But ~~to~~ the ~~the~~ challenging, reckless
spirit & boyish beauty of three girls
is very lovable, however they frown on us.

Someone had actually got a newspaper
opened at a displayed heading
shocked us into speechless dismay -
Larkin's Children has been wrested?

To our hopes of saving the Republic
it is the worst blow except one that could
be given. To Lili Brennan it is the

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worst personal blow. Larkin's Children is the
most brilliant one of the most ardent
& faithful champions ~~we have left~~ Ireland
has. & the love that those who know
him have for him is greater even than
the hatred the enemies of Ireland have for him.

To me, the little time I worked with him is
the brightest, grandest memory I have: his
unshamed dependence, his uncle-like
fondness, his quick, ardent, wonderful praise,
like a poet, of all ~~the~~ the light-hearted
helpers who went & came - & under it
all the brilliant power & utter fearlessness
& fine nobility of the man... the proud
the Republic is the glad of him. He
has been created - taken alive because
a Sainy paid him & the attackers
were able to take his gun. God save
him for Ireland! - his pen is very great.

my companions, Lili especially, are
old campaigners. I know how to live
through such times as these. There was
very little said about the news, though
Lili ~~was~~ was his secretary & he is
her leader there & most precious
friend. She & Noreen & Davy ~~and~~ ^{and}
sat round one of the little tables with
a candle, playing cards. Lili's
face in the candle-light had a
strange, pensive sweetness; it glowed
radiantly on Noreen's golden hair: ~~she~~
as they are rare, fine, & charming
people, these prisoners of war. ⊕

Before bed-time Noreen began singing,
an old, romantic Spanish song. I like her
singing better here, even than on the
public stage. The folk song quality, -
the touch of improvisation, the clear

value of the words ~~and~~ ^{give} its subtleties
which are not lost in a prison cell. We
are thanking ~~as~~ our stars, unkindly,
that she was captured ~~not~~ released.

⊕ Davy, who has the pale ^{grey} face & sleek
head of a ~~Monk~~ ^{Monk}, is ~~discussing~~ ^{losing} a
snoll, delicious bit... pecks of laughter
rang out in answer to her imbecilities.
- "That you may have a son a Bishop", &
her retort - "I soil cane a Pandeen!"

I sat in the furthest corner with another
candle-shrimp, trying to decipher her words
to the "Shan Ban Bocht", which when
written were hailed with delight, but
were ~~seemingly~~ ^{seemingly} criticized as being too serious.
- "Then I'll write the 'Traitors to' was objected to -
it was too harsh... too harsh for our garters, Rayle!"

Sun 12

pleasantest things of life. & the only danger
was forgetting the value of them: prison
would ~~not~~ wake one to the pleasure of
life again - and it all fresh -
- which we are woken to.

Lily too, was unwell. Mary & the Doctor
came. Poor man - he is afraid to be human, -
afraid the concerned kind as a Doctor telling
his patient. ~~And naturally he~~ he forces
himself to keep an air of indifference as
who should say "remember, although ~~we~~ do ~~say~~ on
only to you your ailments are nothing
to us." ~~That a base & craven slavery~~
~~of the soul~~. He is afraid of his own self, -
afraid for his position... afraid to be his
mastered & his self. ~~which a side, craven~~
slavery of the soul.

Our food is carried in two by convict women,
"locks". They are humanely ~~the~~ called. One
poor old soul is ~~broken~~ ^{a shambly body} - a distorted, re-
pellant visage, continually twisting with
repressed tears... ~~she told~~ ^{she told} ~~None~~, who
wins everyone's confidence by her sweet,
serene interest & gentle manner. ~~heard~~
her story - she had been sentenced
for receiving stolen property. ~~she had not~~
known it was stolen, she said... she had
seven more months to serve... "Pray
for me that I'll be with my children
in time", she said, weeping again &
again... The thought of years in prison
seemed to terrify her. Agnes is very different: -
a younger woman, spirited ^{spirited} ~~spirited~~ for all the
chances & mischances of life, not afraid
to give us ^{shy} friendly glances & run in two
with stolen sugar or eggs. Her tale - they

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and all, if you credit their versions, amusingly in arrest, is that she is sentenced for owing £5. for board lodging. Righteous indignation arose in one: that. "Outrageous!" I said. "It's more scandalous to imprison people for poverty than to imprison them for being Republicans." This sentiment appealed to her. It seems... she nibbled in some at- fection with another stolen egg. I would have no samples short-cutting as recently of stolen property here — the property of the people who have stolen days & nights of my life — but unhappily the eggs are stale. A warden told us afterwards that this Agnes is a real adventurer. Her plan of life is to take first-class lodgings, get credit, as a university student, instead of paying her rent. Oh a Yarn in gold! There is some thing that

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Sun. 12th

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one begins to sympathize with in such feelings — such feelings with a world that puts honest folk in prison for telling the truth. She is more pleasing to her maker, I feel sure, in her fearlessness than than the prison Doctor or Comptroller & Keeper.

the lower panes muffled
 And three windows, high & barred, can be looked out of, by standing on the head-rails of the beds. There is an element of risk in this: men prisoners have been shot for doing no less. Intense excitement was caused this morning when somebody, peering out through ~~one~~ ^{one} the muffled glass, whispered ecstatically that he could see the ^{out in the company} men... the men of the four courts who have been shut away for

Ray O'Connor is there - the quiet, daring man who achieved such wonderful rescues & engineering feats. Liam Mellows - the fair, young, thoughtful man whose brain is full of beautiful, workable schemes - next to be released & children. perhaps the ablest man Ireland has - or second... the dear young Dr. Sean MacBride who months... she recognized Stanley must be W. W. W.

Bliss! Frank Gallagher was there, Cecilia one of the ~~prisoners~~ most valiant and unflinchingly gay & silent fighters of the Republic - "a man of gold" Arthur Childers called him, they are splendid friends. Cecilia she had been married just a month or two before the bombardment - & had ~~been~~ before the first bombardment of this romance was over her heart had

gone. She climbed on her bed-vault & clung to the window sash, ~~peering~~ looking through the clear glass, watching the sentries & their guns. She cried out & raised her hands & came down. Frank was there. He had seen her... it must have been the first he knew of her imprisonment... & turned white & raised his hand & found quickly in...

Nov. 13. 1916. Robert Barlow, T.O.

We have to be thankful that these men, the hoped for Republic are safe in jail. across the compound. We heard the men singing before bed-time: evidently a Sunday night concert. When they stopped we stood up & sang, and very then, women leading with their rich, glorious voice: we sang "The Soldier's Song"

Monday 13:

The papers report a terrible speech - a bold & stirring speech of Churchill & a great speech of Childers. We are beginning now to and regulate the community of seven support orders. This is my day for cleaning the cell. ~~It has~~ ~~girls have been brought in~~ ~~Walter D. C. C.~~

An urgent discussion was held with the others about the action to be taken with regard to being locked in at 5 o'clock today. Two spokes-women, Brigit & Lili: if he opened to negotiation they were to make their decision. If he ~~permitted~~ refused, our protest was to be made. We watched him

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articulating in his funny, bulky
 way, bringing his arm down with
 a lurch of his whole plump body
 + wag of his head, & our spokes-
 woman came back to report. He had
 given his word of honour. That if
 we went back to our cells we would not
 regret it. He had a message from
 Gottlieb. He consented to retire & they
 went back with our answer & then Lili
 came to us with the result. All rooms
 would be open from breakfast-
 time until 9 pm. & continued access to the
 recreation ground would be arranged. I
 was thankful it had ended without
 a tinkle with the Jew-Hell soldiers.
 Some ~~was~~ of the others - the three girls
 upstairs fell. I think that it was a
 little shameful to have exerted a fight.

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Nov.
 This Wednesday night when I went in, troubled about my faint
 yesterday. She had not recognized me on Friday, she
 said but she remembered now sitting by my fire in '73.
 She is full of concern about us - our rights, our food, it makes
 her painful in Suffolk Street - we were not in a
 night-and-mood; we had heart for
 nothing, care for nothing but
 this McSwiney, whose weakness was
 becoming more & more - & the news-
 papers were still saying "no change
 in reports in her condition" no
 sign came from the work. Not any
 one cared. Lili said we must
 send out a report to our own D.P. &
 she set to work, amid respectful
 silence, & drew up appeals. All
 the anxiety and shame & pity that
 had been consuming me, went into
 mine, & that when I had finished
 it I was tired. They all said it was
 wanted it until they heard Lili's which
 was stronger & simpler - ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~then~~ ^{then}
 they said make one long to something.

[47]

mine made them want to cry - I agreed
but - the people upstairs look both -
they could not decide.

To my dismay afterwards, they
came & told me they had shown the
letters to this MacSwiney - it appalled
me to think she had read all that
I had written. & I did not dare to go near
her all day.

Das has written suggesting that my flat sh^d. be in
up - ~~nothing~~ it has upset me too much - we should not
be so desperately attached to places - it is weak, but not
I have any roomy place to go to... it is an utterly desolating thought
Tuesday 14th This MacSwiney's message is

that she wanted my letter sent with certain
passages from Lili's in series. With labour
& imitation I accomplished this distracting
task & the letter was sent out, under-
ground. We had little hope that our
Director of Publicity would manage to get it
into the public press.

I wrote Das but - did it
send the letter - it was too
late.

Nov.

Nov 14th [48]

Reaction is becoming unbearable... that this
suffering should go on. How often &
why be done... Day & night we ask
one another - is there nothing that we
can do?... Fantastical schemes are proposed
& turned over & their utter impotence
shown. I know what the old phrase
means now, the eating one's heart.

A paper came - Monday's -
Lili's children in being tried... a trial - by
his ^{most famous} enemies in a secret court. We are
horribly afraid.

There was a little statement in
the paper by Cosgrave about this MacSwiney -
it hurt her, they said. it maddened
me. I wrote an answer to it which was
sent out to the D.P. I sent Lili, too,
a little poem, 'The Pilgrim', for Freedom -
Lili ~~show~~ brought a copy to this MacSwiney
& she wanted to keep it.

[49] The Pilgrim

Inheritant, You and the Dark unknown
Her soul travels alone,
Made swift by pity, on impetuous faith;

And come, the holy dead,
Who gave their world for Ireland, lean above
That agony, and shed
Their splendour upon her spirit,
Because her love

Is like to theirs.

But time, in whose name
She dies, by whose sons she is
flung to death,
Bore down her heart,
Broken with bitter shame.

Nov.
Wed: 15th

A new recreation ground has been prepared
for us - a circular grass plot - with three
narrow circular stone paths - so narrow
that if two walk side by side one
keeps slipping down. Here we walk
round & round & round in a cage?
monotony: it is a hateful place.
Just over the wall is the canal. Our
continual question is: Are there sentries
outside? There is a little hollow turret
in the wall; but a sentry is always
there...

I walked round & round with Mr
Humphries, trying to analyse the
curious scruples which we all know
we share about the ethics of
prison life. Why is it that we
do not send out for every comfort
we can derive & make life as

[51]

Wed. 15.

possible as may be here? We go out for food & clothing, but ~~also~~ out for merely luxurious things. Within Phelps Temple is religious - this is an opportunity for mortifying the flesh which we should thankfully accept. I have no ~~but~~ belief at all in self-denial as a virtue for its own sake. I think any temple must be political - it would make things easier for our masters & make them easier for ourselves - it seems illogical, but the instinct is strong.

Still, a certain amount of civilization I will make.

Read that Mr. Westwiny has been ordered in Washington for demonstrating for Mary Westwiny's release.

① Next page over. Top.

Nov.

Wed. 15.

[52]

Our precious Women was orderly for the day. & when we came in to dinner we found a table set - that made us all laugh ~~in good good~~ forget every trouble in pure laughter. - ~~the~~ apples on a polished tin lid; serviettes of pleated new paper; illustrated menu cards describing the prison dinner in decorative French. It was as jolly a festival as I have ever enjoyed.

"A clergyman wishes to see Mr. Jackson," a waiter announced & followed by excited & mortified benediction I went to the surgery where a tall person introduced himself to me as Mr. Green. I thought he had come in hopes of winning my soul, so hesitated to assume that I was chained to

Others always heard that prisoners are given
to help one another - & although we saw one good friend
now I see how that would come. Never, from day to day
in the morning until 10 o'clock at night as these soldiers, at
one hates people for killing, feels their voices also.

(53) meet him, although just a member of
his Church. He had been sent
by my pupil Peggy who is his
niece. The innocent child had
entrusted him with confidential notes
for me & he had left them all
with the censor! I hope they will
She will. Talk to him as he deserves.

We discussed the political situation
with much politeness. He explained
that there was no way of getting
one out - & I could promise to
remain neutral, he supposed? I
explained that it was not
possible to be free & refrain from
working for the Republic. He looked
at me in sad bewilderment & said
goodbye. He will think of me as a
"fanatic" or "idealist", I suppose, - unhappy man!

Nov. 15 (W) 15th 1915
The hope of another day, making twenty days
frayed & yellowed, some making twenty days
longer for the sake of silence & the great made
these for a few more days. Cecilia has to feel!

Honor has become a problem, discussed
among us with grave faces on hushed
tones. She has told us that she
will not work for the Republic any
more. Cecilia says that she
has been dubious all the time &
Frank tried to solve her doubts. Cecilia
tries very hard, discussing patiently
with her the whole story of this war.

My thought was that Honor had
turned Pacifist - she hated killing
she said. Nothing would be easier to
understand. But it was not that.
Now was before the time she still thought
by approval. The Bishop's pastoral has
shaken her - their assumption that
killing by Republicans is murder while
murder by the others is "authorized"
legitimate war.

[55]

She refused to sign our statement about this MacDermey because she thinks her justly - prisoned, wrong & hunger-strike. Yet this astonishing girl entered these same hunger-strike in support of her. We are all deeply troubled. We like Honor & have admired her courage & devotion: it is miserable to see her losing her faith. This MacDermey is not about it too.

The evening paper came & our statement was in it at full length. It could not but help we were sure, & the joy of this made it seem a kind act of Providence that had sent us here. I for one was altogether glad.

Wed. 15

[56]

To have succeeded even in this little thing gave ~~us~~ us an action of hope. Noreen suggested we should sing for this MacDermey, & chose hymns & traditional Irish songs. & marshalled us on the stairs. Noreen herself sang angelically - the music seemed to fill the prison & melt away the walls. ~~at large she sang, which it felt as if it were~~ in the universe but that wild, old, sorrowful Irish music, & the slow sacrifice going on in that little cell - the talent of a ~~very~~ million martyrs.

We heard shots outside this morning & came to laughter. Davy climbed up the window & came down with a white face: The soldiers had shot a cat & it was in agonies on the grass.

The page of the Angelus was a charity that I forgot to get for the night. I was so tired that I forgot to get for the night. I was so tired that I forgot to get for the night.

[57]

Thurs 16th

Night was hideous with the soldiers shouting & a shooting in the yard. Agnes came in & at break fast time & this period to me that one of the men convicted had been shot. His eye was gone. He had looked out of the window of his cell.

From the cells below a horrible banging & beating on an iron door has gone on - this morning we do not hear it - any more. The prisoner has gone out of her mind: she has been taken to the Asylum today. She is 19 years old.

At breakfast time Kate Fenelly came back, all in black & apparently a group was coming her, freely for news. - "Freedom" is going still, she

[58]

Thurs 16th

Holt one. Somebody has done well! There has been a raid on 73... she does not know how much damage was done. ~~She is going to keep a very flat for one...~~ I suppose my files of Poblacht & Freedom are gone again...

She pulled the last - and some of Poblacht - out of her pocket... it was like water to thirsty men... our first chance of Republican news. But the news was humble. Jo Clarke who - "shopped" - Freedom for us & Poblacht - has been taken & tortured in Wellington Barracks & made him give up the editor's & printers' names. The account of his torture is hideous - sickening to read.

Patrick Childers is in Porto Bello... his manner is renowned... it is a fighting thought - that gentle, childlike man.

Very little snow.
This morning is wearing her strength
away now with anxiety for Postine Chibers.

It has made her sleepless + restless
 She ~~can~~ asked me if I didn't come in yesterday & thank me for
 She grows very weak. She has very little
 still, her which back has a two plants a little
 over her shoulders, her face curiously
 young-looking when she smiles. She
 smiles always when one goes in
 No we can stop her writing - the shame to -
 (over)

of all that is happening unless her
unstable peace with - she has
written a letter to the French soldiers
today. The great need is of the G.
that - I am afraid she cannot live,
unless they release her, to see whether
any redemption will come then.

~~Ans~~ (c) (net pay)

No letter had come from
~~Maer~~ Maer. I must - I was unhappy
 about them. Outside Mrs. Maudsley's door
 after the rosey. I slipped into
 my hand a thin, closely folded close
 written note. It was from Maer - it
 had come ~~as~~ underground - I was
 thrilled when I saw what it was,
 like Remarque, crunched with
 it to the passage light. - ~~done~~

Thurs. 16

[62]

[61]

Thurs. 16

After many futile efforts to put
 on mind but we succeeded in
 holding a debate tonight.

It was planned partly for the
 benefit of poor Honor Murphy - in
 the hope of clearing for her her
 confused and wavering thoughts.

The subject was - "That the P. G.,
 being the legitimate Govt. of the Country,
 armed opposition to it is justly punish-
 able by imprisonment".

Centric, against the convictions, made
 out a case rather cleverly for the P. G. However,
 in spite of her support of them made so poor
 a case that we could see than one understand
 her change. Like all of her against the
 motion - which briefly very well - I at such
 length, giving the history of events since Dec. last,
 that the chairman cut me short. Of course
 the negative won.

There has been a appalling raid on
 the house. The house shut up -
 they made a bonfire in the road
 of all your papers & manuscripts -
 plays, even College lectures -
 Your papers were picking up fragments
 of a lecture on Handel - the
 sheet for sonnets - They painted
 skulls & cross bones on your sitting-
 room walls with green paint.

Plays... & my book - everything
 burnt... I had published nothing -
 all my work... It was a shocking
 thing to hear... it was well I had
 no one of my own there - I would
 have cried out... & cried. It is
 true I know that courage creates
 courage - I cling to the vivid memory
 of M^r Schell when she stood bravely

[63]

Watching the adverting of Cullinstown House.
 It made this not so overwhelming. And
 I remembered that allegiance to the
 Republic has cost me nothing - nothing
 yet all. This was my baptism, per-
 haps. I had to learn to be an Irish
 Republican. What sort of a loss is this,
 compared to the loss of a brother... I
 felt ashamed & then it became a
 little enough thing. I was quite recovered
 by the time I went into Miss Tharburn's &
 gave her Spencer's message & told her quite
 heartily about the raid. But she
 is too wise & too understanding to be
 deceived - Shame, shame! She said
 vehemently. Shame, shame, your
 manuscripts! Shame! ... Humiliate -
 Oh my things, I would it mind...
 Paddy Her & I were about it & needed my own:

Thurs 16.

[64]

"It is not a thing to be very sad about."
 I said, & convinced myself... It
 has hardly troubled me since, except
 in little moments my Rhythmic books...

I said. While the Rhythmic book again -
 it was studying & lecturing on English
 poetry that made it possible. Light-
 years ^{test} ^{and theory} I have been choosing quotations
 for it; & when I finished the Swift-
 fit in June I destroyed every scrap
 of my rough work. I must put it
 out of my head.

All the time that I have been
 here no one has sent me pen
 or paper or ink. The hunger to
 be writing is on me, there boy, slow
 days & I have to write this in pencil on

[65]

little miserable borrowed scraps. I have written & re-written begging for my writing case & supplies of manuscript paper. I shall be better able for prison when that comes. It is strange that she has not sent it yet - it will surely come tomorrow. Then I need not be idle any more. A dispatch box came today full of luxuries & toilet things chosen by Maelt. Cream & expensive powder can be bought & perfumed soap. It made me feel a woman & not a mere prisoner or a great delight.

But what I am starving for now is paper & ink... I could write the little play again for memory - escape - if it came in time.

Sun. 17th

[66]

July 17th

The young Irishmen upstairs decided to ~~go~~ make leaflets & give them to the guards. This has been tried once & discovered & the ~~fact~~ Paudens ~~the~~ arrangement is that if it is done again all parcels ~~letter~~ ^{from} will be stopped. ~~But~~ letter stopped - what a wilderness of anguish this would be. Parcels stopped would mean hunger - that could be endured - but no writing paper - no occupation - ~~there~~ no chance of keeping this journal up out with anything ~~guard~~ ^{nothing learned} or writing the play... The others are gallantly indifferent about this. I am ashamed to oppose their plan, though I know it is useless. ~~But~~ it does not seem to me worth while.

Will I ever be fit to be a Irish Republican at all?

[67]

Prisoners' Families

I think there are all types of friends & relatives attached to us here. The first crop of letters were mostly from shocked & shocked relations & were labeled, obviously for the benefit of the censor with remarks ~~about~~ expressions of ~~great~~ confidence in the government - which has put us in jail - a little trying to read - & careful disavowal from our crimes. Poor Mary was reduced to tears & dreadful misery by a letter mentioning that she did not sign the form & come out - her mother's death would be on her - a vilely mean & cruel form of coercion. I would not encourage poor Mary even to apply for parole.

Fr. 17

[68]

Knowing that one among people with no little comprehension of honour she would be tormented with persuasions to break it. And Mary & I would make no excuses for herself about ones - she is as the clean, simple truthfulness & which was the fundamental cause of the anti-treaty position. Lili has good Republican friends who have known prison themselves & are clever about the little things which have so much more value than the big - they send her parcels containing what she has been wanting & write her letters which neither be little nor magnify her own fortune, & show entire sympathy with her own aspirations & indignations & fears.

[69]

I too have good friends but - not
of the type most helpful to prisoners
of war. My Republican friends are
few & they are so responsible &
anxious about vital things
that it is only odd, lucky thoughts
they can spare for me. Dad
is an solicitous & generous, &
but has no imagination for my
needs, & has a perverse pleasure
in writing to tell me that Republicans
are deserting the cause - he wrote
one one he about looking children
for which I held him with a
volcanic hatred for twenty four hours.

Mother is much more understanding,
but annoys me with suggestions
that all I want for Ireland is peace -
she who knows nothing & cares

72. 17.

[70]

nothing for the Republic; know nothing
of what peace would mean -
desires only the comfort of all
that I would be in prison for
life & save. How childish it is
to let the saying of people so
utterly ignorant - shake one's peace
of mind! But for all that -
she writes kind sympathetic letters,
& this is rather wonderful of her -
she sends me delightful presents
of the right things.

Jack has not written at all - it
is impossible not to feel there is an
end of all friendships with people
who do not write - for it can only
mean that they are frightened by
anti-republican, or in different - true,
or afraid. With Jack I suppose it
is a little of all. He is a fine man

[71]

man & I long for him to be happy.
but how can we be friends?

Marc is full of thought & kindness, but writes with a queer constraint. as if she were making experiments in style. Donald's letters are good, like his talk - cheerful & frank & vivid, & with real sympathy and over-expressed. But all their letters are void of all reference to the only things I really care about now - the fight for the Republic, - the fight for the life of the Republic, - the fight for the life of the Republic. Whether it is want of understanding or want of sympathy or respect for the cause I cannot guess. It anchors all their letters ^{See} a little false.

71. 17.

[72]

Noreen has preoccupied friends, who being on the run & busy cannot write to her, & she is desolate. And she has other & prisoner friends who write delightfully & send her ~~edible~~ apple & raisin trifles & chickens roasted at home. Receiving presents gives us a childish joy.

The Deed Family is, I suppose, heart & soul Republican. There fore a little proud of its prisoners, second, & a little non-political & domestic. There fore able to attend to the minor concerns of life & mind, full of the affectionate & clan spirit that takes the care of the prisoners as a pleasant duty - & all good qualities of imagination, heart & brain contribute to the writing of letters which give wings to the prisoner's day.

[73]

Friday (cont.)

Mr. Humphreys was in this morning
that Mrs. De Burca was getting worse -
She had three collapses between 4 & 6 a.m.
A priest visited her but ~~refused~~ ~~absolutely~~
told her he could not give her absolution.

We got yesterday's paper - a separation has
gone to the government - her release is
expected? It was a lifting of dread, - a
dawn of hope... but we could not be sure.

She hardly expects, herself, to be
released, in doubt of his being. It will
be such a disgrace to Ireland if they let me
die... What I want is that they should
refuse - on the 6th. ~~the~~ "I would die" she said,
to prevent one Irishman taking Michael to the
6th. If the 6th before the 6th I would, will
it make one of these rascals ashamed?

Nov. 17

7. 17

[74]

The evening paper was smuggled over. It
contained awful news. Four boys have
been captured & secretly tried & executed
"for illegal possession of a revolver". Killed?
he will not - even their parents being
told. ^{James Fisher Peter Connolly}
^{Richard Twomey John Gaffney}

The honor of this day is intensified
by the ominous significance for what
is to come. Look at Children was -
"illegal possession of a revolver". He is
being tried in Patrick's Benches today.

To make war on men with artillery,
capture them then execute them for
possession of a revolver. What an appalling
degradation of war...

The government has no intention. The paper
said "of releasing Mrs. De Burca". The paper
cannot be kept from her. She insists on

[75]

Knowing everything - there is no
checking that powerful will.

She had promised us a list of the
Javanese songs, & sent them down. The
old songs were named from legends
& the words as she - ^{Mercurio} ~~Mercurio~~ ^{Clavis} ~~Clavis~~
Dragons - My old Kentucky home for a night.
She had written at the bottom of the page -
'Fort-shin the golly one.'

We tried to sing the golly one, but it
was hard for Noreen.

Desperation & dead regard expression
were on us when we were locked into
our cells. We were afraid for Mary Mac-
Swiney, afraid for Irish children,
afraid for Ireland.

Cecilia tried to lighten us, but

Nov. 1910

Thu. 19.

[76]

Her plan was pure, scholarly pranks &
fooling - and good enough to make one
forget. Mary & Jessie were caught into
it. Lili gallantly pretended to be. I
was so wretched & my wretchedness so
longed for peace of conscience & music
that I could not even pretend. When
prayer time came they were quiet -
I tried to pray. Then from outside the
window a wild outcry began: you could
not tell whether it was from the
yard or the guard room or from B. V. U.
It seemed as if hundreds of voices
^{not human} were raised in a savage, triumphant
howling - it swelled into yells & sang
for a quarter - it made me think of
the bloodhounds tearing a human victim
in a grand quignol play - it made me
remember the description of the poppans

[79]

hunger. strike at the gate. Her lovely tranquillity was broken; she was agitated; wretched. She looked up at us with piteous eyes & could not smile. There was only one more thing she could do to protest - until her sister was admitted she would refuse the attendance of the nurses. She smiled wistfully at me - "You will have the my nurses now?"

(4) I was afraid for the D.N.A. The prosecution was fearful now; I was afraid they would think reprisals the only way to stop the torture of prisoners & execution like those of India - all this time, though they have taken thousands of prisoners & had

Ind. Nov.

Sat - 18th

[80]

no means still of retaining them, they have not killed or injured one - except I suppose the execution of prisoners. They have set their prisoners free although that meant that there were men were instantly fighting & ~~attacking~~ ^{hunting} them ^{again}. It is a wonderful record... but it seems impossible that this ~~superhuman~~ standard of chivalry should be maintained on one side while the other tortures its prisoners & kills them - "for illegal possession of a revolver."

All these days we have been making
desultory efforts to organize ourselves &
form a prisoners Council. There
is opposition from the members of
Cuman urban uprisings who want
no control in the prison but their
own & cannot realize that those
who are not members of the military
organization cannot be Republicans
at all. We proposed it -
the U. is unanimous in
wanting to resist this & have an
organization to include all prisoners,
but we have failed to put our
plans to it, these anxious days. We
have asked Lili to be our spokes-
woman, ~~she~~ but is ill.

Mo. Nov.

Sat - 18

Mr. Humphries has ^{promised} ~~arranged~~ with
Mr. MacSwiney that vigils will be
kept for her all day. There was
a little altar on the upper landing
outside her room. The table was
on about morning the night.

We sent for the memo. Phil
Cogrove & he came about 8.00.
He was, or appeared the dis-
tressed. We protested against this
Crime MacSwiney's treatment. He
~~was~~ said it was wrong but he
could do nothing. He had tried to
get her assembled - Portobello refused.
We asked that our cells should be
unlocked all night so that we might
mourn Mary MacSwiney & hold vigils
in turn. We offered parole not to attempt
during the night hours to escape. He consented,
almost with relief.

This MacSwiney was very grateful &
 glad of this. She has been crying.
 A letter came in to her from her
 mother, in Scotland: she had been
 attached & crushed for those pages of
 the paper. It was ^{unbearable} to see
 Mary MacSwiney crying... it makes
 one hate - hate - hate.

One has returned to child hood here
 in many ways. Here we are playing
 with real excitement, in that right
 compound - Prisoner's and the games
 I used to play with the little boys.
 - Reminiscence ~~Reminiscence~~ I ~~also~~
 have not played games at all
 for years - it is surprising to find how
 exhilarating it is to run, & how enjoyable
 mere physical exercise gives limbs &

100 Nov.

Sat. 18.

muscles can be. But I came in very
 tired, & the cell was empty. Solitude
 is a rare blessing here. I lay down on
 my bed & watched ~~and~~ the flames
 red, bared & pained of sunlight. I
 moving along the wall.

I have a great longing to
 be out under the stars. I will
 walk over the hills all night - then
 & an ^{with Douglas} fine... along the Thames.

I wrote, for Women's Day, a
 song about Frances MacSwiney -
 'The Beacon Song'. It goes to the old
 tune 'The Lullaby is brown on Carrigrohane'.
 She liked it & sang it to us all,
 gloriously. She will sing it for
 the MacSwiney soon.

The Vigils are to begin at 9 pm & we are to watch & pray for two hours or half each. This Archbishop reports that we should pray for three things - first that Annie may be let in, second that Patrick Clibben may not be killed & third, for her release.

We are obeying, even to the words of the prayers: ~~God~~ she ~~is~~ is obeyed in everything. She is distressed and restless tonight.

Tonight, we have heard the whole town to be searched for De Valera: if he is Paddy it will be defeat. - O God, what Ireland has suffered to become free!

Sat. 17. 1881

Yesterday Ken & Juggins made a speech in the House of Parliament. Thinking that the reason for executing the four boys was to prepare the way for the execution of Mr. Clibben.

[87]

Sunday

My vigil was from 4.30 to 7. A strange experience: peace-giving & strengthening. But how slowly, how intolerably slowly left to itself in solitude & silence, time goes! So slowly the moments are passing that over her, every moment loaded with patience & pain.

She lies with her eyes closed, her rosary between her folded hands, endurance in every line. ~~And~~ she opens her eyes when she knows one is watching, & smiles. And one has to say some light-hearted, tranquil thing. She is troubled that we are losing a little sleep.

Sun. 19th

[88]

I went with the others to look at the prison because I wanted to hear them sing. We walked over the dark compound before dawn & were let through long iron bars of the convict jail. How hideous, this place is. Than anything I have ever imagined: a vast steel cage for human beings: vista upon vista of iron rails, iron stairways, iron bars, & low deep doors inset to the convict cells. I don't want that the Republic of Ireland will put men & women in iron bells.

The chapel is ugly. The priest-ugly: the window behind the altar cheap & crude. On the right hand side the convict-women sat, in gravel-grey dresses & white caps.

glancing withfully across the aisle at us.

It was a strange situation any
 comrades were in. Catholics in whom
 the fire of their religion burnt - pure
 & strong to martyrdom. Eli, Mr.
 Humphries, I think Dan, could suffer
 any agony for their faith. They seem
 one to be sanctified by prayer
 & self-denial & holy thought. To
 be with them is to breathe their
 religion with the fire. And these
 women, because they will not take
 a false oath, & bow to an alien
 King, betray all that is to them
 honorable, & outlawed from their
 Church - denied its sacraments,
 refused absolution for their sins,
 refused the body & blood of the
 Redeemer.

The man seemed to them a strange
 duel between them & the priest.

He preached about the sea-felling
 on stony ground - a sermon implying
 condemnation of them as renegades
 Catholics. They answered gloriously,
 standing to say their lay -
 Faith from Ireland ...

The prisoners met to form a Council -
 B. O. M. & other members of the Union in Dublin
 refused to form a Prison Council, with
 the only authority the Commandant of the Prison
 Board of C. M. M. to be an independent
 authority. The non-militant - Union,
 myself & several others in different cells,

So the Communion rails went the
went our ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{recess,} ~~recess,~~
poor Convicts, in Honor Murphy who
has loved the Republic since
past Mr. Murphy's life. They
were given Communion. The rest
stay behind. When the time came
they sang, sweetly, withfully,
confidently -
"near Sacramento time"

I think it is good for the Irish People,
this stupid & slavish action of their
Katholics. They will learn to
search their own hearts & obey their
own Conscience & make their Com-
munion sweet with their God. They
will be joyful - indeed no more.

But ~~how~~ they suffer by the service of the
Sacrifice a pain that I can scarcely understand.

This Mac Swiney is consumed with unhappiness about her sister. She is still fasting at the gate. She wanted a letter written about it to the Archbishop & the others asked me to draft one. The letter I wrote was an appeal. He could hardly have refused it, I think. The others wanted to send it as it was. But this Mac Swiney, though she promised it, said it would "let the Republic down". We must send not an appeal, but a demand. The letter I drafted then was helpful, but we sent it. It was the best I could do.

Mum told us the Soliers lived on the meadow in
O. Cornell - St. Maure's meadow. She & I built there.

as I saw them he fire. She was white, still holding
the women, while the soldiers fired over her head.
I don't offend self - forgetting - he came flying out.

93) They have condemned fishing children
to death. Lili thinks he will be
shot tomorrow at dawn.

Love for him - desire & longing for
him - passionate craving for his
children & Bobby & Lili of rushed
over us like a stormy ocean of
pain. I would have drowned in it -
half lost my senses. I think only
Lili was so marvellously brave.

He is her friend & her life's
yoke is his: she loves him as
few actresses can love at all &
yet she can hear this is he
will be hearing to himself. She
is playing cards with others &
her face is smiling & sweet...

My memory is torturing me... I re-
member every look & word of ~~the~~ his -
every day I want to see him.

of pain is between the people & the guns. Women 94
have been killed & wounded - some does not
know who... I ought to have been there with Lili.

Tuesday 21st An action of Hohen Corps
has been taken on behalf of
Mr. Children. He may be saved.

Monday: Erik's Children has not been executed. Copies
there are no names I know among the ~~list~~ ^{list}
20: wounded & killed (about)

Wednesday 22nd It is a code that I am
learning only slowly. For
the others who have heard to
from some things for the Republic -
other that when there is much of suffer
friends & relatives must be all about happy
being or pleasure
outside

Mr. Humphreys makes us all
new shirts for soldiers - there are
penitents men in the R.A. Lili
& Lili are giving hotting classes
in Irish. We play numbers in
the compound. I would be writing, but
no pen or ink or paper has come for me yet.

[95]

We had delight & excitement over
parade - a beautiful dress for
me - a most lovely blue.

Somebody came into the cell with
news that was both sorrowful &
happy. A priest was with Miss
MacSwiney. She was being announced
receiving the sacrament for death.

To the others it was relief: the
refusal of the sacrament has seemed
to them such a terrible thing.

We went in to her afterwards, one
by one: all the sisters and
despairs had gone. She looked full
of content.

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Nov. 25

NOVEMBER 25, 1922.

MISS M. MacSWINEY. T.D.

SISTER RETURNS TO THE PRISON
GATES

Miss Annie MacSwiney, who was re-
moved from outside Mountjoy Prison on
Thursday, and who was taken to a private
nursing home returned to the prison gates
yesterday evening.

She arrived in a cab, and took up a
position on the N.C.R. outside the outer
gate of the prison avenue where she is
provided with a camp bed surrounded by
a screen. Here she was visited during the
afternoon by friends.

No change is reported in the condition
of Miss M. MacSwiney, who completed her
21st day on hunger strike this morning.

REQUESTS FOR RELEASE.

A petition to the Government for the
release of Miss M. MacSwiney is lying at
the offices of the I.I.D.A., Cork, and has
already been signed by many leading citi-
zens of all political beliefs.

The Executive of the I.W.W.U. passed a
resolution protesting against the detention
of uncharged and untried prisoners, and
calling for the release of Miss MacSwiney.

Waterford Co. Council and Nenagh
R.D.C. and Guardians passed resolutions
calling on the Government to release Miss

MacSwiney. Lordship Dr. Cohalan,
brother for doing the very same thing that
I am doing to-day.

Moreover, his lordship Dr. Cohalan
officiated at my brother's obsequies, and
in company with three Archbishops, and
four other Bishops, walked in his funeral.
His Holiness the Pope, after fully inform-
ing himself of the circumstances
case, sent my brother

ICS OF
IONS OF

HUNGER STRIKE

the course of a
very consider-
in your issue
ship the Bishop
hunger-strike.
up as saying:
ed the Sacra-
strike;

is a mortal
the point of
tonishment
such state-
ry to this
y of my
y priest
compelled
use me
not ack-
bishops'
or the
a Ire-
sup-
murder

Only death? Nov. 15?

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After Shin T^c Swiney's Release
see book 6 for interval.

[97]

Thurs. Nov 30

Now that the sublime fight of Ann & Arthur is victor-
iously over & she has left us, life here will
begin to settle into its narrow ways - a little,
little world it will become, ~~full of~~ full of feverish
little activities and rivalries & even, I am afraid,
squabbles. There are some of you like Lili, whose
thoughts still flow with the great tides of the
movement & for which we are here. & to
whom no little thing will ever ~~be~~ shut
these eyes open like those of the ~~other~~ ~~one~~ ~~who~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~shut~~ ~~out~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~but~~ ~~there~~ ~~are~~ ~~others~~ ~~young~~ ~~er~~
& more full of exuberant energy who will for
ever be inventing distractions & adventures
for themselves, & who will expend wit & daring
exilement from morning to night on the little
histories of our own little world.

Today it is a question of attendance. The kind
Cousin woman who carried our food up for the
passage & brought it to us, & who scrubbed & cleaned

Thurs. 30

[98]

the floors, have been sent away, & we are
expected to do this work ourselves. We were
invited to cook our own food, but refused &
this is probably Pandemonium's revenge. We
are not, of course, going to undertake the
work of the prisoners & have refused through
our Council, to go down for the food. Coquer
said last night that at worst he
was angry for us, but that today the food has
not been brought up. Our policy is to
go without the food until we are reduced
one after another to lying in bed, then
Doctor & nurse will be required to
attend on us & bring us our meals. On
this we are sure to win - the splendid
demonstration they have been given of how
a woman can stand hunger means that
we shall win this way - a victory of endurance.
A day of hunger has left me very tired.

[99]

Thurs. Jan. 2nd

Friday

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as a private protest for attendance
 Chaos! Anarchy! Fury, insult & revenge. A few
 girls stayed outside after 500. They were ^{star} welling
 about in the dark & cold at about 7. They
 were dragged in by soldiers. O'Keefe arrived
 with his army. However I was in our
 cell, speechless with wrath at this betrayal
 of the Council & the ruin of our plans. We
 would not go out - to show interest in the
 part in the ^{real} struggle. ~~the~~ O'Keefe ordered
 the prisoners into their cells. They looked
 up. They refused to go. Then followed a
 hideous scene. Soldiers with girls in
 their arms, ~~the girls language was~~
~~the girls language was~~
~~the girls language was~~
 girls being flung into cells - any girls
 girls any cells. I went to the door to
hold soldiers to come in here & saw
 Mr. Humphreys being dragged ~~into~~ about

Thurs. Jan. 30 [100]

by these soldiers, it was too much for
 any resolution. I rushed out, blazing
 at O'Keefe, accusing him. He seemed
 ashamed & made them let her go.

Pil's family, Bigh & other aunties, went
 laughing, joking, saying "We shall be lynched here".
 Thrown into cell. The cell is with it. Later
 Day was brought in, ^{tick} white & shattered for
 the honor of being handled by the men, &
 crept miserably to bed. Indignation was
 poured out on the Seligments, ~~Pil's~~ until
~~scattered~~ they were a little subdued by
 the result of their little enterprise.

When the prisoners were restored to
 their proper cell discussion & revolt were
 loosed. Half the night our anger
 was exploding in little fights; which would
 happen next? How could the situation be
 ended now? Every one's character & attitude
motives, all possibilities left remaining

Fri. Dec. 18

than those of my English friends: there is only one with whom one can talk of books.

In character I find one fault - all - lack of foresight & calculation. This is an extreme in the militants & has been the cause of enterprises which produced a split. ~~And~~ ^{as} in nearly all I find a With it goes lack of insight into the enemy's case, resources. The exception, I think, is Numer - the one who works here.

The feeling I have now about our movement is that it is all pride & the fine heroism & charity - a beautiful, splendid cause. But a same that there is lack of wisdom, & that the wise & patient-leaders see

Fri. Dec. 18

all their policy ruined, all their construction work undone, by a reckless, thoughtless military class. Great & ^{and} ~~deep~~ pride in a few of our ~~political~~ leaders - British children & Valera alone all - ~~affected~~ a half-angry despair against our militants & a fear that they will wreck all remains - There remains a religious faith for the cause - a feeling that to be defeated Ireland would be worse than any prisonment, - a feeling that victory must be. But prison is not this close to me - breaking me away from the desire to do political work. I realize the folly & obstructions so much, committed incessantly by our own, & feel nervously incapable of overcoming them. It has ~~been~~ ^{stopped} the course forward - still waiting -

Fri. Dec 19

a which I had heard to go forward
easily, ~~the impetus of~~ the
antical impetus still sending me
forward in a rhythmic routine. I
feel too tired & too ~~to~~ sat to
anticipate again.

My leader, who showed me to
that work & made me able to do
it, & under whose inspiration I
thought to work again, has been
taken by the enemy & killed, &
with him, I almost fear, the
thoughtful, constructive capacity of
the movement which I loved
best & help, has almost disappeared.

I am adrift from any habit of
work, adrift from any leader,
adrift from all the course that
I know. It will be very

Fri. Dec 19

difficult to find a way back of one.
After these great days of deprivation,
two, I know that an insatiable
craving will be on me for a
wide - range, overpampered, exotic
life, — all new experience &
voyage right - sound, & companion-
ships of rich & various kinds.
I shall not want, for a month
or two, to go into homes, & work
in the narrow familiar ways. I
shall be penniless — There is
no pleasure in travel or adventure
before me after this, even if I
am free.

(X)
[Pobloch has been brought in - children last-
splendid statement.]

Hear of the execution yesterday of J. Spooner; Pat. Janelly; John Hynes.

[109]

In Dec.

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There are two phases in the feeling which prison produces towards the outside world.

At first, it seemed to me that freedom is in itself so glorious a thing that every street corner, every fashionable place would be dear & precious & beautiful to me for ever afterwards when I became free. But the most ~~common~~ grey places would content me.

But now it has become quite different. I think of freedom & the world is all before me & I have to choose — I shall choose a suffocating little hotel in Kensington where for 8 days today there is no reason of life, no change, no adventure, no beauty, not one of the grand or poignant emotions of life.

In Dec. 12

[110]

I feel angry & bitter & all the best life in the world that I will be choosing & living, & all well known, familiar things. I know now how good those things are, — my big yellow room at the top of 93, with three windows looking out on all the changes of day & night & all the weathers & seasons & Mrs. St. Stephen's green; my cushioned corner by the fire, all covered & orange & red & gold, & the strange, beautiful friends who gather there. Even with the whole world & all its wealth to choose from, from ~~the~~ Egypt to the Polar ice, I could not choose more easily & happily than this. Yet there is & would elsewhere there are other places, other friends — I want to see Scotland & Munich & Assisi & Florence & Rome.

Fr. Dec. 12

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There is a rather very different
 aspect which pro or leaving
 or one of us. Honor Murphy's
 allegiance to the Republic is broken.
 For a month she has been alone.
 They were kind & patient first; in
 seeing the human kindness that is of
 course somewhere - there men, she
~~lost~~ lost sight of the dishonour
 for which they stand. Cut off from
 all Republican thought she fell
 a victim to the confusion &
 misrepresentation of the Free State
 forces. Her vision faded &
 her resistance weakened. Her
 weakness takes refuge in
 a kind of passiveness - she
 will not support Kelly by
 either side. She ~~has~~ will not

Fr. Dec. 12

~~but~~ to save the Republic still
 for fear of concealing its war. In
 spite of this recantation she has
 lived in the kind introduction with
 all of us - in spite even of
 her friendly conversations with our
 leaders under our eyes. This
 MacSwiney was dishonest &
 reprehensible. Honor would not
 originate even our statements about
 her, but to compensate, went on
 night for her every night. And for
 her she answered with sweet-
 illogical loyalty. Three days longer -
 still. But she has given the
 Free State misleading. The day
 after Mr MacSwiney she was
 released. She went out almost stretched
 afraid to meet both Republican & Free State
 friends.

Th. Dec. 1st

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Mr. Thompson, in all this long time
to think, & the escape from the mere
present & force of habit, has become
half subject to the Whigs & to Lord.
He is in Mrs. May's hands &
strength.

Others have become so angry with the
destructive & dis-organizing elements among
Republicans that they feel they do not
want to work any Republican gain.

Others, seeing the demoralization it
has produced in the New York soldiers &
the terrible sacrifices among our own, feel
that nothing is worth war.

So prison, & the long thoughts I
bring, & are losing some elegance
to the cause.

Again, so hideously evil & in perilous & treachery seem
so unthinkable that Ireland, surely will be saved from it, —
from such men that to fight the best seems every thing now.

Sat. Dec. 2nd

Saturday

(K) I O. Keefe in former British ^{last night} new
reputations — no attendance, no letters, no
parade. Complete isolation from the
outside world. ^{into a prison feeling particularly for support of St. prepared for a long fight.}
being brought left to our own & we are not
getting it. We are living on what has been
sent in, & distributing biscuits, ham &c. to
the other cells. Our Council's policy is to
refuse to handle the food unless it is
brought up to the landings. This Russell, representing
the young girls, ^{after} ~~that~~ this morning we heard suspicious
sounds outside. The young girls were going
down & helping themselves to food. I
went out & tried to dissuade them — it was
no good. At dinner time the same
thing happened again. It is dis-
astrous. The Council is ^{because the young girls would not} ~~revised~~ O. Keefe.
he opened & broke food into three portions. They
had to consent to our giving food. This is defec-

[115]

Sat. Dec. 2nd

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These says 9 men were taken prisoner last night. Killed? Today. We don't know whether to believe it. He promises our letters & parcels tonight.

We are becoming obsessed with ugly little struggles about scrambling, cooking parcels - & very ^{the little of the fire} gassed & angry with one another. It is sad. I don't want to waste good paper any more on the ~~hate~~ petty, boring story of our days.

O'Keefe has read to our Council some new regulations from Botbells -

and letters. no parcels of food or cigarettes.

(*) The order to Botbells to give up to frightened prisoners is with drawn. The other stands, now, - fine to kill.

The order about letters & parcels is not yet in force.

Sat. Dec. 2nd

[116]

Mon. Dec. 4th

We have been writing handbills to the soldiers - "When for the prisoners
"Do you give them up the killed?"
These have been sent, I hear, into the
guardroom where about 80 men shall
see them. But these men seem
no democrats, we have little hope
that they ^{will} succeed.

Monday, Dec. 4th

There is an irresponsible superstition that things will change - a time will come, we women will be released on Dec. 6th. I can see no hope of it. December 6th will be the ^{Spanish} anniversary of ~~the~~ Ireland's most lamentable day; on the 6th the Irish Free State will be supposed to have come into being. The Irish Republic to be dead.

Republic of Ireland! Beautiful, dream
built city, living, invisible only to those who

Mon. Dec. 4

loved thee among all the poor, sordid
houses & tumbled hovels of the Ireland
that was ~~released~~ not free: shining
with a purity & grandeur surpassing
the purity & grandeur of ancient Athens
or Rome. How men have loved thee;
how rejoicingly have they lived, how
freely & proudly died for thee.

How great & holy was life in
the days when all the terror, when
the guns & cannons & prisons & horrors of
their enemy ~~crashed~~ overshadowed the
land, & the clamour of their tortures
& murders filled the night: with what
glorious serenity then, we defied &
ignored that terror & ~~desolation~~ &
lived our lives in allegiance to thee!

What little effect in the whole
world's history has been served &

Mon. Dec. 4

foisted & guaranteed with so much noble
love.

It was a splendor & vision and
mankind is not able to maintain, — the
bright shine of ~~the~~ long in this decadent-
world. With ~~the~~ a spell of
softening peace the enemy ~~is~~ amusing
the heroes of our vision; with ~~the~~
slow flattery & subtle meds they won
some of our most trusted & best will;
with a fearful threat they over stayed
them & at that moment trapped them
into signing away ~~the~~ the Republic.
They were pledged & anointed to defend.

And those who signed away the
Republic had the love & praise & aid
X spring aid of the enemy, so that against
those who would not sign they might
win the war, & the war the made is as

Mon Dec 4th.

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There are thousands in that garb
who will still be free. And the
Republic of Ireland, because its
existence is a thing of ~~the~~ the
law of nature - the law of
freedom will not be less - And we have
explained it - De Valera - Sean Mellor - Paddy Comerford
shall be of us always

This black 61 of December I was
a Republic Prisoner for -

[Daily Mail - Children's Letters - (Dec. 27)] Pub. list =
a statement of this

Prison Woods

Wm. has taken charge of our house-keeping, & acquired a cupboard - the surgery & changed our tables there. I have been sent ^{the 3 spoons & little green painted vases, &} a ~~few~~ ^{few} cups & saucers - Anti gold? I thought it would make a little touch of elegance & civilization would make it easier to be cheerful here. But the result is just the contrary - & my

[122]

Sisaway. This is when I first opened
Noreen's cupboard & took out the butter
in the butter dish & the little Pea-
Venus for their tin box that the
sense of being a caged & important
prisoner & an utter lack of
any captivity felt ~~like~~ ^{like} a
blight. For hours after - still,
indeed. I could hardly open
tells & the & play games only
with difficulty of one not look
forward at all. I can't quite
comprehend why it is. Is it
that the familiar, home-like
the cupboard gave me a sudden
nostalgia for my own kitchen,
with its Barclay's pictures & blue
charts & blue cups, & for beauty...
or was it that all Noreen's family,

Mon Dec 4

Careful arrangements looked as if they were planned for a long time?

Or is it that prison, half-civilized thus, loses the stimulus of a new experience, & the courage thing to meet it - relaxes, & the ordinary mood of life ~~then~~ takes place of that fighting mood, & claims piteously the small freedom of natural life? I suppose it is a mixture of all these things. Certainly I am a less courageous prisoner since I opened that cupboard than any of my companions here.

Tue Dec 5

Tuesday Dec 5. Concluded in letter with "Goodnight, happy dreams!"
Last night - I had a dream that gathered together all the happiest things of natural life. It was in England - I love England & pray: Arthur's Children ^{in this last message} said - "That her attitude to Ireland will change completely & finally." It was that day perhaps that made all the lovely things that are peculiarly England's haunt my mind: that & these Wordsworth "Cathedral" & a kind letter from Chas who travels with me about Ireland whenever we meet. If England was in want of a picture there would be no lovelier country in the world. It was in England in my dream, visiting some woman whom I greatly loved, - visiting her early in the morning because I was only for a few hours in her little town. It was her quiet little house that was so beautiful - hidden in a wide, high-walled garden whose flowers overflowed into the low rooms. The rooms were softly lit, softly furnished & filled with treasures

Thurs. Dec 5

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of ^{beauty} ~~beauty~~ brass & carved iron from the far East.
 & all fragrant - & full of ~~peace~~ colour & peace.

The dear woman was crested, I think, one
 of many women I have loved - Mother,
 who is a friendlier & more inquisitive now than
 she has been for years; - & others - & then
 she changed into Centre College & she
 told me that the home was Frank's &
 Frank was in Ireland, in jail - that
 whenever he went to Ireland he was im-
 prisoned, but that he would always be
 going again & again, in a foolish hope to
 awaken the Republic again. Yet, I praised
 them, in my dream. What poverty, peace
 & luxury they kept the brave Republican
 virtue of poverty still. I have thought,
 sometimes that the Irish are so ready
 to sacrifice all they have because nothing
 that they have is very desirable... certainly ^{prosperity} ~~prosperity~~
 has made traitors towards & thousands more.

Thurs. Dec. 5

Tomorrow it will be December 6. It would
 be such misery & the free that
 think one should be thankful to be in
 jail.

At night, after the light was out-
~~let~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ we began to recall
 these days last year. Lili was
 in London with the delegation,
 taking care of Irish children &
 acting as his secretary. She
 told us about the evening of the
 5. Barton's misery, the
 pressure used against him. How
 our desperate prayers. How
 they went out of doors.
 Jimmy Shiel, Irish children
 with the look of a man doomed.
 Of those who were together
 that night - two are - prison

Wed. Dec. 6.

There are tears... There who was
faithful killed in captivity by
the inheritance of the work of those
who failed.

Wed. Dec. 6.

There has been no good in today:
nothing but the sense of the
death of honour, the death of
beauty & hope. The triumph
of cynicism, fraudulence, unholiness
powers.

But it is weakness & cowardice
that so overvalued. The Republic
is not dead because the key of
England has given the world no end.
We shall live to make Ireland free.

Wed. Dec. 6.

As we were ~~going~~ ^{falling} asleep we heard
singing, of kind, & laughter
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~heaven~~ ^{heaven} outside. The ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~the~~
State Soldiers celebrating - the
birth of Irish Freedom. I suppose.

They were familiar songs &
familiar accents that we heard -
~~familiar in the British Islands~~
remembrance of British ~~Tommy~~
on their way to victory -
"Here we are, here we
are, here we are again";
was the last outburst that
we heard -

"Very true; however murmured
sleepily... very true".

Thurs Dec 7

she had some alto gether; she was in terror for her little boys. I could not have endured it in her place. I would have said that this constituted sinners, & have signed the form. I told her so ... I did not know. She did not know herself, what she would do.

She is all too far a bronchial with an anæmic & one would sleep.

I helped her to write a letter to Portobello inquiring whether she was to be released. She gave it to Parnell to deliver, but rushed in from his ~~shaking~~ shaking of himself on her bed, shaken with sobs. He had said she must sign the form - & she can't, can't.

Thurs Dec 7

... She has no scruple about any promise to them; would not think twice about signing & breaching it - but she can't, can't.

Poor little Sarah - except Lili, I think she is the finest Republican of all.

I am feeling what Henry Foley calls "mammonism". I long for the first plot of Egypt! Mr. Flower's tea-table in the laffie at the Hall, - the back of Susan Mann's house when I met Parnell to slave - the wide garden of St. Hughes the room they gave me then. The room of the History Don, rich with books, all the luscious peace which England has won for herself by her plunderous adventures & numerous conquests over the globe ...

[133]

Thurs Dec 7

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I can want them laugh at them
 & without -- the winds of God
 blow more ~~and~~ ^{freely} sweetly through
 our spirits, I think, who are
 rich & honest in soul.

A good letter from David - a real good
 letter. The best any one has written
 me yet. But - he is being hard hit -
 blow after blow, about what he
 comes for work. It will be hard
 for him not to lose heart. It
 is very painful to be 22.

Thurs. Dec. 7.

[134]

Mona has been telling us our fortunes
 with cards & almost frightened me -
 all my thoughts she said are toward
 a rather fair young man & an
 elderly woman. They are quarrelling
 about money. The woman thinks
 of sending for professional advice.

Someone with whom I have been
 in close daily intimacy is going to
 give me a very great shock. Some-
 thing to do with money. It will upset
 me very much.

The rather fair young man is fighting
 for me.

A group of people are discussing me &
 my possibilities & my work. The young
 woman is defending: a woman is attracted.

The young man & I are enjoying a
 brilliant success in a crowded house. Before
 this there is a difficulty. I am cheated about money.

Thurs. Dec. 7

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To have been a prisoner with Mrs. Anderson, making her suffering easier for her, witnessing the fortitude & heroic courage of her all this time — that is worth much. To have been here with Lili & good Republicans who loved her at the time of the Chicago Club's death — that saved me anger & bitterness & desperate misery: it was easier to be here than to be alone — trying to think of this thing — trying to work. I could not have lectured in College that afternoon. Any one this miserable 6th of December when the Republic is sold & Ireland's honour flung away — the only respectable place & only honourable place to be is in prison — Republican prison for a.

Thurs. Dec. 7

What security! This prison life has given to one's allegiance! It is, to me, as a Republican, the sacrament of Confirmation. The long reply comes — for this key: the companionship of the pure Republican spirits & brave Republican minds, the inspiration of Mrs. Anderson's fortitude & the bravery of many here — all these, & one other mysterious power which is Monty, are making peace & serenity in my mind. Please God, I'll go out from this prison a better Republican than I came in.

[137]

Thurs. 7th

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Fr. Dec. 8th - Part of Macaulay's Conception.
There was a bit of noise all night outside
the others went out in the dark to look at the

We held a debate - the Dublin people in English
St. - That this Gardiner was not justified in
hunger - striking! Brian O'Mullane
made case in support of the motion so
clear & so masterly & outrageously falsified
my mind that I sprang up in a
wild denials again & in place of
that some one else would take the chair - to
keep a reputation at least was possible.

From the functional point of view, which
in all came about. The debate was good -
ready even on present topics - intelligently too.

In summing up I was shockingly
partisan & I fear a laughter arose.
could not help it. The motion was defeated
by 9 to 7.

[138]

Thurs. 7th

It was a choppy evening. Had we all
been free we could not have chosen a
better occupation or a better company. We
came down from the rosary in a peaceful
mood. We have recovered well from the crushing
shock & misery that killed children - there is a kind of peace.

Mrs. Phillips came up the stairs in her
outdoor things. A busy crowd accompanied
her at once. "Any news? Any news?" - "Yes, she
said gravely. - ~~Sean~~ Two members died
at leaving the rail - Sean Hayes died -
O'Malley wounded. Two poor girls cried
out - "good!" Others tried to hush them &
questioning considerably whether this should have
been done we gathered in our cells.

There were some guilty & high treason -
yesterday they took the shameful oath.
They were guilty of the execution of a
prisoner for ever. They had conspired the murder

of some twenty or thirty young Republicans
within the last few months. There is doubt
they were all guilty men. Yet to kill
like this, in the street is murder. To
murder even a murderer is a terrible thing.

It will be done on both sides now - so
far it has been done only on one. And there
will be hideous reprisals for this. Another
reprisal for these reprisals again. Another
multiplying horror added to this horrible war.

There was strong difference of opinion among
the seven of us about it all. Mollie &
Cecilia repelled it. So do I.

The night was full of shouting &
groaning & hideous noise. There is some
excitement among the guards.

We have been here a month today.

Friday 8:

Fear of the Immediate Execution.

We all slept badly; but
the others went out in the dark early men.
It was still snowy when I heard them
coming in, talking in low voices... "Haven't
you heard?" Lili said when I looked up.

M^{rs} Humphreys had heard the sound
of pick axes ^{at work} through the night. Coming
from men they had seen a thing of which
behind the iron gate in the place of graves.
^{I don't think where Henri Berry was shot? Lili said - still along Berry?}
The place where Henri Berry was buried. A
convict man had called out to them from
the window - "Four men executed this morning."

We heard shots, one after another - you could
not tell whether they were single shots. Lili
who was a Wilmanham when the leaders
were shot outside her cell - 1916 said
there was not the sound. We could not know

who their victims would be - any four, chosen at random from among their '900 prisoners would do, I suppose. For the vengeance they intend. Would they dare to kill Roy, or Liam Mellows? ... Would they kill Sean McBride - Sean seemed to be looking at me, laughing, with his dark, teasing face - or would it be four poor, obscure boys caught lately, like the others they executed two weeks ago? ... Would poor Casey be one, the heroic boy who when the attempt at escape ended so disastrously with four deaths, took all the responsibility on himself?

We went about our ^{evening} work - washing the supper things, ^{waiting for that sound} making breakfast - We were sitting round the table at half past nine when a sudden shot rang out - not a single shot but a volley & after it, single

revolver shots, one after another, close... they went on - We looked at Lili... "That is an execution", she said.

"Roy O'Connor Liam Mellows, Corner & a man named Burn" one of the bandits says. I think this is given work - they are the first names one would give... But there is no reason - can be no pretence of any reason - they surrendered after a lean fight four months ago, - for killing them.

Shel Humphries saw the firing party coming back.

They were sent on a mission at 11:30 - and back at 12:30

At dinner-time we heard the shop-keeper - After evening exercise in the Park as we were coming in, there came to the passage door word of the news. Roy O'Connor Liam Mellows, ^{with} ~~with~~ Barrett, & McVelvet - a reprisal for Sean Hayes.

~~Tuesday~~ Wednesday 13th Dec.

I have not kept this journal these last few days, because it seemed senseless to write, or to record such unconsoling horror as there has been. Some said on Friday - "We are beaten - the Republic should surrender now: The younger ones cried out in dismay & reproach. "Now! These people had shown themselves so bold, so mad, so brave, - they must be Ireland must be saved for them at any cost." As for me, I might as well believe with equal intensity two contrary things. I believe that if Ireland is not to become a hell of corruption & slavish degradation, this Provisional Government - & all it stands for must be thrust out; & that the men who can support it are so ~~slavish~~ bestial & so dangerously insane that to kill them could hardly be a sin. And I believe what I said on Friday night. "We are defeated now. The Imperialists have

Take up a weapon too vile for us to use. ~~But~~ They are punishing acts of war by ~~murdering the helpless~~ and by ~~war~~ war, not even by treating & trying secretly those they call criminals, but by secretly murdering the people we love who are helpless prisoners in their hands.

Not that we can do to them can be as terrible as that. & We can't kill our prisoners; we can't attack their women children. To Congratulate with them we should have to kill their children - We should surrender rather than do that.

The awful news has come since then - the burning of Mr. Pifany's house; children have been injured by the D.R.A.

~~It is the death of Holme children was~~ not so destroying & fatal. I hope & counsel as this news. I believe it cannot be true. I am sure there is one ~~leg~~ in the republic of Ireland. But children have been hurt by the D.R.A.

I suppose Republican homes will be burnt & the children of Republicans hurt. It will be like the Belfast program very soon.

I cannot believe that De Valera will let it come to that. Yet I cannot believe that he will let Ireland be given up to this loathsome Treaty, these base, cynical men. God ^{help} ~~help~~ us - And are we to do?

De Valera
How is it that Malachy & his comrades, once brave Irishmen, have become so ^{negligent} ~~dead to all justice~~ and ^{dead to honour} ~~dead to honour~~ that they can murder old comrades who never fought but in self defence & who have been for months prisoners in their hands. It is because there is a law for the Irishmen which they if they break they shut out light & life forever for their souls. This is a law to an Irishman to stand ~~up~~ against the freedom of Ireland. The free is the destiny of Ireland.

living for holy defence. To stand for the freedom
of his Country & the destiny of every Indian.
While he lives obeying this holy law he
lives gloriously, in spite of hunger, danger,
prison, torture, — any privilege, any pain. If
he dies obeying it, he dies exultant & serene.

But if he breaks this pledge the punishment
awaited falls on him that only the blessing of
a man's peace can bring, — peace, security,
wealth, fame. power may come to him &
he may believe himself content, — but
honour & beauty & glory are shut out of
his spirit: he does not even desire them. Does
not remember them, because his soul is dead.

~~But~~ Those who have never known the
law & have neglected to live by it, listening
to his following the easy way of the enemies
in our land are punished by a
great loss: the heights the separate of & them

the heights of love & hope & loyalty are unknown, &
all the splendour that can be — gained — yet
they may be without end: be gentle &
kindly and.

But those to whom this law has been revealed
& who have obeyed it, & sworn to live by it
obeying it, giving their allegiance to the
freedom of their land, — if these fail, they
their punishment is that they become
slaves & live a hard life by it
themselves for fear they should permit that
they are slaves.

And if these, through fear or that covetousness which
leads south than dishonour for those it loves, or through
dishonest thought or weakness or greed for power,
give themselves over to the enemy & betray the
freedom of their land — it is their punishment that
the corruption of their enemy enters into them, & going
with the corruption of treachery, like the enemy kills them
with the foul & loathsome corruption which it kills.

Jan 2

I keep "submitted" the form some
 today. I never thought I would mind,
 but it is like a soreness in one's blood,
 the insult that it is. They do not
 submit it to Republicans whose
 faith has been proved.

The dir, at least, tell me very
 sheepishly I hold it well away.

No the words hinting that those who
 sign have "plucked" dissimulate,
 I suppose that I will be a
 coward, refusing to sign. — The
 burning billiard pit. — I wrote her
 a most bitter letter, but have torn it
 up. It is a sickness they that one
 can't stop the pain of an insult except by
 insulting in return. — Mother cannot be hurt.

I remember how when I was young with
 me at 13 or two or three months ago. we talked
 about ~~cost~~ making all established & comfortable for
 adventure & the hope of rich life. — I think
 "Somerset" is just a good thing. I remember
 saying "To cost you bread upon the water &
 burn your boats." I had ~~sent~~ to the Council
 of Alexander College then, a letter telling them
 that I felt constrained to take part in a
 campaign for the proper treatment of
 Republican prisoners that this might
 involve public work. I knew this would
 almost certainly mean dismissal & that
 no action I took I should do after
 that — except try to publish my book in
 the language of Poetry at best.
 Now that book & nearly all my other manu-
 scripts have gone up in smoke. — I have
 lost up 73 & made a bonfire of my papers

on the night of my arrest - And
 yesterday I sent word that they
 have had to take all my things
 out of the house - I am well to my
 beloved rooms. And today I hear
 that the Council of Alexandra College
 are sending me my pay - I have to
 give up my flat.

It is interesting - the world is all before
 me where I choose. I have a family
 including a good sister & the best of
 brothers & only that the Republic is fresh & (in)
 & good friends, & about £120 a year. I
 shall not be denied - & I shall not
 have to leave Ireland which after all, is all
 I care for much - I suppose there will
 be a lot of for the Republic still -
 But I believe children is the only man I
 could be happy & content to work for, except

Se Valera, because among fighting men such
 scrupulous care for peace & charity &
 justice are hard to find. And ship
 children has been killed.

I will travel around Ireland &
 travel abroad - I will take no post -
 I will be poor & free - I will
 may be write -

Billie longing for the beautiful
 life at 73 comes in little gusts now
 & then. Billie longing for prose &
 verse than I have written & liked, &
 to be giving out the theories & the
 promises of poetry that I wrote - that book -
 and to have that wonderful intellectual
 relation again, all teffing among whole things,
 that one can never have so well as
 with one's pupils - And yet, I have my
 I shall live the glad that I have had all this.

they were bones or possessions may be,
holding me back from my destiny—
perhaps in the wilderness I shall
find a way to travel, & a better
service to the young to Ireland than
I have known.

I have known that I will not be
crushed by these little bones into an
unadventurous, discontented, & prisoned
life. They shall make me free. I will
travel Ireland. I will go to the western mountains
& the rocky coasts & the lakes. I will see the world.
Sister has been talking to me about the
Black-bell Islands. Her to Dingle & those
Islands I will go.

I have written a book story founded
on the story of the. It is called 'Guthrie'.

Wed. 13th

In the evening shots were fired by a party of
Saidie O'Connell & others. Coyle's cell. Some
bullets came through the windows & were embedded
in the walls. We sent for the police. They did
not come.

Ultima had settled in her cell to
write & I had just finished & come back
to the cell. When these things were going
on. Two bullets had crashed through the window over
Saidie's cell when she & Ultima & M. Dady were
sitting & playing into the cell. One had
gone through Ultima's cell. There was a great
uproar; poor Saidie was frightened, but the
rest were full of laughter & chatter. They
seem incapable of taking anything seriously indeed!

With the passion strong upon me I set down
to write a detailed report of the Council & the
Prison & put the responsibility on me. Saidie
shortly objected. She thinks it should be taken as the
fortune of war!

Dec. 14.

Lawell to Devorgilla

One by one they thrust themselves into my memory, the people of my vanished plays - born out of the life of my imagination, foredoomed never to give life.

Poor Cassandre is crying out her pain among the flames. She was with beautiful of love her - she & I, when at the wedding of her, were so ~~young~~ young. I was untroubled and all gave up to poetry then & I wrote this ambitious drama - the Greek style, with typical changes between the acts. It was chaotic, - a mingling of slow ~~philosophical~~ philosophical & typical poetry & violent action. It could never have been played on any stage.

But poor Cassandre was very lovable & sad.

Let there I could believe that - she had three nights of such rapturous, enchanted life. That a word, free, fantastic in opinion than

mingled? Arabian alchemy richly with old Gaelic myth; there were some poetry in it, James Stephens said - I do not believe Let there can be read?

And Devorgilla - I am sure that she is gone. She was like an Irish masterpiece, a great historical drama of the beginning of this modern war, a more complete & magnificent than any Irish dramatist has done. Devorgilla was to be innocent, infinitely tragic, noble and adorable as Clare. How wonderfully the events of this dreadful history grouped themselves for the dramatic scenes. I know the movement of any play was fierce inevitable & strong. I laboured severely over those scenes over the verse.

I shall try ~~to~~ again maybe to write a play of Devorgilla, but I will have to write it in prose. My poetry is all over now.

They are burnt offerings to the Republic of Ireland, my tragic women: may the gods be appeased!

Dec. 16 Sat.

College has dismissed me "for being absent from College without leave!" The more I see of that class of ^{most} people the more pitifully I think they seem - afraid to keep a Republican on their staff & afraid to give the real reason for dismissing me!

Of course, since I wrote the Council I was helping with a campaign for prisoners that this would come - it had to be accepted.

And though I have been long enough tied to the sessions & the conventions of their narrow world there is real loss in the loss of my lecturing work -

To be working at glorious poetry with people like my gods, whose lives are

There is nothing children & his unconfessable gentleness. Remember, in the spirit of justice that what have done or is done.

lost for these years in the student world; - to feel their quick response & intelligent enquiry & their warm love of it all; & to have that channel for all the criticism of policy & to have that never quiet sleep buzzing in my mind - it was very pleasant & good. All that I am as a teacher & interpreter of life's line, - all that I planned & trained myself to be will be nothing, asleep, to my comrades in Republican work. It is the death of a happy part of one's personality! May it rest in peace & not be waiting to come alive again!

They are pretending I hear in College: that I broke any promise - ~~did not~~ concealing my letter to the Council. Injustice is very bitter. There is even in justice here - Lily even says bitter things true about & takes all this too easily - not feeling it enough. &

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All these nights I am and she for
 long hours and she in pain. The
 pain is heavy over the days - without
 compensation or relief. This the
 Irish children is great - And the
 one unbearable thing. If I
 could discover this within; if I could
 have his child in Ireland, I can
 not believe that any thing else would
 seem to hurt at all. I should know
 that while he lived the Republic lived,
 its honour & nobility were secure.
 And all the rich, happy life of home
 that was with him & the boys &
 Molly children in her warm house -
 that his life broken into agony as it is.
 And for myself - to be telling this
 & telling him all this, & hearing him
 grateful, sweet. I should tell about things of our
 olden days, with him maybe - last night, when

Mr Mac Swiney's letter to S. Solmes -
 The Bazaar for
 Faith of our fathers.

The parent - ditto - was won out - I tell all
 someone told me he was not seen.

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