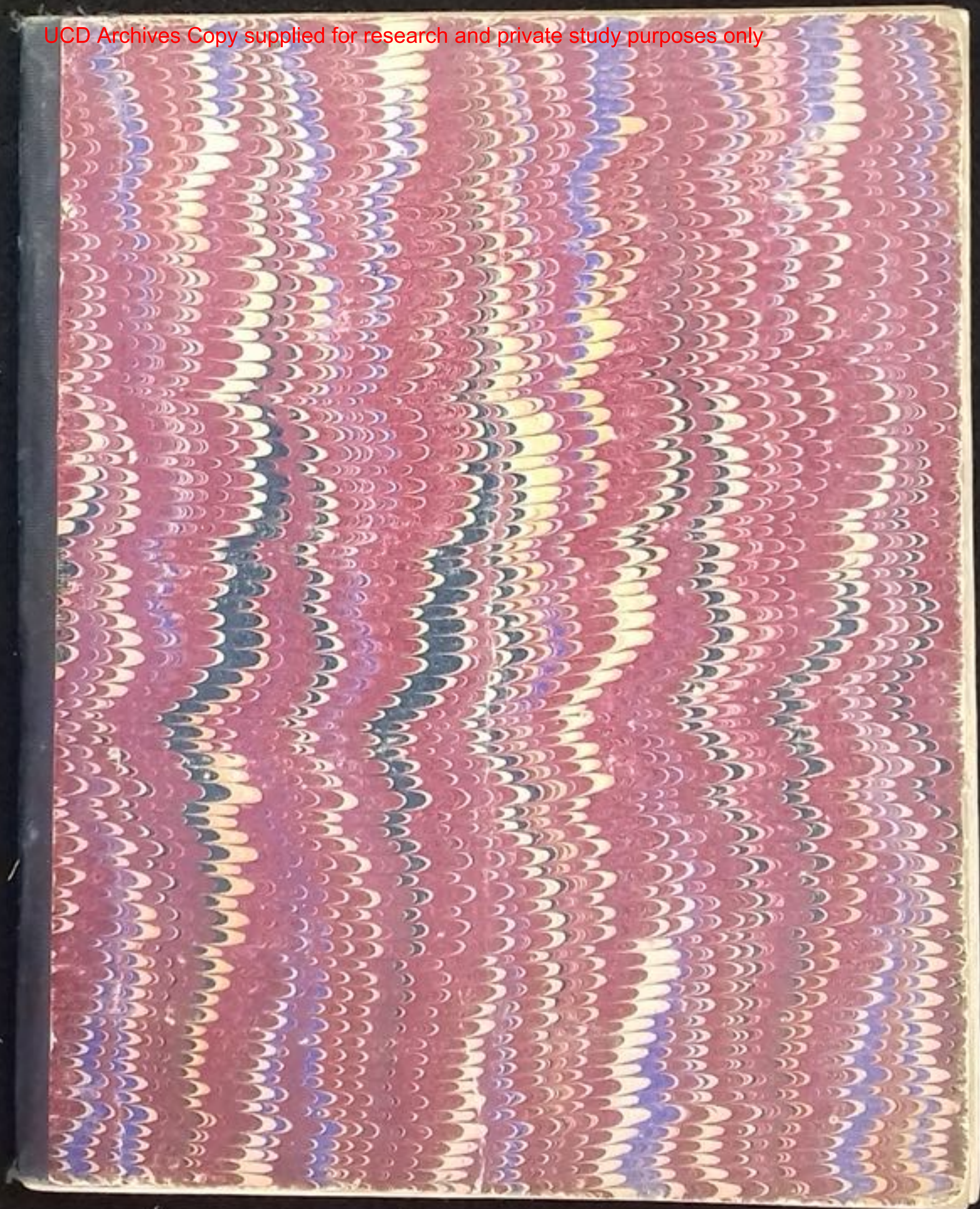


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Vigil

A Journal of Mourning

November 1922

by Dorothy Macarulla



Vigil.  
 Prison moods  
 Prison dreams  
 Prison moods  
 Prison ~~words~~ letters.  
 Prison books.  
 Victory  
 Prison letters  
 Prison letters  
 The golden rule.  
 The "Locals".  
 Slavery.  
 See - parks.  
 The Commune.  
 The prison and book.  
 Child's play.  
 The sentence.

(Nov. 22)

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



① Lili's Miracle

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

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

Prayers & Wonders

Wed: 22

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



Lili came down from her vigil quiet  
 & glowing, her little white face like  
 a child's. She sat in a corner  
 telling about the stranger, fantastic  
 things about her vigil, with such sweet-  
 waver that it is certain her story  
 sent me believing that all in her the  
 depths of her heart. She told us  
 the candle was guttering out & that the  
<sup>melting</sup> wax, as it fell, formed little figures  
 one figure after another of the Madonna  
 the saints - St. Patrick was there  
 the Holy Mother & Child. Quite  
 evidently this little mystery had  
 filled her with happier things.

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

beach

Terrie & I kept vigil together last



Wed 22<sup>nd</sup>

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

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

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

Wed 22<sup>nd</sup>

The Blessed Spirit

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



Thurs. 21<sup>st</sup>

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

Thursday. ~~21<sup>st</sup>~~ This has been a peaceful & very happy  
 day, our patient has so much more strength  
 & the pain and trouble seem almost gone. She wrote  
 a splendid answer to a very stupid statement  
 which was in the papers of Bishop Colahan. It  
 is good too, to hear of the separation to Longwood  
 house from Tully & Mr. Mulcahy, - even Mr. Byrne-Power!







Parade

Thurs. 25<sup>th</sup>

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

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

At last, this afternoon, my pens & paper came! A hot pen from Irembly this morning - she has been ill & is miserable about the world - promising to send me things; then a wooden box from Everett & Hope - I met ~~with the~~ <sup>"local"</sup> our ~~servant~~ <sup>servant</sup> staggering under it & groaning that "Christmas is coming". There are ~~some~~ pressed meats of all kinds, jam biscuits, lemon-curd, - innumerable delicious things. All that will last I am burying against the day when we shall fulfil parcels for 2000 <sup>inter-</sup>prise; but we had an exciting tea. And there were pens & papers, & I have begun, at last, to write this journal.

For speed the work!



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

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



The Sacrifice

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



Dream of Parole

Jan. 24 '17

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

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



Letters

Ju. 24 18

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

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

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



but an ~~old~~ unbecoming letter. She is an ingrained  
conservative. I think, whose knowledge of  
history of the world makes her feel that  
she would like the revolution, ~~but~~ but  
she never will. The quaintest letter  
I all was from that good, Christian  
Protestant, Frideswide, — a little account,  
like a school girls essay, of the "Institutions  
- places of interest" in Dublin, on which she  
has <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ Division IV: and one syllable or  
hint about any ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> felt to be a Christmas duty, I <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>paid</sup> ~~paid~~  
about any ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> felt to be a Christmas duty, I <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>paid</sup> ~~paid~~  
full of his faith in the New Kate, hoping  
that this New Society will be good, or  
be granted "a fool's pardon", ~~but~~ full,  
too, of concern for me, and another  
demonstration of the oddity of the mistake  
out of which first made men. Mothers letters,  
which are sympathetic, & David's which  
are vividly narrative, & Helen's & William's



Jan. 24 '20

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



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

⑧

Mulcahy — Saw next pp

Erskine Childers

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



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back  
G. Mulcahy ①

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

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

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

Inaction

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







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

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

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

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

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



Jan. 24. 25

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

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

God's pity & the love of pity of  
Inelam or Bobby, Mr. Children &  
Luskine Og!



Sat. 25

3

Civilization

Saturday 25

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

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

There are prison mounds, I suppose, as foolish



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

The paper contained part of  
 her letter to Bishop Walsh on

Prison House

Bad news

Oct 25<sup>th</sup> 31

as all the words which would make <sup>telling</sup> us  
 to wonder that we ~~do~~ know what. Man  
 hear those all we have. They would  
 come more poignantly & sooner. I am  
 sure, if the ~~great central~~ <sup>fact</sup> of one  
 absorbing anxiety were ~~also~~ <sup>over</sup> every part.

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



Sat. 25

33

The Open Air

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

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

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



Saying of the Day -

"I would give a ham sandwich to hear a bird sing".

Gal. 25'

35-

he lost out of our lines, & we looking always  
at the sky only & forty green plots & ~~houses~~  
stone walls. It is a queer robbery  
that we can be robbed of the berries in  
the hedges & the frozen parks.

And yet - I will tell the truth

it is good - God's hills & rivers that I am  
in of the London Underground & rivers make me think  
of going on all; I want cities, and forests  
theaters & travel & the talk of far-off  
friends, - foreign cities, ~~and~~ & rivers the  
under the city lights, & Dances, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> telling  
of fairy plays, ~~a life in the Republic~~  
~~of Ireland, or peace & power~~ & he  
trying over the music for a fairy play ---



Baker Dec. Nov 29

~~and as for the little things~~  
~~the little things~~

That prisoner should be sent back  
 is apparently obvious to their friends &  
 is certainly true. But the books they  
 send! Here, where there is not a  
 peg & none of the table & you has  
 the school as jealously as a  
 gold miner claims, I have the  
 earliest collection of antiquated  
 magazines, books on health & beauty,  
 books on trade, human, - race, crime  
 novels picked up on railway bookstalls,  
 the school books found in dusty corners  
 of the house - I give as a slave  
 of being a regarded as a pauper?

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

The Bible

Sat. 25

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



great characters - them, great movements, such  
as will not seem tame or trivial even beside  
the ~~most famous~~ story Ireland is making  
today; or a fantastical history, remote  
from all our world...

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

A good person's family, mine!  
~~Do not~~ Mother has sent me Machiavelli's  
History of Florence - what book in the  
world would it be better to read here? I know  
enough for Florence to say I know more - &  
it is the first foreign city I will live in  
when my time for travel comes - &  
may be I shall discover some of them for  
and play like the first - & Machiavelli  
will be fascinating to read.

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



68

Wed. 29.

4)

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

of an Irish I recall. Dostoevsky's "White Nights" - the  
most absorbing of writers, most perfect of artists -  
And I have sent me one of his books.

Whether I shall love him and thus so  
I can't guess - ~~if I do~~ here I enter a  
really unknown world. I don't now  
feel I like some Batchelor of the Shire.

Praise to all makers of good books!

They have a prisoner's prayers.

Samuel - The Bible -

"No change".

Sun. 26.

29

Sunday 26.

When the steward told me at 7 o'clock I went up to  
take care of the passengers. The report of the  
last watchman was "very restless, & moaning" - I  
tried to go in & find her a pain, but when  
I went in she looked up at me, smiling & asked  
what her voice was - very faint.

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



Slavery

June 26

LEO

Even at this crisis, this man, could not be  
persuaded to check though the volume of his  
work, risk his post, speak one unexpected  
word; ~~He~~ indeed it is not yet  
wanting to say yes that we are a nation  
of slaves. This novel enslavement  
is a thing so ~~too~~ massive & so oppressive,  
~~too~~ & at the same time so imperceptible  
to the senses that ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~people~~ <sup>people</sup> has  
crawled under it for generations & never  
knows themselves to be less than free.  
To link our flag, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~secretly~~ <sup>secretly</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup>,  
to conceal our true desires, to refrain from  
the enterprises we would gladly undertake, to  
hold back from supporting our ~~own~~ <sup>more fearless</sup> friends,  
to defer to people so pinions that we despise,  
to use the tools of tyrants which we abhor,  
to act, speak, when think a intricate &  
Godless lie — this slavery is Ireland's slavery, —  
the very basis, foundation of the "Irish Free Bill" —  
from this the Republic of Ireland shall be free.



Sun. 26<sup>th</sup>

41

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

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



Sun. 26

Militarism

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

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



treachery under a distinction beyond remedy and committed, & that themselves innocent.

Without the solvers this reign of horror would be impossible. As the children would not be freed, Mary McDowell would not die. They make it possible, & believe they keep their innocence still. Did they feel this was possible? Surely for one day, they would put an end to it. They are satisfied with the slavery of obedience - not free or.

Dec. 6.

Peter Wood has been forbidden to write to me & send me messages. She says Peter who has loved me since she was three years old wrote to her three times & that an answer had been sent. I worshipped her father when I was a little girl. A queer distance this.

The 1st

Sun. 26. 48

It came to a head with this little crisis - the curious latent conflict which is ~~manifest~~ in the Republic - the difference that is between the political party & the army, between the slave & the free, & here between the <sup>lighter</sup> human & the element - "Suffolk Street". We think them vastly pacifistic, too ready to be aggressive or

We think the military organization of the slaves - they think us "willing" - they think it should be a <sup>the</sup> <sup>Con-</sup> <sup>sum-</sup> <sup>is</sup> There are two acutely opposite points of view as to what should be our attitude here. We would fight, but only for our rights within the prison; they would find pretext for fighting all the time. We want to study, write & debate & dislike incessant destruction & destruction with them the breath of life. They upset the subject of prisoners' Council - thought we have decided that we must inaction. Lily is on the war path or free.



A night of fearSun. 26<sup>th</sup> 46

After all this when my night-vision came I found this poor woman ~~so~~ ~~suffering~~ ~~so~~ ~~enraptured~~ & suffering more than I have seen her ever before. Her hands were clutching & twisting from the quivering tingling irritation of the ~~fast~~ ~~her~~ ~~head~~ ~~aching~~ ~~the~~ ~~gait~~ ~~no~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~on~~ ~~nerve~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~arms~~ - She has a ~~bothered~~ ~~feeling~~ in her head. She would have nobody blamed, they were quite right; she would not have one sister. She let me arrange the par. thin white with can-de-Cologne, & settle her pillows, & praised ~~my~~ ~~strong~~ hands & pretended to be restful then. I think she was a little easier but she did not fall asleep. It all began to seem utterly impossible: as if it must be a nightmare & not true, that this awful thing had ~~been~~ ~~done~~ ~~to~~ ~~her~~ ~~by~~ ~~us~~ ~~all~~ ~~we~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~told~~ ~~so~~ ~~definitely~~ ~~by~~ ~~every~~ ~~one~~ ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~mean~~ ~~to~~ ~~let~~ ~~her~~ ~~die~~ ~~?~~ ~~the~~ ~~savagery~~ ~~of~~ ~~these~~ ~~treacheries~~ ~~opened~~ ~~so~~



This sacrifice

Sun. 28. 47

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

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



Sun. 28<sup>th</sup>

48

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



§ 26

Sum 26

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

Thanks in lovingly & trustfully if we  
for are very good, she said quite fully, when I ~~was~~ <sup>have</sup> heard her this  
seen him. We are attending at 7

assisting at the sacrifice of an heroic and  
 beautiful life. ~~I don't know how it is the same of~~  
~~any friend. I want her to be in the world?~~  
 I want her for Ireland ~~and~~ - & her  
 are going to let her see - my visit  
 was for 5 to 9 am. I stayed a little late  
 she was anxious for me to go.



Monday

Nov 27.

Today she is French. Bible  
 told the doctor. He says, if that is so,  
 this is the corner of the end.  
 We have been hoping, desperately, day after day,  
 that she would make us doctors for her than we  
 should have her. Today I meant to send  
 a letter ~~and~~ to the newspapers, challenging  
 them about the false reports, but there is  
 no way of getting it out. Her letter to  
 the Cardinal & the Archbishops will go. I  
 hope today. The Independent actually gives  
 a true report: she is very weak. Maybe  
 the doctor has told this. I talked to  
 Mr. Humphries & the others. I wrote to Dr. Lyman,  
 through the censor, asking for a lotion, pretending  
 at first for myself - I think she will understand.  
 I am to be in charge every day from 11 to 1.30.  
 This will be a relief. Women, Cecilia &  
 Lil: are to take afternoon duty. We all  
 realize we shall be nursing a dying woman  
 now. ~~but it will be~~



Mon 27.  
The Prisoners' Council

52

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

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



May 27.  
 Anne Mackenzie letter

53

She tore her screens. Thenceforth <sup>with bayonet</sup> the girls  
 who guarded her, & even faced her at last,  
 to see the girls live, & go away. It  
 was terrible story. Demonization would  
 not go farther than it has gone in these wild  
 hearts of men. And after days of hunger strikes,  
 as the doctor said in terrible sickness, her  
 sister would not be fit for all that shock.

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

With a heart full of grief & sorrow,  
 and able to say any encouraging thing, I  
 left the room. The people of Ireland  
 could save her & they are letting her die.



Release

Nov 27

54

It was after the gas was lighter reflected, when we were settled in one another cells. That the ~~murder~~ <sup>murder</sup> ~~murder~~ <sup>murder</sup> came, — The Governor, & some men — Did come & strange doctor and coming up. The one continued to be seized us, — They were going to remove her to another part of the prison, — Take her away from us. That was a thing we were not going to <sup>allow</sup> ~~do~~... We were prepared to fight — the death rather than that. Or it might be... Somebody said the word "Release" — "It is release" — Dave cried in the tower. Release. For like that, <sup>with</sup> sudden, after such a pair, is a thing one hardly remembers afterwards — it vanishes from the memory, as does violent pain. I only remember our looking at one another, speechless, <sup>or</sup> ~~or~~ sense of light, — light shining out of faces & wide open eyes. But we knew we must be



Mon. 27.

55

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



Nick Boy

✓ no 28

There is a sweetness ~~in~~ in this victory ~~the~~  
greater than any sweetness I have ever  
known. I think it is perhaps because  
it means no defeat or hurt to any  
human being, and because it is a victory  
of goodness over evil in the hearts of  
Irish people. This has been the despairing  
shame of sorrow of these days — that it  
seemed as if the people of Ireland had lost  
that living spiritual sense which revolts  
against cruelty and responds ~~compassionately~~  
to suffering & is inspired by courage  
to courageous deeds. It has seemed  
as if that human spirit which is the  
breath of divinity in man had ~~altogether~~  
~~died out of them~~ <sup>that soon</sup> ~~was dying~~  
and that only the animal  
material part <sup>would</sup> remain. <sup>The human spirit of Ireland was killed.</sup> And in the  
leaders who have induced the change in

the stretched on their shoulders. They carried it slowly on the stairs & on the landing they stopped. She was lying ~~almost~~ motionless but then she held out her hand - one after another stole up & kissed her. She looked up smiling, <sup>internally happy</sup> - it seemed a terrible thing & I was afraid for her & did it go near - but it was difficult. Then they lifted her again & turned down the stairs, while we leaned over the banisters watching. A dreadful moment came - they were carrying her head foremost, & the stairs were so steep that ~~she seemed~~ the blood would surely rush to her head - she moaned suddenly - "let me get up with me -" I was frightened - some body held on to me - but I was not going to scream. At last they reached the foot of the stairs & set her down. She lay so still. I thought for a moment she might be dead. - To die then, before the fall!



Dec 28

the people it is as if all spiritual force  
had ~~also~~ turned to malice and hatred,  
would never give way to justice or  
mercy again.

That darkness & that malice were  
~~the~~ Sir Macdonald's enemies: there were  
keeping her here to die.

The only hope at all there was  
for her was in the weapon of her own  
pain. She was helpless. She could not  
nor would not hurt or harm ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~one~~  
~~but~~ <sup>she picked nothing but her own agony, the only death</sup>  
~~to her enemy in any way.~~ <sup>only</sup>  
it would make the enemies of their <sup>appetite</sup>  
felt ~~known~~. <sup>known</sup>. Her challenge was to all that slumbered in the  
~~darkly felt~~ <sup>known</sup>. The appeal of  
it was, infinitely to that ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> them  
which ~~seemed so~~ <sup>seemed so</sup> ~~dear~~ <sup>dear</sup> in the  
~~struggle~~ <sup>struggle</sup> was between that death, &  
the great, living challenge that her suffering  
gave out. put forth. Whether the death

Nov 27

But then she moved her head. She  
went down & came up again - she was  
all right. Then they carried her away. ~~we came back~~

The sheet said the way then, but I  
went to McArthur & Farrell who was sobbing wildly  
in her bed. It was only a result of the  
excitement that he was laughing over.

There was hilarious celebration. I found  
them: some climbed to the window of the  
Thompson's cell & shouted & cheered until  
scenting fire. Then cheered more loudly &  
wildly than before. Some raised Sir Macdonald's  
room for souvenirs - a & half of pennies stone  
was my share of loot. They danced &  
laughed & carried Sir Thompson's shoulder  
high. I opened shutters at times after  
preparing a feast. Then for a moment  
I ~~stare~~ <sup>looked</sup> in her white, empty cell: it was



June 28.

59

~~The~~ In Memory

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



Thurs. 24

60

Afternoon

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



Nov. 29-

Nov. 29 (Cont.): Letter from Mrs. MacSwiney  
 to the Humphries for us all.  
 She tells us the women had, on Sunday, called on Times  
 from the walls of Mountjoy, praying for the release -  
 the fall of Jericho.

Tuesday, Nov. 28

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



70

Monday 27: This MacSwiney released.

~~Thurs~~ Very girls arrived.

Tuesd. 26: Pres. Kinn feeding out our food.  
Pinterfaminant in 10 - Charades.

~~Wed. 29~~ Honor Murphy released.

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

Now our prison life begins.

In hand - painted bodies.

That you may have a son & Bishop!  
I don't care & Pandeen!



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