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My dear Kate

I do not as you know generally complain of things, for where is the use? But I must make some remarks on Mr Churchill's speech which I have just read. He is mad like all the rest.

The point on which I lay my finger is this. He says and very properly that the Four Courts men ought to be dispersed, and that if the Free State cannot disperse them the House of Commons is under no obligation to go on with the Free State. In that I quite uphold him. To allow the Four Courts to be occupied by freebooters is to say clearly that the Dail is no government at all. I think the threat is dignified and right. But then how about Belfast? The specials are doing far more harm in Belfast than poor Rory O'Connor is doing here. And the specials are to be reinforced, and Sir James Craig is Mr Churchill's friend, and is to be upheld.

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That is utterly out of character. If he went the length of saying that he would break up the Dail if the Four Courts force went on' he then ought to have said " And I shall break up the Northern Parliament too, unless Belfast is quieted on the spot" Sir James Craig is condoled with and petted as if he were a real ruder Does Mr Churchill know that the streets in Belfast are dangerous as Dublin was not dangerous in its worst time, and that everyone says quite openly that Sir James is afraid to have martial law, the idea being that he and his friends know a great deal more about the outrages on the Roman Catholics, than they ought to know? It is said to me here by people of a certain way of thinking, by moderate nationalists and such " England is subsidising the specials in Belfast, in order that the Belfast Catholics may be exterminated " Of course it is easy to laugh at that, but it is what quite moderate people really believe. My hall floor tenants believe it, and

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they are not Sinn Feiners, only rather ignorant Romans. But it makes one's blood run cold to hear that the House means to strengthen the Northern police, it would be far better to disband them. But I think Mr Churchill if he was going to deal in threats at all, should have said " Sir James has promised me to ask for martial law tomorrow, in fact he asked for it this afternoon, and is at this moment announcing its coming in Belfast "

I do not believe Belfast is one bit better. Canon Carmody wrote to me on Saturday night , and he said two shots had just been fired outside his own house. He evidently thinks it was done to frighten him, and he says that the specials who fired them are said to have been drunk. Also he says " Things are getting worse. God help us " Does Mr Churchill not know that those accusations are made against the Belfast police, and against Sir James Craig ? Because if he does not he ought . It is nothing that there was no special reprisal for Sir

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Henry's murder. It took place in London, and Belfast cares as little about it as London cares.

The harm of a speech like that is that it will tend to drive De Valera and Collins into each other's arms. If the cry could once be raised that " England " was attacking " us " I greatly fear that the I R A would make up their differences, and fight the King's troops as they did a year ago.

I am sure they are all too full of policy, and what everybody is going to say, and how everybody is going to vote, especially the latter. If someone would arise and say " Well I am going to re-establish order, and if it is a disagreeable job I do not mind, and I do not care what anybody says about me "..... Well I suppose such a one would be the Deliverer. But I cannot endure to see the House of Commons so unjust as between the two local Parliaments. Sir James Craig deserves but little sympathy for the state of Belfast,

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He really does deserve about as much compassion as Collins deserves, one and the other they are contemptible, and one always pities the contemptible. But if blame is going for Collins it ought to be going for Craig too, he is every bit as much to blame. And blame ought to be going for both of them I feel that more than strongly. But a few honied words and a little claptrap about the Empire seem to put Craig on quite a different level with Mr Churchill. There is one place in the speech where he, Mr Churchill says about Collins that it is no use for him to protest against murder when not one single murderer has been caught. Has been hanged would perhaps be nearer the truth. The same applies to Craig. However I will admit this much. Three special constables are arrested on charges of breaking into various R C houses, not in Belfast, but in other places, and of murdering the people they found there. If those three should be found guilty and

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hanged I should feel as if the Northern Government were showing some beginnings of reality.

X comes by the night mail and is to be here tomorrow morning.

June 30 Friday Well here is a change of scene since I began. I feel rather bewildered. I wrote on Wednesday at 4 pm, but I wonder did you get my letter? Likely not. We hear that the difficulty is to collect and distribute with the streets as at present. We think that the mail is still crossing because an English picture paper was being sold this morning. I think possibly I might get a post card across to you if I went to Westland Row, but as you had my telegram yesterday I will not bother about it. The truth is I do not care to go to Westland Row at seven in the evening. It is a very rough neighbourhood, and I do not feel sure that they would allow me to post in the train if I did go, also I do

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not feel sure that they would collect from the box.
Still I will try one evening, and I shall write away at
this to give you a journal of my adventures. I hope
by the way you did get my telegram yesterday, I see
today they have cut the cable to Holyhead. That was just
avoided in 1916 but I hope my wire got through first.
I think I will begin again and write a proper letter,
I felt fear when I wrote to post in the pillar, one
never knows, but now I will write with indiscretion.

On Monday June 26 I was at tea with Miss Badham,
and she was most encouraging about the proposed
mibrary of historical fiction, which I shall hope to start
when all this calms down a bit. In the course of conversati
she remarked that there was something going on in
Baggot Street, so when I left her I went round and
saw a crowd just where baggot Street narrows before
entering Stephen's Green, also I observed a motor lorry

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so I advanced with caution. As I came more fully in sight of the lorry I saw upon it a gun ; trained onto the big garage door, by which motors go in and out of Ferguson's . That is the shop that was being attacked. So I stopped and began to consult some girls who were hanging around. They told me that the Four Courts men were in the garage refusing to come out, and that the Free State men said they were going to fire at six.

So I was much alarmed and departed with haste, for I thought it was actually six , and indeed it was very nearly. But when six came it was " Dont fire Colonel" and the men came out. On Tuesday 27th we heard that one Four Courts officer was held as a hostage, and one Free State officer was kidnapped.

On Wednesday 28th I awoke very early. I had to be down at a quarter to seven in case of X arriving by the first train, and I awoke in the dark and heard the clock strike four. I was still feeling greatly apprehensive

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of an alliance of Collins and De Valera in answer to Churchill's threats, and well it is an awful thing to say, but when I heard the cannon I could have jumped for joy. I thought the Four Courts men were attacking Beggarsbush barracks, but anyway I knew the two forces were fighting each other, not falling into each other's arms. There was a great noise for half an hour or so, cannon and rifles, and crack, crack, bang, bang, and silence to throw up the next outburst, a regular din. So at last I went down in my dressing gown and called on the hall floor tenants. They were a good bit upset, and I made very light of the whole thing and said it had got to come, and now the revolutionaries would be smashed, and we should have peace. Then I offered to get them some tea and they refused, and I went back to bed and dozed and listened to the guns, and dozed again, and was down at a quarter to seven, and again at a quarter to eight when first the budly and then X appeared. Poor X was rather in a fuss, she said she had

4, ROSARY GARDENS,

S. W. 7.

KENSINGTON 5893.
TELEPHONE

(X)

X cheered up and her only trouble was that she had in her excitement left behind her a parcel of plants, which her friends had given her for the garden.

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meant to stay at the station and come round a little later, but the guns seemed so near she had come straight along, also she had left behind her on the car a parcel of plants for the garden given to her by her friends, the noise of the guns put them out of her head and losing them was a great disappointment. Poor old Mrs Goff , the budly was in an awful way. Her son has joined the I R A for the Free State, and it was a perfectly new light to her that he might possibly have to fight. She kept saying she was uneasy and wanted to go home, and I could not even get her to wait for her dinner, which was great nonsense, for a dinner is a dinner these days.

(X) We heard the firing intermittently all day , and I sent off those letters at four from the pillar, and in the evening I went out to weed, and X said I must come in for fear of snipers, so I did though I did not myself think there was much danger.

Yesterday, that is on Thursday June 29th I said I would do the marketing. I did really feel very adventurous

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going with my bag to George Street. I went to get a book at Greene's library, and the girls there told me there was "nothing doing" The streets looked quite horrid, half the shops shut and groups of idlers standing about listening to the guns. It is demoralizing to have this kind of thing going on. You do long to stand in the road and collect rumours. The sound of the cannon is very exciting, the deep splendid roar, and then comes the rattle of the rifles. It seems to take all your attention, it is occupation enough to stand listening. All barriers are broken away, you can with perfect propriety stop any stranger in the street and ask if there is any fresh news, or if the firing is in any new district. I did stop one or two people to ask if all we heard came from the quays, because one cannot locate sound, an echo or a breeze will make all the differ-

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difference, and make you think it is the street you are just going into where the guns are.

I got rather uneasy going to George Street lest the shops should close, for it was after twelve, and I saw shops closing all the way. When I arrived I found I was too late for the eggs, and only just in time for the butter, the man was locking the door while I was in the shop, and only opening to allow people out. Then I ran like a hare for the bacon, and secured that, so I was lucky.

In the post office I ran across a Roman priest, and I asked him were things settling? He said Oh no. Growing worse and sniping all over the city. So I asked the girl could I post a letter, and she said No there were no collections at all, but it was all right to telegraph to England, and I wired to you and we have been regretting ever since that I did not wire for X. She sent telegrams out this morning

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and they were refused, the cable being cut.
Coming from the post I again fell into conversation with a stranger. I said I had been sorry to hear that things were growing worse, he said Oh yes much worse I had better go home. I said I had been in George street, he said Well to have come out of George street was an escape, they were sniping there and the republicans had seized several places in Dame Street and Nassau Street. So I went home, and out again as far as Baggot Street where I got eggs and bread. After that I was at home from half past two. The cannon fired perhaps once in half an hour, and the guns were to be heard from time to time. I did some copying for the Guild, and cut out a muslin collar for myself. I refuse to give in to the spirit of idle restlessness, but it is not quite easy to be employed. One cannot take one's mind off the guns enough to have the full use of it for anything sensible.

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This morning Friday June 30 the street seemed as full as usual, so I accosted a sturdy man and asked him if the streets were any safer than they were yesterday. He said Oh no Worse and worse, buildings being seized in all directions, and sniping everywhere. No one should go out who could stay in. So very sadly I resigned myself to a day indoors. One feels a great longing to go out and collect gossip. Miss O'Sullivan said she had to go out, and went about twelve. At twenty minutes to one by these clocks there came a most tremendous explosion. I was typing in my vestibule, but it was so loud that I went into my room to look at the clock. Then I heard X come into the hall, and then she and Margaret (the O'Sullivan's maid) went to the door. So I could stand it no longer and I went down to them. All the people in the street seemed to be at their doors looking into

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Merrion Square. Presently X said that she thought it was very dangerous to stand at the door, so I said it was best to go in and in we all went. And I paid a call on the delicate Miss O'Sullivan and tried to draw the talk away from bombs and cannon and then Miss O'Sullivan came in and Miss Dorcas cried out "Oh thank God you are come" and Miss O'S was very full of the great explosion. She had been standing at the corner of the Green, and Grafton Street was all filled with smoke and splinter. She thought some big building had been blown up, but no one could say where. So Miss Dorcas told how the spring blind in their window had been down and the shock of the explosion had made it run up to the top. X said it was the oddest feeling she ever had. She was standing in the kitchen and the floor seemed to heave, and her legs shook so that she could hardly stand for quite a little while after. I felt

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*and I gave
her 1 - and
said I would
go down in
the 6 p.m. stop
press*

it much less being upstairs. After lunch Miss
O'Sullivan went out again, came in later and said
that the Republicans were treating, and that it
had been "Cease fire " at 3.30. I had a very bad
ten minutes. If the Free State gives in now the
Republicans will be stronger than ever. And why
should the Free State not give in ? Who gave in
last July ? At the end of the ten minutes came
the evening paper and we then knew that the great
crash was the blowing up of the Four Courts
(Poor Dublin. One beautiful monument after
another) and what was really good news, was that
the Republicans wanted to treat, and were made to
surrender unconditionally. 180 are prisoners and
among them Rory O'Connor. I do hope the next news
of that individual will be that he has lived.
A temporary truce has also been granted to allow

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of the doctors removing the wounded. It was apparently a very huge explosion, the ground is said to be covered with a shower of scraps of paper, valuable documents of one kind and another are strewed all over Dublin in that form. It was of course followed by a fire and these people really had no choice but to surrender. However they still hold several buildings which they have seized, in particular they hold the office of the Independent, which is this side the river but looks right up Sackville street. It is a very strong position and they will have to be dislodged out of that. The firing is much slacker this afternoon, but one hears guns from time to time.

The Republicans are carrying on a tremendous propaganda. They issue little notices on green, white or yellow paper. (Oh such an outburst of rifle fire, and poor little Margaret

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says it is in Lower Mount Street, Poor child, she has to go there to get home. She looked so scared, I did feel sorry for her, I think they are sniping down there) Well what was I saying ? Oh about the Republicans. They put out these notices saying that it is too bad of their former comrades who fought so bravely last year, to be serving England now in secret and firing on them, and they standing faithfully for the Republic. They say also that the Free State Force is getting munitions from the khaki men, and that khaki soldiers are putting on the Free State uniforms, and fighting in the Free State ranks, and that General Macready is helping Collins. That type of accusation will of course always be made when the Free State does anything that anybody does not like. But it is being very loudly made now.

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I hear that the shops are all shut today, except the provision shops which opened for a little while in the morning. The banks are all shut, they are afraid of looters. One very awkward detail is that the dustmen do not come. Generally they come every day, but they are said to be all republicans and called up to fight. One hears very piteous stories about boys who went into the Four Courts, not to fight, but to get their meals and two pounds a week. That is said to have been the rate of pay and unemployment being so bad quite a number did that, and then came this horrid affair. Of course it is a great relief in a way, I do not want it to end too soon. I want it to go on till the Revolutionaries really are smashed up as they ought to have been smashed in 1916. They must be utterly overwhelmed, "out and down" is the only hope for them.

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I only hope that nothing will tempt the Free State to treat. You cannot treat with those extremists, if you do it only means more trouble later. I trust that every day of fighting makes treating more difficult.

Do you know that Mrs Tanner was most desirous to keep X another day. She said that if X would stay over Wednesday she would take her down to Harrow in the motor, and X thought she ought to come back because her month was over. So she came, and if she had even put off till evening, and crossed by the day mail I do not feel sure that she would have been admitted into Dublin. On Thursday morning she certainly would not have been. No fresh people are allowed in, but anyone can leave.

As in 1916 military operations are greatly hampered by crowds who go to look on. It is

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impossible to keep them away. Work is at a stand still, and the people just come crowding into places where they think they can get a good view. . I keep thinking of the Irish Times in 1916 " The military operations now proceeding are a stern necessity, not a public amusement." But now as then a large number are determined to consider them as a public amusement, and it is a very great nuisance. Miss O'Sullivan said that the streets were full when she went out this morning, and the people talking and laughing and meeting their friends as if nothing were wrong. It is a sort of witches Sabbath I think. The shops are shut, that is the Sabbath part, and the guns belong clearly to the witches. We know nothing of what may be going on elsewhere. The Irish Times is thin and depleted

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Having indeed no news wherewith to puff itself out.

July 2nd Sunday

Yesterday was a most uncanny day. Some cutlets were wanted, and some suet but they were not wanted so very badly, and I was in twenty minds about going out. So I said I would go to Church, and I did and coming home I fell in with a lady carrying a basket, and she spoke to me and turned out to be one of the people who considered taking the ground floor flat when it was empty, so we got into chat, walked along as far as the Church, walked as far as the canal bridge, walked across it and in short I found myself half way to the cutlet shop before I realized what I was doing. So then I went on. Upper Baggot Street was full to overflowing all the housekeepers were laying in stories. I got the cutlets and the suet, and it was all very quiet only now and then we heard dropping shots. That

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is the danger now, there is sniping everywhere and you never know when it will begin. However I went safely home and there was X and it had all been so quiet she had run out to another cutlet shop, and laid in exactly what she had told me to get, so we are well supplied. I thought I would give the rest of the morning to accounts, so I got out my books and rather to my amazement found that I could not add a column of figures. All power of arithmetic is gone from me Is not that rather queer? I am not aware of being mentally affected in any other way by the peculiar circumstances.

Presently Miss

O'Sullivan came in and she said there was a truce, it was to last till half past two, and if the Four Courts men did not evacuate certain houses which they had seized in Sackville Street they were to be

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shelled out. I cannot tell you how uncanny it was. A most unnatural silence prevailed everywhere I think the trams were not running There was and is silence like a rainy Sunday, and it goes on all the time, no motors, very few tradesmen's carts, no one going out except those who are rushing for food, or going in crowds to watch the fighting. All wise people are indoors. The baker brought me very stale bread, X complained, he said " You are lucky to get any at all. I had my cart raided three times this morning" The shops which do not sell food do not open for fear of looters. So there is silence broken by sniping, and it is very grim. Miss Proctor went out yesterday and came in about 1 She said that the truce would last till four. It was perfectly horrid. After lunch I decided to take a book to Miss Evans, she asked for it from the

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library and it has come in. It came in many days ago of course, nothing has come in except the local papers since Tuesday. So about ten minutes to 3 I set off feeling very brave and very much hurried. and I ran to Miss Evans. Poor little thing she opened the door looking as if the weight of the world were upon her shoulders. Then I stopped with Miss Badham whose house is on the way home, and I left "Neill's Novels" for her, as she had expressed a curiosity about it. I saw her for about three minutes, she looks worn to a shadow and says that at every knock she wonders if someone is coming to commandeer the house. It is a nice house in a garden, and they just might very well commandeer it, it will be awkward for her if they do, as some of her girls are boarding there. So then I sped home, and when I got in it

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was only half past three. I waited for 4 with a sinking heart, and when it came the silence was unbroken, and of course I began to wonder if the Free State had capitulated to the revolutionaries. About six came the evening paper, and it said nothing about the truce, and very little about anything else, but it did say that the Irregulars (that is their name now) had taken possession of Moran's , which is a hotel on the Green. They appeared there, and told the people who were in the hotel to go to the Shelburn, " which they did at once " But I do not know what became of them after that, because the Free State men then took up their position in the Shelburn. Moran's is in a line with the Shelburn, as you go into Dublin.

The night got very noisy, any amount

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of sniping, and volley firing once or twice, but I slept well, one gets innured. This morning I went to St Stephen's at 11 30, all was as usual, But coming away I got into talk with a Red Cross nurse and she told me what indeed I suspected already that the city is more dangerous now than ever. The Ireegulars are scattered everywhere, and sniping at everyone apparently. In 1916, and I daresay on all occasions, the worst danger for the civilian population comes at the end. When the defeated party is desparate, and has lost all semblance of military control, that is the worst for the city.

The horrid silence went on till about 3 30 then we heard volley firing and it has gone on ever since, It is nearly 7 now. We hear that the Free State men (I cannot bring myself to call them The Army) are attacking Moran's on the Green. I do not hear cannon , but there was a huge

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noise about six. It may have been bombs, or a mine
There were three or four explosions of some sort
but for the most part it is just volleys. I
thought I heard cheering after the great explosion,
but at this distance one cannot be sure. I went
to the hall door and saw the curious sight of a
fine Sunday afternoon, with bright sunshine and
deserted streets. The effect was horrid. You know the
range of street from this door, I counted three
people in sight. I watched for a while and then
up came a nurse and three girls, and they asked me
if there was a dressing station in Upper Mount
Street, I said I did not know, and they went on.

What is very horrid is that we hear nothing f:
from other parts of Ireland. We do not know whether
the Free State is holding its ground elsewhere, or
what is happening. We did hear that two bridges

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are blown up between this and Belfast, Leytown
Bridge Co Meath, and another not far from Dundalk
on this side.....(ten to seven and such a
crash. Are they bringing up cannon ? They say
the republicans have no artillery, I hope it is
true) We hear of detachments of men marching on
Dublin on the republican side, and they say all
the roads are barricaded, but of course that may be
only talk.

Comparing this with 1916 it seems to be
more trying in one way and less in another. I think
there is a good deal less noise, and probably fewer
men are employed, but one is aware that the
fighting forces are much inferior in military
capacity. Then the whole of Ireland was at once
cut into districts, and all communication was
both forbidden and made impossible, and we were

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told that it was so. Now we do not know.

We think that the mail is very likely crossing, but no collections of letters have been made. We do not know for certain whether we could get letters across or whether we could not. I am going to try to get to Westland Row, but it is not a nice neighbourhood, OI do not care to go there except during some kind of lull. The people in the streets say with one voice "Do not go out unless you are obliged"

I spend a good deal of time copying into my extract books. You know I have a great taste for extracts, and it is mindless work of which I feel capable while the guns are going on. I am sure from the accounts that there was a good deal more firing of cannon in 1916 and fewer intervals. I daresay this will last longer than

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that did. Of course it is anxious about the food.
Will it be possible to hold a market next week?
And if not is the Provisional Government strong
enough to victual the city itself? The ^{kahki}troops are
all confined to barracks in Phoenix Park. What a
position to have put ourselves in that we cannot
use them.

Did I tell you Mrs Hamilton's baby was
born last Sunday in a nursing home quite near here?
I cannot get round to enquire for them, it is a
very shooty district. I do feel sorry for her parents
they are at Howth.

I must say I do think the poor little
Free State is not doing too badly at all. They
really fight with great spirit. Of course they
cannot take command, as General Maxwell did in
1916, they cannot send out orders to the whole

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population, they are obviously weak weak and new and inexperienced, and they command no one's confidence. It is like seeing one's neighbours on trial, not like being in the hands of professionals. Still I do feel that they fight with spirit, and I begin to have some faint feeling of respect for them. It has not gone far yet, but it might develop into real respect, and it will if they settle things later with as much determination as they are now putting into this shelling bombarding business. Of course the diplomatic part will be much harder than the mere fighting. I think they have a fair number of real soldiers in their ranks. The war was of course quite different from this glorified riot, still the military training must be a great help. I am told that a large number of men out of the disbanded Irish regiments

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have joined them. I do not know how many
ex-Soldiers are with the republicans.

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Wednesday July 5 I think I shall soon be able
to post this wherefore I will hasten to write it
up before I forget things. On Sunday night Dr
Trench appeared [again?] It really was a pleasure to see
to see a visitor Poor man he had been paying a
dreary call at no 24. There is a Miss Studley
there, and her garden is covered in and is a
gymnasium. She has worked it for twenty years
and now wants to retire. So she sold it to Miss
Harrison and another lady whose name I forget,
and the transaction was completed on Wednesday.
and the other lady went down in the afternoon
to see Mrs Trench at Donnybrook, and say how nice

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it all was, and how she and Miss Harrison were going to run the place together. And when she got in she found that during the afternoon Miss Harrison had gone to Harcourt Street station, to see a friend off by train, and as she came out of the station to come home, a stray bullet hit her and she was at the point of death. She lived I think for about two days, and then died. She was English and they say her father had a presentiment and begged her not to go to Dublin, but she would. So it is very awful for Miss Studley who has sold the place.

I consulted Dr Trench about posting letters, and he said that Westland Row was the best chance but very dangerous to get to, he did not advise my going there. The far end of Merrion Square is a very bad place, and at the

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corner where you turn into Westland Row is a big house facing into two streets, and called Oriel House. It is occupied by Nationals and there is always likelihood of fighting there. So I said Well I must go and he suggested a way of approaching the station from the other side, and I followed it on Monday and again on Tuesday and it is as safe as any street is here now. When I got to the station on Monday I found that I could do nothing but ask the passengers to post, as the train would not be answerable for the letter at all and said no mails were crossing. The letter had a Free State stamp and I said inside I was posting in the train, so putting one thing with another, I decided to bring it home again, and go next day prepared to accept a passenger. We had a long quiet indoors day, and guns growled all around us.

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and Dr Trench ran in again. He said that examinations were going on in college and crowds attending them, and that all college Green was crowded though there was nothing to see. You hear the guns better there, and you can look along Westmoreland street and see the river. I think you are not allowed onto the quays and of course you are not wanted anywhere, but people are not able to work, and they get restless and go as near the scene of action as they can.

On Tuesday 4th Mrs Johnston the charwoman appeared. It was her day but we had not expected her. She lived in George Street, off Stephen's Green. Her talk was all of bombs and barricades and cannon and Sinn Feiners. I could not very clearly make out what had happened to her. Poor thing she looked quite distracted. A "Sinn Feiner"

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now in common speech seems to mean the same as
" a rebel " or an " irregular " I wish we could
still call them Four Courts men. That was distinctive
and accurate. Officially we read of Nationals
and Irregulars. The Nationals are the Free State
force, and are also officially called " the troops "
" the army " etc. But I think it is foolish to
call people " the army " who avowedly could not
face a trained army for ten minutes. I wish they
could be called the National Guard, or something
like that. I myself do not mind Free State Force,
that is quite accurate. Only how can one describe
an individual member of such a force ? Sometimes
the Irregulars are called " the Mutineers " but that
name does not really take on.

We heard on Monday

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that all the biggest fighting on Sunday had been in Sackville Street. The Irregulars seized a hotel Oh yes I told you that. They seized Moran's It was my mistake to think that Moran's was on the Green, it is on the North side, near Amiens Street station. There was a good bit of fighting on the Green only poor Mrs Johnston was unable to give any account of it.

Yesterday Tuesday I went again to Westland Row, and I saw a benevolent little old gentleman who looked like a tradesman of some sort. So I went up to him and said " May I ask Sir if you are going to England ?" He said " Yes To Liverpool" I said " You would do me a great kindness if you would post these in Liverpool. My sisters will be glad to hear of me " So he grinned and put them in his pocket, and I hope you got them, or at least

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got your own, the other went to Mysore. The rest of the day was very quiet Hardely an sniping and no big guns, and I got a feeling that we should hear of a great surrender. In 1916 the rebels went out on Monday and came in on Saturday, and these having gone out on a Wednesday night night I thought come in on Tuesday, and it was so still I began to feel sure they would. Also I saw a boy going with a telegram and I saw a postman with 10 letters. With the freedom which I have mentioned before I stopped the boy and asked where he came from. He said From Amiens Street and you could telegraph from there, though not from most places. To say you can telegraph from Amiens Street is like saying you can telegraph from the G P O One is pretty nearly as dangerous as the other to approach

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At the same time I felt we were coming to the end. So about five we heard cannon, and from that to 3 a.m. it never left off, roar and bang and crash and rattle. It was the worst night we have had yet. The Nationals seem to have got a good many of the houses in Sackville Street, but the Irregulars had dug passages at the back, and hardly any prisoners were made. That is the worst, men and arms are gone and they can lie perdu as long as they please, and be an armed force again in a minute. Looked at in one light it seems so awfully mean of the great British Empire to have slunk away, and left the poor little Dail to face the revolutionaries alone. However I am assured that they have supplied munitions and also instructors in the use of guns etc. so they have done as much as that. And of course it all sounds quite nice in

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Parliament. They will interfere in this which is an imperial question, and a British obligation, and they will leave that alone because it is a purely Irish question. But you know I do think it is the real difficult questions which are counted purely Irish. But I am sure it looks very different to the Cabinet and to us. They may be, of course they must be ignorant of many things which gentlemen know. And they are consistent in applying what they think are true principles. I think really they have not a sufficient supply of facts, and I think they only consider one class, their own. There is only one view of Ireland which is inteeligible to them and that is to count the votes. Anyone who can get a majority of votes must be listened to, and Ireland must be whatever they mean by a

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" small nationality " A small nationality is this that and the other, therefore Ireland is this that and the other, and if in fact it does not conform to type that is its affair and not ours. I do not think that the cabinet knows anything about the position as it affects either the educated or the poor. They just think of the men who command a Parliamentary majority, those men are Ireland. Of course it is all very difficult. It is right to govern according to fixed rules and principles, and not to allow yourself to be swayed too much by local peculiarities, and yet when you push that too far, and go on with your theory when it is obviously not working, that does not do either.

Last night, or rather this morning about 3 there was a most tremendous crash.

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I do not know if it was an 18 pounder or what it was
X came into my room and said that a bomb had
exploded in the garden, I said Oh no It had exploded
beside my bed, So she began to laugh and said
what did I think it was and I said I did not know.
She said the O'Sullivan's would be frightened. So I
put on a dressing gown and walked into the hall,
and they called me in and they were a good bit
upset and we began to talk and Miss O'S told me
the following weird tale. As things were a good bit
quieter this afternoon she went down to see a friend
at Dalkey, which I would not have done, for I am
sure Dalkey is an hour's run by tram. As she came
back there were seven people in the tram and one was
an old gentleman about seventy. And the tram had
to slow down going round a corner, and all at once

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the old gentleman cried " They are coming to murder me " and in jumped three men with revolvers, and everyone was ordered to leave, and they cried to the old gentleman " We have got you now " and Miss O'Sullivan ran for her life, and after a minute she was called back, and there sat the old gentleman and they had taken papers out of his pocket, but otherwise done him no harm. He had some excuse and said it was papers about a bicycle he had lost, but Miss O'S thinks that it was political, and papers of importance to someone.

We hear tonight that Sackville Street, unlucky Sackville Street, is burning again. The north end is burning, the end which did not burn before. The Miss O'Sullivans get very low. They go on saying how dreadful it all is, but I say things like this are to be

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expected in a retrograde age, and that it is very honourable for us to be born into a scene of such difficulty. They say they do not like difficulty and would sooner live in an age of peace, I say that a new civilization will grow up better than the one which is now perishing, and that we have a great share because we are saving the pieces for our successors to build with, and they say they do not care about their successors, they want progress and comfort for themselves. We get very merry over all this, for they are soon cheered, but then they go down into the depths again. Miss Proctor says she has got a very bad ear ache from the firing, and she has gone to Bray.

I see by a question in Parliament that Ballyconree orphanage has been burned, and the boys saved in a gunboat. The master of the orphanage was a most tiresome creature.

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He was so provoking that I could nearly have set the house on fire myself. But it is "Farewell British freedom" indeed, if we are not to be safe from being burned out because we are provoking. It is all in the O'Connell's parish, I am very sorry for them, but for whom is one not very sorry?

Friday July 7

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This journal must end today because now the post is open again to London, and it bewilders me both to write and to journalize. On Wednesday July 5 I got a letter from Harry. It came in the ordinary way, by post and apparently unopened. It was dated June 29th. On Thursday July 6th I got a letter from Mr Gahan dated July 1st and written from Gorey Co Wexford. That was a great wonder because it came from Ireland. 7.30 and

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here comes a letter from Belfast dated yesterday so the post is working on that line.

Well on Wednesday night I thought I would go early to bed for I was tired with all the noise.

After I was in my room there began the most awful firing. I never heard such a din, it

seemed all round the house. So I put on my dressing gown and went down to see how the rest of the party was getting on. I went into the Library on the way down and in the intervals of the

firing I heard a man crying papers along the street, You cannot think how uncanny the effect was of the voice mixing with the shots. I walked about the hall a little but could hear nothing of the O'Sullivans. I went down to the basement and a voice cried " Here we are Miss Stephen in the pantry " and there were they and X and

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and they said that people were shooting in Upper Mount Street, and the rooms were not safe, and I laughed and said that a man was crying papers in the street, but all the same the noise was dreadful and I did not want them to come out of the pantry which as you know only opens on the passage, because of course bullets do come into houses, and I did not want to be responsible if anyone was shot also the guns kept moving about. Miss O'S was sure that the College of Science was being bombed, and says that the Provisional Government lives there which I did not know. They want to avoid the sad associations of Dublin Castle, or of course that would be much safer, but the associations are so sad and besides it is not really vacated yet, the Chief Secretary has a good many of his things there

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yet. So to pass the time I said Well after all what is all this about Dublin Castle, what are these terrible associations ? and Miss O'S said She was not old enough to remember the Balfour regime and the Crimes Acts. And I said the Balfour Crimes Act was an unmixed benefit, and protected the poor people, That was what it was for and what it did. And she said then why do people talk about it the way they do ? and then came a bigger crash than ever, and for a time we could not hear our own voices, and when we could I said Really how tiresome this shooting was, talking of Mr Balfour and the old days I had quite forgotten the disturbances. So at last things died down a little and we all repaired to the kitchen and the others made coacoa, and I stood by and played grand maternal benevolence. I do not know why, but I

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really was not at all frightened, at least not of the guns, but poor X looked so white I was rather alarmed about her. At last I went off to bed, and X and the noise gradually got rather less, and then X called me up because there was a fire. So I went to her window and saw a huge flare up, and as a matter of fact it was more houses burning in Sackville Street, but I feared it might be Leinster House. It is hard to calculate direction in the dark. I went back to bed and in half an hour she called me up again because the fire was getting so much worse, so I again went to her window and it was nearly out. After that things got quieter.

Yesterday Thursday 6th was again a quiet day. I went out and bought eggs and butter in the morning. There were none on the city side of the canal, but

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plenty in Upper Baggot Street. At about 10.30 ~~X~~^{pm}
~~X~~said she saw men on the roof in Lower Mount Street,
I looked but could see nothing, but I think there
very likely was a guard upon the roofs against
snipers. After that I refused to take any interest
and said that if the noise began again I did not
care, and that I was quite indifferent to men either
on our own roof or the roofs adjacent. There was
firing at night, both sniping and volleys, but it
was a good deal less than on Wednesday.

Today the
banks are open and people going about freely on
the South Side. What is happening on the North
Side I do not know. The Free State has a very bad time
to meet now, I think the Irregulars are quite
broken, and will survive in the form of robber bands

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and that is the most difficult form of rebellion which a government can have to deal with.

I will end this journal by repeating the gratuitous folly of prophecy, of which I have been guilty once already today.

I think Ireland will from this time get more and more rustic, narrow, provincial and parochial. I think at last it will have only such little problems that it can deal with them. Then peace will really be established, and when peace comes I think everyone's mind will turn more and more to questions like the housing of the poor, education and workhouses. I think in time all that side of things will get to be better arranged, and then another civilization will grow up on a firmer foundation than the last one had. I think that process is in progress in every

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country, and in a little place like Ireland you see it more clearly. I think a military despot may arise and help things on, but if he is wise I think he should avoid trying to help Ireland out of the parish rut. Rather he should try to make the rut into a little wee weenhighway, which may really educate the poorer people. For the moment we must be satisfied to see culture come very nearly to an end, perhaps in Ireland it must come quite to an end. Perhaps only Oxford and Cambridge are big enough to keep a spark alight, if T C D can keep one or two men of real learning amongst the crowd who will be teaching agriculture and mechanics it will do well. I think it is quite possible that it may be able. And I think perhaps culture may be seen in Ireland again in two or three hundred years. By that time a good deal of water will have run under the bridge.

FINIS. THE END.

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You will see that the wireless station at Clifden is gone. Miss O'Sullivan says that if it had been left alone the Marconi people wanted to sell it for a small sum to the Free State, as it has been destroyed they will demand the full compensation. I asked her what ails De Valera ? She says he wants to make government by the Free State impossible. I said Does he want to govern himself ? She says she is sure he does not, and indeed I do not see how anyone could wish to do that. I then said was he in league with the foreign anarchists and anti-capitalists ? and she said she thought more than likely. She also thinks that De Valera and his friends have gone rather mad, and are destroying and burning, because they do not know how to leave off. She and her sister went out to tea, and were escorted to this door by President Griffith so I always feel she is in the circle that hears