1922
June 4 - Sep 13
Manorji

Manorji
June 4 1922
Ardfeenish Dublin Whitsunday

To DIS

It is now ten days since I left Belfast and I think about it all the time. It was most queer evacuating Feenavarna. I decided to do it on a Monday, and the van came on Wednesday week. The things are stored in the attic at Feeinish, and it is quite possible that in a year's time I may sell, Feeinish.

Certain acts of Parliament expire in about a will year which make is possible to sell your house with less regard to the interests of your tenant. It is the strangest feeling. I feel my work in Belfast is done. And that overdraft is a real relief to my mind (though I am going to dispose of it as soon as may be and not to incur another).

But I do feel that no trifle stood in the way. I stood by Belfast to the last. I cannot quite make out why I am so clear about my work there being done. I am quite certain, and I want to try can I get it into words why I am so certain about it.

I think all along my idea was to help
in hindering the kind of tragedy which has occurred. To have the R Cs flying in hundreds out of Belfast, and out of the six country area, is worse than the worst I imagined, but it is in the line of what I wished so much to prevent. And I feel that I did and do modify. The cottage R Cs that know me feel differently to what they would if that job had not been undertaken. But old Belfast is gone, and in the new Belfast that is to be one of two things will happen. Either civilization will take quite a long step back, and it will become necessary to start work on most infantine lines, or else a wise government will officially insist of making an end of bigotry. In either case I see no reason why I should be burdened with the upkeep of a house in Belfast. When Ireland settles it will be under quite new conditions, and the people who belong to that generation must do the best they can. I can make no plans for them, and I do not now feel it very important to leave Feenish to the church at my death. It would have been a very
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desirable thing to do if things had developed gradually out of what there was twenty years ago, but this revolution has accomplished the changes of two or three generations in two or three years, I mean I think that will be the effect when it passes, and I feel freed of responsibility respecting the future. Edith Brittain says she feels free of responsibility now. If everyone insists on taking the wrong course when any choice has to be made by anyone she says she at least can do no more. They must get out of their difficulties as they can. I do not quite go as far as that at the moment, but about the future I do begin to feel like that, and it is a relief in a way. I am most uncommonly glad to have been to Belfast so often since I left, and especially I am so very glad to have had this last time there. It was queer but when I got there it seemed as if I had never left in one way, and in another as I say I felt it was all over. Something is taken off, the job is over.
To DIS

It is really a comfort to me to keep transcripts of what I write to you because my head goes round. The misfortunes come so thick and fast I forget what I told and what I did not tell. I think that the two things which have most impressed me this week are the fight at Pettigoe, and the report of the bureau. I send Irish Times containing both. After some thought I send the whole of both papers because you see by the adj. sheets that life goes on much as usual.

Governesses are looking for holiday engagements, a small quiet pony is to be sold, dear little thing, I hope it will find a good home. And as I say you can see quite a lot of commonplace life like that. But I think we must call it civil war about Pettigoe, because the King's forces were fighting on both sides, which is my definition of civil war. The ministers in London only use the name IRA under protest, but those of the IRA who acknowledge the Free State are crown
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forces, because the Crown acknowledges them, and has given them many strong places and much war material. Two stories are told about Pettigoe. The Northern Parliament say that the Free State troops fired unprovoked at the Imperial forces and Griffith says it was the other way, the imperial forces fired unprovoked on Free State troops. But apparently it was Free State troops who were engaged, both unofficials. The Crown forces were fighting against each other. Griffith wants an enquiry, and of course if that comes it may all be explained away, and apologized for on one side or the other, but if it goes on it is civil war.

The report of the Bureau in London pleases me because it says that the Third International has a hand in putting out these people. The Bureau puts the Third International in a lowly place, and says it is probably under the control of the local movement. As I have so often said I look at it the other way. I think the movement against capital on the continent is the real movement.
I understand that the Third International is a society which had two predecessors now defunct, and it exists amongst various nations to do away with capital, and it is particularly bitter against the British Empire as a capitalist bulwark. I think that this international society is in league with the extreme party here, and whenever Ireland shows any little tendency to settle then the continental extremists arrange for a fresh outburst.

This is to my mind the explanation of the long continued disturbance in Belfast. People say it is religious bigotry, but I do not agree. Outbreaks of party spite take place in Belfast, but when only Belfast is concerned they are followed by intervals of exhaustion and quiet. In a normal state Belfast has more intervals of exhaustion than of fighting. It is too small a place to keep the row up all the time. But now it has kept on quite steadily since October last, nine months. That is unheard of. To my mind it is proof positive that outside influence is
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at work

And I feel it like that about the whole of Ireland. What outside influence has an interest in keeping up these disturbances? I can think of none but strong anti-capitalists. It must weaken the British empire to have all this going on, and it actually hits Irish capitalists, even very small ones, at the moment. I cannot see why anyone but anti-capitalists should be so strong against the empire. The Irish would be very silly to feel like that against an empire which they have been and are from highest to lowest, energetic agents in building up. Besides one knows as a fact that real genuine Irish feeling against the empire is a very mild affair. Not a thing anyone would spend much money on, or take any real trouble about. It is a bit of swagger that some Irish people like to produce to frighten the silly English, and that is all.

But there is real anti-imperial feeling
somewhere now. And the Irish having no government
to protect them are dragged along in .......
whose wake? That is the problem. And I never to
my recollection saw the Third International
so clearly suggested before. So that is why I
like that.

No I never lived in "physical fear"
It does not affect me that way. I was slightly
frightened once or twice in Belfast, never here.

About going to England I have no idea
I will go over in August if possible. Whether it
is at all likely to be possible I simply have
no idea. None whatsoever. But K will be at G m c
then, and if I can leave this for a month I wil
To DIS

There have been conferences again in London for many days. I hoped this idiot Free State was going to prove unworkable before it began. I see no use in putting off the inevitable. Westminster apparently took fright because Collins came to terms with de Valera, and Westminster said that de Valera would never take some oath or other which it had prescribed. But now it seems no oath need be taken by this first Parliament, nor by the ministers it appoints. I take no interest in the details. I am quite convinced in my own mind that either de Valera will smash King George, or King George will smash de Valera.

There is not space in Ireland for the both of them. And I see no use in these temporary accommodations. The real thing has got to be fought out some time or other, and my own feeling is the sooner the better. I may be wrong but I feel that Ireland has no prospect of peace till one of those two beats the other "right round the town". I think
it is mere foolishness to think that words or plans are going to give peace, they are not. And as for the elections there is a "panel". That is de Valera and Collins have joined to recommend certain people to the electors, and of course those people will be elected. It is all a huge farce, and I take no interest.

Amongst other things Churchill told the House that refugees from Ireland to England will become a very serious problem. They are also a very serious problem inside Ireland. About those people from Belfast, one does not know what to do. You see they are said to be in the very worst hands. being exploited by the most extreme of the extremists. I think myself it was very wrong to bring them from Belfast. If they really have any powerful friends they ought to be kept alive there, where if anywhere, they can get work. I fear they are not brought here with any good intentions. Just to go whining round you know for party purposes. I am going to see whether I can get a list of them
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at any of the places where they are now, I want so much to know whether any of ours are there.

There are refugees in Belfast too, and all over the Six Counties. They have fled from death in Donegal, and elsewhere over the boundary. I do not feel so much vexed when isolated people flee. I do not believe that it ought to have been necessary to fly from Belfast, and I think if proper measures had been taken representations should have been made to Sir James Craig, and he should have been forced to protect them. But of course extremists do not want to make representations, they want to make martyrs.

Today I see that two special constables are had up before some court or other in Derry for raiding R C houses and setting them on fire. People had to fly before them in night gowns and the houses were sprinkled with petrol and burned. Such is life where you have a very weak government.

There is a man called Lawrence Dowling I want to tell you about him, but I must explain that I am repeating the talk of the town. I have
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not read his trial with any care, just looked over it. The talk is this.

Dowling was an unofficial of the I R A. He was told off to raid a bank to get money to pay the men who were holding the Four Courts. So he raided some money and he was running away with it, and the people in the roads thought he was a common thief and shouted after him. Mr Max Green, Redmond's son in law put up his umbrella to stop him, and was shot dead on Stephen's Green. Some of the D M P, not yet disbanded gave chase and caught Dowling, and he was brought up in court and tried on an accusation of murdering Mr Green. A man who was in court, and who afterwards did a job of work for me told me that when the jury retired to consider their verdict Dowling said "This is the most exciting part." He is about 20, his father was in court, and as indifferent as he. The jury disagreed and Dowling was put back to be tried again. I heard the trial mentioned once or twice with shouts of laughter. "Oh but he will j
not be found guilty. The jury have all wives and children." So the second trial began the other day, but in today’s paper I see it is postponed. The foreman of the jury being taken suddenly and seriously ill. The trial will come on again in August.

Are you surprised to hear that trade is very bad? and farming nearly at a standstill in some places? and that we are threatened with famine?

What worries me about the House of Commons is that Ireland was in active rebellion a year ago, and is now a colony for which the House has ceased to be responsible. You are obviously responsible if a place can rebel against you. Can you get rid of your responsibilities by signing any kind of document? I am sure you cannot. The cabinet is entangled in words. It fancies that it can give Ireland colonial standing by saying that it has done so, and if Ireland has not got colonial standing nothing in the world can give it. Ireland has
its own standing whatever that is, and to say it has the standing of a colony is only to add to the confusion. It is not a colony, it is Ireland. You cannot make it a colony by having Irish questions answered by the colonial secretary. I think the Commons are victims of the "I am better in all respects" theory, run perfectly mad.

The House of Commons gone mad, and also become quite idiotic is what really staggers me. That Ireland, or any other place should fall into the hands of the Bolshies is of course conceivable. It is very horrid, but still it is one of the risks of life. But how the House, the great House, that we knew when we were children, that burns that great light at night, that has managed the affairs of half the world and not found them too much, that it should become at once mad and idiotic I cannot understand.

To disband the R I C in the middle of very serious Belfast rioting was a mad act. To boast of the same in the House of Commons appears quite mad.
Yesterday there was a long story about the King taking charge of the colours of the disbanded Irish regiments at Windsor. I could not read it. I just folded the page so that one could see the rest without having one's eye caught by that. I felt as if he were calling to all the world "Come and see the King of England kill his mother and his son with his own hands." I could not forget all day that the thing was there. It was perfectly horrible. Not only to do such a thing, but to make a show of it. Poor little man. I am sorry for him too. It must be a hateful job to have to fill a place five or six times too big for you. He could not check the revolution of course whoever he was. His only chance would be to lead it. But short of that he might behave with personal dignity, and refuse to take part in what is scandalous.

I believe there will be great recruiting for the IRA from those disbanded regiments. What else can a boy do who likes nothing...
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Dublin

but soldiering. Mrs Goff, who reigns in X's stead, has a son in "the army." She said the words so shyly. I asked if she meant the I.R.A., and she said Yes, and added hastily that he is a motor man and business is so slack. What could he do but take a place driving with them.

It seems that the fighting last week at Pettigoe and at Beleek was against the non-official I.R.A. They are very strong and submit to no authority. However, they are put out of Belleek.

In Synod week I heard that quite a number of the country clergy get letters threatening letters telling them that the next time a Roman is killed in Belfast they shall be murdered. Is it not horrid? I remember Canon Carmody getting a letter like that. He made up his mind that it was done for mischief. So it very well may have been, but any of those letters may be real.
June 16 1922
Dublin

To K S

There is a lot of talk that it is unpatriotic not to vote today. But I am not going to. Some are very anxious that all right minded people should support the treaty, others say that at any cost we must defeat the "panel" candidates, others say that we must keep out Markievitz and put in Keogh, who is a good businessman. To this last which was urged upon me by Miss O'Sullivan I said that if anyone would stop murder I would vote for him though a murderer should be waiting in the polling booth to shoot me. And she looked at me with a face that frightened me. She had been running about the Countess and what a beast she is, and how Keogh is such a good man, and when I said I would only vote for a man willing and able to stop murder, she suddenly became silent, and then said some small phrase which I now forget. "Oh if we could get that ...." or some words to that effect. But it just came on her for a minute how different it
would be if we were voting for a real government not merely taking part in silly and futile intrigues. And then she said "I think yours is quite a fair position to take" and that was the end.

My own view is that by juggling, and fencing, and twisting words about Westminster has persuaded de Valera to help in this election, and has put off the civil war for a while. I know you are in favour of that because you say "Put it off to the last minute and the Deliverer may appear." I think there is a great deal in that, and yet the intrigues are very demoralising, and I think we are quite near a real famine. Of course civil war would not help real famine. I think it could only aggravate all the evils which exist at present, and yet one gets a feeling that one longs for it. "Oh come on let's get it over." That sort of feeling, but then civil wars can drag on and on indefinitely. It is not because they begin that they are going to end. And there could be no real war
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It would be the Imperial forces against robber bars, which is the most revolting form of that most detestable kind of conflict. All seems very quiet I think the elections cause no excitement.

It continues to be perfectly awful about the refugees. There are five hundred refugees from Belfast in a place called Marlborough Hall. It is feared that they are in charge of a very violent set who exploit their misfortunes. As for the Protestants they seem safe enough in Belfast, but elsewhere they are being hunted out in ever so many places, Athy, Cork, Tipperary, Fermoy, I really forget all the places. They have to leave at a few hours' notice under threat of murder. That is the foreign influence you know. No Irish people would be such fools as to hunt out people who bring in the money, but the anti-capitalists want the Protestants gone just for that very reason.

The worry of the whole situation is that there is no one to trust. That is why I feel so very cool about this new constitution. What does
it matter what it looks like on paper when there is no one to administer it? Evidently Griffith and Collins are as much afraid of the extremists as Lloyd George was when he arranged "the truce of July". And Ireland will not permanently contain de Valera and King George. It is only a question of which can smash the other. I suppose one must glance over the constitution but one feels it only a farce.

6.30 Have come in from Miss Gibson's. She is much cast down but has voted for the Labour member. She says that every member of every party is utterly selfish. I said well some sorts of selfishness were of advantage to others, and I was sure that all selfish Irish people wish for peace. So she quite agreed.
June 21 1922  Dublin

To D I S

I think my desire to get away for a while is quite overbalanced by my extreme relief at being here.

When I invited Edith Brittain to come and see me she said "Oh no Father would never hear of my going to Dublin" There is hardly any visiting, few days visiting I mean. People are afraid to leave home lest disturbance should break out in their absence, and afraid to go to any distance lest they might not be able to get back, and afraid to receive their friends lest they might have to ask them to stand a siege. So most people stay at home.

The bold Mr Quigley is going to Sligo on the 1st to hold a summer school, where people will come to talk and to study Irish. He wanted at one point to make "a big thing" of it. But though two houses were available he only ventured to take one, as the country might be disturbed and the whole thing broken up, and the two empty houses would be such an expense.
June 21 1922 Dublin

So he has one small house for one month only, and he thinks any way he will not lose much over it.
Note on Sir Henry Wilson.
Violet Trench who is Lady Wilson’s niece, and who knew both her and her husband well tells me that Sir Henry made Lloyd George very angry by his continued opposition to the policy of reprisals. He said it did not so much matter that he personally thought them detestable, but that from his experience in South Africa he was sure they were useless, and thought Lloyd George entirely mistaken to allow them. I think perhaps I was unduly set against him by old-fashioned ways of expressing himself.

2 Sep 1933

PB
June 23 1922  Dublin

To K S

Now what do you think? Is it worse that Sir Henry Wilson should be killed in London, or that Lawless, an ex-soldier should be called out of his room at midnight and shot on the stairs leading to his tenement, shot dead you know; or that McDowell who was in Bray for his health should also somehow be got out of his rooms at night, and be murdered in a lane?

All the talk is about Sir Henry of course. I do not complain of that. A man or woman in a show position represents us all, and it is a compliment to everybody to complain of their being murdered, and of course it is a great scandal that they should be murdered, but it is also very scandalous that these obscure people should be murdered, and that their murders should be told in an obscure corner of the Irish Times where you have to look to find them. The Irish Times is afraid of growing monotonous if it tells too many murders of obscure people.
June 23, 1922, Dublin

What I feel about Sir Henry himself is that in Belfast he was a regular firebrand, though elsewhere he seems to have been a useful member of society, and I did like him at Westminster. He spoke there with dignity and moderation. I wonder whether the truth is that a soldier often lives in a very old fashioned world. Sir Henry may have known almost nothing about Ireland, and he may have repeated the kind of "garrison" talk which was considered very much out of date when Lord Salisbury talked it thirty years ago. Just glancing at his remarks I put him down in my own mind as a mere mischief maker, and now I see he was a field marshall. You know Sir James Craig promised for him that he being a soldier would quiet Belfast, and he never did. They said he was to have his advice carried out at any cost of money or trouble, and he was going to restore order in the streets. And he never got martial law, so I suppose he did not recommend it. But I think it is possible that i
in a very ticklish situation a soldier is not the man to go to. He can be a military despot and manage quite alone but I do not believe that he ever works in with other people. The methods of modern cabinets are so entirely at variance with the methods of armies I expect no one is equal to both.

There are still people with the idea that all is coming right, and the Free State going to be very glorious. I went to tea last week with Margaret Haire Forster of the Labour Exchange. She told me that she had felt the last six months the worst time of all that we have been through. All through the troubles last year she thought there was a great ideal before Southern Ireland. It was pursued in a very wrong way, and a great deal was done that was very wicked, she had expected to see something great arise, and it had all been sordid and horrible, but when once the British army was gone, and the people quite to themselves she had expected to see something great arise, and it has all been
sordid and horrible. " Oh but of course it is only for a time. It will be great, I am quite sure it will. The great time is coming, I know it is."

I believe she is very good at the Labour Exchange, I would take her advice unhesitatingly about anyone who was poor or in distress.

Dr Trench was in Galway on examination business. He says it is hateful down there. The streets are full of I R A all in one uniform, and they are "official" and " unofficial " and may at any moment begin to cut one another's throats. He says it is a horrid feeling. and
No 31

June 27, 1922

My dear Kate,

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 freerooters is to say clearly that the Dáil 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. 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, then he ought to have said "And I shall break up the Northern Parliament too, unless Belfast is quieted on the spot." Sir James Craig is consoled with, and petted as if he were a real ruler. 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. They are not Sinn Féiners, 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 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? Because if he does not he ought. It is nothing that there was no special reprisal for Sir 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 care 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. 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 for he is every bit as much to blame. And
June 27, 1922
Ard Fenish.

No 31

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

June 30. Friday. Well here is a change
of scene since I began. I feel rather
bewildered. I wrote on Wednesday at
4 p.m. but I wonder did you get
my letter? Likely not. We hear that
the difficulty is to collect, and dis-
tribute 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 tonight get a post-
card across to you if I went to
Westland Row, but as you had my
telegram yesterday I will not bother
Fri June 30, 1922.

And finish about it. The truth is I do not care to go to Westland Row at 7 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 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 the 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 thinking 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 library of historical fiction which I hope to start when all this calms down a bit. In the course of conversation 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, 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 that 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 "Don't 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. 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 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
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Ard Leenish

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 again, and was down at a quarter to seven, and again at a quarter to eight, when first the luddly, and then X appeared. Poor X was rather in a fuss, she said she had meant to stay at the station, and come round a little later, but the guns seemed as 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 luddly, was in an awful way.
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. We heard the firing intermittently all day, and I sent off these letters at four from the pillar, and in the evening I went out to weed, and I 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 feel very adventurous
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-
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
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.
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
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 splinters. 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
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. 130 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
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 strewn 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
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.
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 overwhellmed, "out and down " is the only hope for them.
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
impossible to keep them away. Work is at a standstill, 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
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 stores. I got the cutlets and the suet, and it was all very quiet only now and then we heard dropping shots. That
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
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 some 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
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
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 ix 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
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 Irregulars 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
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 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
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
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, and I 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
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 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
population, they are obviously 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 slight 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
have joined them. I do not know how many
ex-Soldiers are with the republicans.

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 s
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
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
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 accost a passenger. We had a long quiet indoors day, and guns growled all am.
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"
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
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...
JULY 5 1922
ArdFeenish

got your own, the other went to Mysore. The rest of the day was very quiet hardly any 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 might 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 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 GPO One is pretty nearly as dangerous as the other to approach.
All the same 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
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 intelligible 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
"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.
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'Sullivans 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
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 bycicle he had lost, but Miss O'Sullivan thinks 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
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.
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

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
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
eyearly 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
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
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
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
plenty in Upper Baggot Street. At about 10.30 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
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
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, wee highway, 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 TCD 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.
Sep. 4, 1933

I was on the Four Courts fighting.

After the first cannonade at 4 a.m. on June 28th, 1922, my fears of civil war were at an end. The circumstances under which the "Irish Republican Army", an illegal body, came under the control of the Irish Free State, a constitutional body, were never made plain. To this day I do not know whether the Free State soldiers take, or have ever taken, the oath of allegiance.

But when in the early morning we heard the cannon I knew for certain that some were fighting for the Free State of which King George is the head, and some were fighting against it. Therefore, from my point of view, there was rebellion, not civil war. From that time the Free State army was called the
Free State Army. It began by being called the "nationals" the others being called "the irregulars." Gradually the name Free State army or Free State troops came into common use. And Irish Republican Army (I.R.A.) was used for an illegal body, which continued to exist, in a more or less hidden way, and which causes great anxiety at the present time. I know that many people call the 1916 fighting "the rebellion" and the 1922 fighting "the civil war" I count them both as rebellions though carried on largely by means of organized murder.
No 33

July 12 1922 Dublin

To D I S (6 p.m. stop press says that all is going well in Belfast)

K agrees with me that the state in which your envelopes arrive here is not accidental. So will you please write to me henceforward c/o her, and she will forward enclosing in another envelope. So use as small an envelope as you can.
July 1922
Dublin

T DIS

My theory of the position still is that we are going back to pick up those who were left behind in the onrush of intellect. I think we are going back to robber bands, to blackmail paid by villages to robber tyrants, to a post which only reaches part of the country, and to a population of one million alll told. I think if there were only one million of Irish people living on the produce of Ireland that then the problems would get so simple that a great proportion of the one million would understand them, and the civilization would begin again, and on this more secure foundation to which I look forward. But it is difficult describing this position and these hopes to one's friends. So many people seem to take very little interest in what is coming. They want to live securely in the Ireland of the twentieth century, and my visions do not include that possibility for anyone.

I gave a little tea party on Saturday 15th
for Kate. Blanch Vernon came, and Rev Harvey Stuart, and Miss Stuart his sister and Mrs ffrench and Miss Eames from next door and Miss Knowles. What I liked so much about them was their courage. They were all chatting away as cool as cucumbers.

Of course the talk did turn rather largely on how everyone had got through the disturbances, and what everyone was or was not hearing from friends in the country, but they were all as well dressed as one could ask in the circumstances, and most resolute. Seeing that they have no cause, and no friends left, I think they are real patriots, determined to do the best for Ireland to the very last, and I think as I have said so often that it is to them that the Ireland of the future will owe what we owe to the monks and nuns who brought the remains of Roman civilization into the modern world.

I am greatly troubled for Mrs Mac. Her Mary is in charge of the Blind Asylum in Limerick. Mrs Mac wrote me a note and said "We have not
heard of Mary for a long time " ...... and you see what the paper says today. We are being kept quite in the dark. Yesterday I saw a long story about the Irregulars being put out of Dundalk. I did not know they had got in. The line is free now to Belfast, and you can correspond with people there quite easily. But I have not written to anyone in Ravensdale, and indeed it is not much use, they are all so horribly guarded. Mr Gahan wrote to me from Gorey Co Wexford about the prayer paper, and he only spoke about the paper. Wrote in the middle of the trouble and did not say one word about it. I am so very glad that I am in Dublin. If you take your letter to Westland Row at the last moment it goes very fairly safely and it goes at once. 

I hope Edith may be all right. Nelly told me that they had had news from Mount Trenchard. Someone " got out " and posted letters. That is what you hear from quite a lot of places now, and naturally it does not encourage free speech in correspondanc

I saw a paragraph in one of the papers about a

*Mrs Wilkinson wife of Lord Monteagle's agent.*
"Galway village" where there had been no food at all because the line was cut to Galway, but it was hoped now to get some flour in by means of a boat. "There was only one sack of flour in Clifden." That is all I know about the O'Connells, and whether Clifden was the village alluded to I have no idea.

Mrs. ffrench was for a long time without news of her father in Co. Roscommon. But she has heard now "Oh yes they are safe. They were for a long time without bread or sugar."

It happens sometimes that someone "gets out" and posts a letter, and it arrives and says "We are quite safe but supplies are running out" and if the letter is a fortnight old information like that is almost worse than none, or even if it arrives up to time and you cannot hear again. But I say we must just make up our minds to go back. The world is going that way, and we must be content to live as our forefathers lived at a much lower point of security for life and property. It is
It is most horrid at the moment but I think it is all part of the evolution of the race. I am sure that forwards and backwards is much more normal than unbroken advance. The advance consists in the fact that you do not fall as low as you fell in the last retrograde period.

In all these convulsions a great change will come over Rome in Ireland. I think some form of modernism must arise, and if Roman modernists can effect some alliance with the Church of Ireland I can think of nothing better. It would nearly make the revolution worth while. I think it is quite likely to happen encouraged by the natural drawing together which will take place amongst all who desire peace. But in any case the Church of Ireland is not going to develop quietly under normal conditions as I once thought. It must either perish, or what I think much more likely undergo a great revival in some form or other.

It is odd but all the catastrophes do give one a very easy feeling. It has become so totally impossible to plan or to foresee that one is saved
from many burdens.

Did I tell you about the Guild library? It has still three months to run till the end of the Guild year, and it has lent as many books as it lent in the whole twelve months two years ago when parcels were going freely by post, 168 that is. There is no posting of books now, and the progress is all by more borrowing in Dublin. Also in Belfast when I go there. We are just going to get a handsome present of books left by Albert Dicey to Kate. They are not exactly a very interesting set, being only all of his books written by or about the Stephens. Still she is pleased both at receiving and at passing them on.

Here is an idea suggested at a tea party. Miss Green said that it was a great mistake of Collins not to have called the Dail together. She says that when the election was over the Provisional Government ceased to exist.
Irregulars without a mandate from anybody. She says whose money are they spending and by what authority? She is young, earnest, and very anti-Irregular. So I was interested in this point of view. The Dail cabinet (I know not how else to describe it) has commandeered the theatre of the RDS, and it is to be the Parliament House for the present. The Dail is to meet there some time or other, by general expectation next week. Kate says that more women than men voted for the Dail, and was shocked because I knew nothing about it, so I am going to look over some of the papers containing the information. She was also rather shocked because I could give her no information as to the antecedents of Griffith and Collins, and it was really a good joke. We asked everybody all round, and it is generally agreed that Griffith wrote a little pamphlet on Sinn Fein some years ago, but as to Collins everyone tells a different story. Dr Trench says he was in the civil service, Nelly says he was on the London Stock exchange, Miss Green says
that he was a sorter in the Cork post office, and Miss Mahaffy says that he was a clerk on the great Northern Railway of Ireland. But all are agreed that he was never in any army at all, and now he is commander in chief of the nationals. That last is quite certain.

Everyone was rightfully proud that no reprisals took place in Belfast after Sir H Wilson's murder. I think Belfast does not much care who is killed in London. Also it seems to be quieting down a bit now. One only sees little notices of sniping and accidental wounds. No one has been killed for some days.

The fiction library begun last Thursday because it was your birthday. It is open now and contains seventy eight volumes. What I count upon to make the thing run is that people are in such frightfully low spirits, I think they may come running to something new. The emigration is enough to frighten you. The furniture van appears every day in this street. None of my
friends are gone, but then I know very few people and all the people I do know say with one voice how everyone is going who is any good. The Free State (or Provisional Government) hinders the poor from going, I am not sure how but there are ways. But the rich manage somehow, and they are all off. Those who cannot go have to stay and they perfectly love the idea that something new is to be started.

Oh but the Guild is going to have a fight to continue to exist. Our country members are for the most part cut off, the railway are up in all directions, roads trenched, bridges blown up, posts a matter of chance. The Irregulars have been looting everywhere, just rushing into shops and taking everything, and wherever they are driven out they blow up every place they can as they go, and then they march into the mountains and become robber bands. X says "This fighting will never leave off. There are so many would sooner live by plunder than by work" and I think that is it.
July 1922  
Dublin

I gave your love to X as directed. She said, "Tell Miss Dorothea I am all right. My mind is chiefly occupied about dress." She has a new brown dress, and a tippet of marabouts i.e. feathers. It was originally twenty-five shillings but getting it at a sale it only cost her sixteen. Her last hat has been painted black again, and the old trimming is off and a wreath of grapes is in its place.

She got all this finery in England and looks a greater cheese than ever.

If this whole island supports a million of people what becomes of the Guild? a small society in a microscopic church? And yet I feel no anxiety. The Church may be microscopic, but it is Catholic, and it will have this great revival, and perhaps reunion with Rome, and then we shall see what we shall see.
July 19 1922 Dublin

to DIS

I hear that the orders are to kill as few as and not to take prisoners, the idea being to harry the Irregulars and drive them from place to place till their ammunition is exhausted. I think it will go on for months and months. In Donegal the paper said yesterday that the strongholds are now all in the hands of the Nationals, and the Irregulars have become robber bands gathered in the hills and preying on the lonely farms and on the poor. That has also I understand happened in Wicklow. I quite see the difficulty the Nationals are in. It is most horrid to have to kill your late comrades in whose company you formerly killed so many people, but this fighting with the gloves off is no use. If they do not kill with shot and shell they will very speedily kill with famine and pestilence. And eventually there will have to be killing. The robber bands cannot be broken up without, I am quite sure of that.
July 28 1922
Dublin

To KS

They say that since 1916 no fewer than fourteen hotels are done away with in Dublin. Some burnt and some rendered unsafe and obliged to be pulled down. A good many vacated last month.

You will see that the eq Wireless 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. Now they will demand the full compensation. I asked her what ails de Valera, and 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. In deed 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 is.

She also thinks that de V. and his friends have gone really mad and are destroying and burning because they don't know how to have the kind of person who knows everything, and on the night she and her sister went out to tea and were escorted home by President Griffiths.
JULY 28 1922
Ardfeenish

Always feel she is in the circle that hears
about these things.

Typhus is reported from Recess.

Of course one knew it must come soon. The people
cannot be taken to hospital because the roads are
broken, so it is expected that it will spread.
I hear that the farmers have done very little
tillage this year, wages being so high, so famine
is coming too.

Of course the Free State army is
not equal to putting down disturbance like this.
The Imperial army would have had men enough to
defend the wireless station, but the Free State
cannot both fight and garrison. We must just be
satisfied to go back and back. I think the population
of the whole island will fall to a million, and
then we shall get a chance to civilize that
million, with the tiny resources at our command.
I wonder whether Lloyd George is surprised at the fighting. Do you think it was part of his plan? I hardly think he can have wished to see the wireless burned. If you are right in your estimate of him no doubt the fighting is quite a surprise and a very unpleasant one too. There is sniping every night but it is not reported in the papers I hardly heed it now. Last night I heard firing and then a great shouting, that was new. The guns woke me twice, but I go to sleep again. X has had bad nights sometimes, yesterday she was very bad from having been so much disturbed the night before, but today she is better. I do not believe I shall get in a month in England, but I am going to try my very hardest to get in a fortnight. But things change so fast, one cannot decide for more than the very immediate future indeed.
Aug 2 1922

To DIS

The Treaty was in December and we had a regular fool's Paradise for about a month, and it was very frightening. I think that is over now, and I am very glad.

As the little "National Army"
goes on with its attempts at fighting one gets a sort of kindly feeling for it in a way. It obviously fights very badly, and in all cases where a town is taken the Irregulars run off "to the mountains" and prey upon lonely farms for their subsistence, but I suppose it is only going back. I expect in Mrs Delany's days robber bands lived in ever so many places, and were not exactly recognized members of the Community, nor yet were they suppressed.

Miss O'Sullivan and her sister went to a party the other night, and who should escort them home but Mr Griffiths, President Griffiths they call him. (Is his name Griffiths?)

I think so Griffith or Griffin I think so not Griffith, or Griffin.
O if we had anyone so outstanding that one could remember both his name and his office.

I remember the knock that frightened you. Knocks are horribly alarming, and sudden ringings of the bell. My heart was in my mouth one evening when I was alone in the house, and a knocking came, and I went to the door and found a beggar. He was a sturdy man and I shut him out at once. I have given strict orders that no beggar should be admitted. They say beggars do try to get in, to look round and report to robbers. But the firing is not at all alarming. At least it does not alarm me, we hear it every night. I do not know who fires or why. X has awful stories of Free State soldiers secretly slain and buried. I do not know if she is right. Last night there seemed to have been an attack on what was lately a shop, and is now barracks. It woke me for a minute. But street brawls are very usual things. We must think of long ago, not of Victorian security.
To K S

Dear Kate Plea se put your mighty mind onto the consideration of the question of whether I should come to England next month. I am sending you today's Irish Times. You will see that a plan was frustrated to surprise and isolate Dublin on Saturday night. My own opinion is that Ireland will go on like that for a very long time. Dublin has been supposed to be clear of irregulars and at peace for about a month, and yet this plot had quite a good chance of succeeding. I myself think that the danger gets worse as the Irregulars are put out of the strong places. The real danger as it seems to me is not the fact that for such a period they were able to hold Cork, or Fermoy or wherever it may be, but that there is no prospect of peace when they are put out. In every case they are described as "going to the hills." That means breaking up from their fortress, and taking refuge in wild places where none can approach them. They pretty often break up their hill camps too.
They come home and work the land for a bit, and are ready to form again as robber bands at a moment's notice. I feel no doubt myself that they are getting help from abroad, from Bolsheviks or other extremists. To deal with people like that who are half ordinary citizens, and half robbers is a problem which taxes the resources of the most stable governments. One knows from history it is one of the problems which come up from time to time. It has to be met by very well ordered economic conditions, and by the maintenance of a very strong executive. First you have to make it pay better to be an honest man than to be a robber and then you have to use coercion, and insist that men shall take that more profitable course, whether they wish to or not.

I feel no hope that for years to come the Free State can do either of those things. I do not think they can make any step in that direction before next month. And is it wise for me to come away? I really do not know I want your opinion.
The firing as I told you goes on every night. We are assured that a great deal of it is blank fire. The Nationals are supposed to fire either to assure the Irregulars that they are on the watch, or to make signals to one another. But you see from the paper it was not all blank fire on Saturday. The noise was very great and it is admitted that many were taken to hospital. It is generally believed that the Irregulars conceal their losses and bury their dead secretly, and I myself should not be surprised if the Nationals do the same. Also I daresay that here as in Belfast there is a great deal of blank firing. If I go away in September I leave X a lone with the O'Sullivans, and I do not know that that is a wise thing to do. My being here during the revolt made the whole difference. X has been sleeping badly this last week because the guns wake her. She says she is not afraid at all, and does not mind and so forth, but she does, and she gets low in her mind when she has one bad night after another. She is horribly shrewd
August 7 1922 Dublin

I said something about going to England next month and she said "Well Ireland is as quiet now as it is going to be". That is exactly my own opinion but I had not mentioned it to her. She made her remark as the result of her own observation. Also one day she said "The fighting will never end. So many would sooner live by plunder than by work." In that sentiment also I entirely concur. But is she not a terrible old person? One cannot hoodwink her. The actual sound of the cannon upsets her most dreadfully, if a great noise goes on near at hand for a few minutes I am always afraid of her fainting. I think her heart is not so very strong, and that the vibration of a great noise affects her physically. I think she is one of the bravest people I ever came across. Her courage may be compared with Mother's. But I suspect that it is one side of her great power of affection. She is not afraid because she is so absorbed in taking care of me.

I must now add to my tale of woe that
that the O'Sullivans are gone for a week to the Glen of the Downs. It is a country hotel, and they seem to think it is a safe place, though quite solitary. So they were not afraid to go. Miss Proctor is gone too somewhere or other.
To KS

I am glad to say I hear that the wireless station is not utterly burned at Clefden. It can be repaired, at least the Trenches were told that it could be. Murrid came to see me two days ago. Poor little dear She has just been to Mayo sent by the publicity department. There were no newspapers sold in Mayo at all, so she and some other women were sent to sell the Freeman's Journal, which is in the interest of the Government, and as soon as they arrived the Irregulars arrested her, and put her in prison. But after three days she was allowed to sign a paper and go home. She is herself a strong republican, and very angry with the people who took up arms, because it will be so much better to take the Dail as provided, and build up the republic in a peaceful way. And she is sure the Dail will become the republic gradually only the process will be delayed by the fighting.

We are continually told that the country
will be settled in a fortnight. We have been
told that from the beginning, it is now five
weeks and a half since the fighting started,
and I see no reason why it should not last for
years. There is very little killing and some
of the Irregulars are gone home to work on the
land, so why not work on the land in spring and
autumn and fight the rest of the time? Mayo
is now quite free of Irregulars according to
the papers, but I hear that some of the Westerns
in Dublin have been a month without letters from
home. And when the railway line is broken how
are you to know what is going on?

Patrick Trench has just got a motor bycicle
and is going to keep it in Dublin because out
at Donnybrook it would be so likely to be raided.
The Dail is called for tomorrow week. As a
preparation the square in which is Leinster
House is shut. You cannot now go into the
Museum where the gold is, nor to the public
library, and from today I shall have to produce
my membership ticket before I am allowed to change books at the R.D.S. And you cannot make that short cut across Leinster Lawn, that is all locked up too. The Dail is to meet in the theatre of Leinster House where the concerts are, and all strangers have to be excluded all these days beforehand. What can Dr Trench mean by calling the Free State strong?

There was a great funeral this morning and I am glad to say X saw it. She says she has always wished to see a Sinn Fein funeral. "I did not want a Sinn Feiner killed for me to see him buried. " This man was called Boland, and he is said to have been "murdered" i.e. he was shot while being arrested. He did his best to shoot the men who came to arrest him, and was then shot himself. All this appears to me about as interesting as those perpetual feuds between one chief and another in Scotland. I think you know we are reverting to days like those.
August 9 1922
Dublin

To DIS

I cannot read the "details of fighting" published daily in the papers. It is all Kerry today, and Castleisland is "freed" and Farrenfore. It drives me half wild to think of the abominable riots going on everywhere like that.

Collins is not the King's Friend. He has a notice printed, and pasted about the streets explaining to all and sundry that the Irregulars will bring back "the ancient enemy England." It has been so badly composed that I doubt whether anyone will read it, but he is very antiquated English, and pushing the language for all he is worth which is of course jolly little.

Kate and I think that came a point where Collins and Co had to choose between fighting deValera and fighting the army, and they preferred to fight de Valera. Of course none of them have any convictions. That is what makes the whole business so grimy. It seems such a fightfully sad end for the United Kingdom
Aug 9 1922
Dublin

which was so great.

I think Ireland being a little place, has really attained the bottom, but for England I feel such fearful falls are still in the future.
August 10 1922       Dublin

To K.S. It is strange about me. I am under taking such a lot of new things and I do not find it I have a queer feeling as if energy had somehow been liberated. For so many many years I have tried to avert these sorrows. The world has absolutely refused to have them averted. One and all, high and low, Irish and English all were utterly determined to perish. Now they are perishing according to their own wish. I feel no further obligation in the matter. If anybody wants me they can come to me, till they come I am free. It is no use at all to advise people contrary to their own acts. I could not desist while there was one chance left. Now there are no more chances, at least none that I can use. The next thing will be if someone consults me. If they do not consult me I shall not care. My experience of life is all reduced to writing, and future generations will enjoy ferreting it out. At times I feel very very sad that the nation should have been so senseless, and should still so entirely misread facts.
It seems an almost unbearable pity, but dear me this is not the first time a nation has played the fool. I fear it will not be the last unless the end of the world comes very speedily. I try not to get low spirited, and as I say I often feel a strange increase of vigour as described.

The firing has grown a good bit less, we heard none since Saturday night. There was a sort of dropping fire once or twice, but really last night there was nothing at all.

I had an Indian letter. D says that she sympathises with de Valera. She understands his being "Anti-everything and Gaelic nonsense." Fancy his having cut 8 transatlantic cables. Oh what a holy show we are making of ourselves and before America too. I do not believe that foreigners distinguish very much who does what I think it just appears in America that "England" cannot manage the cables. Oh well send round by Paris. That is what I dislike.
so much. But dear me if one once starts disliking things we shall never have done.
The shooting goes on in town every night. We do not always hear it, but it is always there. I am not sure who shoots but there are always being ambushes and shots, and no one is ever arrested, of course.

I think all the same I shall go to England next month. It is very difficult there may be a raid on Dublin any night. There all but was one about a week ago. The Irregulars had all their plans laid for isolating Dublin, cutting roads, telegraph wires and so forth, but they were just caught in time. I do not want to go at all, but if I do not go now it will just mean that it will be always hanging about, so I think I shall just go early in September as soon as the Technical opens, so that I am sure of the O'Sullivans being here. One horrid part is that the newspapers do not really tell much. They do sometimes tell about the shooting at night, but other times we hear it often apparently quite close,
and we never hear anything about it in the paper at all. The common joke now is to say that you could not sleep because it was all so quiet. But there is no fighting in the North at present. My theory is that the "Paymasters" are satisfied while fighting goes on. Wherever and whatever the fighting is, it injures the Empire, and injures people with capital and the Paymasters do care what happens as long as it is anti-capitalist and anti-imperial.

Do you observe that in Kenmare the people gave "the universal verdict" on the Irregulars? "The Black and Tans were nothing to them." So you see Collins is not really any better than the House of Commons.

Did you see that the Irregulars burnt the Technical School at Cork? It had cost £16,000. I hope that of Mysore may be more fortunate.
August 16 1922 Dublin

Today Arthur Griffith was buried. With some difficulty I have now got it clear in my mind that he was the man who signed the treaty of December 6th. He came back to Dublin boasting that England had now acknowledged Ireland as an equal. He died of heart complaint last Sat.

Today was made a bank holiday, and I went and stood for an hour and half or so, at the corner of Dawson and Nassau Street to see his funeral pass. There was a huge crowd, so big that I kept looking back to be sure that a way of retreat was open in case I felt faint. At last the procession came. Standing on a step I saw the hats of the clergy, I hope they were all Roman, but the Catholics have got such a terrible fit of loyalty I will not say but they may have been there too. Anyway clergy passed in crowds and then I saw the top of a hearse, and the people took off their hats. Then came many more passing figures, no music, no drilled people of any sort, it was just a dismal party going trailing along at enormous length. Someone said there were
some bands but they only played part of the way and they had not the wit to play by turns so that music might never be wholly silent. No one kept to the line, it was all quite second class and inferior as a show, and I was told .... I will not say this was true but it was, suggested... that people were not encouraged to be in the windows because it might not be safe to give anyone such a sign of vantage. But that is Ireland now, No more shows, no more money to pay for any, no more large general interests. I got talking with one or two people and they were evidently there as I was to see what would happen. They did not care two straws about Griffith. And it is all so sad, so unutterably depressing.

I went into two shops yesterday to buy second hand books, and the men in charge looked about half alive. Oh no they had no Besant and Rice No one asked for books like that now. Buy books? Oh no they did not buy books now they were overstocked. Would Mr Neale sell a book out of his lending library? Yes he would sell that one,
Aug 16 1922 Dublin

and that one too.... as if the lending library had failed, and he was just glad to sell the books off. It was most depressing.

The Irregulars are not seriously injured by having the towns taken from them. They like to keep a town if they can because they can loot the shops, and raid the banks. But if they are put out then they go home for a while, and do a little work or live with their parents, and then again at a moment's notice they can again be a robber band and seize places, as they seized Dundalk. They apparently only wanted to get their men out of the jail, and as the letters are coming and going between this and Belfast there is evidently not much damage to the line, but that popping out on places is evidently very disquieting and makes one feel that the Free State is not really much of a Government yet.
To K S

My dear Kate We had heavy firing for two or three hours last night, not quite continuous, but breaking out again and again. It was too late to be recorded in the paper. It went on till nearly five. X asked the milkman what it was, and he said that the RDS is guarded by Nationals, that is the Horse Show is guarded, and the Irregulars came last night and fired at the Nationals. I hope they did not hit any of the horses, but of course if they did they would be pleased, for the horses represent capital. All the same I think I will decide ... as far as one can decide anything... to come over on Tuesday September 5th, and I will stay a week, or a fortnight, or three weeks, or a month, according to circumstances. I cannot bring X There is too much going on for her and me to leave the house both at once.

I fear the Irregulars are just doing what the Paymasters want...... Botheration Did I hear a machine gun at one o'clock? Firing by daylight is a much
worse sign than firing at night. I mean it is a much more rowdy thing to do. But the sound was faint. It may have been something else. You see it is one senseless upset after another. No human being is the better of what the Irregulars do, except the anarchists and the anti-capitalist and they are the better because the capitalists here are being ruined, and a real blow is being hit at the British Empire. One does not see any direct and immediate effect upon the Empire in general, but to have one of the British Isles in such a state as this must be bad for credit all over the world. Everywhere roads are trenches, and bridges broken. Also in many places mines are laid under the roads to stop pursuit, and it is very dangerous. Motor traffic is much impeded, and the tearing up of the lines hinders communication by rail. They say the post to Belfast crosses to England, runs north, and crosses again to Belfast. It works with regularity and reasonable speed.
Do you see that today Dundalk is "freed"?

But what have the Irregulars done? Gone off to the Carlingford Mountains and to Omeath. They will stay there till they get hungry, then go home for a while and no questions asked, then gather together again when more mischief is required. And you see it is tempting. The gunmen are well paid, and of lawful occupation there is hardly any anywhere. How can there be when shops are raided, and every blessed thing carried off, and banks broken into and no redress? The only ray of comfort is that Belfast is much quieter. Obviously it was the Paymasters there, no one can doubt it now. Since the gunmen had all this work down mouth there have been hardly any murders in Belfast. Not quite none, but very few. I see no reason to think that things will get any better. You see Collins dare not hang people. He cannot very well after taking so much help from the Paymasters
Paymasters himself He still puts out notices saying how bravely this one and that one fought " in the war against the British " He is bidding all the time for the support of the Irregulars, and he can do no other. To settle Ireland now it would take a very strong army, properly trained you know, under a very powerful and very humane general, with a strong civil government behind it. The General would have to be quite sure that the civil power would uphold him steadily for two or three years, and he would have to be a man of sense. A blustering Tory like Sir Henry Wilson is a great deal worse than useless. I remember one of the Generals putting out a proclamation " Irishmen understand this. England has no quarrel with you. She is here to restore peace to a distracted and unhappy nation etc etc " To talk like that is madness. And to go about the country as the army did quite a short time ago
shooting people at sight and burning houses quite indiscriminately is also madness. I really think we are better without the army unless the army could be put under the command of a man who was both statesman and soldier. Where is such a one to be found at the moment? and where is the civil government which will uphold him? Not at Westminster certainly. I think as things are now it is best that the shadow called the Free State continues. It cannot at any rate kill people on such a cruel scale as the army did. I think the country will go back two or three centuries in civilization, and must just be left to do so.

It is very odd but do you know I am not afraid in the streets now, as I was when the army was here. For myself I should be terrified to have the soldiers back again. The upshot of all this is that I think we must get used to living like this. And the house must get used to doing wit
without me for a little while. So I think I will come on the 5th, even if the firing continues as at present. It is better to come while the days are still light.

I see there is a large plan now for emigrating the unemployed. Perhaps in England the population will diminish. We got unwieldy, and could not get all our people taught, let the few more instructed do what they would. I much like the idea of "hand picked" emigrants going out to Australia, and founding a new state there. I hope great channels will be opened, and many flow forth, and then England will become England again. One of them said to me the other day "But where is all that solid common sense that used to be in England?" I said "Oh it is there as it always was. But the English are like the Irish, the sensible people are out voted by the mob."

The Horse Show was last week. It was very good.
August 18 1922  Dublin

The R D S is really much to be commended for going on with it. One competitor started with five horses from Monaghan on Monday morning, and he did not get to Ballsbridge till 9 p.m. on Wednesday night, the show having opened on Tuesday. The R D S was so pleased with him that all his horses were entered, and a special leaflet was circulated in his praise, but I did not see it. I saw jumping, and a fine art section of things which were to have been shown at the Telltown games. When the games were given up the things were taken over by the R D S, and they made a very pleasing hall, full of glass, and leather work, and jewelry, and pictures. There was a huge crowd and I spent about an hour there. But I got very tired and came away after that. It is all right, and it is very spirited of people to do these things, but somehow it makes me very melancholy. The Lord Lieutenant does not go now, and there is no Union Jack to be seen, and you can dress as
you like. Formerly you dressed as for a garden party.

On Wednesday I stood a long time in the road to see Griffith's funeral. There was a vast crowd, and a "holy show." You know the phrase do you? It means anything quite out of the way shabby. I just saw hats and hats, and hats, and the top of a hearse, and the tops of some motor cars which the owners had not bothered to clean for the occasion. I was told there were bands, but I did not hear them play. Still I am glad to have seen what there was to see.
August 23, 1922
Dublin

To K S

Poor old Collins, when I heard what had happened to him I all but said "Serve him right" and that is my real feeling. To Miss .... I said "It is very tragic" and I think it is tragic that Ireland is in a state when such things happen to anyone. But obviously there is a suitability in a man being ambushed who ambushed so many of his own army, when Ireland was lucky enough to have a real army to ambush.
To D I S

We heard this morning that Collins is dead. He was killed in an ambush which seems very suitable. He arranged a good many for other people. I do not know what effect if any his death will have. His "Nationals" did just get the Irregulars out of Dublin, but all over the country is utter chaos. I saw the Wynnes at the Horse Show, which the RDS was so extraordinarily brave as to hold, and so singularly blessed as to make pay its way. Emily says it is well they have not been raided at Tigroney for had they been there is no redress, no police, no law courts, no circuits, no magistrates no nothing. I saw yesterday that "a large land mine" had been causing great alarm to the inhabitants of Ravensdale, but the troops have now removed it. What is the use of writing to Rita? Dear knows if she will get the letter, and if she does will she dare give any information in return?
Did you hear that all the eight transatlantic cables from different stations on the West Coast have been cut? The cable at Clifden was cut with the rest, but says it is now repaired.

I think the distinction between Griffith and de Valera was quite clear. Griffith and Collins were enough in contact with real life not to wish to start fighting the Crown again. They had to choose. It was either fight the Crown, or fight the anarchists. By fighting the anarchists they have got friends in Ireland whom they never could have obtained by other means. I just agree with you. I feel more tolerant of Collins than I ever thought to, and now he is dead.

There is one very weak point. The Provisional Government began in December, and it was to have an election, and the Dail then elected ways to draw up a constitution which was to be passed by Westminster. The election was not held till June. Then it was held, and what is the standing of th...
the Provisional Government now? In two months the Dail has not met, and the Provisional Govt has spent more money than anyone can count. quite on its own authority. Why has the Dail not met? Was the Provisional Government afraid of the very strong republican minority? or what causes the delay? Its meeting is now fixed for Saturday next, it has been put off three times, Will it be put off again? No one has given authority for the spending of money also there is no constitution. The old Constitution is abrogated, and no new one has been formed. I hear on every hand that it is quite impossible to enforce anything outside Dublin. Here there are the old Dublin Metropolitan Police. The Provisional Govt took them over, whether for a time or permanently I do not know. But anyway they are here, and there are still some law courts in operation. Dublin is much better off than most places. And sniping still goes on in Dublin. We had no shooting last night, or the night before, but the night before
that was perfectly awful. Bang, bang, bang, for about three hours, and bursting out again each time you thought it was coming to an end. No one knows who does it, or why.

I do not believe that people join the Irregulars in order to get a republic. I think they join because at times the pay is good, and because at times there is a good bit of loot. That last source of revenue will hardly hold out much longer. The shops in the country towns say they will have to close pretty soon if times do not improve. They cannot carry on under present conditions. It is the most frightful tragedy about the Khaki troops being so discredited. One would be so glad if one could say "Might not the real army be called for to help?" And one cannot say that. At least I could not. They were so murderous, even the regulars shot people at sight who ran away from them, and the generals put out such crazy proclamations, and the Black and Tans and
August 23 1922 Dublin

Auxilliaries made themselves such bye words. I think I would sooner not have them again, I mean I do not feel as if I could wish for them to come.

Of all the people I know the Wynnes are in as low water as any. Mr Wynne is I believe nearly 90 Mrs Wynne well over 70. A great part of the saving of their lives were invested in German mines and hopelessly lost. Their lace trade goes on, but is hard hit by bad times as it is a luxury industry. Emily has often to send for the doctor both her parents being much out of health. He has great difficulty in getting to them on account of the trenching of the roads. All the houses in their neighbourhood have been raided by Black and Tans, Regulars, Republicans, and Nationals. The latter descend, and carry people off for recruits. They acted very judiciously last time and took away some noted loafers. The Wynnes quite approved. So under these depressing circumstances

Mrs Wynne got some " wool waste " from the
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little mill which makes tweeds in the Vale of Avoca, and she made it up into little donkeys, and made crochet skins for them, and they were very soft, and very pretty, and would wash, and she sold ever so many and made money for the poor. So then she thought it would be very nice to teach the poor to make such things for themselves, and since February last they have had a regular class for knitted ducks, leading on to embroidered children's frocks, and when the ducks are not very good they go to the hotel at Glendalough and sell for two shillings, but when they are very good they go to Grafton Street and sell in a cottage Industrie's shop for four and sixpence. And never so many were sold at the Horse Show, and the children are to learn to keep the accounts, and get the materials, and do it all for themselves, and then it will be a real village industry.

So I have bought a very good duck and it is to be your birthday present. My idea is that you could show it to Mrs Subba Rao as a specimen of
August 23 1922    Dublin

a village industry, and then give it to her as way opened. If she would not care for it I am sure Rachel would. T's a sweet bird, but I do not imagine that you will want it for yourself.
Sep 13, 1922, Dublin Received at Godmanchester Sep 19

To R S from Miss Evans (X)

Dear Miss Rosamond Just a line to thank you for your kind letter. I had the sweep in the kitchen on Monday and that is a good thing done. Your grass seed is growing nicely, and my parsley has appeared, and the garden looks very nice. I think the streets are very unsafe. The postal strike don’t seem likely to settle. It is much better for you to be away while strike is on, as you would be a lost sheep without letters. If you don’t hear we shall be all right.

The latest is that M Collins shot himself, as he could not get on without Griffith. The publican on the corner in James street has military and police protection. 4 men came Thursday night to shoot him. He blew a whistle and police came. It’s because he was on a jury. The McCurrans who live opposite told Miss Proctor that five men were caught about to blow up Rialto Bridge. Mrs Johnson says they were put against the wall shot immediately, and sent off to Glasnevin cemetery.
Sep 13 1922 Dublin

and not a word said about it. Am sorry you are away as there are such lovely mushrooms so cheap and lovely damsons 4d a pound

Yours respectfully E Evans