

Pages 1 on right and 4 on left; scroll down to p2 for pages 2 – 3; p3 for pages 5 on right and 8 on left; p4 for pages 6 – 7.

man on J# Welles window strip off his old  
clothes & fit himself in a new suit as  
cool as if he was paying for them it  
was a regular reign of terror at  
Williams Henry at everything but the  
walls was carried away I saw women  
drunk & fighting for bottles of whiskey  
and yet I was not out for more than  
an hour at any time I had to keep at  
home not knowing the moment I  
would be cut off from home and  
the terror of my wife & children but the  
worst of all started on Thursday when  
the Barracks on fire it burned  
all night then Hugh Moors, Dolans, Druggists  
McMaster, Hodgsons stores & Leckies paper  
works so we were surrounded by  
fire on two sides and constant shooting  
all round from the street & the roofs  
but on Friday Hell was let loose  
when the military came in force

Here not space for more  
this time so will say goodbye  
hoping you are all well I am  
Dear Sunday you & keeps safe of the war  
M<sup>r</sup> Dolan we were very glad to  
get your letter today and to know you  
are quite well as this leaves us all at  
present thank God we are after passing  
through a most awful time since  
Easter Monday it is hard to think of  
such an ill advised raising and the  
sacrifice of so many innocent lives  
when no sane man would have thought  
they could succeed in their designs we  
were winning slowly but surely by  
constitutional means and the National  
volunteers were a power in the land  
but I greatly fear poor Ireland has  
got a great set back by resorting  
to arms it was glorious to see the  
courage & devotion with which they stood  
to what they thought was their duty  
and on the other hand so many young

lives sacrificed and all the young  
 men that will be spiled at a time  
 when Ireland can least spare them  
 Dear Mr Dolan I now know some of  
 the horrors of war we were right  
 in the thick of it there were bare-  
 -cades all round us and constant  
 snipping all the week I had to  
 cross two lines of fire twice a  
 day going to the stable and watch  
 for a lull & then put your hands up  
 out on Friday morning a ball passed  
 through the stable door within 6 inches  
 of my head at the same time I saw  
 a country man that was held up and started  
 came out to look for bread & got shot  
 dead at one of the lines I had to cross  
 another friend of ours went out on the  
 same errand as he could not stand  
 the children crying for bread he was  
 not 3 yards from the door when he was  
 shot dead the people lost their heads  
 with hunger & the dread expectancy  
 of what was going to happen next  
 no milk for children no bread in some  
 few shops that had some the charged as  
 high as 6 for 2<sup>lb</sup> - loaves and not half  
 enough to go round better 5 to 6 for 1  
 the people had no money as most of  
 the working classes depend on the  
 pawn offices for easter tuesd a supply  
 and then the operation allowance & all other  
 could not be paid but when the looting  
 started some actually went mad one  
 could buy a roll of tinned for 6  
 I myself saw a £2 coat sold for 6  
 I saw children 10 years carrying boxes  
 off Brouil tinned milk & all  
 kinds of merchandise I saw one

will wonder <sup>(5)</sup> where you are  
 what was once Lackville St  
 Earle St + Abbey St + Hotel Metropol  
 G.P.O. and Half Henry St  
 is nothing but a heap of Bricks  
 + mortar. to see them today after  
 3 days + nights constant rain is  
 something most oppressing the Mercian  
 Law is terrifying can you. I imagine  
 the whole city in daylight without  
 a dinner or a sound any noise  
 would make one jump. I would  
 love to have a chat with you about  
 the times as I can't write half what  
 I should have to say to see people decent  
 work people fighting for bread + children  
 crying was dreadful but St. Vincent  
 de Paul is doing a lot of food

PP/118/6/5/1  
 what with armoured Motors +  
 big guns + Bombs there was  
 constant firing all night long.  
 + soldiers crowding into rooms  
 it was Bang, Bang all night +  
 cross firing from all quarters  
 we were crouching in sheltered corners  
 Praying most of the time just after  
 dinner on Saturday which consisted of  
 2 potatoes, 1 Bit of Lard, 1 Small slice of  
 bacon + the last  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb of Bread in the  
 house for us all. I had the escape of  
 my life there came a lull and I went  
 to the corner of the window when  
 a ball just shaved my eye +  
 buried in the wall at my ear.  
 the sand of the wall came out  
 on my face + I thought it was

torn off me but thank god I did  
 not even get a scratch I hope  
 you will call to see us when  
 you are in town & you will  
 be surprised to know how I  
 escaped but the saddest thing  
 of the whole war was the  
 South Dairy occurrence which  
 is just round the corner from  
 us where four young men were  
 shot dead by the soldiers in their  
 room one James Linegan born in  
 Stickillen & Paddy Hoey from  
 above dunlce. I was speaking  
 to them on Thursday & they were  
 wishing they had gone to the  
 country ~~before~~ while they could  
 get away Hoey was home for

Easter & came home easter Monday  
 another the son of the proprietress only  
 21 years & a young man who leaves  
 a young widow the came from  
 exchange it for safety the military  
 buried them in the yard but  
 thank god we removed them  
 and gave them christian buryal  
 there were 14 innocents shot  
 in that short street one man  
 kneeling at a chair saying his  
 prayers I think all other Andee  
 people came safe I was speaking  
 to P. Ward at the market on  
 Thursday week I did not get the  
 opportunity of seeing him since  
 when you come to town you