

U.S. 806  
**ORIGINAL**

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
BURO STAIRÉ MILEATA 1913-21  
No. W.S. 806

ROINN



COSANTA.

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY, 1913-21.

STATEMENT BY WITNESS

DOCUMENT NO. W.S. 806

Witness

Mrs. George Clancy  
(Máire, Bean Mhic Fhlannchadha),  
Dun Guir,  
North Circular Road,  
Limerick.  
Identity.

Widow of George Clancy, Mayor of Limerick,  
1921;

Founder member of Cumann na mBan.

Subject.

Biographical note on her late husband,  
George Clancy, who was shot dead by  
B.F. on 7th March, 1921.

Conditions, if any, Stipulated by Witness.

Nil

File No S.2117

Form B S.M. 2

SEOIRSE MacFLANNCADA

(George Clancy).

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BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21  
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No. W.S. 806

SEOIRSE MACFLANNCADA

(George Clancy)

MAYOR OF LIMERICK

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Murdered by English Crown Forces

On Monday, 7th March, 1921.

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The questions which this Booklet is written to answer are:-

Who was George Clancy?

What were the circumstances of his death?

What manner of man was he?

Why was he murdered?

His relatives, the companions of his early manhood, and his friends and fellow workers of later years have contributed towards the answers given here to the first question and to the third. His wife sets out in detail the answer to the second question. The fourth question is easily answered by anyone reading the answers to the other three. Seoirse was a Gaelic Leaguer before the Gaelic League, a Sinn Feiner before Sinn Fein; from the first moment of understanding he was a Nation Builder and through the years he was a worker in every department of Irish National Endeavour - educational, physical, political, economic; he died in the fullness of his strength and energy and intellect, the heart and directing power of Sinn Fein in his district, the best loved man in the City of Limerick.

1. Who was George Clancy?

IN BOYHOOD: Born in the village of Grange, Co. Limerick, Seirse drank in the tenets of militant Irish Nationality with his mother's milk. She was the daughter of a Fenian, his father was scout and recruiter for Stephens, Luby, and O'Leary in the early sixties, his uncle was Captain of 600 men at Grange on the fateful night of 6th March, 1867. While yet a child he learned many things from his grandfather - also George Clancy - whose mind was stored with the history and legends of his native place, with the tales of Ireland's heroic age, and with the facts of Irish history at home and abroad. Seirse received his early education at Grange National School and St. Patrick's Seminary, Bruff, where he proved himself an apt pupil, studious, bright and intelligent. To the knowledge acquired in the schools, he added a knowledge of the Irish language, laboriously learned from the old people in the neighbourhood, and an intimate acquaintance with the history, traditions and legends of Ireland, more particularly of his native place. The old Fenians in the district were particular friends of the lad, and, though reticent with others, they freely unbosomed themselves to Seirse, eager for stories of '67 and the I.R.B.

IN EARLY MANHOOD: In 1899 he went to Dublin, entered the Royal University, graduating in 1904. With most of those whose names loom large in modern Irish history, he was associated while in the Capital. He met two obscure young men named William Rooney and Arthur Griffith in the Celtic Literary Society where they were sowing the seed that has since received such a marvellous fructification. He found the Gaelic League; and his first Irish teacher was a shy, studious-looking, very earnest young man

named Patrick H. Pearse. Sheehy-Skeffington, murdered by English soldiery in 1916, Tom Kettle, who died for the Empire he used to hate so much, J.J. O'Kelly, T.D., (Sceilg) now President of the Gaelic League and Irish Minister of Education, Sean T. O'Kelly, T.D., Irish Envoy in France, John M. O'Sullivan, Professor of History in the National University of Ireland, Patrick Merriman, President of University College, Cork, E. Duggan, T.D., one of Ireland's Plenipotentiaries at the London Conference, Louis Walsh, T.D.,<sup>O</sup> of Ballycastle, Dr. Ada English, T.D. - those and a host of others were his friends and fellow students. He knew and loved old Michael Cusack, founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association, whom he often met in An Stad, an Irish Tobacco shop kept by the famous Irish humorist, Cathal MacGarvey, in North Frederick Street, Dublin. Seoirse took a large part in founding Cumann na bPairtíde (The Confederates' Club) which on the social side held weekly debates on National subjects and organised ceilidte and excursions in the various seasons. On the athletic side it had a Hurling Club of which Seoirse was Captain, and Na Sgáibladóiri ("Tramps") who walked long distances during the week-ends among the Wicklow Hills and to whom Seoirse was guide, philosopher and friend.

TO HIS DUBLIN FRIENDS: He was full of all that pertained to the National tradition and had an intimate knowledge of the history of the National struggle in all its stages with an accurate appreciation of the personal contribution of all who had figured in it. His judgment on current issues with their international entanglements was a guide to all his fellows. His reading was encyclopaedic in character and he had an extensive acquaintance with literature of all sorts, with special

emphasis on French. His friends were often struck with his wonderful control over his companions - some of them rough and excitable - his influence over the weak, and the fascination he exercised over his younger comrades.

During the Boer War Seoirse was asked to take one of the commissions in the English Army offered to University Students, but, of course, he refused. Once he met a group of Trinity College students on O'Connell Bridge, Dublin, shouting and waving a Union Jack in celebration of a Boer defeat. He rushed the crowd, tore the flag from the standard bearer, pitched it into the river and escaped, bruised but victorious.

THE YOUNG MAN AT HOME: After Dublin, Seoirse went to Clongowes College as Language teacher but he fell ill and had to return to Grange. There he taught Irish Classes and organised indoor and outdoor entertainments that were thoroughly Irish in character. In 1906 he was the person mainly responsible for the agitation to divide up untenanted land on the de Salis Estate near his own home among the small farmers and the landless, which ended successfully with a monster meeting at Grange in September, 1906. John Redmond, struck by the outstanding capacity of the young organiser, offered him the Secretaryship of his party which Seoirse refused, as he had no faith in Parliamentary action. Three years later he was offered the representation of East Limerick which he also declined.

THE TEACHER: In October 1908 Seoirse came to Limerick as teacher of Irish in the Schools and Gaelic League. For more than ten years he taught Irish and Irish Nationality to the children of Limerick. The

sweetness of his personality and the strength of his character with earnestness and patience and careful method bore fruit in time. Every school-going child in the City knew him and loved him. An old Christian Brother prophesied of him in those days that the boys whose teacher he was would eventually make him Mayor of Limerick, - and so it proved. One of his last acts was to make arrangements to inaugurate a special class for Irish teachers in the Gaelic League, but when the appointed day came, Seoirse had fallen a victim to the assassin's bullet.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS:

Before the formation of the Irish Volunteers Seoirse was connected with the different National Societies of the time. He had a share in establishing the Fianna Eireann (Irish Boy Scouts) with Sean Heuston (executed in Dublin after Easter 1916) and others. From the 13th December, 1913, when the Volunteer movement was started in Limerick he was a member of the Committee, and as such, he welcomed Patrick Pearse and Roger Casement in February 1914, when the Volunteers were formally and publicly established. The first need was a supply of arms, and it was arranged that a cargo would be landed in the Shannon. Seoirse went to Glin, Co. Limerick, to watch for their coming, but circumstances diverted the ship's course, and the arms were landed in Howth. During the summer holidays he organised a Volunteer Company in his native place, and later acted as Commandant in a Volunteer Camp at Kilkee, Co. Clare. Returning to Limerick flushed with hope and full of good spirits after his camp experience, he was faced with a new situation. The war had broken out, Redmond and his followers had declared for unqualified co-operation with England, and obviously, the Volunteers were about to be

split into two antagonistic bodies. Seoirse's spirited answer to the pessimists put new heart into them - "Even if we can muster only fifty men, we must stand our ground". When the split came and those in Limerick who chose to stand by Ireland went on parade, 208 were present. Guns were purchased through the O'Rahilly and from other sources, and were distributed until nearly every one was armed. The organisation and training of the Irish Volunteers went steadily on during the following eighteen months. Seoirse divided his energies between the Language Movement, the National Political body and the Volunteers, acting as Vice Commandant of the Limerick Battalion.

MARRIAGE: In the July of 1915 he was married to Maire Ni Cillin, whom he had met at Colaiste na Mumhan in Ballingearry and later in the Limerick Gaelic League.

AFTER 1916: The Rising of Easter 1916 was followed by anxious days and nights for a handful of men waiting orders and for their leaders heavily burdened with responsibility, in a city full of troops and in the midst of a population openly hostile. No one felt the situation more keenly than Seoirse. His arrest followed in May, but he and the others taken with him were released after a few days. At the historic election of De Valera for East Clare in 1917 Seoirse did effective work as a speaker at the meetings and as personation agent on the day of the poll. Prominent among the speakers during the campaign was Thomas Ashe who received the answer to his prayer, "Let me carry your cross for Ireland, Lord!", when he died in the September of that year during the first hunger strike at Mountjoy gaol. The immediate result of the Mountjoy tragedy was the revival of public parades of Volunteers,



met by the Government by arresting the Officers in turn. First Commandant Colivet was taken, then Seoirse, who stepped into his place, and so on with others.

IN GAOL: The prisoners were taken to Cork gaol and there Seoirse met Thomas MacCurtain, murdered in 1920, when Lord Mayor of Cork, and his successor, Terence McSwiney - the Martyr of Brixton - whom Seoirse had already known at Ballingearry. The numerous Cork prisoners were being tried by Courtmartial in turn, and it was agreed that the Courts should not be recognised. Seoirse contended that in no case should an address be made to the Court and that non-recognition would be best shown by a short reply when the prisoners were asked to plead. He suggested the Irish phrase - <sup>x</sup> "Nil meas madra agam ar an gCúirt seo" - and after some discussion, his proposal was agreed to. However, before the time for their trial came, the prisoners went on hunger strike, were released, and the Limerick men received a popular ovation on their arrival in the City.

CONSCRIPTION YEAR: The year 1918 was occupied with the establishment of Sinn Fein Clubs and the various other activities for the strengthening of the movement. As the year advanced the need for intensive organisation became more apparent. Ireland was threatened with Conscription and the country resolved to resist. To prepare military resistance in Limerick district was Seoirse's task as his senior Officers were in gaol or "on the run". He had also to continue his work in the schools, to do the routine work of his Battalion, and to attend meetings of all kinds. The strain of those strenuous months from May till October, when finally England abandoned Irish

\* An expression of utter contempt, literally, "I haven't a dog's respect for this Court".

Conscription, told on Seoirse's constitution and highly strung temperament. He fell a victim to the severe influenza epidemic which came that winter, and was seriously ill for some weeks. When he regained his strength he had to give up teaching work, and, instead, became Local Superintendent of the Irish National Assurance Co. Within a year he had established a fairly remunerative business.

IN MUNICIPAL LIFE: At the Municipal elections of 1920 Seoirse was elected senior Alderman of the City. His Poll was more than double that of any other candidate. He had the votes of his former pupils, who had grown to be men and women, and of the parents of his later pupils. Said one poor woman "I'll vote for Clancy who never closed his eye on my child". Seoirse was offered the Mayoralty but he declined it as he had yet not experience of Municipal life. Michael O'Callaghan was elected Mayor for 1920. Seoirse was closely associated with the Mayor in his work, usually acted as Deputy, and gradually made himself familiar with municipal affairs. During the year he succeeded in settling a Dock Strike, that for two months had paralysed the business of the City.

I.R. LOAN: Seoirse was appointed Organizer in the City and Liberties of Limerick for the Dail Eireann Loan of 1919. He visited the country districts to help the collection, took charge of all monies received and kept the accounts - a matter of unexampled difficulty as house searches were frequent and personal searches in the streets of common occurrence. In June 1920 Seoirse was in a position to go to Dublin and hand the money intact to the Finance Minister, Michael Collins.

LIMERICK'S MAYOR: Michael O'Callaghan's life was threatened after the funeral of Thomas MacCurtain, Lord Mayor of Cork, and it was Seoirse's duty to provide armed guards about the Mayor's house until curfew was imposed on the City by the Military Authorities, and any person found out of doors after 10 p.m. was liable to arrest, and, if in possession of arms, liable to be shot.

In January 1921 George Clancy was appointed Mayor of Limerick. In his address to the Corporation after his election he said he was 100% Sinn Fein, and when the time would come, he would be found pure wool and unshrinkable. Those words recalled themselves to his wife while he stood without a tremor before his murderers, and she realised in a flash that he was about to die.

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#### HOW GEORGE CLANCY DIED.

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WHAT A "RAID" WAS: Raids and searches were an outstanding feature of the English campaign against Irish Nationality in the years 1916 to 1921. They usually took place late at night when the people had retired, or in the early hours of the morning, and the searchers were not provided with anything in the nature of a search warrant. At first the armed forces were usually accompanied by a responsible Police or Military Officer and were duly authorised by the Military Governor of the district, but as time went on unauthorised raids freely took place, and the forces employed, whether sent officially or otherwise, conducted themselves without any regard for the persons or property of the occupants of any house they chose to enter. In the final stages of the Terror armed forces

of the Crown raided private houses with the set purpose of murdering prominent Republicans.

In Limerick the raids began in May 1916 after the military had taken possession of a number of rifles, the property of the Irish Volunteers. In various parts of the City during the night, parties of soldiers and police searched houses and arrested men - a score of citizens, including Seoirse MacFlanncada. So frequent were the searches in that and the following two years at the Clancy home that no record has been kept of them. The upsetting of furniture, scattering of documents, and the many other inconveniences of the system were of such common occurrence that Mr. and Mrs. Clancy bore the troubles as well as they could regarding it as their share of the suffering to be borne for Caitlin ni Uallacain.

MRS. CLANCY'S NARRATIVE:

Towards the end of 1919 Seoirse made it a point not to sleep at home so that his activities might not be interrupted by another term of imprisonment. One November morning at 3 a.m. there came a loud knocking, awakening the household. I got up, called the maid, and together we went to the door. I asked who was there and got the answer "Military" followed by "if the door is not opened in 30 seconds it will be broken in". I opened the door and in rushed a military officer, a number of soldiers and one member of the R.I.C. The Officer asked for my husband, and I answered that he was not at home. He then placed his men all over the house, in the garden and back yard. He searched the house himself minutely, examining every place, even the hen run. This search lasted about two hours, and as the night was extremely cold I was feeling pretty bad when it was over. When going, the officer informed me they would

come again. Nightly expecting another raid my husband and myself had not very much rest for the next few months, but strange to say, were not again visited for a considerable time.

HOW WOMEN SUFFERED: My only sister died in September 1920, and then my parents came to reside with us. On the night of December 7th, 1920 at 10.30 p.m. the long expected summons came. I went to the door and I asked who was there. In reply to my question they said they were police, so I opened the door. The hall was quickly filled with R.I.C., Black & Tans and cadets in uniform and mufti, all carrying rifles and revolvers, a number of them being under the influence of drink. They were led by a man in civilian clothes, brandishing a revolver in one hand and having a flash lamp in the other. They spread through the house, even invading the privacy of the room in which my mother and father were in bed. My poor mother got up and dressed, but my father, being an invalid, could not do so. The raiders asked for my husband and when I said he was from home on business, they replied I should tell them where he was. I repeated I did not know, and they then said if I did not tell them they would burn me out. I was detained in the dining room for over an hour surrounded by ten policemen and a cadet in uniform, who sat on the table dangling his legs and enjoying the insults and abuse poured on me. They told me we were murderers, that we knew all about certain ambushes, and that we brought my parents to live with us so as to cloak our misdeeds, and so on. One of their number, an R.I.C. sergeant ordered two men to go up stairs and carry my father out of the house to the Avenue, so that they could, as he said "blow the place to pieces". At the same time he ordered others down to the lorry for petrol.

Another sergeant went into the sitting room and took a picture from the wall - a camp group of Volunteers, with my husband and myself in it - and called me to walk on it. I refused, he then asked the maid to do so, but she taking her cue from me, also refused. He walked on it himself, and tearing the picture out, burned it. This same man put the maid, who is a young girl of about 18, with her back to the wall of the sitting room and questioned her about her home and people. Then in a threatening manner he told her to clear out of my house before six the next evening and tell her father to get her "decent" employment. Some of the raiders then left the house and returned in a short time with two women searchers. My old mother of 70, the young girl and myself were then sent into the sitting room to suffer the humiliation of being searched while the men went through the house and ransacked every corner of it. Before leaving, the R.I.C. sergeant, who had trampled on the photograph and who seemed to be in command of the raiders, officers and cadets included, told me to the evident amusement of the cadet before mentioned that if my husband did not report at William Street Barracks before 7 o'clock the next evening, they would come again the next night and actually burn us out. The last act of one of those men was to burn a photograph of Sean MacDermott (one of those executed in 1916) over the candle I unconsciously held in my hand during the latter portion of the raid.

THE AUXILIARY OFFICER'S RAID: On February 27th 1921 at 10.30 a.m. we were saying the family Rosary before retiring when we were startled by a frantic knocking at the front door. My husband jumped us<sup>h</sup> and told us not to be frightened as it was probably a raid, for Michael O'Callaghan had told him that on the previous Tuesday

night raiders at his home said that they intended giving his successor a Lord Mayor's show. My husband went to the door, asked who was there, and received the reply "Military". I followed him to the door and when he opened it I saw a number of soldiers in charge of an officer in mufti, <sup>named Nathan (n e l)</sup> the same who had been in charge of the raiders at Michael O'Callaghan's home on Tuesday, February 22nd. The avenue outside was lighted up by the search light from the car on the road. The officer asked my husband was he Mr. Clancy, and being answered in the affirmative, expressed surprise at finding him at home. My husband said there was no reason why he should not be in his own house, adding that he had no choice but to be indoors after curfew. The officer said he had come to search the house and stationed some soldiers in the hall. He first visited the sitting room, which he searched minutely, then asked my husband to accompany him to the dining room. Here he again expresses surprise that my husband was at home and received the same reply. My husband afterwards told me that he learned from this man that he was in the auxiliary division; and remarked to me what a charming cultivated voice he had. Before this officer completed his search of the dining room he went out to the hall door and called in Cadet <sup>Cannot remember name</sup> -----, whom he sent upstairs with me to search the bedrooms. A soldier with a rifle accompanied us. My husband explained that my father was an invalid confined to bed and the officer said he would not be disturbed, but that he wanted to see our room. This cadet was the same that had come with the police on the terrifying raid of December 7th. 1920. When we got upstairs the cadet said to me that he was surprised to find my husband at home. On my replying there was no reason why he should not be in his own

home, he said, "but he was not at home on previous occasions". I then said my husband's business took him frequently from home. His next remark was that they, the Government forces, intended giving us a Lord Mayor's Show. I then said was not this visit a Lord Mayor's show, to which he replied "Not at all - a Lord Mayor's show, when we all come dressed in our best as we do in London" adding that he would bring his most powerful search light. After a short time the Auxiliary officer came up, looked around the room, and then they both went to my father's room where they remained only a few minutes. In the hall as they were leaving, my husband referred to the bad raid we had when there were only women in the house. The officer expressed sympathy, adding that this was an Official Military raid.

After they had gone, Seoirse and myself, chatting about the raid, remarked that it was strange that neither the kitchen, maid's room nor any part of the back of the house had been searched.

THE MURDER RAID: My father died on the 4th March 1921 and was buried on Sunday 6th March. That night friends remained with us up to curfew hour, 10 p.m. Then we had the family prayers and we chatted for a little while before going upstairs. Seoirse insisted that I should sleep in my mother's room that night so that she might not be lonely. He came in with us and remained some time consoling her and trying to lighten her sorrow. Before getting to bed I discovered that the candle in his room was still alight and I went in as I was anxious about him - he had a slight cold for some days. I found him awake reading Keating's "Defence of the Mass" in Irish. He promised me that he would get to sleep quickly, so I



wished him "Goodnight" and left him. It was then midnight, and, though, we did not know it, Joseph O'Donoghue was at that time dead and his murderers were making their way to Michael O'Callaghan's house. When I got to bed I fell almost immediately into a deep sleep, for I was very tired and lacked sleep for over a week owing to my father's illness and death. About 1.30 a loud noise awakened me. I jumped up startled and asked what was the matter. My mother said, "Oh God! it is a raid, they are hammering at the door". I got on my dressing gown and slippers, calling out to my husband as I did so, "Seoirse, I will open the door". He answered "No, Moll, I will", and went down the stairs ahead of me. He held a candlestick in his hand and said back to me, "It's all right, Moll, only a raid". Before opening the hall door he asked who was there and got the answer "Military". I was just behind him at the foot of the stairs, and when he opened the door I saw three tall men wearing goggles with caps drawn well down over their faces and the collars of their coats turned up. Two stood at one side of the door and one at the other; one of the two held a flash light. Even then I did not realize the murderous work they had come to do. The man at the right asked "Are you Clancy", pointing a revolver at Seoirse. My husband answered "Yes, I am" and stood straight in front of him. Then this man said "Come out here, we want you". Seoirse asked "What for"? and the man said, more loudly, "Come outside". "No, I won't" Seoirse answered, and stepped back a pace or two, opening the door still wider as he held the knob in his hand. The spokesman then stepped into the hall and shouted "Then, take this", and before I could move fired three shots at him. I then dashed between them screaming and trying to

move Seoirse back and push the man away, but even as I did so, he emptied his revolver. I heard in all, seven shots. The men then rushed off and banged the hall door, leaving me in the dark, as the candle Seoirse held had fallen and the gas was not lighted. I did not know then that I was wounded. I thought the sting I felt in my wrist was a blow I got in the struggle. I groped about with my hands to find my husband but could not. Then I saw the door at the end of the hall and also a door beyond it leading to the yard were open. I called Seoirse by name and getting no answer I rushed round the yard still calling him but could not find him. I opened the gate leading into the garden and ran across to a friend's house, falling many times on the way. I knocked at Mr. Barry's bedroom window and asked him to come and help me as my husband was shot and I could not find him. I went back immediately and passing in through the gate I stumbled over my husband's feet. He had fallen in the yard and I had passed out without seeing him. The maid, who was now up and dressed, came into the yard when she heard my cry on discovering him. Between us we tried to lift Seoirse up but failed as my hand was useless. I then discovered I was wounded and the blood was streaming from my wrist. I ran back again to Mr. Barry and told him I could not lift Seoirse as I was wounded in the wrist. He was dressed by this time and came to me immediately, and with the help of the maid we lifted Seoirse into the kitchen. My aged mother had come down stairs in her night attire and had been wandering about the yard in her bare feet looking for Seoirse and myself. She was a pitiable sight, with her poor feet covered with his blood and mine. My only thought now was to get the priest to my poor Seoirse while he was still alive. I then asked Ned - Mr.

Barry - to go for a priest, and he went off not knowing but that he himself might be shot on the way. I knelt beside Seoirse and tried to say the Act of Contrition in his ear - he was breathing very heavily but seemed unable to speak. In a few minutes Canon O'Driscoll, who had prepared Seoirse's mother for death, arrived and administered the last Sacraments to the pupil he had encouraged and taught at Bruff Seminary 25 years before. After this Seoirse opened his eyes and looked at me, then he looked at the Canon and back again at me. I was now faint from loss of blood so the Canon led me away just as Seoirse expired. During this time another friend, Miss Renehan, had come in and had gone upstairs with my nearly demented mother, washed her feet and dressed her. At about half past two Canon O'Driscoll decided to go the Strand Barracks and ask the military to phone for a doctor as my arm was still bleeding and I was getting weaker. After a short time he came back accompanied by three military officers, from them he learned that Michael O'Callaghan had also been murdered. They said it was a dreadful occurrence and that they had phoned for Dr. Dundon at Barrington's who would be with me immediately. The military had scarcely left when some police arrived including a District Inspector and sergeant, the men who had already conveyed Revd. Father Philip, O.F.M., to Mrs. O'Callaghan's.

THE DEAD MAYOR: As the morning advanced friends hurried to me and, as the news spread to the City hundreds poured from every side to weep and give me sympathy. Early Father Philip, O.F.M. arrived and, then and afterwards, he was a source of help and consolation to me during all that terrible time. The nuns of St. John's Hospital came to do the needful offices for the dead.

Seoirse's friends and comrades - Gaelic Leaguers and Volunteers - gathered to take charge of all arrangements, to keep guard in and about the house, and so save me from as much inconvenience and worry as possible. For two days there was a constant stream of people who came to see their dead Mayor and to say a prayer for his soul. The Lord Bishop said the Rosary in Irish by his side, and hundreds of the little children who loved him so paid a last tribute to their master. During the two nights - Monday and Tuesday - his comrades stood guard in the room where he lay, and the Rosary was recited almost without intermission. On Wednesday he lay in state at Saint John's Cathedral with his murdered comrades, and next day six Irish Mayors bore his body to the grave.

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WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS HE?

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In the course of this sketch of George Clancy's life are set down the considered opinions that some of his earlier friends held of him. To this let us add the loving thoughts of a few of his comrades in later years.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN: He was a fine type of Christian, of a lively and understanding faith, regular in the duties of his Catholic religion, choosing with loving care the family prayers which always included the Psalm 'De Profundis' for the dead. He was upright and truthful, straightforward and honest, generous to a fault. It might be said of him as Caoilte said of the Fianna "Truth was in his heart and strength in his arm, and what he said, he fulfilled". He knew the rich gift of friendship, and those whom he made his friends were

blessed indeed. His judgment was always to be relied upon, and his political associates who went to him for advice in their difficulties, came away heartened and refreshed. He had the soldier's virtues of courage and resource, patience and power of control. He was a gentleman cultured and courteous, unselfish and thoughtful for others, charitable in word and act.

LOVE FOR HOME: He had an intense love for home and home life. He never lost his affection for his birthplace, and when weary from work, he needed rest and change, he always benefited by a return to the scenes of his boyhood. The new home that he created and christened "Dun Guir" (after his own Loc Guir) he loved and cared for - for to his other acquired gifts he added those of carpentry and gardening. He looked forward to the day when warfare would be passed and Ireland come into her own, and when he might enter into his home and shut out all the rest of the world to find rest, and quiet, and domestic joy.

He never lost the power to laugh and be merry. He could take a joke and play a joke, as those friends of his bachelor days Jim Riordan of the G.A.A. and Hugh O'Neill, the famous Irish dancer, and others, could testify. He was intensely human, he could feel for the faults of others, and made no secret of his imperfections - but it was only in minor things that he failed, in the greater and more serious things of life he was beyond criticism.

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WHY WAS HE MURDERED?

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The months as they pass may lighten the personal sorrow of his friends and fellow workers, but there

will always remain the deep sense of loss. And in the new free Ireland in which we hope to live, his friends will unconsciously turn to look for Seoirse and find him not. For his loss to Ireland is greater than any personal loss. He knew her and loved her intensely - her needs and resources, her history and language, her land and people. In the days of her sorrow he wept with her and helped her and guided her and gave her hope. In her hour of triumph he would rejoice and stand near her throne.

Dimly his murderers knew those things and that was why he died.

*Maire Bean Mhic Fhlannchadha*

(Maire, Bean Mhic Fhlannchadha)

