10.

THE LIMERICK CITY CURFEW MURDERS of MARCH 7th, 1921

Assassination of Mayor Clancy, Ex-Mayor O'Callaghan and Volunteer O'Donoghue

Contributed by MRS. O'CALLAGHAN, MRS. CLANCY, and comrades of the murdered patriots

On the morning of March the seventh, 1921, Seoirse Clancy, Mayor of Limerick, and Michael O'Callaghan, his predecessor in office, were foully murdered by British police in their homes, and in the presence of their wives. The Mayoress, Mrs. Clancy, was wounded during the assassination of her husband. The murder of Michael O'Callaghan took place about 1.10 a.m., and that of Seoirse Clancy about 2.30 a.m. Some hours previously Joseph O'Donoghue of the I.R.A. was murdered and his bullet-ridden body was found in the street in the morning.

THE questions which this article is written to answer are:—(1) Who was George Clancy? (2) What were the circumstances of his death? (3) What manner of man was he?

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.

1. WHO WAS GEORGE CLANCY?

In Boyhood: Born in the village of Grange, Co. Limerick, Seoirse 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. Seoirse 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.

In Early Manhood: In 1899 he went to Dublin, entered the Royal University, graduating in 1904. With most of those whose names

Mayor Michael O'Callaghan, with members of the Limerick City Corporation, 1920.

told in this volume by

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 choose to stand by Ireland went on parade, 208 were present.

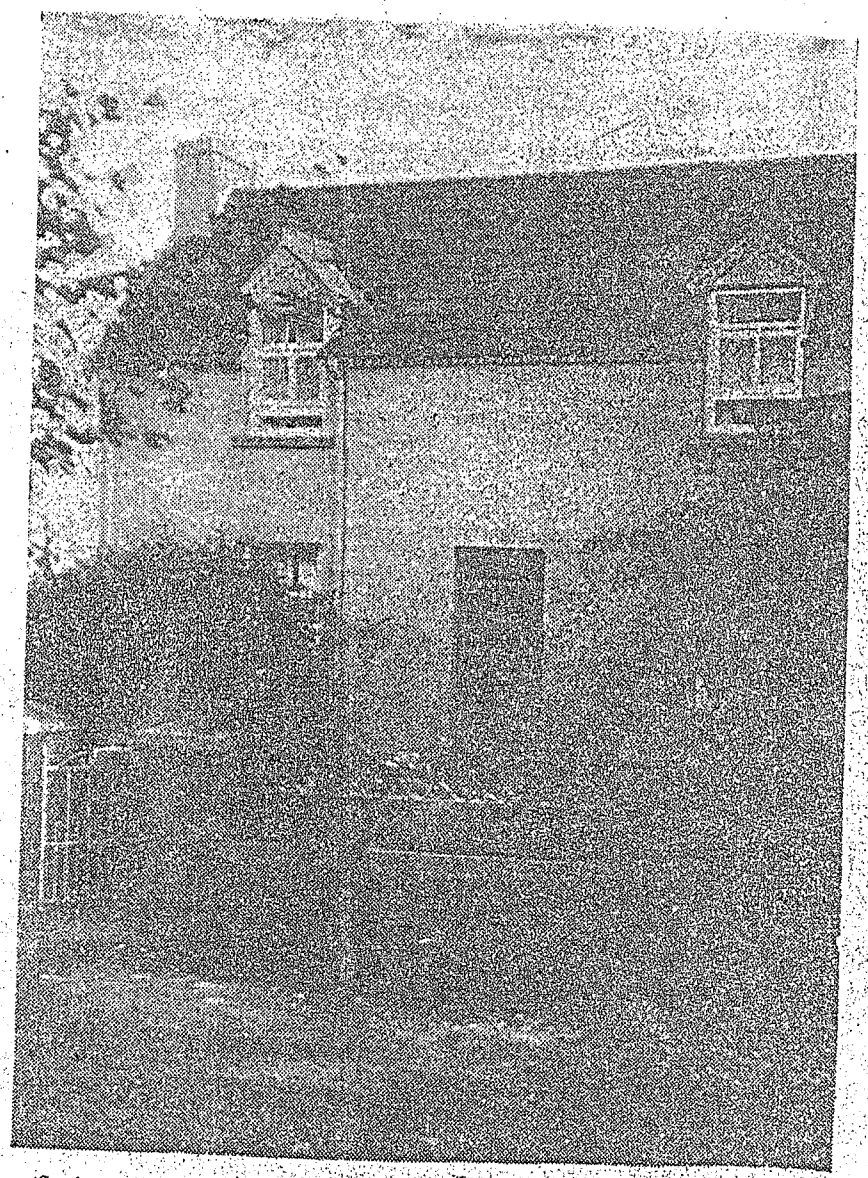
Marriage: In the July of 1915 he was married to Maire Ni Cillin, whom he had met at Colaiste na Mumhan, in Ballingeary, and later in the Limerick Gaelic League.

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 Ballingeary. 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—* "Nil meas madra agam ar an gCuirt 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 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.

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



Seoirse Clancy's home in which he was murdered in presence of his wife, who was wounded by the murderers, on the morning of Monday, March the seventh, 1921.

Seoirse Clancy, murdered Mayor of Limerick, and his wife, Mrs. Mary Clancy

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 no experience of municipal life. Michael O'Callaghan was elected Mayor for 1920.

I.R. Loan: Seoirse was appointed Organiser 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.

In January 1921 George Clancy was appointed Mayor of Limerick. In his address to the Corporation after his election he said he was a hundred per cent 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 realized in a flash that he was about to die.

HOW GEORGE CLANCY DIED

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.

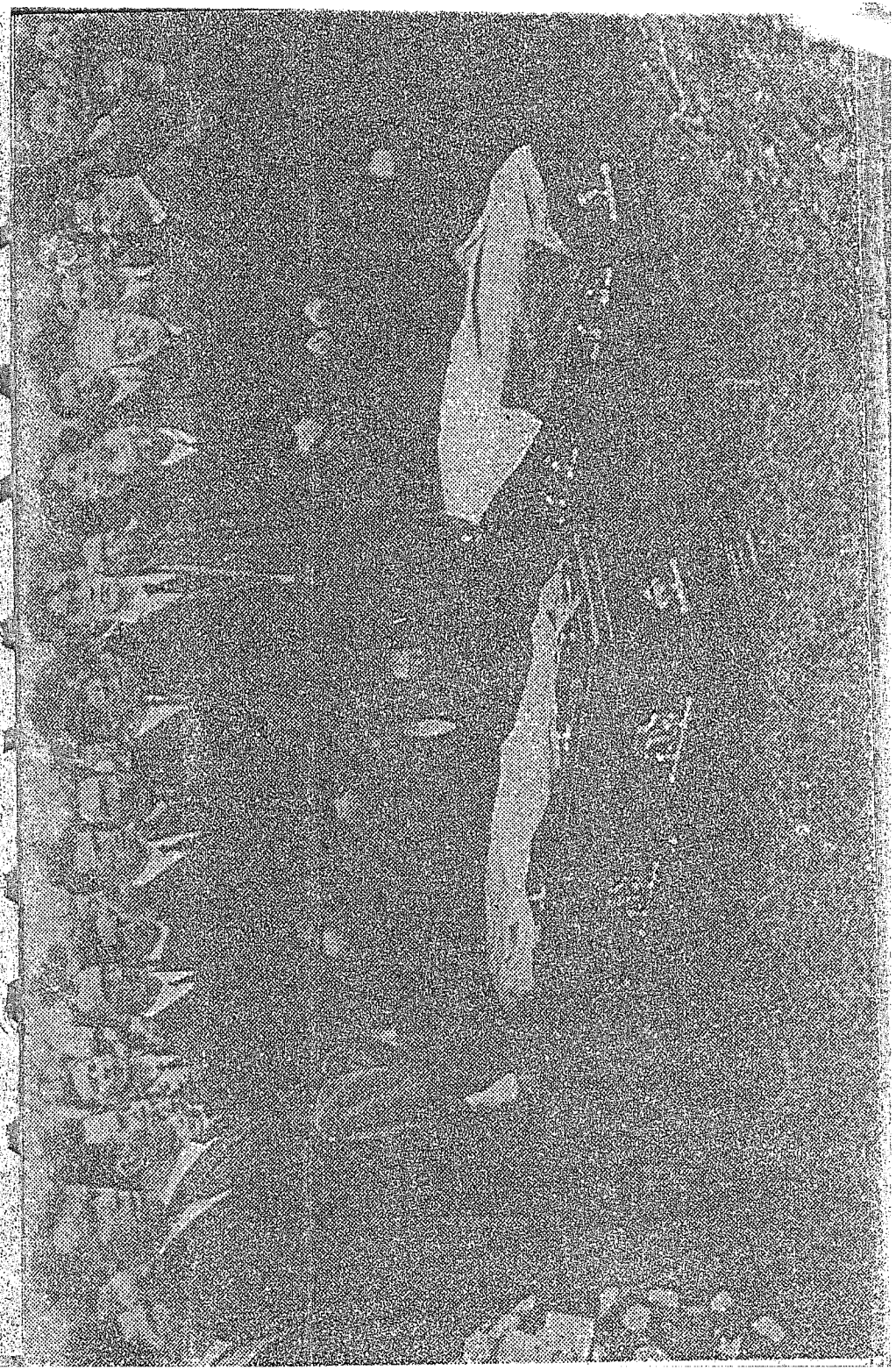
In Limerick the raids began in May 1916 after the military had taken possession of a number of rifles, the property of the Irish Volunteers. In various parts of the City during the night, parties of soldiers and police searched houses and arrested men—a score of citizens, including Seoirse MacFlanncadha. So frequent were the searches in that and the following two years at the Clancy home that no record has been kept of them.

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 and 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 diningroom 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 upstairs 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 sittingroom 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, a young girl of about eighteen, with her back to the wall of the sittingroom 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 sittingroom 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.

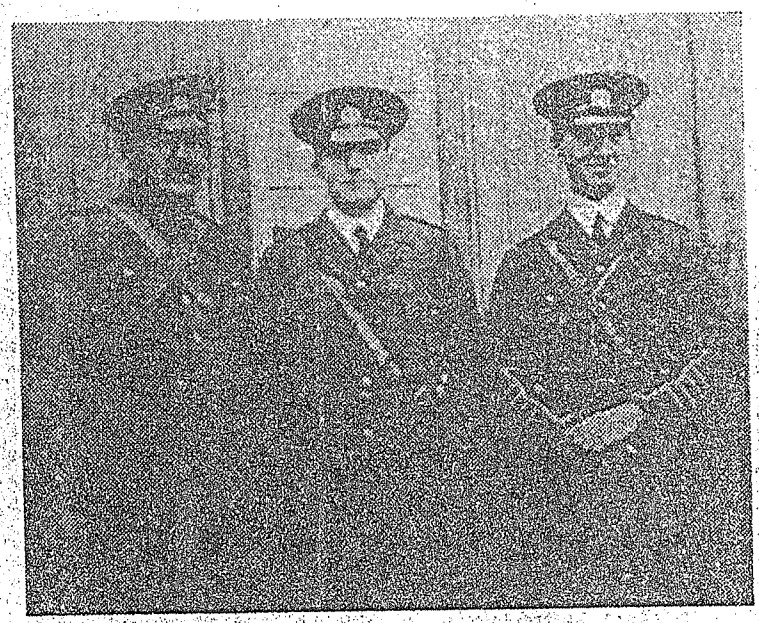
The Auxiliary Officer's Raid: On February 27th 1921 at 10.30 a.m. we were saying the family Rosary before retiring when we were startled by a frantic knocking at the front door. My husband jumped up and told us not to be frightened as it was probably a raid, for Michael O'Callaghan had told him that 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, 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 searchlight 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 sittingroom, which he searched minutely, then asked my husband to accompany him to the diningroom. Here he again expressed 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 diningroom he went out to the hall door and called in Cadet ———, 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 searchlight. 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.

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 didn't 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

Irish Mayors bore the coffins of the murdered Mayor and Mayor of Limerick to the grave. Here is shown the scene the graveside, with the coffins draped with Tri-colours.



Seoirse Clancy, photographed in volunteer uniform, with his friends, Commandant M. P. Colivet and Captain Robert Monteith.

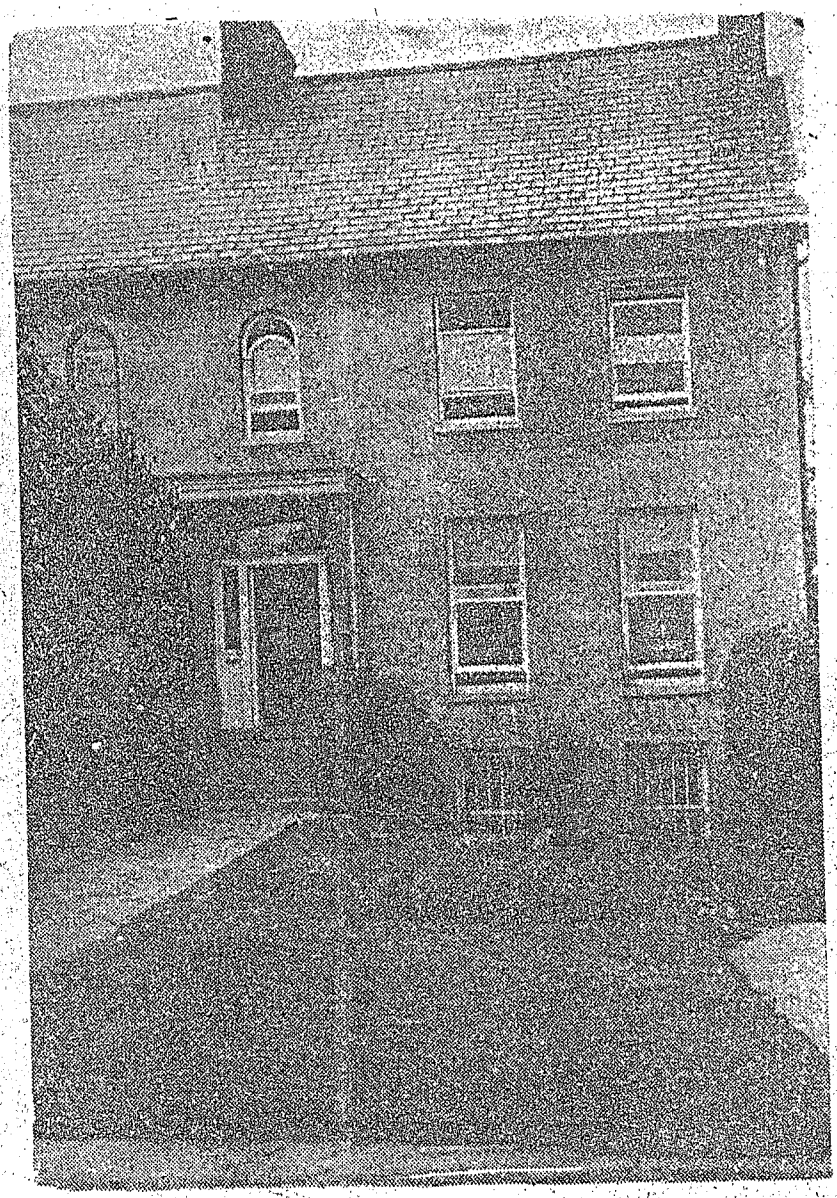
drawn well down over their faces and the collars of their coats turned up. Two stood at one side of the door and one at the other; one of the two held a flash light. Even then I did not realize the murderous work they had come to do. The man at the right asked "Are you Clancy," pointing a revolver at 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 the 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 to 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 of 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.

THE MURDER OF MICHAEL O'CALLAGHAN

Michael O'Callaghan loved Ireland, worked for Ireland, and died for Ireland. Knowing well the danger, he chose the hard road of service to his Motherland, and his logical end was murder by the hand of a hired English assassin. His passionate interest in Irish affairs was not the growth of these last few tortured years. As a boy, he was proud of the fact that it was his grandfather, Eugene O'Callaghan, who in 1843 proposed the Repeal of the Union in Limerick Corporation. His collection of books shows how deeply he read and thought on Irish



The home of Michael O'Callaghan, in the hallway of which he was murdered in the presence of his wife, on the morning of March the seventh, 1921.

Michael O'Callaghan, from a photograph taken a short time before his assassination.

history and economics. In politics, he was a member of the first Sinn Fein Club in Limerick in 1905, and died a member of the O'Rahilly Club of the same city. He was a member of the Irish Industrial Development Association, and was one of a gifted group of Limerick men, who, Sunday after Sunday, for some years, addressed meetings in Limerick and the neighbouring counties, impressing on the people the importance of supporting native goods. He was a member of the Gaelic League, and during his Mayoralty presented the local branch with a scholarship for its students. He believed that the Gaelic League was the training ground for the men who were to save Ireland, and in the midst of his business cares he made time to take lessons in the Irish language from the man who met his death on the same tragic night—George Clancy.

In January, 1914, he was present at the meeting in the Anthenæum to establish the Irish Volunteers in Limerick, and spoke on the platform with Patrick Pearse and Roger Casement. He was on the Executive Committee of the Irish Volunteers from 1914 to 1916, and spoke at Pearse's last lecture in Limerick in February, 1916.

After the 1916 Rising, he was one of the small band that kept the heart of the country alive. He was treasurer of the local branch of the National Aid Association. He threw himself into propaganda work, for which he was so fitted, and helped to circulate throughout

the country thousands of copies of Bishop O'Dwyer's letters, and other seditious pamphlets. He was one of the founders of the National League, and was instrumental in getting the Abstention Policy carried by that League and accepted by the country. He fought for the release of the 1916 prisoners interned and jailed in England, and used his wonderful gift of eloquence in the East Clare Election in 1917.

He was the friend of the extremists, and well realised the need for a military as well as a legislative and constructive side to the national movement. He helped the General Election in 1919, and, aided by George Clancy, wrote the election address for M. Colivet, who was in jail at the time.

He entered the Limerick Corporation in 1911 as a Councillor for the Irishtown Ward, and took a keen interest in municipal matters. This training was of value to him when in 1920, he was elected Mayor of the City of Limerick by the newly elected Corporation. He and the Corporation at once pledged allegiance to Dail Eireann and the Irish Republic, and he was proud of the fact that he was the first Republican Mayor of Limerick.

MAYORALTY, 1920

We are indebted to Mrs. K. O'Callaghan, widow of the murdered ex-Mayor, for the following story of the last days of his life.

My husband, Michael O'Callaghan, was elected Mayor of Limerick on Friday, January 30th, 1920, and his first official act was the pledging of his allegiance and the allegiance of the Limerick Corporation to Dail Eireann. Owing to the critical and difficult time, and for the credit of the Republic, he devoted himself entirely to the work of the Corporation, and it is admitted that no Mayor of Limerick was ever so successful in managing the city affairs. He had a sympathetic understanding, and appreciated the point of view of the different groups of citizens. A member of the manufacturing class and an employer, he was yet, as a working man said to me on one of the first sad days, a labour leader; a Sinn Feiner and a Republican, he tolerated the Unionists of the Chamber of Commerce and hoped to win their service for Ireland.

From the very first day of his Mayoralty, he was noted for his uncompromising national stand, and it led to his murder. In the first week of his Mayoralty, two citizens—Miss Johnson and Mr. O'Dwyer—were shot by the Crown troops. My husband, at a meeting of the Corporation on Thursday, February 5th, said that under the present regime, men's homes were no longer sacred nor their lives safe. He would say to the British Government: "Clear your soldiers out of the country and we will see to it that every citizen is safeguarded. Withdraw the soldiers, place the police under municipal control, and we will look after our own city."

At the inquest on these two victims, he stated that he had not been consulted in an advisory or in any other capacity about the preservation of the peace of the city. "The elected representatives of the people," he said, "have only one connection with these armed patrols that parade our streets; as taxpayers, they have to foot the bill."

FIRST DEATH NOTICE

On Friday, March 18th, he attended a meeting of the Governing Body of University College, Cork and lunched with the Mayor of Waterford and Lord Mayor MacCurtain. He returned to Limerick that night and heard next day with horror of the murder of his friend, following the receipt of a threatening letter. He went to Cork on Monday, March 21st, to attend the funeral ceremonies, and on his return received a similar threatening letter on the morning of Tuesday, March 22nd. This letter he published in the local press. It bore the Clonmel postmark, was in typescript, and read as follows:—

Prepare for death. You are a doomed man.

Rory of the Hills.

On advice from the Volunteers, he left his house and went to stay in the George Hotel, and a guard of Irish Volunteers watched at night across the street in the Sinn Fein Club Rooms over Herbert's bootshop. The Mayor occupied the end front bedroom in the first floor corridor. One night he was given another bedroom. That night, a motor car stopped at the hotel, a tall woman got out, interviewed the night porter, and said she was looking for an eloping couple who were sleeping in Room X—the room in which my husband had been sleeping. The night porter protested, the lady pushed past him, and entered the bedroom to find—as she told the porter—that the people there were not her friends. By this time others were roused, and the motor drove away. My husband laughed at the incident, but the Volunteers thought that he would be safer in our own house, so he moved back to St. Margaret's Villa, and slept at ease while the Volunteers changed guard outside.

This arrangement lasted for some months. Much has been said by General Cameron and others of the British Government regarding the way in which my husband kept the peace of the city. I would like to put on record that General Cameron's armed forces baptised my husband's year of office in the first week with the murder of Miss Johnson and Mr. O'Dwyer, and marked his last week with the blood of Tom Blake, I.R.A. How far the year 1920 was a peaceful one in Limerick is known through the press to the public. During the first six months of the year, there were more "shootings-up" and more Crown outrages in Limerick than elsewhere in Ireland. It was reported in the issue of the *Limerick Leader* for June 30th, that owing to the tension due to outrages there was an abnormal number of patients suffering from nervous complaints and diseases. During this time of "peace," Michael O'Callaghan was the people's champion against Crown aggressors and law breakers. It was to him citizens went when their homes were robbed, wrecked or burned by the Crown forces; it was to him they turned when they themselves were brutally beaten by members of the English garrison; it was he who enlightened foreign newspaper correspondents as to the truth of happenings in Limerick and district; it was he who forced the truth on the notice of General Sir Neville Macready in an open letter on August 21st, 1920. A sentence from that letter gives his attitude:—

> "I know you have no real right to exercise any authority in this country, and I address you simply to insure that your professed ignorance of outrage and atrocity shall be culpable, and that you shall not be able to assume ignorance of what has occurred in my city."

General Cameron spoke so strongly at the Military Inquiry about the help my husband gave him in keeping the peace of the city that it was thought that they had many meetings and discussions. The only meeting between Michael O'Callaghan and General Cameron was of General Cameron's seeking. The English garrison broke barracks on Monday, April 26th, a riot followed in which a soldier of the Welsh Fusiliers was killed; the troops did a certain amount of damage to property, and the General called on the Mayor at the Town Hall to discuss plans for keeping order in the streets. The Mayor said that he could keep the peace of the city with Volunteer peace patrols, if the English soldiers and police were confined to barracks. General Cameron put that suggestion aside as impossible, but suggested instead that both bodies could work together, the Volunteers to wear a distinguishing badge. Michael O'Callaghan knew only too well what treatment awaited Volunteers so badged, and the discussion ended there.

FIRST RAID

In July and August, 1920, raids on private houses in Limerick became more frequent. My husband, knowing that it would be a serious matter if his armed guard fired on the Crown forces coming

on a "legal" raid, decided to do without them, and relied for safety on the presence of the ordinary guests, Americans and others, who came and went during the summer months. We had decided to take a three weeks' holiday in London from September 1st, and on the night of Monday, August 30th, when there was neither guard nor guest in the house, we had our first search. On that night, at 11.45, a mixed party of soldiers, police and black-and-tans, accompanied by some military officers in uniform and in civilian clothes, in charge of Mr. E——, the local District Inspector of Police, also in civilian clothes, having fired off volleys of shots at the Sarsfield Bridge, climbed over the front wall of our garden and knocked at the door. Hearing the shots, I got out of bed and, watching from my bedroom window, saw the dark figures coming over the wall and rushing up the grass in the moonlight. Long before that night, we had decided that Michael should never go down to open the door at night, so it was I who went accompanied by the maid. I asked who was there, and the answer was "Police!". When we opened the door and saw the crowd in mixed uniform and civilian clothes, armed with revolvers and rifles, the maid, Brigid, said to the man who was in front: "Oh, sir, you are not going to murder the master." When I was convinced it was a "legal" search, not a murder raid, I called my husband, and the search began, but not before I had handed to them the key of the garden gate which was kept locked at night. The District Inspector said that he was most anxious that there should be no looting, and asked Michael and me to accompany the men into the different rooms, but as they poured into all the rooms in the ground floor, the drawingroom floor, and the bedroom floor, that was an impossibility.

A few days after, I wrote the District Inspector the following letter, which he acknowledged:—

"St. Margaret's,
"1/ix/1920.

"Sir,—After your search of my house on the night of Monday, August 30th, the following articles were missing: Silver Drawing-room Clock, Silver Pepper Castor, Silver Cigarette Case and Match-box, Silver Butter Fork, two Tea Spoons, Cards, Toilet Soap, Cork-screw. All the articles, with the exception of the clock, were taken from the downstairs portion of the house, where your men also helped themselves to claret and stout. I am telling you this, not that I want restitution, but merely as a matter of information for you, because you personally seemed anxious that nothing like this should occur."

"ON THE RUN"

We left for London on September 1st, 1920, and while there received letters pressing us to stay away as long as possible. My husband wrote to say that he intended returning to Limerick after three weeks. Again we were urged to take at least six weeks, if not the three months' rest we needed. My husband agreed with me that there must be some-thing behind all this, but he said that his post awaited him, so back we came to Limerick on Saturday, September 25th, to learn that secret information had been got from Colonel ——— that my husband's life was in great danger, and that it would be folly for him to sleep at home. From Saturday, September 25th, until Christmas Eve, my husband never slept a night at home. That is to say, he attended during the day to his Mayoral duties at the Town Hall, walked home to meals unattended through the public streets, but at night, owing to the information we had received, he dared not sleep in his own house. It meant that, if there was a Corporation meeting at 6.30 p.m., he left his home about that time and did not return. If there was no meeting of the Corporation, he left his home about 9 o'clock—Curfew being at 10 o'clock—and walked to the house he had selected for that night. On such nights, I stood in the hall with my sister and waited

Michael O'Callaghan, founder member of the Limerick Industrial Association, speaking to a country audience, 1911.

for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. If there were shots—and very often there were—my sister ran out holding an electric torch and searched the roadway as far as Sarsfield Bridge. Coming back she used say to me: "Well, he's not there to-night." It was a trying time, but for my husband's sake, I pretended not to mind.

FINAL DEATH NOTICE

He received his final death notice on October 15th, 1920. It read as follows:—

Final Warning. Whereas, it has come to our knowledge that the Sinn Fein Organization of which you are a prominent official through the so-called I.R.A., or murder gang, has been committing outrages in this hitherto God-fearing and law-abiding country.

This reign of terror must be stopped. You are, therefore, most earnestly warned that in the event of the continuance of these heartless and cowardly crimes you will be personally held responsible and punished in such a manner that others will be deterred from criminal courses.—By order.

We examined it very carefully and noted the typing and postmark. I put it aside for future reference. Some weeks afterwards, about

10.30 one night, there was a telephone call to say that my husband could have the trunk-call that he was asking for during the day. I knew nothing about this, but I said that my husband was not at home. Next day, Michael, on being told of the matter, said that he had not asked for a trunk call. I wondered if the authors of the Final Warning wanted to find him at home that night. Here, to show my husband's close connection with the I.R.A. in these autumn and winter months, I wish to state that he was one of the three persons who supported financially ———, the local commandant of the I.R.A. When ——— was arrested, the newly-appointed officer called at once on the Mayor to tell of his appointment, and to keep up the necessary relations between the military and civil sides of the Republican Government. My husband, was, too, in constant communication with all the Departments of An Dail, and carried out their orders. When in Dublin, he got into personal touch with the Cabinet Ministers, and their relations were most cordial.

On Christmas Eve, we decided that even the British Government kept some rules and that assassins would stay their hands for the time commemorating the birth of the Prince of Peace. So my husband slept at home that night. On Christmas Day, however, he decided that, no matter what the risk was, he was not going to leave home again. It worried him that I had stayed by myself all the winter, though I pointed out that there were three of us women in the house.

On January 19th, 1921, my husband got a copy of *The Weekly Summary* through the post. We were interested in the wrapper, and getting out the envelope that brought the Final Warning on October 15th, 1920, we could see that the postmarks were the same, and that there were the same peculiarities in the typing and punctuation of the addresses. They had been typed by the same machine. The final warning and the anonymous copy of the police gazette, *The Weekly Summary*, published in the Castle, came from the same source. I have these two, the wrapper and the envelope.

ELECTION OF GEORGE CLANCY TO MAYORALTY

As the end of the Mayoralty year drew nigh, pressure was brought to bear on my husband to continue in office a second year. He pleaded that he was not a strong man, that he had put his own business aside for 1920, and that one year of the Mayoralty under difficult circumstances was the most that could be expected from even the best citizen of the Republic. George Clancy was elected Mayor on Monday, January 31st, 1921.

After the Mayoral election, my husband at once plunged into the affairs of his firm, the City Tannery. We had been promising ourselves a holiday in the South of France after the worry and strain of the year, but pressure of business decided him to postpone such a holiday. He was, besides, full of the propaganda work he was now free to do for the cause, and he insisted that the time was ripe for a genuine boom in home manufactured goods. He felt that this was just as much a means of attack as military operations, and that it had the advantage of putting, as it were, every Irish man and every Irish woman on active service.

SECOND RAID

On Shrove Tuesday night, February 8th, my husband and I were having supper in the diningroom at a few minutes after 10 o'clock. There was a frantic knocking at the hall door and at the service door. The maid and I went to the hall door, and I asked who was there, getting the answer: "Police!" I opened the door, and in rushed a body of policemen, armed with rifles and revolvers. They shouted as they rushed past me in the hall, and up and down the stairs: "Who lives here?" "Hold the doors." I noticed that they were very red

Mayor Michael O'Callaghan, of Limerick, at the funeral of Lord Mayor MacCurtain, of Cork, who, in the presence of his wife and five children, was murdered by masked R.I.C. in the early hours of March 19th, 1920.

in the face and excited, their clothes were dusty and untidy, and some of the men were drunk. I ran into the diningroom, and said to my husband, who was standing with his back to the fire: "Have you that relic in your pocket? Oh, I'm afraid. They have come to do something dreadful. They are very drunk."

"Come over here," he said, "and stand near me. Whatever it is, it will be all over in a minute." After a little time, the police came down the stairs from the bedrooms and up from the kitchen floor, and my husband asked the meaning of their visit. I cannot describe this raid, for it was like a nightmare. There were both English and Irish police, and we owed our lives to two members of the old R.I.C., who seemed to have a slight restraining influence. All the others rushed about shouting and pulling things out, overturning vases, jeering at the long agony of Terence McSwiney, threatening to put a speedy end to my husband's propaganda, yelling that there was no God, God was dead, asking me how I would like my house to "go up," saying that I would soon know more about murder. I had to accompany one man who went off on his own initiative to search the bedrooms, though all the time I was afraid for my husband's safety downstairs. This constable found a military whistle and the mourning armlet which my husband had worn at the funerals of Lord Mayor MacCurtain and Lord Mayor MacSwiney, so I had to go downstairs with a rifle to my back. They all agreed that I was treasuring the whistle because it had been robbed from a policeman killed in an ambush. When they had been an hour and a half with us, they asked for the key of the gate as they did not want the trouble of climbing out over the gate and wall. My husband asked them why they came at night like this, frightening his wife and pulling the house about,

adding, however, that he was glad they came so early. "We'll come later the next time" they replied in a threatening manner.

After this raid I was frightened for the first time, for again and again during it, when my husband was quietly and courteously answering the questions shouted at him, I saw hate and murder in the faces of a few of these men. It appalled me that anyone should feel so towards my husband, and next day, when I met one of my sisters, we walked along the quayside, while I told her of the raid. "Our bad time is in front of us," I said, and, overwhelmed by some vague terror, I broke down and cried. Women do not cry much in Ireland during this war: the trouble goes too deep. My husband said during the following day, as he had said so often since the trouble started, whenever he heard of the brutal treatment of prisoners at the barracks, or of brutal murders: "I hope they will neither beat nor torture me. I am not afraid of death, but I must confess that I should like a quick one."

THIRD RAID

On Tuesday, February 22nd, just a fortnight after the last raid, we were visited again. There was the usual knocking at the door about 10.30; the maid and I having asked who was there, and getting the usual answer, "Police," opened it. On the steps were a crowd of police and soldiers, and shining over the wall at the end of the garden, I could see the search-light. The man in front, in mufti, armed with a revolver, was the Auxiliary Cadet whom I had seen at the dance, whose name had been given to me, and about whose conduct at Tom Blake's house I had heard. Tom Blake had been murdered since then, so I looked at the man with interest and apprehension. He was obviously in charge of the raid as he was in front of the others, and asked "Who lives here?" On being told, he said that he had come to make a search. Then he said "I want the key of the gate." My husband, having heard that it was merely a search, came out of the diningroom. I walked back to the hall table in view of all who were standing at the door, and, taking the key from the little tray, handed it to him. In a few moments I saw the need for opening the gate, because three women searchers came hurrying in; also the search-light, shining now through the open gateway, lighted up the whole house, and gave ample light for the search of the front rooms. I could see that the garden was full of soldiers in war outfit. They stayed outside, and the search was carried out by about twenty English police, in charge of the Cadet I mentioned, and another young officer. At once, the women hurried the maid and me upstairs, while my husband was led into the diningroom. The women searched the wardrobes, linen press, cupboards, drawers, beds, etc., etc., very carefully. Even the heels of my boots and the shoes and the hems of my gowns were examined. The manner of the senior woman searcher was insolent in the extreme. At last she searched me personally. This seems a small matter, but the circumstances—the time, 11 o'clock, the place, my own house, the insolent manner—were such as to cause me great humiliation. This woman, I could see, had learned her methods and her manners in London dealing with a class of English crime very different from my offences under the Restoration of Order Act in Ireland.

All this time I was anxious about my husband downstairs. Afterwards he told me that the second officer said to him: "We were thinking of giving the new Mayor a Lord Mayor's Show." Michael, scenting a jeering note, flung back: "Well, you could have done so. You have the power, the guns, the armoured cars, the tanks." Even then, my husband's "peaceful" character was being built up, for the officer replied: "I hope he'll keep the city as quiet as you kept it." The Cadet in charge and the second in command then came upstairs, and the Cadet asked me particularly which was my room. I pointed it out, overlooking the front garden. Then they noticed the disposition

of all the rooms, and meantime, the soldiers were examining all the windows opening on to the next garden and the back of the house. In the hall, when the Auxiliary Cadet, Intelligence Officer, or whatever he really was, was leaving, I said: "Are you aware that we were raided just a fortnight ago?" He hesitated a little, but replied at length "Yes." Then I complained that it was a drunken raid, and that the attitude of some of the men taking part in it was most hostile and threatening. I pointed out that it was not really a search, for some of the rooms were not entered, so that I could only conclude that it was an "irregular" raid merely to worry and frighten us. He was sympathetic about this, and very polite, and left saying "good night," having made arrangements to have the gate locked by one of the black-and-tans, who would bring us back the key and get out over the wall. After they had gone, my husband and I had a chat about the raid. We discussed the Cadet in charge, and my husband remarked that he had a charming cultivated voice, and wondered if he were English. We could come to no conclusion about his nationality as his name suggested that he might be of Jewish extraction. "Anyhow," said Michael, "the rascal has a nice voice, but a very dirty job."

MURDER RAID

On the night of Sunday, March 6th, Michael and I went to bed about 11 o'clock, having spent a very happy day together. After a morning visit to his mother, I wrote letters while he attended the funeral of George Clancy's father-in-law. In the afternoon, Mr. William Hard, of America, called, and my husband never was in a happier humour nor in a better vein for brilliant talk. Later, my two sisters and my brother-in-law came, and when they left before Curfew, we sat, and read, and chatted at the drawingroom fire. As we were going to sleep, I said: "This has been a happy day." "Very happy, thank God," he replied. I fell asleep, and was wakened by a loud knocking at the hall door. I got up and, throwing up the bedroom window, said: "Who's there?" It was a darkish night, and I could see nothing, but a voice from the steps, a voice I recognised, replied: "Who lives here?" I said, "Michael O'Callaghan." "We want him," came immediately, two voices this time. My mind stabbed me with the thought that this formula preceded murder in Ireland, and I felt faint with horror, but I said calmly enough: "Well, you can't see him at this hour of the night." The voice I knew said again: "We want him, and we're coming in anyhow." I grew fainter at this, but when the voice said in the tone of words I had heard on the previous raid: "And we want the key of the gate," I felt reassured, thinking at once of the women searchers. Turning to my husband who was getting out of bed, I said: "It's the usual thing. What shall I do?" He said: "Oh, I wish they would not worry us like this, but ask them is there an officer in charge."

I bent out again, heartened by his calmness, and asked: "Is there an officer in charge?" "Oh, yes," came the answer, "one officer." "Two officers," said the other voice. In spite of myself, while I put on my dressing-gown and shoes, I cried a little, and my husband said: "Don't bother about Brigid to-night. You're nervous, and I'll come down with you this time. 'Tis the usual thing. Don't be afraid, dear."

"I'll bring my Rosary beads," I said. He had lighted the candle, and put on his gown and shoes, and we went downstairs together. I heard Brigid's door opening, and she told me afterwards that she wondered to see the master going down with me in spite of all our arrangements. She heard him say to me on the stairs: "Don't worry, dear. It will be all right."

He lighted the hall gas, and put the candlestick on the hall table, and, as I went towards the door, I said: "Don't stand there in the middle of the hall. You never know what is going to happen." He said: "It's all right," and stood just behind me while I unlocked and

Mrs. K. O'Callaghan, widow of Michael O'Callaghan, from a photograph taken in 1921. She tells in these pages the story of her husband's brutal murder by the British.

unchained the door. I opened the door wide, and when I saw the two men with goggles, and hats pulled down, and coat collars up about their ears, my heart leaped in my breast. I knew it was murder. Both men said together, waving their revolvers at Michael: "You come out here. Come out." My mind worked like madness. I thought of the dark garden, of the river, of all the horrors, and stretching out both my arms to cover Michael and pushing him back behind me, I shouted: "No. No. My God! not that."

I heard Michael say, "No, No," just twice, as the men advanced after us in the hall. I caught at their hands as they tried to get me out of the way; there was a struggle for a second, and the man on my right hand, the man with the clear glasses and the blue eyes, freed his right arm and fired over my shoulder. I turned to see Michael stagger from the hall table, against which I had pushed him, and fall on to the mat at the foot of the stairs. In my agony, I relaxed my hold of the man, and that same devil slipped past me and emptied his revolver into my dear husband's body as he lay on the ground. I was struggling with the other man—the man whose voice brought me downstairs—but as the man who had shot Michael was passing us to go out, I flew at him. I had the strength of a maniac. We three fought together in the hall, while I screamed all the time. I knocked them twice as our feet slipped on the polished floor; my shoes fell off; I tore at their

faces and heads instinctively; they never said a word, but beat me with their hands on the head, shoulders and arms. We fell against the umbrella stand, and at last with an effort, they threw me off, and I fell heavily on my hip on the floor.

I shall never forget the agony I suffered as I lay there screaming and helpless while I watched them running down the grass in the shaft of light from the hall door.

I crawled back to my husband and fell across his body, all my being crying out to God to spare him to me. I had never seen anybody die, so I hoped where from the first shot there was no hope. His eyes were closed, and he gave just a little sigh. Brigid had flung on a coat, and was on the landing when she heard the first shot. Others followed, and she knew what it meant. At once, she got her Rosary beads with the Cross blessed for the hour of death, my crucifix and holy water, and ran down to find us both lying at the foot of the stairs. At first she thought us both dead. She roused me, and I asked her: "Is this a bad dream?" She held the crucifix to my husband's lips, and said the Act of Contrition before I could think.

I went mad at times during this night, but I can remember some things only too well. After that one little sigh, my husband did not even moan, thank God. I refused to let Brigid move him, lest we should hurt him, and knowing that I would lose my reason if I saw his wounds or his blood. We got pillows, put rugs over him, and placed a hot water bottle to his feet. The brandy bottle we neither of us could open, so we broke the neck off, and I bathed his poor forehead. In a distracted state, Brigid ran down the garden to go for help, but hearing talking outside the garden wall, on the road, she did not like to leave me. When we had done all we could, it was she also thought of the telephone. While she was looking up the numbers, I saw on the table the glasses I had pulled off the murderer in the struggle. I did not know I had done so, yet here they were lying folded on the table.

I got the Exchange at once, and, telling the operator what was the matter, tried to get on to the Jesuit Fathers, for I knew Father Hackett would come to Michael. I failed to get an answer from them, or from my husband's doctor, whom I tried next. Then the operator suggested Dr. Roberts, whom I did get. He seemed to think from what I said about the number of shots that there was no hope, but I asked him to come for God's sake, and he said he would chance it. Then I thought of Father Philip, of the Franciscans, who had been my husband's chaplain and friend when he was Mayor. He would come to Michael if I could only get word to him, so I asked the operator at the Exchange to walk down to the Franciscan Friary and call up Father Philip. It is but a few minutes' walk from the Telephone Exchange to the Friary, but, though he was kind and wanted to help, he could not leave his post; besides he could not risk the Curfew streets. He suggested ringing up the Lying-in Hospital in Bedford Row, which is just across the street from the Friary; the night nurse there could call Father Philip. There was no answer from the Lying-in Hospital. Then I thought of the Fire Station: I rang them up and the man on duty answered. I told him that my husband had been shot, and that I wanted Father Philip, and I asked him to walk down from the Fire Station and call up Father Philip. He said: "I would do anything on God's earth for Mr. O'Callaghan, but I dare not go out into the streets during Curfew." Next the operator suggested asking Dr. Roberts to call up Father Philip on his way to my house. I rang up the doctor, and his wife answered that he had just left the house. Then my husband's words flashed back to me: "If anything ever happens, throw the matter over on to them at once. Remember their number 184." I rang up 184, William Street Police Barracks, and when I got on, I said: "This is Mrs. Michael O'Callaghan, of St. Margaret's, North Strand, speaking. My husband has been shot and I want the priest and a doctor." The voice asked: "What name." I repeated what I had said before. "What name? What name?" came the voice again. I repeated in desperation: "Mrs. O'Callaghan, wife of Michael O'Callaghan, who was Mayor of the city, of St. Margaret's North Strand. I want a priest. My husband has been murdered." Again came the queston: "What name?" I threw down the receiver and cried to Brigid: "O, they are mocking me. They *will* not understand what I am saying." I went to kneel down beside my husband, when the telephone bell rang. I took the receiver and repeated that my husband had been shot, and that I wanted a priest. A decisive voice replied this time, and I explained where Father Philip lived—on the way from the Barracks to my house. Then I rang off. Brigid went down to the gate again and again to find if the doctor was coming. At last she heard footsteps. She called out: "Is that the doctor?" He answered, so she unlocked the gate and they came in together. I was crouching near my husband's body, so the doctor took me up and led me into the drawingroom. Then he went back to the hall to examine Michael, closing the door behind him, while I knelt in the dark praying and in agony. I knew, and yet I hoped. In a moment he was back in the room, telling me that there was no hope. I cried out, and would not—could not believe him. He lifted me from the floor, and he and Brigid did what they could for me. At last he said: "I can't do anything for him, but I can get Father Philip." When he was gone, Brigid and I knelt and prayed that my husband would live till Father Philip came. The time passed, and Brigid, watching, cried out: "Here's Father Philip."

He knelt at once to anoint Michael, while I went to the hall door holding the glasses in my hands. Knowing who the murderers of my husband were, I wanted to keep the police out until all was over. There were four men on the steps—a district inspector, a sergeant, and two constables—all looking coldly and curiously over my shoulders into the hall, where at the foot of the stairs my husband was receiving the last Rites of the Church. They saw what was happening, that a man, whom they afterwards described as a man of peace, was dying, murdered, and they did not remove their caps; nor was there a single word of sympathy for a woman in sorrow. Pictures of soldiers saluting the dead bodies of their opponents flashed through my mind, pictures of men saluting the dead all the world over. No salute here, only cold curiosity.

"Have you any idea who has done this?" asked the District Inspector. I replied: "I will not say, but I have these glasses belonging to the murderer." He seemed interested in them, and put out his hand, but I drew back, saying I would keep them.

"When did it happen?" he continued. "I don't know," I replied. "Ten minutes past one," said the sergeant. "We heard the shots at the Barracks, turned out, but could not locate them."

Father Philip finished his work, and then made me go into the drawingroom where he lighted the gas. I could hear the police moving round the hall and the kitchen stairs, looking for bullets. "Find the puzzle," said one to the other. After a little time, the sergeant came in to us with a note-book, and asked me to tell what happened. "The District Inspector is a new man," he said, "he does not know what to do, so I am forced into the work." I told him simply what happened, for I was exhausted. He said he would come back the following day for more information, to which I made no reply. He also questioned Brigid, but she had seen nothing till she came down to find us lying together at the foot of the stairs.

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike Father Philip; he walked with me to the drawingroom door, and called out: "You can't help Mrs. O'Callaghan. Why not go and see if the Mayor, George Clancy, is safe." The police left at once. I dressed, we made up the fire, and I tried to face the overwhelming tragedy that had come on me. Time seemed to stand still. At last, Father Philip telephoned to the William

Street Police Barracks for a motor and escort to take him to Eden Terrace to break the news to my sister, and to my husband's brother. In a very short time, the car came, and he went to Eden Terrace. In the car, as part of the escort, was the sergeant who had been with us some hours before, and he chatted with Father Philip on the way out and back. My sister and her husband, my brother-in-law and his wife all walked over together, and their coming was a help to me. Father Philip left to say Mass at 6 o'clock, and at the same time my sister's husband went to tell the Mayor, George Clancy, that Michael had been murdered and to make arrangements. At the 6 o'clock Mass, Father Philip prayed for Michael's soul. After the Mass, a woman rushed to him. "You have made a mistake," she said, "it is not Michael O'Callaghan who has been murdered, it is the Mayor, George Clancy." My sister's husband learned the same news at the Mayor's house.

As the morning grew, other friends flocked to my aid, and at last about 9.30 a.m., I was put to bed exhausted, and in need of the doctor's care, for I was bruised all over and my hip hurt me.

All Monday and Tuesday, the people of Limerick streamed into the house to look at my dear husband's face and to kiss his dead hand. All Monday night and all Tuesday night, members of the I.R.A., "wanted" men from the Flying Column, stood guard in his room. All night long, I could hear them saying the Rosary. On Wednesday, the bodies were placed before the High Altar in St. John's Cathedral, and on Thursday, March 10th, they were laid to rest in the Republican Plot in the City Cemetery. I am proud to think that my husband lies beside the Gaelic Leaguer and the Irish Volunteer, the two types he loved most in the Ireland of to-day, the types who were making the dream of his life come through. God speed the day.

MURDER OF VOLUNTEER JOSEPH O'DONOGHUE

During the night that Mayor Clancy and ex-Mayor Michael O'Callaghan were assassinated, another brutal murder was perpetrated by the Royal Irish Constabulary, on the person of Volunteer O'Donoghue. Joseph O'Donoghue, a native of Ballinacarrigy, Westmeath, had been in Limerick about two years. At the time of his death he was twenty-six years of age, and was employed as Manager of the River Plate Meat Company, William Street. An ardent worker in the Gaelic League and the G.A.A., he was but a brief time in Limerick when he became attached to "E" Company Second Battalion, I.R.A., of which he was to prove himself a loyal and active member.

About eighteen months previously, Joe O'Donoghue had gone as paying guest to "Tig na Fainne," the residence of Mrs. B. Lyddy, situated in the then sparsely populated district of Janesboro', in the southern suburbs. It should be noted that both Mayor Clancy and Michael O'Callaghan resided on the north side of the city, approximately at a distance of one-mile-and-a-half from Janesboro'.

On the night of the murders, the Rosary had just been finished at 11.40, and the household were preparing to retire for the night, when there came a loud knocking at the door. It was opened to some twelve members of the R.I.C. led by the infamous Detective Leech, and accompanied by bloodhounds. All poured into the living room, and one of them demanded in a loud voice: "Are there any rebels here?" Another of the party approached Joe O'Donoghue and asked him his name. When he gave it, his interrogater cried: "You are the man we want." Thereupon violent hands were laid on him, and he was hurried from the house.

What happened subsequently, is known only to God and the murderers. Early next morning, the body of Volunteer Joseph O'Donoghue was found lying some distance away on Janesboro' Avenue. He had eighteen bullet wounds in his body.

THE I.R.A. CAMPAIGN *in* WEST LIMERICK

By VOLUNTEER

West Limerick was not found wanting when Ireland sounded the nation-wide clarion call that was to prelude the Rising of Easter, 1916. For more than a year before that epoch-making event, young men and old, from the towns and villages, hills and valleys of the West Country had been rallying in ever-increasing numbers to the ranks of the Irish Volunteers. Despite the confusion which preceded the great climax on that fateful Easter Sunday morning, approximately three hundred men assembled ready for such action as they might be called upon to take, with the background of storied Glenquin Castle as the focal point of their mobilisation. It was a proud day for the Volunteers of West Limerick, the final promise of fulfilment of many months of hard training and unceasing endeavour. None of the rank and file was officially aware of the real purpose of the mobilisation; but all sensed that something big was in the offing. Every man and boy was ready to do his part, however humble or unpretentious it might prove to be. Such was the proud spirit which animated the men as they assembled in Glenquin on Easter Sunday morning, in response to the summons sent forth by despatch riders to the remotest corners of the area on the previous day. The men were under the command of Brigadier Charles Wall, now a well-known and esteemed merchant in Dromcollogher. His second-in-command was Captain McEnery, of Limerick, who, because of previous military training, was appointed Director of Operations. Two Chaplains were in attendance, Rev. Michael Hayes (R.I.P.) then C.C. at Newcastle West, afterwards Parish Priest of Ardagh; and Rev. Tomas Wall, now Parish Priest of Ballingarry and a Canon of the Limerick Cathedral Chapter. Some of the leaders had been more favourably disposed towards the selection of Barnagh as the assembly point, on the grounds that from there the Volunteers could control the railway line from Limerick to Tralee. Glenquin, however, was decided on; and so, on Easter Sunday morning the men rallied to a total strength of approximately three hundred. All were not armed. Only a small number was equipped with shotguns and buckshot. Supplies of arms were expected from the ill-fated *Aud*; and in any case, the men, armed or otherwise, were anxious and ready to play whatever role they might be called on to fill. The main purpose of the mobilisation at this juncture, it would seem, was to ensure a clear line of communications through West Limerick for the arms that were expected to pass that way from Kerry. All day long, ever on the alert for the warning that never came, the Volunteers maintained unceasing vigil by the walls of the old western stronghold of the De Laceys. Hour after hour passed, and still no news came from "The Kingdom." By nightfall it had become painfully evident to the leaders that something had gone seriously wrong with the original plan of campaign. Having received the blessing of their Chaplains, the men were reluctantly disbanded, though not without hope that the morrow might bring better and brighter news from the western skyline that shielded Kerry from view.

The West Limerick Volunteer Companies which assembled at Glenquin included: Monegea Company (under the command of Dan Conway and Dan Collins); Templeglantine Company (Mossie Leahy); Killoughteen Company (Jim Sommers and Dan McCarthy); Newcastle West Company (B. Moone and M. J. O'Gorman); Tournafulla Company (M. Hartnett and T. Leahy); Ashford Company (Mick Begley and Jackie Noonan); Raheenagh Company (Dick Anglim); Broadford Company (— Brennan); Ardagh Company (Paddy Drinane and P.