

Political Memorials in the City of *The Dead*

by

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Gabriel Conroy inclines to the continent of Europe, like James Joyce. He knows, consciously or unconsciously, that the culture of Gaelic Ireland died in the late seventeenth century on battlefields at the Boyne and Athlone, and further west, at Aughrim and Limerick, all of them defeats for the Irish at the hands of the armies of William of Orange. Gabriel's unconscious (and ours) is regularly if only slightly stirred by the sight of memorials to defeat, conquest, and frustration, monuments that dot the city and punctuate the story. Like many of the other inhabitants of the Pale that is Dublin, he has become accustomed to those monuments and has perhaps accepted them as part of his landscape and mindscape. The public monuments are brought into the story much as they are distributed through the city, adding nothing obvious to the plot or to the town, barely noticed, in fact, by most readers or travelers, and much the same is true of the more private monuments. Joyce's intention appears to have been to make the memorials function something like unobtrusive symbols or musical motifs, almost subliminally. I will outline the references to the monuments offering a little commentary along the way, and at the end also offer a tentative reason for their presence.



Princes in the Tower

At one point fairly early in the party, while Mary Jane is playing her difficult show-piece, Gabriel's eye catches a couple of pictures on the wall above the piano. One of them is of Romeo and Juliet, the other is a picture of the two murdered princes in the tower which aunt Julia had worked in red, blue and brown wools when she was a girl. (D. p186, Scholes 1967). Readers of the story were, of course, expected to know that *the* princes were the two young sons of King Edward IV of England who were supposedly murdered in the tower of London by order of his brother their uncle, Richard Crookback, who

thus became King Richard III. This story was a sentimental staple of English history textbooks and illustrators then and for years after, but why was it considered a suitable topic on which Irish girls should exert their needlework skills? And why would an Irish girl keep it on her wall into old age? The presence of the thing on the wall testifies to the efficacy of the syllabus in Irish schools at the height of the British Empire that taught *English* history of that kind, a tribute to the lasting effect of what started as Tudor propaganda and continued as a kind of historical romance with tenuous relevance to Ireland or Irish people who, of course, did not have any history of their own worth telling! The sad, sentimental English story of the little princes, whether it was real *history* or not, was woven into the minds of these Irish girls where it remained to old age, as much a part of the fabric of the minds in this maiden household as the Shakespeare play about Romeo and Juliet.

Even in the Irish Jesuit school to which Stephen goes in **Portrait** the classroom teams into which the boys are divided are York and Lancaster, and they wear little white and red silk badges to represent opposing sides in the *English Wars of the Roses* in which good Henry Tudor finally triumphed over bad Richard III. It was in the reign of good Henry VII that the two murdered princes in the tower came to life again briefly in the form of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, one of whom was crowned in Dublin, a kind of futile anti-king. But like most rebellions in Ireland, before and after, this too fizzled, and King Henry's lieutenant Sir Edward Poynings put through a law that effectively subordinated the very summoning of the Irish parliament and any of its decisions to the will of good King Henry and his council in London, an act that stayed in effect until the abolition of the Irish parliament completely with the Act of Union in 1800. It is doubtful that Aunt Julia or Aunt Kate could have related any of that history, for the Morkan girls probably learned as little Anglo-Irish history as the boys in Mr Deasy's school, though in **Ulysses** Warbeck and Simnel are briefly on the mind of Stephen, the product of Clongowes (*Proteus*, 314-16). But whether or not all this confused history is implied by the picture, or just the sentimental story of the two slaughtered innocents, the embroidery, like the silk badges and like almost all the other

monuments we speak of here, proclaims Ireland as Awest Britain@. Ayou could not have a green rose,@ young Stephen had thought. Abut perhaps somewhere in the world you could.@ (P. 12). Somewhere, perhaps. Not in Ireland, though.

Later during the party in *The Dead* Gabriel thinks of an English monument of a more public kind than the embroidery and the picture C the Wellington Monument, a tall obelisk in the Phoenix Park commemorating the victories gained for Britain by that Dublin-born soldier Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Now, there seems to be no reason of plot or character-development why Gabriel should think of that memorial while he is going over his speech, or again when he is just about to deliver it in the Morkan house.¹ In both cases he Asees@ the snow on the memorial to Wellington, the final victor over the French from whom the Irish had hoped for help in another hopeless rebellion in 1798, one hundred years after the defeat at Aughrim and the fall of Limerick. Wellington was a man so ashamed of his Irish birth that he had notoriously declared that calling him an Irishman was like calling a man a horse because he had been born in a stable: Awillingdone, bornstable ghentleman,@ as Joyce put it in **Finnegans Wake** (10). Is the reader expected to know this about Wellington, and if so, what does the knowledge add to the story being told?

Gabriel has just been accused by Miss Ivors of being a West Briton, for Miss Ivors, in her somewhat self-righteous way, is trying with her brooch and a couple of Irish phrases to build a monument in the form of a bridge to defeated Gaelic Ireland. So if one does know about Wellington's status as a successful British warrior but a reluctant Irishman and Dubliner, one can make the association between the story and a monument to one of the most famous of West Britons, a man annoyed by the detail that he had been born in that West and wanted just to be a Briton, with no desire to be of any help in improving that stable, the land of his birth. But the monument is not introduced in a way

¹ Peter Rabinowitz calls this kind of thing a Rule of Rupture: AAny time a detail is mentioned when there seems to be no apparent reason for it, the surface of the text is ruptured; most of the times such ruptures are appropriately treated as signals to pay attention.@ **Before Reading** (Cornell UP, 1987), p. 66.

that shows any kind of obvious alliance between Gabriel and what it represents; it appears to be a prominent but neutral landmark on which snow accumulates. We are not told that the obelisk was visible through the window. Indeed, since it is dark outside, it is unlikely that he could have seen the monument unless it was floodlit, a very remote possibility at the time. The language of both passages makes it reasonably certain that what Gabriel sees is in his mind's eye: 'The snow would be ... forming a bright cap on the top of the Wellington monument' (D. 192); and later 'He raised his eyes to the chandelier ... the Wellington monument wore a gleaming cap of snow that flashed westwards' (D. 202).

Why the mention of the monument? Kain and Magalaner sensibly asked in their book more than forty years ago. Less sensibly they answered that it is eminently if somewhat tritely suitable as a phallic symbol in the context of the narrative, just as Nelson's Pillar is phallic in the *Aeolus* episode of *Ulysses* Joyce is always equating love and death. (97). Apparently the phallic symbolism in both instances is supposed to be so obvious that no effort is made to demonstrate it. (Incidentally, Nelson's Pillar is noticeably absent from this story). But, after all, a pillar or an obelisk is sometimes just a pillar or obelisk, and it is not at all clear why a phallic symbol should come to Gabriel's mind in the context of the narrative: he is giving or about to give a speech at a family gathering.²

I think it is more likely that Joyce intended to imply subtly that the constant presence in Dublin of that silent and now invisible obelisk honoring a Dubliner who became famous by going abroad, has had the equally subtle and unconscious effect on Gabriel that it was meant to have, what Ivors has just accused him of. In saying irritably: 'I am sick of my own country' he has

² M. Magalaner and R. Kain, *Joyce: The Man, The Work, The Reputation*. (NY: NYU Press, 1956) Indeed it is absurdly easy (and quite fair) to parody a suggestion acknowledged even by its authors to be trite. Just look slightly askant at the words quoted at the end of the previous paragraph: 'The Wellington monument wore a gleaming cap of snow that flashed westwards'. A phallus with a cap of snow? *Flashing* westward? Scott Klein's more recent effort in the same vein is not much more felicitous. See *Fictions of James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis* (Cambridge UP, 1994) p. 203.

seemed to concur with Wellesley. But even for the informed reader the connection has to be quite indirect.

Another public monument is brought to our attention later, again with Gabriel prominently involved. As the party is breaking up, Gabriel tells an anecdote about Patrick Morkan, his grandfather, and King Billy, that is King William III of England and Prince of Orange, whose armies, as we have said, were victorious over the Irish at Aughrim, the Boyne and Limerick, and whose image was still taunting a defeated people in the middle of the major city of their own land 200 years later. In a well-known and much-cited article (1965) John Kelleher interpreted the anecdote to damn Gabriel, however faintly, for *unintended* disrespect to his grandfather, a taboo-breaking or *Asin* for which he is later punished by Gretta's sexual rejection.³ But, fairly clearly Gabriel's story about his grandfather is a yarn that everyone there knows already, certainly all those related to the Morkans. It's an old family joke which Gabriel could have heard only from his mother, or from his aunts, the daughters of the said Patrick, who are part of his audience, and one gets the impression that it is one of Gabriel's party pieces. Kelleher says that Gabriel *Amistells* it. He hasn't the key. (427). If this is so, why then does everyone enjoy the story, greeting it with *Apeals of laughter*? (D. 208). And since everyone present is thereby complicit in the irreverence, are we to assume that they were all punished? And was it sexual punishment, and if so why would that be appropriate? After all, Gabriel the alleged West Briton has also referred irreverently to a British monarch as King Billy, and the British gods were decidedly more jealous and certainly more effective than the Irish gods. And surely Kelleher oversteps the mark when he compares the *Aoffence* of Gabriel's lighthearted storytelling to the *Ahubris* that overcomes a tragic hero, for *Athe* offended dead are already at work. (428).

³ Irish History and Mythology in James Joyce's *The Dead*. **Review of Politics** 27 (1965), 414-433. Much of the rest of my paper is framed as a response to Kelleher whose essay is a convenient point of departure because it has so often been cited as canonical and because he gives attention to some of the same historical references in the story, though not to all, and rather differently, as should become clear.



King Billy in front of Trinity College

This overreading comes of insisting on too close a relationship to the old Irish legend that, he says, lies at the back of the story (424), as well it may. Kelleher is very well aware of the danger of triumphantly discovering more than exists or even what isn't there at all.⁴ But he takes the chance, and suggests that Gabriel was breaking a taboo, however unintentionally, by telling this vaguely funny and lightly irreverent story about his grandfather and the

⁴ The Gresham might be an example. Gabriel and Gretta stay at a good hotel named for who-knows-what English lord Gresham. In one of his longer stretches Kelleher turns the hotel into the mythical Da Derga's hostel of the saga because of its red brick and other real or fancied resemblances to Da Derga's place.

English king. Now, taboo of this kind makes sense in a world of heroic myth and saga where the narrative method accepts or demands breadth, excess, exaggeration, where brush strokes are big and bold, not the work of a miniaturist. A rash promise or the breaking of an arbitrary-looking taboo will do nicely to keep the story going in the direction that the narrator wants it to go. Verisimilitude or details of rational motivation do not count for much. But the conventions of the twentieth-century short story are different. In the world of Joyce's Dublin, portrayed by the artist with scrupulous meanness, the writer, unlike the epic tale teller, has to devise his scenes and characters with rather more plausibility.⁵

But Kelleher is right about one thing: he tries to make sense of the appropriateness of this particular anecdote in this particular story. Clearly, Joyce wanted a reference to the statue of William of Orange, perhaps as light as the one to Wellington, but he chose to give it as a story told at considerably more length than the Wellington reference and, like it, apparently unconnected with what immediately precedes or follows except by the thinnest of threads which one might follow something like this: Shortly *after* Gabriel has told his story someone starts singing a song; a little after *that* we learn that the song is called the *Lass of Aughrim*, and Aughrim was the name of a famous defeat of the Irish by the army of the King about whose memorial we have just heard. Considerably later still, in the second part of the story, we and Gabriel learn that his wife had had a boyfriend who died young, and who used to sing that song. Aughrim is in Galway and the boy and Gretta lived in Galway.

On a re-reading, this network of references *might* give to King Billy's statue a different kind of significance. *The Lass of Aughrim* which could have been just the name of a sad song sung long ago by a boy in the West that gives Gretta a sad reminiscence, could also, in the company of King Billy and the later

⁵ One knows what Kelleher probably intended to provide by his parallels: *Atmospherics*, *Apale wandering flashes* of allusion, as he puts it (433). But the paper ends up being more than the series of light allusions that he seems to have had in mind, for he does use the saga as a fairly close and detailed parallel to some of the incidents in *The Dead*, and tries to account for what happens to the major character of the short story by reference to sin and broken taboo, after the fashion of heroic saga tradition.

Amutinous Shannon waves@ (D. 223), take on the character of a historical memory in the minds of Irish readers who recall the history even dimly, a subconscious memorial meant to have a quiet almost unnoticed effect more emotional than rational, and which is not complete until the end of the story, or indeed until one re-reads it.⁶ But this perhaps is to read Ulyssesly.

Kelleher, of course sees the possible connection between song and battle, but his interpretation of the King Billy narrative is that old Morkan is patriotically annoyed at the horse who goes round and round the statue, because the animal shows signs of the kind of servitude to King Billy that the Irish were reduced to after the battle of Aughrim. But Patrick was going out in his Sunday best to see the military review, a display of British martial might, and doing so in the company of Athe quality@, inevitably pro-British. Hence, there seems little reason to see him as a patriot angry at the servile behavior of his horse. Moreover, since Joyce was not among the patriots either, it seems unlikely that he would arrange his story to punish a mocker of Patrick's hypothetical patriotism. He was a fair mocker of Irish patriotism himself.

In the fuss of Mr Browne's departure with Freddy and Mrs Malins still another monument, is mentioned -- three times in ten lines -- Trinity College, the front of which looked straight at King Billy's statue nearby (D. 209). The college is, to be sure, being used merely as a landmark to guide the cabby, but such persistent harping on the name needs to be explained in terms of narrative. The whole incident is quite irrelevant for any development of the central story about Gabriel and his family, but it brings to the fore for a moment that academic foundation and symbol of the Ascendancy still doing at the time of the story what Queen Elizabeth had founded it to do, and what the victories of King Billy

⁶ For the extraordinarily powerful effect the memory of Aughrim can still evoke in modern times see the narrative and meditative poem 'The Battle of Aughrim' by Richard Murphy, a Protestant, born in Ireland but educated at exclusive British schools as the son of a very senior British diplomat. He is a man of precisely the kind of divided loyalties that Ireland has inevitably produced in large numbers. The poem has been put to music by Sean O'Riada.

and Wellington ensured it would go on doing: educating the Protestant ruling class to misgovern Ireland.

Two other public monuments in the next part of the story are indirectly related to each other. As Gabriel and company walk and drive home they *see* the seat of British law: "The Four Courts, stood out *menacingly* against the heavy sky"(D. 213). Then the carriage passes the statue of Daniel O'Connell, the only monument to an Irish patriot that is mentioned.



Sackville Street / O'Connell Street
O'Connell Monument in middle foreground
Nelson on the tall pillar in background

O'Connell had had to agitate hugely and fight bitterly inside and outside court buildings for the restoration of what we would now call the civil rights denied to Catholics in a largely Catholic land in the reign of King Billy and through most of the eighteenth century. O'Connell's fight was never violent, but he secured Emancipation where military efforts had repeatedly failed. He was from the West, County Kerry, but there was nothing simple about him; a skillful lawyer and a forceful speaker, he represented his fellow countrymen masterfully in the law courts and in the British House of Commons. He was a native Irish speaker who was also a considerable orator in English; he shunned

the use of force but organized Irish Catholic opposition in massed battalions of peaceful rallies that struck more fear into British leadership than Irish arms did. But in spite of the fact that because of men like O'Connell the Penal Laws were no longer in full force in turn-of-the-century Ireland, the effects of hundreds of years of oppression and memorials to that oppression were still around them in late nineteenth-century Dublin. Gabriel, whom Ivors has called a West Briton, salutes only the monument to O'Connell: A Good night, Dan@ (D. 214)

Kelleher needlessly transmutes the visible snow on the statue into imaginary starch from old Patrick Morkan's mill and, obediently followed by some others, turns Gabriel's cheerful wave and whimsically affectionate greeting to O'Connell's statue into an Aunwitting impertinence to the mighty dead@. Gabriel Ahas sinned a third time, and there is no escape for him@ (429). Because Kelleher wants an explanation for what happens or does not happen to Gabriel in the hotel, he has sensibly if tacitly asked the reasonable question: Why put in this greeting to O'Connell at all? Why not just mention that they had passed his statue, a well known landmark? And he has provided an answer of sorts, one that some readers have found adequate:⁷ if there is a punishment, there must have been a sin, and the Airreverent@ greeting to O'Connell is the second sin after the irreverence to Patrick Morkan. But one can see Gabriel's lighthearted salutation as an Aunwitting impertinence@ only if one is wearing saga-colored spectacles of the kind that might appeal to Molly Ivors. And Asinned@ is exactly wrong.

There is one other British monument that gets some space in the story, but the space is left so tantalizingly empty that, as is usual with Joyce, critics have rushed in to fill it: this is the gap left by the quotation from Browning that Gabriel toys with but does not finally use, and we are never told what the quotation is. Here again Joyce draws attention to a British monument, literary this time, and more nearly contemporary than the others, only to let the reference drop, so that it provides an irresistible inducement to speculation for some critics. This literary device of marking an absence is one that Joyce became very skillful at using in *Ulysses*.

⁷ M. Reynolds in *Joyce and Dante* (Princeton, 1981), p. 161. tells us what Kelleher would probably have been reluctant to claim: that he had *discovered* Athat Gabriel's misfortune in the final incident ... is a punishment -- a reprisal for having sinned against his kinfolk and his country ... including a disrespectful salute to the statue of O'Connell. ...The action is a denial of his origins ...@ I think Kelleher would have been happier with *speculated* rather than *discovered*. See also Mitzi Brunsdale's, *James Joyce: A Study of the Short Fiction* (NY: Twayne, 1993), pp 36- 51.

One should look at Mr. Powers's comment in Glasnevin Cemetery in the *Hades* episode of *Ulysses*, when he and Simon Dedalus pass the monument over O'Connell's grave: ? He's at rest, he said, in the middle of his people, old Dan O= @ (l. 643). I know no critic who has found that comment derogatory or lacking in respect and affection.

An even more tantalizing gap for anyone thinking of political monuments in *The Dead*, but one that has drawn little or no speculation, is the absence of any reference to Nelson's Pillar, perhaps Dublin's most prominent and preeminent monument to British ascendancy. It was almost outside the Conroys' window at the Gresham, much closer to the hotel than the Wellington monument to the Morkan house, and quite visible in gaslight. The omission is all the more noticeable to a reader of *Ulysses* because Joyce, as was noticed already (p. 3 or 4 above) makes Nelson's pillar figure very prominently as a monument to British conquest in the *Aeolus* episode of his novel.⁸

What is the effect of the introduction (or pointed omission) of all these memorials to British conquest and Irish collaboration or resistance? They hint at a political element that remains undeveloped in a story which is largely about personal and familial relationships. As I have said, the physical monuments are introduced astutely enough, much as local landmarks might be mentioned, to give the story a local habitation in the names. But they quietly insist on being more than that in a number of ways: they are selectively chosen, at least two of them occupy otherwise inordinate space, and their structural function is not obvious.⁹

The allusions do not begin to amount to a central political theme, but they are nagging rather than fleeting. They are the occasional reminders to alert readers of the tale, as they were constant and half-noticed if unwelcome reminders to the citizens of Dublin, that some of the departed were far from dead; indeed, were still quietly powerful -- in the laws and institutions they had established, in the language they had imposed, in the habits of mind their successful oppressions had ingrained, in the education they had allowed to some, in the persona of Gabriel Conroy, in the person of James Joyce.

Those people from the past who are still most effectively alive are those who created the Dublin and Ireland of the Conroys, and who are memorialized for the achievement: O'Connell, a man occasionally condescended to by the conqueror and allowed a few victories, still living at least to Gabriel, who familiarly (Joyce's word), but not disrespectfully calls him *ADan*, and bids him *AGood night*. (D. 214). But most potently present are the truly victorious: Queen Elizabeth, King William, Lord Gresham, Lord Wellington, even

⁸ The point is developed within the episode in Stephen's story *AA Pisgah Sight of Palestine or the Parable of the Plums*. See Michael Murphy *AParable and Politics*, *Irish Studies Review* 17 (1996/7), 31-34.

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⁹ A simple test of this last statement might be to consider whether the story would miss its major effect if it did not mention these monuments.

conspicuously unmentioned Lord Nelson C royal, aristocratic, British. They are not really dead.

At the end of Joyce's story Gabriel hears the call of the West of Ireland, O'Connell's response, perhaps, to Gabriel's own recent greeting to that unashamed West-of-Irelander, -- a still small voice, to be sure, something associated largely with defeat, the frequent lot of the Irish before and after King William of Orange, before and after O'Connell. For Miss Ivors, who taunts Gabriel with being a West Briton, the call of the West is stronger or at least louder, with an ideological intellectual timbre; for Gretta it is a rain-soaked emotional murmur. Ivors is a woman of the Dublin Pale trying to touch or grow Irish roots; Gretta a woman whose roots are in the West, who may never have become fully reconciled to the Pale of Dublin. Gabriel is a man until now unreconciled to the Pale in a different way, for he has not hitherto been interested in the West of Ireland either; his interest has been in the Continent, in urban culture, not in roots.

Michael Furey, who used to sing *The Lass of Aughrim*, may have died for Gretta in Galway, as many another Mick had died for Cathleen ni Houlihan at the battle of Aughrim, defeated by the army of King Billy after earlier defeats at the river Boyne, and at Athlone on the mutinous river Shannon. The last of the resistance of the Irish to King Billy was further down than Athlone and further west along the mutinous Shannon: the siege of Limerick. That town finally surrendered also, a defeat that led to one of the most savagely bleak eras in the history of a land that had known little else for over one hundred years, including three military invasions of near-genocidal proportions in one century: the Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Williamite. It was to know more. Limerick, where the last hope of Catholic Gaelic Ireland died in 1691, was still occupied in 1921 by the army of the King, whose troops murdered George Clancy, mayor of that city, because he would not give up the same cause for which his ancestors in that city had fought and died. Mayor Clancy had been Joyce's friend at the university and was the model for Davin, Stephen's near-friend in **Portrait**. His murder took place a few years after the publication of *The Dead* and **Portrait** and while Joyce was still finishing **Ulysses**.¹⁰

¹⁰ Clancy was not at all the dull-witted, well-intentioned peasant that Joyce portrays Davin as being. Peasants of any kind did not get anywhere near a University in Joyce's day, when a University education was a very rare privilege indeed. Clancy came from a fairly well-to-do Limerick family in much better economic circumstances than Joyce's own at the time.



**The “Mutinuous Shannon Waves” at Limerick
Clancy’s House was on the right hand side of the picture, behind the pillar**

Joyce had no intention of giving his life to Clancy's passionately-held views, any more than Stephen did to Davin's or Gabriel to Miss Ivors' more dilettantish opinions. Gaelic Ireland was dead except in the hopes of men like George Clancy who hated everything that most of the Dublin memorials represented, and whom Joyce would not join, a choice for which critics standardly praise him and Stephen, but castigate Gabriel. As far as I know, Joyce wrote no lament, no memorial, for his old friend George Clancy who *did* Apass boldly into that other world in the full glory of some passion,[@] though, like Gabriel (and Joyce), he was a married man with children. It would probably be too kind to Joyce to think of the allusions to the call of the West at the end of *The Dead*[@] as his awkward tribute to the influence of his old friend from the West, an attempt at a kind of memorial to that friend's ideals *before* his death in the old cause which Joyce would not serve with his person or his pen.

The mighty Dead whom we have mentioned, royal, aristocratic, British or West British historical figures, are powerfully if allusively present in the story. Powerfully if somewhat pitifully present also are the Dead with *unremarkable* memorials: the fictional Michael Furey buried under a headstone in Oughterard

and in the heart of Gretta; the Lass of Aughrim in a song still sung, and also perhaps in the person of Lily -- poor, plebeian, Irish. And maybe, just maybe, joining the voice of O'Connell, ever so faintly calling, not through the universe, just from the West of Ireland, across the dark mutinous Shannon waves where he was to die-- the spirit of George Clancy.¹¹

Appendix on next page

¹¹ That Joyce had not forgotten Clancy is clear from the entry in his Trieste notebook remarking that he had not managed to meet him on either of his Irish trips in 1909 and 1912: *AI wonder where he is at the present time. I don't know is he alive still.*[@] Apart from the Irish quality of that last sentence, so typical of Davin, Joyce's thought is quite striking. He was about the same age as Clancy -- around 30 at this point. Why would he wonder about Clancy's possible death? (**P o A**, p. 292).

Appendix

There *are* a couple of physical memorials to Mayor Clancy: a plaque in his parish church in Limerick inscribed in Irish (reproduced here), and the street named after him that runs between the church and the modestly comfortable house in which he lived and was murdered and which still stands. Both buildings overlook the nearby river Shannon and the bridge over it, still called the Wellesley bridge in Clancy's day, but since named for Sarsfield, the hero of the siege of 1691.



Translation of the memorial to George Clancy:

Pray for the soul of
George Clancy
Mayor of the City of Limerick
murdered on the 7th day of March, 1921.

Mercenary troops of the English crown committed the crime.
It is in the (hope of) the betterment of Ireland and in honor of him that
his friends have raised this pulpit and this plaque to him (his memory).

The monuments to Nelson and King Billy have long since been violently removed by Irishmen who found their presence in the center of Dublin deeply offensive



Wellington Monument in Phoenix Park



House (people in the doorway) where Clancy / Davin was murdered



Plaque to Clancy, O'Callaghan and others near the river Shannon