



Cumann Staire Chontae Thiobraid Árann

Co. Tipperary Historical Society, The Source Library, Cathedral Street, Thurles, Co. Tipperary, Ireland
353 (0) 52 616 6123 society@tipperarycoco.ie www.tipperarystudies.ie/this

**Tipperary Historical Journal
2004**

John Davis White's Sixty Years in Cashel

By Denis G. Marnane

Part 4

Night of the Big Wind

The great storm of the night of January the 6th, 1839, was a most fearful one; the house in which our family lived was shaken, and I remember that I was shaken even in my bed. I was the only member of the family who did not get up and dress, and go down to the parlour. Next morning the storm still raged, and it was dangerous to go through the streets, for slates and tiles were flying from the roofs of every house. However, I went to my office as usual, and saw from its window (as the view was not then obstructed by the premises now occupied by Mr Thomas Nash), the roof of the ruinous house, which stood where Mr Patrick Brien now has a stone cutting yard, raised from the walls twice by the wind, and a third gust carried it bodily into the middle of the street.¹⁹¹

After the storm had partially subsided my cousin Fanny ventured out from John Street in order to kindly enquire after the fate of our family.¹⁹² But when she arrived at the eastern side of Lady's Well, which is now called the Terrace, and was higher than the other part of the street, the westerly wind pinned her against the wall, so that she was not able to leave it until one of our opposite neighbours named Larry Ryan, seeing her position, came and kindly helped her to get away. These incidents will give some idea to people of the present generation of the violence of that dreadful storm. We had only one great storm since, which occurred on a Sunday early in October, some 8 or 10 years ago, but it was not half as violent as that of 1839.¹⁹³ [44]

Disaster

I may mention here another memorable event, although it did not occur for some years after, I do not remember the exact date, but it happened I think in the year 1844. There was a good deal

191. White was nineteen at the time and, given the extraordinary impact of this storm, it would have been odd if he omitted reference to it. 6 January was a Sunday. The weather had been cold but on that day the temperature increased dramatically. By late evening the wind rose and the storm raged during the early hours of the morning. The local press, of course, referred to the storm but, while emphasising its force and destructive power, did not give much specific information. For example, *TFP*, 12 January allowed that the storm caused great devastation in Cashel. (See P. Carr, *The Big Wind* (Belfast, 1991); L. Shields & D. Fitzgenald, 'The Night of the Big Wind in Ireland, 6-7 January 1839' in *Irish Geography*, 22 (1989), pp. 31-43). At the time White was writing; Thomas Nash had a grocery business and Patrick Brien or O'Brien was listed as conducting his building business from William Street.

192. Presumably a daughter of John White of John Street, who died 27 May 1882 at the age of eighty. He acted for a number of local estates and lived in John Street since 1836. When John Davis White compiled his history of the White family, he explained that this branch had asked to be omitted.

193. The fact that White is vague about the date of this storm makes its own comment about its severity compared to that of 1839.

of distress amongst the labouring population, consequent upon the failure of the potato crop, and the first relief work began with the cutting down of a portion of the hill called 'Bohereen Gloss,' otherwise the green little road, which runs from Lady's Well, towards the Killenaule road. On the evening of the first day while the men had been engaged in this work, were waiting for their pay, they went into the upper room of the town hall, and a young schoolmaster named John Green, got upon a table, and began to make a speech against the use of tobacco. There was such a crowd that the old floor gave way, and nearly all the people were precipitated into the Butter Market below, in one confused mass.

My father was at the time standing speaking to Mrs Sturdy, at her door in the Main Street, and heard the awful crash. I do not believe that there were any people killed immediately by the accident, but, I think five persons died in consequence of the injuries then received; many were maimed and lamed for life. Jack Cutler, the cobbler, fell under Head Constable Lowther Hallam (who was a heavy man), and sustained lifelong injuries. There was on that night no less than thirty seven new patients in the County Infirmary, suffering from broken bones, wounds, and bruises. The late Dean Adams happened to be in town at the time, and as he had some surgical skill, was usefully engaged in the treatment of the less dangerous cases, while all the surgeons and apothecaries in town, were engaged in the setting of broken limbs.¹⁹⁴

A good many years after, the before-named John Green called to see me; he had emigrated to America, and had there been ordained a priest. I never knew anything further about him

I think it was in the year 1837, that a Printer named Michael Merrigan came to town, and set up a small weekly publication entitled 'The Rock of Cashel.' For illustrations it had pictures which originally appeared in a mythology, and Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter, appeared set in some what of an oval border. The publication was somewhat of the nature of, 'Paddy Kelly's Budget,' full of low wit, and reports of events which had no existence except in the imagination of the writers. I believe I have some numbers, or parts of numbers of this precious publication. It did not live long.¹⁹⁵

While I was in Limerick two other literary journals appeared in Cashel, I believe the first 'The Genius of Erin' was started by Milo Bourke O'Ryan, and the few first numbers were printed by Mr John Quirke, the rest by a man named Shanly in Clonmel. It contained serial stories, written by the editor: poems and other literary matter. It only lived thirteen weeks.¹⁹⁶

The 'Cashel Mirror' was printed by Mr John Quirke; it was of the same size and character as the other, and like it only lived for thirteen weeks. I have perfect copies of both; they are now unique, and ought to be in the British Museum.¹⁹⁷

194. This incident occurred on 20 April 1846 and in White's recollection was correctly identified with the Famine. It is surprising therefore that he cites a year before the Famine. (See D.G. Marnane, *The Famine in South Tipperary – Part One* in *THJ* (1996), p. 13.) For Dean Adams, see footnote 20.

195. *The Rock of Cashel and the Tipperary Expositor* was mentioned by White in earlier references to Cashel printing. He stated that he had the first number, four pages and dated 5 December 1837. He described it as 'scurrilous'. (C.G., 26 Aug 1865, 24 March 1866.) *Paddy Kelly's Budget or a Penny-Worth of Fun* was first published in Dublin in 1832.

196. See footnote 48.

197. The first number of *Cashel Mirror* appeared on 21 April 1838. (*Waterloo Directory of Irish Newspapers and Periodicals 1800-1900* (N. Waterloo Academic Press, 1986), pp. 89-90.)

Crows

In these days there were generally at least two companies of foot soldiers stationed in Cashel, and the officers were generally seven in number – a major, two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. There were plenty of ‘young men and maidens’ and the walks round the church yard were the favourite ‘Mall,’ and offence was soon taken with the colony of crows which inhabited the trees, and interest was made with the Rev Henry Atlantic Sadlier, who was then curate, that the offenders should be destroyed, and his orders were issued that they should be all shot.¹⁹⁸

When I heard of this cruel edict I was very much distressed, as I always was a lover of God’s creatures ‘all things both great and small’, and I determined if possible to alter the decree and accordingly I wrote four verses of a remonstrance while in my office, which in the evening I read for my brother Harry and sister Harriet, who were both entirely of my mind on the subject, and abominated wanton cruelty. ‘Get get the pen’, said Harriet, and as fast as I was able to write she dictated additional verses, (it was her first attempt in that line) and I copy the whole production for the amusement of the reader. The first two and the last two are mine, all the others were dictated by my sister.¹⁹⁹ [45]

To the Rev. Henry Atlantic Sadlier Curate of Cashel

Twas but yesterday, we heard with dismay,
That we should pack up and be all away,
Or else to be shot would be our lot
Although no crime to our charge they can lay.

But that certain ladies and certain laddies
Who have nothing to do but idle their day,
Saw us building our nests, and declared we were pests,
As they said we had soiled their attire so gay.

Tis easy to talk, but if they would walk
In the palace gardens so neat and gay,
They need no come here, to spoil our good cheer,
Or grumble at what we let fall in their way.

You mercy preach, you mercy teach,
Preaching and practice should ne’er disagree
To a child with a fly, you would ‘mercy’ cry,
And where is the mercy in shooting me?

My brother dear, has just come here,
To say George Haskins has shot *his* wife
For my sister-in-law we must all cry ‘Caw’
Since by your orders she lost her life.

198. In a parliamentary return of 1847, Cashel infantry barracks, a stone building of twelve rooms, was described as over a hundred years old. (*Return etc.*, 1847, vol 36.) For Sadleir who was in Cashel 1841-47, see footnote 83.

199. ‘The Church-yard Crows’ was included in *Rhymes by John Davis White* published by him in an edition of fifty copies in 1885.

Our tears must fall, for her children small
Deprived of a mother's Fostering care,
Should their father bleed, oh! then indeed,
What anguish will my bosom tear?

As the next of kin, I must take them in
Tho' at the best my poor nest can hold but four,
They must take their fling outside my wing
And on them the pittiless storm will pour.

You may say I am hoarse, but, oh! they will be worse,
Thus early deprived of their covering warm,
Their uncles' nest being their only rest
From the roaring wind or the pelting storm.

But why do I speak, perhaps early next week,
Unless your orders prevent the deed,
I may suddenly die, or else wounded lie,
Oh! does it not make your bosom bleed?

And must we all die to gratify
The cruel designs of a murderous clique?
The unlearned before, deaths prospect gives fore,
In the hope of a respite even Crows will speak.

No friend has the Crow, to your house to go
To tell you the tale of his hopes and fears
But you will not despise the sorrowing cries
Of those whose only resource is tears.

We eat none of your corn, such low pilfering we scorn,
Your potatoes we'd pass it they lay in our way,
We ne'er knew there was law to forbid crying 'Caw'
Then why are we murdered and banished away.

If you read in old books, you will find that we rooks,
Love the Church, wear its cloth, and still near it stay,
So your reverence dear, let us still live here
And in duty bound we will ever pray.

Signed on behalf of the Community.

His
Jim X Crow
Mark

This remonstrance did not avail; accordingly in the beginning of next year we wrote and sent the following – the first four and the post-script are my sisters', the last four are mine:

Last year from this place we were rudely ejected,
Our plea and remonstrance as rudely rejected,
Our persons dishonoured, our houses o'er thrown
Some left childless, some orphans, all murdered ochone!

Yet we come back again! and it may be asked why
We should come to be tortured and shot at, and die?
Why brave all these evils when many a grove
Invite us to comfort – security – love! [46]

But, ah! 'mongst these trees came we out of the shell,
Here for centuries' past did our forefathers dwell;
Then who would require us afar far to roam
Who e'er knew a country – a birth place – a home.

But why to your breast should we make this appeal,
Who never the love of a country could feel?
If report speaks aright, you were born on the seas,
Any you can't understand our great love for these trees.

'Mongst these dear ancient trees our eyes first saw the light–
To that ball on the steeple we first urged our flight;
And here we would fain teach our young one to fly,
Build their nest – rear their young – and here too would we die.

We would be your tenants if possible – still,
We don't like the tenure of 'tenants at will',
But as we have all set our hearts on the place
If your terms are easy we'd take out a lease.

We'd pay any fine you demand, and we'd raise
The amount on our bills, due in ninety-one days
If we must pay in cash, we will pawn our black coats,
Or pay you in kind – say, potatoes or oats.

If you leave your reply at the Friar Street gate,
A crow on next evening to find it will wait,
And if with our offer you kindly will close,
You shall have the esteem and the prayers of the crows.

Postscript

— — takes this, the man's wretchedly poor;
His family's large, he's no pig on his floor,
Pray give him a trifle, my change is all spent,
And whatever you give you may add to the rent!

After this was the lives of the crows were spared. When the third spring came, there was a threat that if there was not another petition that there might be another massacre and the following was accordingly sent. By this time the Palace had been purchased as a Deanery House. The Rev Mr Sadlier had just moved to it and newly furnished it when an exchange was proposed to the late Dean Adams, and for a time it was not known whether he would accept it or not, and if he did the Rev Mr Sadlier would have to give up his newly furnished residence.²⁰⁰

200. The last archbishop of Cashel, Richard Laurence (died 1838) moved to Waterford, which see was united to Cashel in 1833. In 1836 there was a public auction of furniture at Cashel Palace. (*TFP*, 3 Sept 1836). Following the archbishop's departure, the palace was divided in two. One part became the deanery, the other occupied by canons of the cathedral. (A.P.W. Malcomson, *Archbishop Charles Agar – Churchmanship and Politics in Ireland, 1760-1810* (Dublin, 2002), p. 377).

Last year we appealed to your feelings of right,
We told of a home – its attendant delight –
Of our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears,
Our widows and orphans, our sighs and our tears.

To your sympathy now we would boldly appeal,
What you feel for yourself you for other may feel;
So we hope you'll incline to the merciful view,
And let those alone who have ne'er injured you.

You have furnished a house, we have each built a nest,
And each in their dwelling is happy and blest
And sadly our joys are at times overcast,
For we have no assurance our tenure will last,

'You look to the Dean, and we look, sir to you
So as you'd be done by we hope you will do:
Leave us here, and may you in the Deanery stay
To be our protector for many a day.

But more fortunate you than the poor wretched crow,
When you're sent off you'll get timely notice to go:
No fear of the house being pulled over your head,
Yourself and the mistress, when flying shot dead.

The Rock there above's full of jackdaws and owls,
Who're contented and happy as barn door fowls;
Mr lawless protects them, and why should not you
Be the friend of your poor black parishioners too? [47]

Farewell, we shall never address you again
Should this our remonstrance and plea be in vain,
The boys of Tipperary are reckless you know,
So beware of the wrath of the long suffering crow.

Repeal

The Repeal agitation began in the year 1843, just fifty years ago, and the great agitator (Daniel O'Connell), held a number of monster meetings throughout Ireland. He held one of these in Cashel on the 23rd May, 1843. I remember meeting him on the morning of that day near Lady's Well, as he was walking towards Alla Aileen, leaning on Mr Doheny's arm. It would appear as if he had just come off a journey as he had a large travelling cap upon his head. Cashel on that day was decorated with green boughs and triumphal arches, one of the latter which extended across the Main Street, from the corner of Dr. Coyle's house to the opposite side, bore the following inscription: 'Ireland's Advocate – Apostle of Peace – Cashel of the Kings bids thee Welcome.'

There were many others, but I only remember the words which were on this one. The meeting was held on Palmers Hill, on the other side of the road from Hill House. I never before or since saw such a crowd of people assembled together. We had large crowds here at race meetings, but

four of these together would not equal that of which I speak. At the lowest calculation there could not have been less than twenty thousand persons present; some persons would say that the numbers amounted to one hundred thousand, but this number or anything approaching to it was manifestly absurd.²⁰¹

There were a large number of military and police in town, the cavalry were under the command of Colonel Vandeleur; but as well as I can remember they were not called upon to act in any way, and everything passed off quietly.

A year and a week from that day O'Connell was sent to Prison, and the words 'Remember the 30th May, 1844,' was for some time a watch-word, but it seems now to be forgotten.

The Repeal agitation was a great source of street ballads, and it was then that I first took an interest in that class of literature, and began to make a collection. For at least 25 years after I bought every ballad that I could, and my collection probably numbers between 1,000 and 1,500, it is doubtless unique and valuable.²⁰² I give extracts from some of them as they will show the temper of the lower class of the Irish people fifty years ago, and they will no doubt amuse the reader. Some of them are poor specimens of metre and rhyme, and some in the original of very poor spelling, but they attracted crowds of listeners, and sold readily at one halfpenny a copy, at the head of each was generally an old woodcut which had no reference whatsoever to the lines which followed it.

My mind is uneasy, quite captivated in agitation, as we do pursue,
While our Catholic standards are trepanned by this wicked crew,
The time is approaching when these cursed locusts we'll drive before us to eternity,
We are the heroes who will send these traitors to spend their days in calamity.

To h—'s fire they will retire, and can never expire from that cursed lake,
But they'll wish in vain, to be here again to regain their names, but, alas! too late,
Cerberus' paws and scurvy jaws, will be well employed for to keep them in,
While St. Peter's flock, on the firm rock, will bless the hearts of our loyal men.²⁰³

Before it is long we will have some alteration,
And right satisfaction for the sons of Milesians,
For how they were wronged and their properties taken,

201. White gives the correct date of this 'Monster' meeting, which clearly made an impression on him. He mentioned it in the second issue of his newspaper (*C.G.*, 21 May 1864). His comment on the number of people present should be noted, especially in the context of a contemporary nationalist newspaper opting for three hundred thousand being present. (*TFP*, 27 May 1843) The meeting was reported in very great detail in the local press. See also footnote 46. O'Connell had a busy schedule of these meetings. It was just as well that the Cashel organizers were unaware that a short time before, O'Connell was apologising to the mayor of Cork for having to rush away from that county's meeting in order to get to Tipperary. 'I need not tell you that if I could now remedy it by postponing the Cashel meeting I certainly should do so.' (O'Connell to T. Lyons, 11 May 1843 in M. O'Connell (ed.), *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vii, pp. 205-6.)

202. Footnote 122 (*THJ*, 2002) suggested that this ballad collection was lost. Fortunately this is not the case. The collection is in Trinity College and will be the subject of an article in *THJ*, 2005. White wrote about his collection in *C.G.*, 10 Oct 1868 explaining that he got his interest in ballads, specifically street ballads from his father. Throughout *Sixty Years in Cashel* White used material from his collection.

203. White's own religion and politics made no difference to his interest in these ballads and willingly collected specimens that were scurrilously anti-protestant.

For worshipping God, and for no other reason,
 Look to brave Brian, when he conquered the Danes,
 And into the Liffey he drove what remained,
 It is so with O'Connell, he will banish the Cromwellians,
 And send them exiles to some foreign nations. [48]
 Cooke of Cordangan, and Mansergh, the Tories,
 We will send them slaving to earn four-pence,
 Purefoy, Massy, Stanley, and Croker,
 And the b— g— tyrant, called blind Tom Bolton.

* * * *

To h— they will go roaring for disowning our Saviour,
 And Pluto of course, will show them no favour.

Cheer up brave boys, from slumbers awaken,
 As the Prophets decreed, they at a full period,
 They will be conquered without canon or bayonet,
 As Goliah fell by the hands of King David,

* * * *

(This ends with 'Cheers for O'Connell, the Monarch of Ireland')²⁰⁴

From Cheer Up for Repeal
 You well remember Castlereagh,
 And Billy Pitt that's in the clay,
 These were the two that stole away
 The Parliament from our nation.
 The people's curse I'll give my oath,
 Caused one of them to cut his throat;
 I fear old Uscar has them both,
 Confined within his region.

John Bull my boy, you have the bone,
 You picked it well, pray send it home:
 No longer we will sigh or moan
 It must be re-instated.
 In spite of Wellington or Peel,
 We'll have the house in College Green,
 No martial laws, or orange spleed
 For such will be defeated.²⁰⁵

Famine

The failure of the potato crop in Ireland was, perhaps, one of the greatest calamities which ever fell upon any country, as it was universally felt, and no portion of Ireland escaped, but in some

204. The named-targets in this broadside are well known, except perhaps 'Tom Bolton', who was resident agent on the estate of Lord Stanley near Limerick Junction (Marnane, *Land & Violence*, p. 56).

205. This is typical of the Repeal ballads in White's collection and targets those held responsible for the Act of Union: William Pitt (d.1806) PM in 1800 and Castlereagh (d.1822) who pushed through the Act and committed suicide. 'Uscar' is Oscar, grandson of Fionn mac Cumhail who wielded a great flail in hell. (My thanks to Donnchadh Ó Duibhir.)

places where the root was almost the sole article of food, it fell crushingly and severe beyond any precedent.

We have a picture in the 'Annals of the Four Masters' of what desolation had been caused in Ireland by war, when we are told that in the year 1582 it was commonly said that 'the lowing of a cow or the voice of a ploughman could scarcely be heard from Dunquin, the most westerly part of Kerry to Cashel in Munster.'

It is strange that I do not call to memory the date of the first blight of the potatoes, but I believe it was in the year 1844 or 5 (most probably the latter) as I know it occurred, a year or two before my father's death, which happened on the 23rd August, 1846. Usually every day after my office hours he took me for a walk along the Thurles road, until we came to a bush on the left hand side at the top of the height after passing the bridge, and we then turned home again. This made our walk about two miles. He was a man of excellent memory, and his mind was stored with information regarding families, persons and places, with which he had been familiar in his early days, so that if any interest attaches to these papers it is due in a great measure to what I learned from him Our united experiences of this and the adjoining counties being for over 120 years – But this is digression.²⁰⁶

One day when the potatoes were in full blossom, and presented a very pretty sight, as we walked past a field held by the late Counsellor William Phelan at 'Kyle-na-dra' (the wood near the bridge) over the stream 'Maddock,' at the opposite side from 'Pigeon Park' or the 'Franciscan Friars Lands,' we admired the very great luxuriances of the crop. As we passed on the next day the stalks had withered down to the ground, and the peculiarly offensive smell (unfortunately too well known) was enough to 'stop the noses of the passengers.' This was the first of the 'rotten potatoes' which for years was hoped would be only a temporary blight, but which continued, as every one knows for many years after.

In my opinion the best meat without the accompaniment of a potatoe made a very poor dinner, many substitutes were devised and employed amongst them, beans, rice, haricot beans, carrots, and parsnips, the latter was the only really useful one. [49]

For the first year of the Famine the labouring population of Ireland were never so well off in their lives, Public Works many of them foolish and unproductive, were carried on, and every member of a family from the father to the child who was hardly able to raise a hammer was employed and paid either in money or meal.²⁰⁷ The whole thing appeared a good joke to the lower classes; men vied amongst themselves as to who would do the least, and the breaking of a single stone in a day was considered a feat to be proud of. These works completely demoralized the labouring population, and it is generally believed that though a farmer now pays more than twice the wages current then for a days work, he will not get half a day's labour for his money, I myself speak from bitter experience.²⁰⁸

By a curious mode of reasoning, peculiar probably to the Irish people, as the meal distributed was called 'Indian Meal', The places where the men were working were called after places in the

206. Presumably Thurlesbeg Bridge.

207. This image of children trying to break stones resonated. '... I saw boys of ten and eleven years of age, who were hardly able to lift their hammers ...' – a description from Clare. (C. Ó Murchadha, *Sable Wings Over the Land* (Ennis, 1998), p. 71.)

208. Twenty or so years before White penned this attack on labourers, a Poor Law Inspector reporting on the attitude of labourers within his district, which included part of Tipperary, wrote about labourers being 'careless' about the interests of their employers. On the other hand, they were paid as little as possible. (*Report of Richard Bourke*, parl. papers, 1870, vol 14.) White's comparison of labourers wages is disingenuous. In the post Famine decades, labourers as a class did least well.

East Indies, thus the quarry by the side of the road to Spafield was named 'Lahore.'

I do not wish to show any political animus in these papers, while if I failed to state *facts*, especially facts which are matters of history, I should be blameable. When the second year of failure came round Sir Robert Peel was no longer in office, and the Irish people were turned over to the tender mercies of Liverpool merchants, 'who made merchandise of them.'²⁰⁹ The late Charles Bianconi told me one day that he had the invoice of Indian Corn in Waterford at £8 a ton; same day it was 2s 9d a stone in Cashel.²¹⁰

I am not capable of entering into details of this miserable time, but history has recorded the result; large numbers died of starvation – some killed and salted down their donkeys to use as food for the prolongation of a miserable existence, and an instance occurred in the County Cork, of a respectable woman who had plenty of money, dying of actual starvation. She could not trust any messenger with money to go to the nearest town or village to buy, and she was too feeble and old to go herself.

I believe that no one in Cashel or its neighbourhood died of actual starvation.

An old woman named the Widow Brien, had lived inside the ditch at the left hand side of the road ascending Kilfeacle Hill. She had received her weekly supply of two stone of Indian Meal from the relieving Officer of Tipperary, when a young fellow named John Ryan (a reputed half fool), came and killed her, and carried away the meal. He was hanged for the crime. The ballad records the facts that the murder was committed in the month of April, and the man was hanged on the 3rd of September.²¹¹

Mr Edward Wayland, who was a pay clerk under the Government relief works was attacked near Annacorthy, and one of the police escort who were with him was shot dead; he, however, succeeded in carrying the money away safely.²¹²

I have no less than three Ballads about the rotten potatoes, but none of them possess any merit which would entitle them to be quoted here. The famine pressed cruelly on the South and West of Ireland – Cork and Kerry suffered severely. I quote from two Street Ballads, which expressed the feelings of the people – ²¹³

209. White is attacking the utilitarian values of the Whigs, while praising the response of the Tory party. The attitude White is criticising saw the Famine as Ireland's fault and the Irish as only too willing to abuse relief. 'Every system of poor relief must contain a penal and repulsive element, in order to prevent its leading to the disorganization of society.' (C. Trevelyan, 9 Oct 1846, quoted in P. Gray, *Famine, Land and Politics* (Dublin, 1999), p. 243.) 'Alas, the Irish peasant had tasted of famine and found it was good. He saw the cloud looming in the distance . . . He wrapped himself up in the ragged mantle of inert expectancy and said he trusted to Providence. But the deity of his faith was the Government.' (*Times*, 22 Sept 1846.)

210. Over 250 per cent profit.

211. This murder was in March 1849. (See D.G. Marnane, South Tipperary on the eve of the Great Famine and also E. Delaney, The Famine from Cashel to Kilfeacle in *THJ* (1995), pp. 1, 83.)

212. On the morning of Thursday 21 Jan 1847, Wayland escorted by two policemen left Dundrum on a jaunting car in order to pay local road workers. Three shots were fired from behind a ditch and a policeman named Crowley fell dead from his seat. The horse reared and the second policeman was pitched to the road. Wayland managed to keep his seat when the horse took off and he fired at the men who appeared on the road. They took the policemen's arms and fled. (*Annual Register*, 1847, p. 11. For another account of this episode, see the article on William Holmes in this Journal pp. ?????.)

213. These ballads reflect the popular impression of the dire impact of the Famine on Skibbereen. For the reality, see P. Hickey, Famine, Mortality and Emigration: a profile of six parishes in the poor law union of Skibbereen 1846-7 in P. O'Flanagan & C.G. Buttimer (eds.), *Cork History and Society* (Dublin, 1993), pp. 873-918. Unlike for example, PLUs in Tipperary, this study notes that over seven thousand deaths in part of the Cork PLU included about one-third from actual starvation.

S K I B B E R E E N

The wife's and babe's provider,
With the broad and sinewy hand,
Is stretched a naked skeleton,
No more to till the land.
The partner of his miseries –
His cushla – his vourneen,
Is gone with him, for famine spares,
No wives in Skibbereen!

You'll see the father falling while
He saves the bit of food,
To keep life in his offspring – his
own son – his own life's blood.
The last is gone, no friendly hand
extending now is seen,
Nor shroud, nor coffins, round them
In the graves in Skibbereen.

Aye weep ye Munster maidens now
Ye can afford to weep
Ye know not ere the morning breaks
Ye'll rest in famine's sleep [50]
The laughing eye – the blooming –
The smile so bland, serene,
Will disappear for hunger sweeps
The maids of Skibbereen!

And are we doomed to perish
In our own green fertile land?
Where the stranger had the welcome –
The full and friendly hand.
But we may some day remember,
If we're wanted by the Queen,
That hundreds patiently lay down,
And starved in Skibbereen!

[From the Kenmare Committee.]
In Parliament this law was enacted for creatures,
Who wanted their aid and relief,
But no one has handled it lately,
But has acted a schemer and thief.
The farmers are taxed every quarter,
As a means to make paupers secure,
But priests, parsons, guardians and doctors,
Have plundered it all from the poor.

* * * *

May we see these Committees bewailing
And Uskar freely flaking their bones.

This is a good specimen of Irish 'Gratitude,' a word which is said to have no exquivalent term in any Irish Dictionary or Lexicon.

It has been defined as 'a lively sense of favours to come.'

Funeral

It is well that I can relate the following true history. The Rev John Whitty had been Curate in Kilcooly and Cashel for 18 years on a stipend of £150 per annum, when in 1842 he was promoted to the Union of Galbally, which was worth over £1000 per annum, by the late Bishop Sandes.²¹⁴

He was a man of great courage, energy, and devotion to duty, and the best friend I ever had. When he came to Galbally, he had a district of 12 by 8 miles to look after, which included the parishes of Galbally, Ballinlanders; Ballingarry and Kilbehenny, in which there was a scattered Protestant population of about 150. In his walks visiting these he had to pass sometimes through mountains and bogs, and the people he met seeing that he was a resolute man, put upon him a name in Irish, which translated meant 'Pull the Devil by the Horns.'

When the famine broke out he was most indefatigable in looking after the wants of the poor in his extensive district. The day was spent at relief committees, or in the distribution of food. Most of the night in writing letters on behalf of the poor, when nature was exhausted and he required sleep, he threw himself upon a sofa in his clothes, and resumed next day the same round of duties. His wife and children were at Kilkee, and he had not proper care or attendance, and he took a fever and died in November, 1848.

I left Cashel in a special car on the evening of the 20th Nov. to go to his funeral. The hill on the road beyond Kilfeacle had been half cut down, and there were lamps along the side of the cutting to direct passengers to travel on the low ground.

I spent the evening with my cousin Newport White, and his family, in Henry Street, and about ten o'clock started in a gig with a man named Leonard Young, for Galbally, a distance of about 7 miles. I hardly ever experienced such a storm of wind and rain, the trees at the road side clashed their branches together, and the noise was like that of a great faction fight.

After we arrived at Galbally, we had a supper, and at 5 o'clock in the morning we started for Limerick, a distance of 22 more miles. It still rained heavily. The Rev Henry Atlantic Sadlier, brother-in-law to deceased: his brother David, and sons John and Edward were in the close carriage, and I sat with the driver on the box.²¹⁵

The old Parish Priest; who was nearly 80 years of age, insisted in driving in his gig with the funeral as far as Hospital, a distance of 8 miles. I am sure this morning's drive must have accelerated his death, as he did no long survive.²¹⁶

As we passed along the road in the early twilight from nearly every cabin was heard 'God be with you.' [51]

My friend was laid in the yard of St John's Church, Limerick, in the burial place of his wife's family, the Sayers (Bridges).

In Cashel we paid in one year 10s 8d in the pound poor rates. We had auxilliaries besides the

214. Whitty was a son of Rev John Whitty of Ricketstown co. Carlow. He served in Kilcooly 1825-37, Cashel 1836-41 and was appointed to Galbally in 1841.

215. See footnote 83. Sadleir married in 1835 as his first wife Anne Whitty. He also succeeded to Galbally, 1847-67. While this death was significant to White, the local press managed to be reticent.

216. W.G. Skehan, *Cashel & Emly Heritage* (1993) does not confirm this.

workhouse. As well as I can remember they were 1st – Castleleake where a large number of boys who had ringworm were housed. 2 – Richmond, where there were a number of women, and many of them went blind on account of the whitewashed walls. 3 – Mr Powers Stores, which I think had women in them. 4 – The house in John St. now occupied by Mr Barry, was I think also full of women. 5 – The bacon yard in Canopy Street, which I think was full of young girls. 6 – The old Globe Hotel, and some others which I cannot call to mind.²¹⁷

I may mention here an amusing incident connected with this time. A young man of the labouring class, residing near Drangan, sold all his worldly goods and bought a heifer which he put on grass with a farmer in the neighbourhood, and got admission to the workhouse himself. After some time he heard that the rates were getting very high and he doubted if the farmer would be able to pay them, and thought his beast might be seized on in payment, and he was heard to say 'Begor, my poor heifer will pay for all.' After this when there was anything broken in the Workhouse, the saying was 'the Drangan man will pay for all.'²¹⁸

A curious incident occurred in these days. Some loads of Indian corn were on their way from Clonmel to Cashel, and at Rosegreen, the country people attacked the cars and took away the meal. As the law stood then the only remedy open to the owner of the meal was to bring an action against the two principal land holders in the parish of St John's. The late Mr Avary Jordan, and the late Mr Richard Wood, were proceeded against, and they had to pay £40 the value of the corn taken.

Their remedy was to get the sum assessed at a general vestry, and apportioned upon the landholders of the Parish. I think I was one of the church wardens that year; at any rate I was present at the Vestry, and I had to stand between the town and country people to keep them from striking one another. Five persons were appointed to make this apportionment, and the late Laurence Mahony and I, were two of the Cashel three. I know a man named Redmond Keating, a commoner, was one of the farmers 'two', we made the apportionment, but no one could be got to attempt a collection of the cess, and Messrs Jordan and Wood lost their money.²¹⁹

The Potato

The literature of the potato in Ireland may be somewhat entertaining. Every schoolboy knows or ought to know who introduced the potato into Ireland, and also that it was brought from America; although I heard a young American Lady say that they were indebted to Ireland for many things, especially the Potato.

I suppose different varieties of them were always distinguished by different names, but I never

217. When Cashel PLU was set up, the Cashel town poor rate was always higher than rural areas. For example, in September 1842, it was 1s 3d in the £ compared to 2½d in the £ for Ardmayle. In 1848, the Cashel rate was 3s 1½d in the £ (Ardmayle 1s 8d in the £). In 1849, the Cashel rate was 5s in the £.

Castleleake near Golden was acquired in March 1849. Richmond was leased from Dr Cormack in November 1849 for £70 p.a. in order to accommodate 250 children. Mr Power's grain store was leased in November 1848 for £150 p.a. (Minutes of Cashel PLU in County Library Thurles. H.A. Carew, *Cashel Workhouse in Famine Times. A Study from 1845 to 1855* (unpublished M.Phil thesis, NUI Galway, 1995). See also Marnane, *Famine South Tipperary* in *THJ* (1996-1999).

218. Two aspects of the Famine come across in this anecdote: the 'Gregory Clause' and the widespread seizure of livestock in lieu of poor rates in the very late 1840s when the relief system was under enormous pressure.

219. This episode was probably in April 1846.

heard or read of any but the 'Bucks.' This name is preserved in an old doggerel rhyme –

Heres my Lady come to Town,
As fine as hands and pins can make her,
No *Buck* Potatoes will go down
She must have white buns from the Baker

And again,

What will I do
For Starch and Blue,
For my high caul'd cap
And my two bow knots?

Get a Buck and cut it in two
And that will do
For Starch and Blue,
For your high caul'd cap
And your two bow knots.

This refers to a custom which I remembered when I was a child. Potatoes were washed very clean, then peeled and grated over a pail or tub of clean water. The sediment, which was the starch, was washed several times, and dried and used as starch for the coarse articles of clothing, while the potatoe part was collected and kneaded along with a certain amount of meal or flour rolled several times with either fat or butter cut into squares and baked upon a griddle. A few carraway seeds were added, and these were a great feast for children. I do not know whether this was a general use made of the potatoe in other parts of Ireland. I only know that my father and mother being natives of the County Limerick introduced it from thence into the County of Kilkenny in which I was born. [52]

I remember that on one year, either in 1829 or '30, my father had 8 acres of potatoes, and that he had to hire in Ballyragget, for the corn cutting and potato digging seasons, eight spalpeens, along with his own labourers. Four of the Spalpeens were Munstermen, and four Connaughtmen, of the latter – two named Peter Alley and Tom Carr, remained with us for a long time after.²²⁰

The potatoes were sometimes sown in a very ready way, and most appropriately they were called 'Lazy Beds,' when the corn was cut and cleared off a field and stacked in the haggard, the pigs of all ages under nine months or so had the run of the field. (I don't think in those days pigs got much but what they were able to forage out for themselves until they were taken in to fatten.)

In March or April a plough was run through the furrow at each side, and the ridges upon which the corn grew in the former year had a quantity of manure spread upon them. The skillauns or portions of potato which were expected to reproduce their kind, were placed in regular rows by the hands of women: Men dug up the clay in the 'alley' or trench and threw it upon the ridge, and after some time the clay was carefully shovelled upon the ridge: the potatoes were good and abundant. I believe this 'lazy' mode is unknown or little known in the County of Tipperary.

Of the kinds which I knew in the days of my youth – we had the 'lumper,' a large white and plentiful kind, having a white blossom. I believe it is partly due to it that before the famine we

220. See A. O'Dowd, *Spalpeens and Tattie Hokers* (Dublin, 1991).

built up a population of over eight millions. A man who had his health and a spade, was able to get a wife, have a quarter or half acre of potatoes, and feed his family and a pig. I remember potatoes being sold in Cashel Market for a penny per stone; and I have heard that the late William Phelan, Attorney had one year a large pit of potatoes which stood in the way of his sowing wheat, and gave them to a man for nothing, on condition that he would at once remove them out of the way. The man removed the potatoes and afterwards processed Mr Phelan for the cost of removing them.

The 'cups' or 'minions' (Darlings) were a medium sized pink coloured potato, very well tasted, but seldom large croppers. They had a purple blossom. The English Red, red skinned, very dry, and well tasted. Negroes, black skinned, floury, and well tasted. 'White eyes' which were more for eating early in the year, but got staggish and coarse later on. 'Quarries' were a nice round, white potato. There was a large kind called 'Horses,' used for feeding horses, but unfit for human food. I remember the names of Barbers and Brown's Fancies; and the White American was a very good kind, and so were all the kidney varieties.²²¹

These nearly all rotted away and we have had many new kinds introduced, amongst which Kemps, Champions, and Flounders, seem amongst the favourites. Many new kinds have been introduced by sowing the ripened balls which the flower produces, but like apple pips, I believe they never turned out true to their parentage. Many years ago my brother Harry planted in our garden a large number of apple balls, and in the next year had the young potatoes from these most carefully planted, but an old sow happened to stray one night into the garden, and

'Tempted like Eve with the fruit why she eat them.'

And the disappointment of my poor brother was very great. I remember District Inspector George McCullagh used to sing a good song about the rotten potatoes. I only remember a few disjointed lines of it:²²²

If a man should come into the town,
He's not asked for his wife or his babies,
* * * *

Only questioned 'How are the Potatoes?'

In an electioneering Ballad written against John Ennis, the sitting member for Athlone, the following appears:²²³

He voted with Lord John who caused the pratie crop to fail,
And starved the Irish Catholics, and did their Church assail,
Back Ennis to your shop, and may your face be never shown,
You pompous, upstart, huxter, in the Borough of Athlone. [53]

221. For potato varieties see A. Bourke, *The Visitation of God? The potato and the great Irish famine* (Dublin, 1993), pp. 32-41; W.D. Davidson, *History of Potato Varieties in Jn. Dept of Ag.* 33 (1935), pp. 57-81. 'Rarely can a potato variety have been so unanimously condemned as was the Lumpers' (Bourke, p. 37). 'The factors which brought the Cup into general use were its hardiness and high productivity' (Bourke, p. 5).

222. McCullagh was in Cashel in the 1850s.

223. Ennis represented Athlone for various periods between 1857 and his death in 1884. See K.T. Hoppen, *Elections, Politics and Society in Ireland 1832-1885* (Oxford, 1984), p.449. 'Lord John' was Lord John Russell, PM during the Famine and again in 1865-66.

I may well conclude this portion of my history by quoting the old Anti-Union lines –

Well may John Bull when he's robbed us of bread,
Call poor Ireland the land of potatoes.

Church Court

I was admitted a Proctor of the Consistorial Court of Cashel, on the 15th June, 1841, being then not quite a month over 21 years of age. The proctors who already were entitled to practice were – Michael Owens, an old man of great talent and good education. I think his father had been parish schoolmaster at Knockgraffon and that he was a descendant of Maurice Owen, who was an Alderman of Cashel, over 200 years ago, and was one of those from whom the townland of Owen and Biggs Lot has its name. During trials in the Court he used to confound his opposing proctor, John Mathews, who was not much of a scholar, with a long quotation from Oughton (a chief Authority in Ecclesiastical Law) in the original Latin.²²⁴

John Mathews, the other proctor, was brother of Frederick Mathews, who was a talented organist. Some years or so after my admission, John Graham (who was already a Solicitor), was admitted to practice.

As the terms used in Ecclesiastical Courts are now obsolete, I may as well state some of them here. The man who served citations (summonses) was called an apparitor. Robert Patten was the name of the last officer of that name in Cashel. He used before every Triennial Visitation travel to Cork, Cloyne; Killaloe; Limerick; Waterford; and Lismore, in order to serve the suffragan Bishops with Monitions and Inhibitions. From the day upon which such Monitions were served all livings which became vacant in any of these dioceses up to the date of the Triennial Visitation (when the Archbishop signed a Relaxation) were in the gift of the Archbishop.

The Plaintiff was called Promovent; as he is called Pursuer in Scotland, the Defendant Impugnant as he is called Defender in Scotland. When there was an appeal from any decision of the judge, the proctor appealing 'prayed Apostles.' This was a full copy of the proceedings and evidence, certified by the Judge and Registrar, which was forwarded to the Superior Court. The statement of the plaintiffs case (or allegation) was called a 'Libel,' and there were several of such records in the Registry 'Little Books' which had a penny stamp on each page, and on each page were generally written about 24 words, where four times that number might easily have been inscribed. This was done of course to add to the length or amount of the proctor's bill.²²⁵

I may mention a couple of cases in which I was professionally employed as they present some curious and interesting facts; as the 'Impugnant' in the first case still lives I shall not mention his name or place of residence.

A farmer died intestate leaving a grown up family by his first wife, and a lot of youngsters by the second who was also dead. The eldest son by the first marriage took possession of all the father's property and turned his brothers and sisters adrift without any share or portion.

He was cited into the Bishops Court and an order made by the Judge that he should take an administration to his father's assets. Now he would be proceeded against in the Common Law-Courts as 'Executor de son tort' or Executor of his own wrong.

224. See footnote 28. Thomas Oughton, *Ordo Judiciorum*, 2 vols (1738).

225. c.1860 the Registry of the diocese was situated at 31 Catherine Street in Waterford, in James Lorenzo Hickey's private house. Appointed deputy in 1826, he became registrar in 1837. His son James Henry was appointed deputy in 1859. White, based in Cashel, served as registrar's clerk. (*Returns for every registry in Ireland*, 1860 (211), lvii.)

As he refused to obey the order, he was again cited to 'show cause' why he should not be pronounced in contempt for his manifest contempt and contumacy in not obeying the order made by the court. He did not appear, and was again cited to come and hear and see himself pronounced in contempt for his manifest contempt and contumacy &c. As he did not appear he was pronounced 'in contempt,' and the Proctor for the Promovents prayed a 'Significavit' which the Judge decreed.

This 'Significavit' was a statement of the case which was forwarded to the Lord Chancellor. It ended somewhat in this manner, 'and forasmuch as the Ecclesiastical Court has no further power in this behalf we (the Judge) pray that your Lordship will order the Sheriff of the County of Tipperary, to arrest the said Impugnant and keep him in custody until he shall have obeyed the lawful orders of this Court.' [54]

Upon this the Lord Chancellor issued his writ to the sheriff, and he made two of the brothers of the second wife special bailiffs for the execution of the writ. The question now was – where to find the Impugnant! He had gone to hide amongst some of his distant relatives, and for a long time there was no account of his whereabouts to be had.

At length certain intelligence was obtained that he was hiding in a farmers house near 'Alleen.' A large number of friends accompanied the 'Specials,' and a jaunting car was brought in order to take the prisoner to Clonmel. At a very early hour in the morning admittance to the house before named was forced, and after a long and vain search the Impugnant was found hid under the man and wife in their bed. From this he was taken and hardly allowed time to put on his clothes when he was forced upon the car, by this time the dwellers in the neighbouring houses had been aroused, and there was an attempt to rescue the prisoner. But as there was a large party of his enemies present this for the time was out of the question. However, as his friends were being momentarily added to, the 'Specials' thought it prudent to drive off with their prisoner while the opposing parties (as my informant stated) 'began to handle the stones upon the road.'

The 'Specials' with their prisoner had arrived within a short distance of Clonmel, and as they had been up all night they became drowsy and less watchful. The prisoner seeing his opportunity threw off a great coat which covered him, bid his captors 'good morning' leaped the ditch at the road side, and began to cross ditches and hedges in the direction of home. 'The sight left my eyes' said my informant, 'but I followed and after a while saw him crossing over the corner of a large double ditch, and with a stone I knocked him into the dyke at the other side. He was brought back to the car and his captors would not allow him to put on his great coat again, and the remainder of the journey was made without it.

For a long time he continued in prison, and whenever the Judge at Assize came round, the Quarter Sessions Court sat in Clonmel, or whenever the Insolvent Judge presided, an application was made by some Attorney or other for an order for the release of the prisoner: but this of course was fruitless. At length the Impugnant obeyed the order and paid the costs, and a certificate from the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court being presented to the Lord Chancellor he issued a 'writ of deliverance,' and so ends my tale.²²⁶

Before I proceed to give an account of another important case in which I was professionally engaged, I think it will be interesting to relate an exceedingly remarkable circumstance which occurred in the residence of the man whose will was the subject of litigation in his life-time.

I heard the story some years ago from the Rev William Ball Wright, who is now a Protestant

226. No date but presumably prior to 1858. There are two 'Alleens' in Tipperary, both in Clanwilliam, c.Donohill.

minister in the United States of America and being anxious to reproduce it in this narrative, I wrote lately to him for a written statement which he kindly sent me and is reproduced verbatim hereafter.

I may promise that Mr Thomas Wright of Foulksrath Castle, County Kilkenny, upon whose statement the truth of the story chiefly rests, was a gentleman of high position, undoubted honour, probity, and a true Christian. He was my Sunday School Teacher, at Odogh Parish Church, from 1827 to 1831, and I would no more doubt his truthfulness than I would that of the most eminent man whom I have known or of whom I have even heard or read –

The following is extracted from the Rev Mr Wright's letter:

As regards my father's ghost story being only eleven when he died, I never had it from him, however, here is all I know, as I often heard it when a boy. – My father was up collecting rents for Lord Carrick in the forties, and the times being troublous, he had his pistols with him. Wm. Rourke was his warder, and he stayed the night there having about £2000 in notes and gold on his person.

He was shown into a room which was different from his usual one, and which was double-bedded – This he did not like, but he carefully examined in and under the other bed, having put the money under the bolster of the one he was to occupy. He also bolted the one door of the room, and put a chest of drawers against it, then said his devotions, [55] undressed, put his pistols on a chair by his bed, put out the light and fell asleep. Sometime in the night he thought he woke, and saw a woman in night dress just getting into the other bed, and a light being by her side, he seemed to remember the face as familiar. He thought it very strange, but supposed they were pressed for room and determined to say nothing, but went to sleep again. Next morning when he woke, he thought of the vision of the night, looked over and saw no signs of any one, no light, nor had the bed been lain on. The chest of drawers was against the door, the money under his pillow and the pistols by his side. He thought a great deal over it, said nothing, but when he went home told my mother, who advised him to speak to Wm. Rourke.

After some months he went again to the same house, and at night was shown up to his room. As Rourke was showing him up, my father asked was it the same room? No! said Rourke! But Mr Wright, tell me why you say so? Did you see anything? I did, replied my father, and told him all about it. Oh! for God's sake don't tell my wife, said he, or she'd never live here. That was the bed my daughter died in, and several time she has appeared there and it must be true as you saw it. When 10 years of age I went to stay at William Bourke's junr, at Clonboo, near Templetuohy, and used to hear them talk of this. The widow was then alive, whether it was the same house I can't now say.'

The William Rourke before named, having died, as well as I can remember after more than forty years, his nephew and namesake produced a will made in his favour, against which a caveat was lodged at the instance of two nephews of Rourke's widow named Carroll and Cormack, who propounded a later will made in their favour, which I believe was drawn by the Rev Michael Banon, who was then curate of the parishes of Templetuohy and Moyne, and in which the residue was left to be disposed of according to verbal instructions which he had from the Testator.

Young Rourke issued a citation against Carroll and Cormack, to show cause for their caveat, and they produced the will which I have named. I was employed by them and after an examination of the witnesses on both sides, the Judge (Rev George Lawless) pronounced in favour of the will propounded by Carroll and Cormack. Against this decision Rourke appealed to the Metropolitan Court of Dublin. I don't know who was his Proctor, but Messrs Tilly Hamilton and Ormsby, were the Proctors that I employed for my clients.

I do not exactly remember the decision arrived at by the Court of Appeal, but I know that it was not satisfactory to either party, and the assets having by this time been nearly gone in litigation, the principal 'bone of contention' was the house and lands which had been held by the deceased.²²⁷

There were no less than three Records concerning this tried at the Assizes of Nenagh, at the first the Jury found in favour of Carroll and Cormack: in the second the late James Dwyer, who was of Rourke's Counsel, mercilessly attacked the Rev Mr. Banon, and amongst other things said something to the effect 'that he had gone to the testator's residence after the will was made, not to afford the dying man any religious consolation, but to look after his little residue.'

The jury was composed of eleven Protestants and one Roman Catholic, and they disagreed, it was afterwards ascertained that the eleven Protestants would have found in favour of Rourke, but the other (in consequence of the violent attack upon the priest) would not agree,

I do not now remember what was the verdict upon this last trial, if any was arrived at, nor do I know who possesses the property now, it was an extraordinary case, which was tried five times. [56]

When the Ecclesiastical Courts were abolished by Act of Parliament, I lost about £70 per annum, for which I was awarded a pension of about £24 per annum and I was allowed to be admitted as a Solicitor of the Court of Chancery, and an Attorney of the Four Courts, and I availed myself of this privilege. I remember that Baron Pennefather (who was perfectly blind at the time) presided in the Court of Exchequer when I was sworn in there.²²⁸

Civil Court

My first case in criminal law was one in which a man named William Dillon was charged with the murder of a tramp. Dillon was employed at the gas house, and a tramp from some other town, who had held a similar employment there, strayed into the Gas House, and being under the influence of drink began to ridicule Dillon and his mode of doing business, when Dillon being exasperated struck him in the head with a gallon, and the blow killed him.

Dillon was returned for trial at the Clonmel Assizes, and I gave a brief and fee to my old friend and townsman Charles Hare Hemphill, (now Attorney General), who advised that Dillon should plead guilty to the lesser charge of manslaughter. This he did, and was I think sentenced to 6 months imprisonment.²²⁹

One of the cases in the Superior Courts in which I was engaged, was one against a widow, who although having a number of children by her first husband, had married a young man and brought him into possession of the farm and chattels.

It was referred to one of the Masters to take evidence in the case, and the woman was very strictly examined and cross-examined about the assets left by her first husband. Among other things she admitted that she had sold six fat pigs in Thurles, and being strictly questioned as to

227. Ball Wright, who had an address in Dublin in the mid-1880s, wrote an article 'On Foulksrath Castle and Loughmoe, their founders and possessors' in *Jn. Royal Hist. & Arch. Assoc. of Ireland*, vii (1885-6), pp. 432-9. The Wright family took Foulksrath on lease from Dawson Damer in 1777 and held it well into the following century. Fr Michael Banon was curate in Moyne 1834 to 1851 when he was appointed PP. He died in 1861.

228. By the 1857 Probate Act (20 & 21 Vict. c. 79). Richard Pennefather, son of William of Knockevan. A major landowner in Knockgraffon.

229. Hemphill was Rev. Patrick Hare's grandson. White's reference to Hemphill being attorney general is incorrect. He was solicitor general 1892-95.

where and when she bought these pigs, and what she paid for them, she was a long time without making any answer except that she did not remember.

At length the truth dawned upon her, and she answered 'the old sow had them.'

There was another case in which I was concerned, in which the widow of an intestate offered her brother-in-law (who claimed half the assets as next of kin) £100 if he would not go to law. But he insisted on trying the case to the uttermost, and after the costs had been paid he received the magnificent sum of £7. But he candidly declared 'that he was better satisfied that the d—l should have the money than that his sister-in-law should enjoy it.'

Part of my duty as Clerk in the Diocesan Registry was to attend at the Assizes and Quarter Sessions Courts, as well as the Four Courts in Dublin, with original documents, (copies of these at this time not being received as legal evidence), so that formerly there was hardly an Assize in Clonmel or Nenagh at which I was not present in charge of original wills or other important documents.

I remember on one occasion being called out of my bed by a messenger who had been sent from Nenagh on the previous evening to fetch me, and having left Cashel along with him at four o'clock in the morning, in order to be at Nenagh (27 Irish miles) by the time the court would open at ten. I recognized the man with whom I journeyed over 20 years after, and having reminded him of our former acquaintanceship he said 'he should be sorry to have done anything for which I could prosecute him, as I had such a "hard eye"' as he expressed it.

These were the days of Brewster, Hatchell, Frank Maher (whom I had known personally as an Attorney), George, Martley, James Dwyer, and many lesser stars. I may here relate an anecdote relative to the two gentlemen last named. Martley had a broad face and was rather inclined to obesity. James Dwyer, being engaged in making a statement of his client's case, Martley (being on the opposite side) began to smile, upon which Dwyer exclaimed 'I don't think that what I have said should bring a smile upon the broad Atlantic of my friend's countenance.'

One case which I think detained me five days in Nenagh, was one in which a Mr. Griffith sought to recover about thirty-five acres of land which he alleged to be in the possession of my cousin—Ambrose Going, of Ballyphillip, owner of Kilduff townland, which is on the slope of the 'Devils Bit' mountain, or of Mr Lloyd of Lloydsboro. A large number of witnesses were examined, amongst whom was a blind man named Henry Davis, who lived at Killea.²³⁰ [57]

Mr Griffith was able to prove that he had lost the land, but as he could not show the bounds he was non suited. One of the original documents which I produced was the will of the Rev Paul Higgins, of Clonekenny the reading of which by Mr Brewster, created a laugh, as the testator amongst other things disposed of his 'nag Button.'

Of this Mr Higgins I have heard the following story. He had been originally a Roman Catholic, but had changed his profession and was I think Protestant Curate of either Kilfithmone or Glankeen (Borrisoleigh). One Sunday during Divine Service there came on a most awful storm of thunder and lightning when Mr Higgins called out to his assembled congregation, 'Bless yourselves ye devils!'²³¹

While awaiting the trial of records, I was able to spend some time in the Criminal Court, and on one occasion heard the trial of two men named John Cooke and John Hickey, for the murder of a man named John Nolan. Nolan was a confidential man in the employment of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Roscrea, who sent him to drive fat cattle to Dublin, to be disposed of by a salesmaster at Smithfield.

230. Ambrose Going died in 1857. John Lloyd died in 1868.

231. Higgins early eighteenth century. Not in *Convert Rolls*.

This was before the railway had been constructed, and I believe the man had to make the journey backwards and forwards on foot. Be this as it may, he was returning home, and was near Roscrea, weary and footsore so that he walked lamely, when he was waylaid and murdered by three men, who supposed he had with him the price of the cattle which had been sold in Dublin. The poor man had only 2s 4½d in his possession having shortly before changed a half-crown and bought a pennyworth of bread which he washed down with a drink of buttermilk he had got from a poor woman whom he had met on the road, who was after getting it at a farmer's house for 'God's sake,' and he gave her a halfpenny, and what he had not eaten of the bread.

The principal in the conspiracy to murder and rob was a man whose name I forget. He was a blacksmith by trade and it was he who forged the 'drop' upon which he had been hung after the previous assizes: and it was said that his father and grandfather had also met their death by the rope.

Judge Ball tried this case.²³² I remember that one of the principal witnesses against the prisoners was a protestant woman (one of the evidences of which was the fact that she wore a bonnet) who well knew that the evidence which she had to give would be conclusive against the prisoners, and she thought to evade giving a direct answer to the questions proposed by the counsel for the Crown. Three times was the question asked, and three times she returned the same evasive answer, after which 'Mr Sheriff' was called and she was sent away as a prisoner for over an hour after which she was brought back, and her answer sealed the fate of the accused. One of them (Cooke) was only 23 years of age, and the other man whose name I am not certain of, but I think it was John Hickey, (29) as is stated in their 'Lamentation,' of which the following is a verse—

Now all you foolish young men a warning take by me,
Be advised by your clergy, and shun bad company,
Night walking and bad company it proved my overthrow,
For the murder of John Nolan I must die a public show.²³³

There was a murder case tried at Nenagh some years after, at which I was not present, but I heard some of the particulars from my Uncle Ben, and as it is a remarkable case I think well to record it.²³⁴

Three brothers named John, Thomas, and Patrick Wade, who lived in the hilly district of Kilcommon, had a fight with another man about a turf bank, and they killed him. The three men were indicted for the murder at the Nenagh Assizes, and they refused to join in their challenges, so John was tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hung, Thomas was then tried with the same fate. Next day Patrick was placed upon his trial, and the jury amongst whom my uncle and the late Samuel Cooke of Brownstown, were two, acquitted him. I believe they reflected that it was enough to take two lives for one, and they also reconciled the verdict to their consciences in this way – the prosecutors who saw the man killed on the top of a hill were at least half a mile away from the scene, and they gave 'the benefit of a doubt' as to the identification. [58]

The ballad written as a lamentation for the two men who suffered, is far above its class. I remember some of it.

232. Nicholas Ball 1791-1865. MP Clonmel 1836-39.

233. Cooke was hanged in May 1844.

234. The Wade brothers were accused of murdering Patrick Ryan (Morgan) on 13 Sept 1843. The Wades were under-tenants of Ryan who took legal action against them over rent. John and Thomas Wade were tried in Nenagh in March 1844 and executed in May 1844. Patrick Wade was tried in July 1844 and found not guilty (*Nenagh Guardian*, 30 March, 31 July 1844; *Tipperary Vindicator*, 30 March 1844).

Through the green fields of Cummer, no more the Wades shall stray,
To view each tender flower that bloom in the month of May,
No more at dance or hurling shall these fond brothers shine,
Or walk on summer evenings to the Anglesea New Line.

Now all you tender Christians for these fond brothers weep,
Who in the pale cold arms of death enjoy a lasting sleep,
And for their hopeless widows a tender tear bestow,
And may the Lord of mercy console their grief and woe.

At sweet Kilcommon chapel no more they'll bow in prayer,
Nor meet each kind relation they often met with there;
But when these friends assemble let them devoutly pray,
For these two loving brothers that now lie in the clay.

Now to conclude and finish, I hope good people all,
That you will all take warning by their untimely fall,
And shun the paths of error where hidden snares are laid,
And may the Lord be merciful to John and Thomas Wade.²³⁵

There is no harm in telling the following as I will give no hint as to the party from whom the proposal came. It happened one fair day about forty years ago; as I was going down to my office I was accosted by a poor looking shabbily dressed man who said 'I want to speak to you sir,' 'Well, said I, what about?' 'I want to speak to you in private sir' said he, so I brought him with his back to the wall of Thomas Nash's premises, when he said 'Miss— of —desired me to speak to you, all her sisters are married and there is no one there now but herself and they milk 35 cows she heard you were a man in good circumstances, her mother desired me to speak to you.'

'Why' said I 'I don't know the young lady at all, there must be some mistake,' 'No' said he 'did not you meet her brothers here at the last races?' I answered 'that I never went to the races and did not know the gentlemen' 'Why', said he 'are you not Mr. —'. 'No' I said 'I am not'. He begged my pardon and went away. I heard afterwards that he was a person who went about the country matchmaking, providing dairymaids with places and procuring them for farmers. It is probable that he was never commissioned to call upon the person for whom I was mistaken, but if he got a favourable answer he was prepared to carry back a message from him.

Another curious incident which is worthy of being recorded and in which I bore a part occurred many years ago.

I was alone in my office one day, when a respectable-looking and well-dressed man called upon me and asked 'Is this the Registry office of the Diocese,' I answered 'It is'. His next question was as to whether he could see Mr Hickey the Registrar. I said he could not, but that I could do any business which he might have with him. He then began to ask questions regarding persons whom I had heard of but who were long dead. During our conversation he looked out of the office window and saw an old man pass from the street into what was then Mrs Hanly's yard, and he asked me this man's name. I said I believed it was Thomas Hennessy, but I had no acquaintance with him. He asked me to go with him after the man and I accordingly did so, and when I told the old man that the stranger wanted to speak with him, the latter asked leave to bring him with him into the office, to which I readily consented. He

235. From White's ballad collection.

asked the old man several questions regarding men who had been carpenters or builders in Cashel some years before, to which he received replies. After a while the younger man caught the elder one in his arms, and exclaimed 'Dear Father, I am your son' – It was almost like the story of Joseph telling his brethren who he was.

The young man had emigrated to America so many years before this that his father could not recognize him. He had prospered well in that country and came home to see his old father, to whom he had been sending money occasionally. At this time old Hennessy, though there was no doubt of the three being resided at Clareen 3 or 4 miles from Cashel, and had only just come into town, where he had not been probably for weeks before, when his son saw him.²³⁶ [59]

Young Hennessy was so shocked at the altered appearance of the old city, which he said in his early days had as many ladies and gentlemen promenading in the Main Street every evening as there were promenaders in Pall Mall, that he left by the coach that night. For years after we exchanged letters and the old man and I became attached friends, and he called to the office every day he came to town, and when I heard that he was dying I rode out to Clareen to take leave of him. I need hardly add that his good son had sent him regular supplies of money as long as he lived.

Elections

I approach the subject of parliamentary elections in Cashel with some diffidence, as I do not wish to offend any person or party. While very few of those who were actors in these contests now survive, their children or grandchildren may be angry, but as I shall avoid mentioning names as far as possible I trust to escape censure.

The parliamentary representation of Cashel had for many years been a matter of bargain and sale. It is ridiculous to speak of the electors as corrupt and mercenary, for they only sold themselves in preference to being sold by others as was the custom. I maintain that it was better for a poor elector to have £30 in his pocket for the price of his vote (especially as he did not vote against his conscience or party) than that one individual or a small clique should monopolize the whole of the purchase money.²³⁷

There is no doubt that the seat for Cashel was sold by the Pennefathers to Sir Robert Peel and also Quinton Dick, and that upon such occasions £1000 was paid.²³⁸ This is alluded to by Milo

236. Clareen in Ardmayle. *Griffith's Valuation* lists several Hennessy smallholders but no Thomas.

237. See footnotes 111, 112 and 113. White's account of elections in Cashel is very much influenced by the charges of corruption which led to the constituency being disenfranchised in 1870. For much of the 19th century, the county returned two MPs, Cashel 1 MP and Clonmel 1 MP. White's earliest memory of elections in the early 1830s, centred entirely on the mob violence that was part of the process (C.G., 7 Feb 1874).

238. In the general election of 1807, Quinton Dick was returned as member for Cashel. He resigned in 1809, his place famously being taken by Robert Peel. 'I heard from Lord Castlereagh respecting the return of Mr Quintin (sic) Dick and I have settled that he shall be returned for Cashel' (Wellesley to Long, 17 May 1807, Wellington (ed.), *Civil Correspondence etc. of Wellington – Ireland 30 March 1807 to 12 April 1809* (London, 1860), p. 48. Arthur Wellesley, later duke of Wellington, was Irish Chief Secretary 1807-09. The previous month, Wellesley wrote 'Pennefather has promised us the refusal of Cashel but he has not stated his terms.' This followed a letter to Wellesley pointing out that 'they all sell to the best bidder.' (Wellesley to Long, 28 April 1807 and Long to Wellesley, 24 April 1807. *op. cit.*, pp. 17, 19). Two years later, Wellesley wrote that the government wished a Mr Peel to get the seat and that he would find out his christian name. p. 619). Peel was beginning his political career and held the Cashel seat to the next general election, in 1812. (See N. Gash, *Mr Secretary Peel – the Life of Sir Robert Peel to 1830* (London, 1985 ed.), pp. 60-61.)

Burke O'Ryan in his parody of Mathew Pennefathers address to the electors—

'Therefore dear friends do not be rude,
I only sold you when I could!'

It is probable that the contested election between Perrin and Pennefather was the only *contested* Election in which money did not pass from the Candidate to some person or party. This election was between what may be called the popular or reform party on the one side, and the few Tories with those who were attached to the Pennefather family by remembrance of former favours or were their direct tenants.²³⁹

When Perrin and Stock had retired from the scene Sir Timothy O'Brien was returned without opposition. Some of the more prominent electors were rewarded by his nomination of their sons or friends to places in the customs or excise, and although the majority of the electors grumbled from time to time at the whole of the patronage of the members being engrossed by a certain clique, they could not help themselves.²⁴⁰

The first contested Election in Cashel with which I had anything to do was that in which Sir Timothy O'Brien, Charles Hare Hemphill, and John Lanagan, were candidates. The two latter refused to bribe a certain portion of the constituency who in the divided state of parties were able to turn the scale. I was told at the time that up to 12 o'clock on the night before the polling it was open to any of the three gentlemen above named to win. Many of those who voted for Mr Hemphill did so because they were his personal friends without any reference to politics while some of those who voted for Mr Lanagan were of the party who were discontented with the manner in which Sir Timothy dispensed his patronage.²⁴¹

Although I have heard several stories of 'how the thing was done' I do not repeat them here; the actors while living were liable to punishment by law; and I shall not

'Draw their frailites from their dread abode.'

The votes were as follows:—

SIR TIMOTHY O'BRIEN

John Bergin, Attykit.
Charles Bianconi, Longfield.
Michael Carew, Price's Lot.
Michael Carew, Lalor's Lot.
John Carew, do.
John Cashin, Friar Street.
Patrick Cashin, do.
Robert Cashin, Hughes Lot.
William Cashin, Attikit.
Thomas Cunningham, Main Street.
James Cooney, Attikit. [60]

239. This election was in 1835. Perrin 166 votes to Pennefather's 56.

240. Timothy O'Brien (1790-1862) a Dublin wine merchant. Lord Mayor of Dublin 1844 and 1849. Created baronet in 1849. MP for Cashel as a Liberal 1846-59.

241. This was the 1857 general election. The standard reference (Walker, *Parl. Election Results Ireland 1801-1922* (Dublin, 1978), p. 258) gives a slightly different return than White: O'Brien 54, Hemphill 39 and Lanigan 35. Hemphill died in March 1908. Lanigan died in Oct. 1868. White's voting lists are possible because the secret ballot was not introduced until 1872.

William Corby, Main Street.
Michael P. Cormack, Golden Road.
Richard Cummins, Lalor's Lot.
Michael Delany, Main Street.
William Desmond, do.
John Dunne, Canopy Street.
James Dunne, do.
Daniel Dwyer, Hill's Lot.
Denis Guiry, Canopy Street.
Patrick Halloran, do.
John Hasset, Rosegreen.
Patrick Heffernan, John Street.
John Joseph Heney, Main Street.
James Heney, John Street.
Denis Heney, Owen & Biggs Lot.
Thomas Hogan, Carron.
Denis Hogan, do.
James Keating, Attikit.
Redmond Keating, do
James Kennedy, Main Street.
Michael Kennedy, Attikit.
Richard Kenrick, Lalor's Lot
Jerome Lomasney, John Street.
Thomas Lyttleton, Main Street,
Patrick Lyttleton, do.
Jeremiah Meehan, Attikit.
William McLoughney, Lower gate.
Jeremiah Neill, Attikit.
Michael Neill, do.
Daniel Phelan, Jun. Lalor's Lot.
James Ryall, Canopy Street.
John Ryan, John Street.
Patrick Ryan, Main Street.
Michael Ryan, Prices Lot.
William Ryan, do.
Michael Ryan, Carron.
James Ryan, Hill's Lot.
Richard Ryan, Lalor's Lot.
Patrick Ryan, do.
Denis Scully, John Street.
Michael Stapleton, Green.
Philip Upton, Main Street.
Edmond Walsh, Attikit.

CHARLES HARE HEMPHILL

Robert Butler, John Street.
Thomas Carew, Friar Street.
James Cody, Bohermore.
James Chadwick, Boherclough.
Thomas Donnell, Moor Lane.

Richard Doyle, Main Street.
John Feehan, Green.
James Graham, Main Street.
Edmond Hanly, Green.
Cornelius Hanly, Main Street.
Edmond Hogan, Coopers Lot.
Avary Jordan, Race Course.
John Kingsbury, Friar Street.
Daniel Kyte, Main Street.
Robert Linton, John Street.
Daniel Lodge, do.
John Looby, Friar Street.
Thomas Looby senr Hughes Lot.
Maurice Looby, do.
Richard B H Lowe, John Street
Nicholas Mansergh do.
John Maunsell, Ladys Well.
George Minchin, Rock Abbey.
Pierce Noonan, Bohermore.
Richard Price, Ardmayle.
Robert Potter Russell, John Street.
Henry Sargint, Cahir.
John Scott, Canopy Street.
Michael Scott, Lowergate
James Scott, Rock,
George Squires, Friar Street.
Michael Stapleton junr. Green.
John Sturdy, Main Street.
Patrick Sullivan, Boherclough.
Robert Taylor, Prices Lot.
William Baily Upton, Newpark.
John Davis White, Lady's Well.
John White, John Street.
Rev Newport B. White, Main Street.

JOHN LANAGAN

Thomas Brennan, Friar Street.
Michael Burke, Main Street.
Richard Butler, Lowergate.
James Cahill, Main Street.
James Cahill, Lady's Well
Michael Carew (2nd) Lalors Lot.
John Coman, Main Street.
Rev John Conway, John Street.²⁴²
William Corcoran, Main Street.
John Cummins, Friar Street.
William Duggan, Main Street.

242. Last Dominican in Cashel, 1824-66. Born Kedragh near Cahir, died 1866 aged ninety-six (*Skehan Index* (1990), p. 75).

Richard Grace, Canopy Street.
 James Hackett, Green.
 William Hackett, Green.
 Thomas Halloran, Main Street.
 John Hanly, Hughes Lot.
 Thomas Hayden, Main Street.
 Denis Heffernan, Friar Street.
 Timothy Hogan, Main Street.
 Michael Hogan, Lalors Lot. [61]
 Daniel Laffan, Canopy Street.
 Patrick Maher, Friar Street.
 Michael Marnane, Main Street.
 Patrick Maunsell, do
 John Mullins, do
 Thomas O'Connor do
 Thomas O'Donnell do
 William Phelan, Canopy Street.
 Thomas Phelan, Lalors Lot.
 John Quirke, Main Street.
 Denis Ryan, Coopers Lot.
 James Ryan, Friar Street.
 Edmond Walsh, Main Street.

The Polling was on April 2nd; 1857.

There voted for –

Sir Timothy O'Brien53
 Charles Hare Hemphill39
 John Lanagan33

The following did not vote –

Rev Charles Archdall,
 Matthew Beary.
 Jeremiah Connell,
 Edmond Cusack.
 Hon Martin J. ffrench.²⁴³
 Pierce Grace.
 Rev John F. Morton.
 Francis O'Ryan, and
 William Ryall.

I do not know whether any of the Commons voters are alive or not. Of the whole number of persons above named I only know the following persons to be living now (1893),

John Feehan
 Right Hon Lord ffrench
 James Hackett
 Rev J. F. Morton

243. Martin Joseph Ffrench (sic) (1813-93) became the 5th baron Ffrench. For nearly forty years he was a resident magistrate in Cashel. He retired in 1882 (C.G., 22 July 1882) 'In his high social position he was a patron of every movement for the development of civilization and refinement in Cashel.'

Michael Doheny

On a fine Sunday morning early in 1848, I was in the Main Street, nearly opposite Mr Mullins' establishment, when I saw a cavalcade come down the Main Street – first came an inside jaunting car in which sat Mrs Doheny and her children, and behind rode Mr Michael Doheny attired in the uniform of the '82 club, his horse's head being nearly over the back of the car. I do not remember whether there was any crowd accompanying them. Nor do I remember that there was a band, but I heard afterwards from Michael Keeffe that he carried and played the 'Big Drum' upon the occasion. The destination of the party was Slievenamon mountain, and to the top of this elevation at least some of the excursionists attained. Keeffe told me that he along with his drum had fallen into a hole in the mountain, usually termed a crevasse which had been hidden by brambles, and it was well that he did not lose his life.

I was never told what object Doheny had in making this demonstration, but I guess that he wished the country people to think that 'the prophesies were being fulfilled,' and the time approaching when there would be a successful insurrection in Ireland, and it was probably an inducement to the people of that district to join Smith O'Brien as they did shortly after.

I am not aware that there is anything in Columkille's prophesies regarding Slievenamon but I know that there are many ancient traditions connected with it and that a street ballad which was sung about the time of which I write contains the following lines –

Brave O'Connell, in our cause will struggle
And for all their bribes he cares not a'
Our trade and Parliament lie will soon bring over,
And with joy we'el hail them on Slievenaman.'

It cannot be expected that I should be able after so many years to remember every circumstances connected with this time (45 years ago), but I relate what I believe or know to be true.²⁴⁵

I believe that it was some days after this that Doheny was arrested near the houses which face the Green, and are within a short distance of the Court House, by Mr Joseph Cox, who was then chief of the police in Cashel. I don't think that Mr Cox had any police with him, and he probably supposed that Doheny would have gone quietly with him to the Bridewell, which was only 20 or 30 yards away. However, a crowd collected and a rescue was attempted.

244. In these final pages of *Sixty Years*, White moves from topic to topic, sometimes backtracking, evidence of the unrevised nature of these memoirs.

245. Sunday 16 July 1848. This procession left Cashel at around 11 a.m. and arrived at Slievenamon about five hours later. White expresses doubts about the level of support but a contemporary press report mentions up to two thousand people. At Slievenamon perhaps fifty thousand people gathered to hear the speakers, including Doheny. 'We intend to realise the true gospel which was preached by John Mitchel . . . We shall do so at every risk . . .' While White refers to Doheny being dressed in the uniform of the (17)82 Club, he gives no description. A correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, described it as 'a most showy military costume, green and gold' and that Doheny was mounted on a 'chestnut charger'. (*F.J.*, 18 July 1848; *Nation*, 22 July 1848)

A private soldier of the 43rd regiment, which was then quartered in Cashel (of whom I will have to speak hereafter [blank]) carpenter by trade, and was after buying a chisel at Mr Mullins having heard that there was an attempt at rescue ran up John Street and so threatened the crowd with the sharp instrument which he held, that Mr Cox was able to make good the arrest and lodge his prisoner in Bridewell.²⁴⁶ [62]

Next day Mr Doheny was being sent under a strong military escort, I think to Nenagh, and the Hon. Martin Joseph ffrench, R.M, (now Right Hon Lord ffrench) was in command and rode after the escort. At the upper end of the terrace in Ladys Well Street, a crowd had collected and a stone was thrown at the soldiers by some person in the crowd. In a moment the Hon. Mr ffrench had alighted and seized upon the person whom he had seen throw the stone. But he had forgotten in the excitement of the moment to call a 'halt' and the soldiers proceeded along the Dublin road with their prisoner, while the Hon. Mr ffrench was left alone to grapple with his prisoner and the surrounding crowd who attempted a rescue. A little boy who was holding the stipendiary magistrate's horse seeing the position of affairs mounted the horse and rode quickly after the soldiers, and overtook them at the back of Alla Aileen, calling out that 'Mr ffrench was killed'.

Without waiting for an order from an officer they ran back 'helter skelter,' rescued the Hon. Mr ffrench, and carried his prisoner along with them. I was an eye-witness of what I have just related, for I was standing at the gate of my present residence at the time. The person who threw the stone was tried for the offence some days after, and was I believe sentenced to six month's imprisonment with hard labour.

A few days after this Doheny was admitted to bail, but he forfeited his recognizances and did not surrender at the time appointed, and his after adventures are recorded in his very interesting narrative called 'The Felon's Track' to which I beg leave to refer the reader.²⁴⁷

On the 12th July, 1848, the Lord Bishop of Cashel (Dr. Daly) held his Annual visitation of the Clergy of the Diocese in the Cathedral and after the Visitation I dined with Dean Adams, and my brother Rev Newport White, at the Deanery. As I was on my way home I found John Stephenson, before named, at the corner of old Chapel Lane surrounded by a crowd of children he was under

246. Doheny in his own account *The Felon's Track* (Dublin, 1914 ed.) does not dwell on the specifics of this week in Cashel in July 1848. His interest was on the national picture. He does mention his arrest in Cashel and the effort to 'rescue' him which he 'checked'. White places these events after the Slievenamon meeting, whereas they occurred earlier the previous week, with Doheny's arrest by Inspector Cox. Doheny was brought before Ffrench the resident magistrate and was charged with reference to a speech he had delivered in Roscrea. There was surprise that bail was not given but Ffrench decided that this would have to be dealt with where the 'crime' had been committed. While being escorted to the bridewell, an excited crowd tried to free Doheny. 'The police' went one account, 'were hurled about like so many footballs' (*TFP*, 15 July 1848). Another contemporary description explained how two privates of the 43rd. regiment, in the wrong place at the wrong time, were 'severely handled' by the crowd. Doheny had no wish to be 'rescued' and with some difficulty he finally arrived at the bridewell (*F.J.*, 13 July 1848). White's account of the chisel-wielding soldier is unique and probably true but was hardly the reason for Doheny's secure lodgement in the bridewell.

247. Amid great excitement and with considerable security, Doheny was brought to Nenagh, arriving early on Thursday morning. White's account of the events as Doheny was being taken from Cashel are also unique. Doheny, after being paraded through the North Riding 'under an escort of several hundred men' (*Felon's Track*) eventually got bail and rushed back to Cashel, just in time for the Slievenamon meeting on Sunday 16 July. (*F.J.*, 15, 18 July 1848).

the influence of drink, and repeating over and over to those about him 'Here's Stephenson from the North of Ireland! No surrender ye Rebels.'

I returned to the Deanery and found my brother and his wife standing at the gate, and I said to him 'there is Stephenson above there drunk and making a fool of himself, you had better see after him.' (I may here mention that Stephenson was an Enniskillen man, and my brother when Curate of that parish had probably known him as a boy). My brother's wife tried to dissuade him from going; but he went up the street and brought Stephenson safely home to the barracks. But he had scarcely returned to the Deanery gate until Stephenson came up the street again, and as he was passing he gave my brother a military salute 'where are you going now Stephenson?' asked my brother. 'I'm going for my comrade your Reverence' was the reply, and he passed on. (He had been told that a comrade was in some trouble in order to draw him out again.) I again went on my way towards home and again found Stephenson in the same place surrounded by a large crowd, amongst whom were men and women, and he was repeating his former speech.²⁴⁸

I again returned to my brother who came up with me and caught the soldier by the arm, and led him down at the back of the town hall through the Main Street, and I walked behind them. By the time that we had arrived opposite to the Deanery Gate a large and hostile crowd had collected. But I found at my side Mr William Power and the late Joseph Lodge, the latter of whom hindered a man (whose name I will not mention as he is now dead) from stabbing the soldier in the back with a knife. We had only got opposite to where the national Bank is now; when up ran a private soldier of the Regiment, named Garland, (who I heard in after years had attained to the rank of Captain) and exclaiming 'What's the matter Johnny?' he took off his belt and laid about him amongst the crowd.

When he had come to about opposite the post office, which was then the residence of Dr. James Graham, Captain Lambert of the 43rd came up with a picket, and he was as pale as a sheet. Stephenson was given up to him; and by this time the crowd had greatly increased and could be seen pouring out of every street and lane it being reported that the Soldier had made use of very insulting expressions, which I certainly did not hear him use; nor do I believe that he used them. [63] My friend the late Dr James Graham, seeing the crowd from his windows, and also that my brother was in the midst of it, put a case of pistols which were on his chimney piece, in his pocket and came out, as he afterwards said 'seeing that Newport White was in the row,' fortunately his help was not required.

I was told afterwards that some of the soldiers who had been drinking in an upper room at Maunsell's public house, which was opposite to the barracks, had to be forcibly held down by others to prevent them from joining in the row. I was also told that as the sentry would not allow any soldier to pass outside the gate with arms the mess waiters went into the mess room and put knives up their sleeves and came out. I have no doubt that if Stephenson had been stabbed there would have been a massacre of innocent people.

This was the only row that I was ever in in my life, and I feel that I was providentially an instrument in saving blood shed. The incident was doubtless preliminary to the 'rising out'

248. One could hardly imagine a more volatile situation: an Enniskillen Orangeman with too much drink taken, in army uniform, holding forth on the respective merits of unionism and nationalism, in Cashel, a town in which Michael Doherty had just been arrested. And all of this taking place in an atmosphere of increased political expectation, in a country ravaged by famine. It is not surprising that more than forty years later, White still had such vivid memories of the day, 12 July 1848 – that date of course, not unimportant in the political calendar. John Stephenson, the soldier whose troublesome actions were so well remembered by White, is the same soldier briefly mentioned in his account of the chisel-wielder.

under Smith O'Brien of which I shall proceed to give some account.²⁴⁹

Every week day morning on my way to my office about 10 o'clock, I used to call into see my brother Newport, at the Deanery, to hear his news and give him mine.

On or about the 23rd July, 1848, I made my usual call, when he brought me into his study and told me that there was a rising of the people under Smith O'Brien in the barony of Slievardagh, and that a large number of them were expected to come into Cashel that day and take the town. No one could say how soon, and he advised me to go down to my office (which was as I have before stated the Diocesan Registry) and secure all valuable papers, as in a short time it and the house in which it was kept would be taken possession of by soldiers in order to have a cross fire upon the insurgents if they came, it being immediately opposite to the barrack, over the gate of which was called 'the Duke of Wellington's Pepper Box' was erected. This was a construction of planks covered with sheet iron, containing portholes from which the soldiers could fire up and down the street as well as in front of them.

I immediately went down to my office and moved all the books and documents of value into the fire proof-room, which was guarded by two iron doors, bot of which I locked, put the key in my pocket and walked home to Ladys Well. On my way I saw the police with a hand-cart going about to all the shops where either arms, powder or ammunition were sold, and removing them. John Sturdy's, John Mullin's, Mrs Dolan's, Frederick Judge's, and John McGlinns were thus visited.

I should here say that my household at the time consisted of my mother, two sisters, and a servant maid whose name was Peggy Kennedy. We had also a visitor—my first cousin²⁵⁰ William White, who was a sailor originally in Green's Service, but being ship-wrecked between New Holland and Borneo, had joined the Royal Navy, and had not long returned from the Mozambique coast of Africa, where he had been for six years in H. M. ship 'Helena' engaged in putting down the slave trade, and where that ship's crew had many encounters with Portugese slave ships.

He had before this been engaged in the Chinese War, and had seen death and danger in many forms. He had told me how that in taking of a town in China, a house was entered in which a mandarin had cut the throats of his wife and three daughters for fear that they should fall into the hands of the English, and then cut his own, and on this occasion he had seen bales of valuable silks floating down the river, and no one caring to save them.

When I told the news to my cousin William and sister Harriet, he grew as pale as a sheet, for he knew what war was and I did not. He afterwards said to my sister 'I did not care for John or myself, but only for my Aunt and you girls.'

My sister Harriet, knowing that my brother Harry and other friends in Dublin would be naturally anxious about us, wrote a serio comic rhyming description of the 'day's doings' which

249. 23 July was a Sunday and a week after the Slievenamon meeting. The episode at Widow McCormack's house in Ballingarry took place on 29 July, the following Saturday. White is here describing the gathering unease and excitement (depending on one's point of view) palpable in the region. On Tuesday 25 July, loyalists in the town had to cope with rumours that 'thousands' of rebels were camped nearby ready to attack (*T.V.*, 29 July 1848). An odd picture is created by the account of police at the doors of suspected houses 'to catch any strange sounds that might betray the presence of the rebels' (*ibid.*).

250. William White (b.1821) was a son of Richard of Kilmoylan. 'Green's Service' is a reference to the ships of Richard Green (1803-63) which were involved in whaling and in trade with Asia and Australia. William was in Cashel between his discharge from the royal navy in 1847 and going to Australia the following year.

she posted to my brother Harry, in Dublin. I quote some of it as it describes accurately some of the incidents which occurred.

The narrative first tells how that my Mother, and all but the writer had gone down to my brother at the deanery, and she says – [64]

Moreover two very good reasons I had
For not going along with the rest,
To have a few moments alone I was glad
For my spirits were sadly oppressed;
 It was not dread, it was not fear,
 But nature still will shrink
 When painful death seems drawing near,
 And crave a space to think,
 And seize the 'Life Boat' in which we,
 May face Eternity's dark sea.
And another good reason, I'll lay my word on it
Mamma in her hurry had locked up my bonnet

When William brought me up the key,
I sought my little room,
And thought if it I ne'er should see
How sad might be my doom;
So giving myself up to Him
Who died my spirit to redeem,
I locked my desk, and locked the door,
Bade Peggy lock the gate,
And as the rest had gone before
Went to the Palace straight.
Met Mr Lawless by the way,
Who spoke with courage of the fray,
And said, our fainting hearts to cheer
'God saveth not by sword or spear.'

— brought his spouse and wife,
And daughters to preserve their life,
One told his wife she should prepare
That night for sleeping 'anywhere'
But said no questions she should ask
To women this no easy task,
While Mr—and his spouse,
Were just about to leave their house,
Forsaking all, with life to fly,
Driven by the sad necessity.

As yet we had not seen a foe,
The terror reigned around,
William and I were bid to go
And could our spoons be found;
My mother bade me bring them her

To skim her Raspberry Vinegar,
 —met us by the way
 With dismal tidings of the fray,
 She said eleven hundred men
 Were coming in that night
 With Pikes and Guns, and surely then
 There'd be a 'real fight.'
 Each one we met this story told
 Until my very heart grew cold.
 And though I smiled at all their fears
 I scarcely could restrain my tears:
 Poor William whispered 'Entre nous'
 'Harriet I'd lose my life for *you*,'
 This almost made me cry,
 For nothing melts the heart so fast
 When 'tis with doubt or dread o'ercast.
 As word of sympathy.

* * * *

The night passed quietly away
 And all is quiet still,
 But we are ready for the fray—
 The town begins to fill
 With Soldiers and Policemen too,
 Newey has now got Eighty two
 Within the Palace walls,
 And should the row begin then we
 With all of high, and low degree,
 Will shelter in its halls.
 But deem not that we feel alarm
 Upheld by the Almighty arms,
 In peace we keep our souls,
 Trusting in Him, we need not fear,
 He will our fainting spirits cheer,
 Tho' battle rounds us rolls,
 The times are sad, but *He* is good,
 'He sits above the water flood,
 And is a King for ever!'
 Nor sorrow, death, or countless foes,
 Though all surround us and oppose,
 Our souls from Him can sever!²⁵¹

JULY 24, 1848.

It would appear that on the night previous to the alarm in Cashel there had been a meeting of the leaders as Doheney's house (Alla Aileen) which is just outside the town. I do not know the names of those who were present at it.

I believe that the information of the intended outbreak was given by the late Mr Patrick

251. In retrospect this all seems a gross over-reaction but the verses give a sense of the siege mentality of the loyalist community.

Lyttleton (who was an old soldier of the 44th who told me that after the battle of Bergen op Zoom only six men of the 44th paraded next day, and that one of them was a Tailor). It was said that his sons Tom and John were implicated in the plot, and that one of them missed fire of a pistol at his father, probably in order to prevent him from giving information.²⁵² [65]

The abortive insurrection led by Smith O'Brien is a matter of history, but there are circumstances of which the writer of history may not be aware, and I will be pardoned for adding that one was that of Major Fraser who commanded two companies of the 43rd in Cashel, would promise only that he 'would keep the barracks for the Queen,' and that the Regiment which was sent specially from Dublin and encamped at Turtulla near Thurles was the 75th, and that all the police of the Barony of Slievardagh (to the number of 82) abandoned their barracks and came to Cashel, amongst them a man who had just recovered from fever came from Mullinahone, a distance of 17 Irish miles.

The following is a narrative of what was done at the time by the authorities who were stationed in Cashel²⁵³

In July 1848, the Smith O'Brien rebellion broke out, and he and a large number of his followers on the 29th of July, 1848, assembled at a place called the Commons, a few miles from Ballingarry. On that morning sub Inspector Trant brought with him from Callan, through Ballingarry, and towards the Commons, a force of forty five or forty six police to help to disperse the rebels. He had been led to believe that large bodies of police would join him somewhere in the vicinity at the Commons, but as he had left Callan at an hour very much earlier than the other forces could join him, he found himself and his force unaided on their arrival near the Commons. He was there at once assailed by an enormous crowd, and for safety he and his police force had to fly across the fields to a two-storied slated farm house at Farranrory, and occupied at the time, by a few small children of the widow McCormack. In his flight, on account of intervening large fences, Mr Trant had to abandon his horse, and so hurriedly, that he left his pistols in the holsters of his saddle. He and his force succeeded in getting safely into the slated farm house from which, at that moment the widow McCormack happened to be absent. Sub Inspector Trant and his force barricaded themselves in the house which was at once surrounded and besieged by the hostile crowd.

A police force of seventy men had been ordered to proceed on that morning from Fethard toward the Commons, but, owing to the short time allowed by the order and to some mistake, the force did not arrive at the scene of the rebel attack.

The order for a police force to proceed from Cashel to the Commons did not arrive in Cashel till late in the forenoon of the 29th July. A police force of twenty-two men were then hastily got together and long cars having been procured for the men the Cashel force accompanied by the Resident Magistrate (now the Right Hon. Lord Baron ffrench) on horseback, and by Sub-Inspector Cox, on his famous white horse, proceeded as quickly as possible towards the Commons. On their way, and before reaching the cross roads near Farranrory, they learned that

252. Bergen op Zoom in the Netherlands was attacked by a British army in February 1813.

253. The 1848 Rising in Tipperary was the subject of several articles in *THJ* (1998). White mentions Inspector Trant. In 1862 he published a pamphlet giving his version of events, a 'reply' to an account published the previous year by the Rev. Philip Fitzgerald, curate in Ballingarry 1842-52 and subsequently PP there to his death in 1868. That same year his more detailed account was published. Of interest is the description in *Hue and Cry* of Michael Doheny. 'Michael Doheny, barrister, 40 years of age, five feet eight inches in height, sandy hair, grey eyes, coarse red face like a man given to drink, high cheek bones, wants several of his teeth, very vulgar appearance, peculiar coarse unpleasant voice, dresses respectably, small short red whiskers' (*Annual Register* 1848, p. 94).

Sub-Inspector Trant, and his police force, were besieged in a farm house at Farranrory.

On reaching the cross roads the Cashel police force left the cars and marched towards the besieged house. Some of the Rebels fired at the Cashel police force when so marching, but, fortunately these shots did not even wound anyone. The rebels retired before the advancing Cashel force, which succeeded in arriving unhurt at the widow McCormack's farm house, and there liberated Mr Trant and his force. The rebels seeing that the Cashel men had (without assistance) overcome opposition, and had succeeded in joining Mr Trant's force, fled in all directions. Sub-Inspector Trant then wanted the Cashel force to come with him to Ballingarry, but in reply, it was said the Cashel force should return to their quarters in Cashel, and to that place the two forces would, in case of attack, mutually protect each other. This course was then agreed upon.

The rebels did not seize Mr Trant's horse. The Cashel force after their arrival at the farm house, saw the horse grazing some fields away from the farm-house, and securing the horse, gave it to Mr Trant. The whole combined force then marched towards Cashel, but proceeded only a little more than a mile when they met marching towards Ballingarry, a very large military force. Sub-Inspector Trant and his force then turned back joining the military force in their march, and the Resident Magistrate, Sub-Inspector Cox, and the Cashel force then proceeded to Cashel where they arrived safely. [66]

Elections

The history of the later elections of a member of Parliament in Cashel is contained in Blue Books and to these the curious reader may at any time refer. Although I regret to say there was a large amount of false swearing, a necessary conclusion which many gave testimony upon their oaths directly in contradiction of what others had sworn.

I was very much mixed up with these contests more as a matter of business than on account of any friendship for any of the candidates, or sympathy with their principles or politics, and I acted under orders from my principal and partner Mr Charles Fraser Johnson, who I may candidly own entered into the matter merely as a speculation by which money might be made.²⁵⁴

I believe that most of the small boroughs in Ireland, as well as those in England and Scotland were at this time open to overtures from the agent of gentlemen who were willing to pay for the privilege of placing the letters M.P. after their names. Cashel, although notorious, was not more so than Sligo, Dungarvan, Portarlinton, Athlone, Carlow and others.

I cannot always remember dates, but I shall endeavour to state facts, although in the eyes of many readers they may redound to my own credit, when I tell the truth about my own part in

254. It is typical of the disjointed nature of *Sixty Years*, particularly its closing pages, that White having earlier written about elections in Cashel, returns again to that subject. Cashel elections were notoriously corrupt and in writing about them, there is a degree of embarrassment and self-serving. White was questioned about his relationship with Johnson (by then deceased) during the official inquiry into the notorious and final Cashel election, that of 1868 (*Report of the commissioners appointed for the purpose of making inquiry into the existence of corrupt practices at the last election for Cashel etc.* H.C. 1870 (C9), xxxii).

Q. 'Were you a partner? (of Johnson)

A. 'I was employed by him to see after business connected with the election but I am not aware that I made any payments myself personally; I do not recollect that I made any payments to anyone.'

these transactions (as I had formerly to confess it on my oath) I expect that what I state about others will be believed.²⁵⁵

It appears that Mr Johnson looking upon Cashel as a 'fair field' upon which to operate, asked the late Mr Avary Holmes who was well known to be a Solicitor of the highest character and standing, as to the name of a person in Cashel to whom, he would write, and Mr Holmes mentioned me.

I had some letters from Mr Johnson informing me of his object and it was arranged that he should come down to Cashel and he desired that I should come to meet him in Thurles, and bring with me an elector of some intelligence and influence, and I did so. After some conversation we returned to Cashel. Mr Johnson came on the same evening and took up his quarters at the hotel. Nearly every evening he called to see me; but if we met in the street we passed as utter strangers and he had been at least a fortnight in town when I was introduced to him as a stranger by Mr William Power.²⁵⁶ At this time so Timothy O'Brien had been the sitting member and was again a candidate.

Mr Johnson brought as his Candidate a Mr Thomas Hughan a gentleman who was a member of the Carlton club. He came to Cashel and issued a very popular address, but on his return to London, he was so laughed at in the club for his professed politics that he declined having anything further to do with Cashel or its election.

Mr Johnson then brought a Mr Charles McGarel, a gentleman who had amassed a large fortune in one of the colonies. He went to poll against Sir Timothy O'Brien, but as well as I can remember he had not even a dozen to vote for him. But I take it for granted that Mr Johnson got his costs, but at this time I did not share in the profits.²⁵⁷

I do not clearly remember whether it was on the death of Sir Timothy O'Brien, or as the result of a contest that Mr John Lanagan became the sitting member.²⁵⁸ I only know that upon the next dissolution of Parliament Mr Lanagan was a candidate, and that Mr Johnson brought Mr John Carden of Barnane (who was then undergoing a term of imprisonment for the attempted

255. Johnson acted for 'carpetbaggers' – individuals with no ties whatever to a constituency but with plenty of money and a willingness to spend in order to achieve the glory of 'M.P.' after their names. Incidentally MPs were unpaid. White acted as Johnson's local agent, someone with knowledge of how much and to whom money should be paid.

256. The idea that all of Cashel was unaware of the connection is risible.

257. White is here referring to the general election of 1852. The election address of Thomas Hughan of Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park, London, appeared in the local press over several weeks in the early summer of 1852. A Cashel correspondent (*TFP*, 29 May 1852) noted that no one had ever heard of him; that '(he) has no recommendation but his purse' and that 'Cashel will not be bought by English gold'. On the other hand, Sir Timothy O'Brien the sitting member had the support of the local catholic clergy. When at an election meeting the agents of Hughan tried to address the crowd, they met a very hostile reception (*TFP*, 9 June 1852). Hughan withdrew at the end of June (*C.C.*, 3 July 1852). A week later, the local press carried the election address of Charles McGarel of Wimpole Street, Cavendish Sq. London. He proclaimed himself an extensive Irish landowner and substantial shareholder in the G.S.& W. Railway (*C.C.*, 3 July 1852). When he arrived in Cashel on 9 July, he had to get police protection. 'Mr Hughan bequeathed his interest in this borough to Mr McGarel. The agents, staff and committee rooms and lodgings are the same' (*TFP*, 10 July 1852). O'Brien got sixty votes and McGarel managed nineteen.

258. O'Brien was again the successful candidate in the election of 1857 (See footnote 241). Two years later there was another general election in which O'Brien was not a candidate.

abduction of Miss Arbuthnot) as his candidate. A street ballad which was written in favour of his Candidate had the following chorus:—²⁵⁹

We'ed vote for Carden
We'ed vote for Carden,
The hero of Barnane.

There was a public ball and supper at the town hall, at which Mr Carden attended, and to which he brought a coach filled with officers from Templemore. The late John J. Henry and I were stewards. I never saw such perfection of dancing as I saw upon this occasion. The young ladies were chiefly pupils of Mr Clarke's dancing school, 'all went as merry as a marriage bell,' and the company did not separate until six o'clock in the morning.

Mr Carden flattered himself that he had gained the votes of the fathers and brothers of the young ladies with whom he danced, but at the poll some days after, he was left in a miserable minority.²⁶⁰ [67]

My share in the profits of this speculation was a mere trifle. Mr Carden was an undisguised Tory and he did not bribe anyone. I do not insinuate in saying this that his opponent or his agents did so, and I believe Mr Lanagan was voted for upon principle.

(Concluded.)

Numbers in square brackets are the page numbers in the original.

259. John Carden (1811-66), forty-one years of age, fell for eighteen-year-old Eleanor Arbuthnot. In July 1854, he tried to abduct her and failed. The trial, amid very great public interest, resulted in two years in prison. White's reference to Carden being in prison at the time of the election is wrong. (See A. Carden, 'Woodcock' Carden – a balanced account in *THJ*, (2000), pp. 120-131 and N. Murphy, *The Apologia of an Abductor in Tipperary: A Treasure Chest* (Nenagh, 1995), pp. 58-69).

260. Carden, standing in the Tory interest, was an unlikely candidate in the 1859 election. White's account of Carden trading on his louche reputation is amusing. 'Mr Clarke' was bandmaster of Tipperary Light Infantry and the public ball, held in Cashel Market House, was arranged by him and took place on 4 May 1859. John Joseph Heney died in July 1864. The result of the election was Lanigan 91 votes, Carden 10 and Hemphill 8 votes (*TFP*, 6 May 1859).