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# John Davis White's *Sixty Years in Cashel*

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By Denis G. Marnane

## Part 2 Characters

There were some queer characters in Cashel in these days. Kit Godfrey was a constant attendant upon the gathering of the members of the Corporation, and I suppose that she was a pensioner of the Pennefeather family. Her sister Gin (or Jane) took upon herself to control the supply of water from the Pipe. The servant girl who had not given some bribe to her, had a small chance of getting water and the poor had to fight for it; broken heads and broken gallons was the order of the day, especially in summer, when the water was scarce. It may be well to state here that although the fountain bears the inscription "Erected by the Commissioners A.D. 1842", the pipe water was brought to Cashel centuries before by the Friars of Saint Dominick's Abbey. The pipes which were in some places of wood, and in other places of lead, were under the control of the old Corporation, and the late Michael Scott had charge of them. When the lead pipes were superseded by Metal ones, the lead was sold to some party in Dublin, who made a large sum of money out of the silver which was extracted from it by methods unknown until modern times.<sup>92</sup> [13]

Gin Godfrey was one of the Five individuals who were common and notorious drunkards, but strange to say, that when she took the temperance pledge from Father Mathew, she kept it strictly until the day of her death.

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92. A poem of the early 1860s began: 'How does the water to Cashel come?' and concluded: 'There's no water for Cashel but filthy sludge'. Water supply for the town was a long-standing problem. Whatever about the efforts of medieval friars to bring water to the town (C.G., 10 Sept. 1964), in the early eighteenth century, Archbishop Bolton is recorded as having tried to pipe water from a nearby river, a scheme that failed to answer the town's needs (*Parl. Papers*, 1835/xxviii). Early in the nineteenth century, another Church of Ireland luminary (Cotton) promoted a scheme to pipe water from Kilsobin but what water arrived was particularly muddy (C.G., 28 Apr. 1866). Even William Bayly Upton (See Note 49 above) tried to promote a very ambitious scheme, not only a water supply for domestic consumption but capable of providing transport, a canal in other words. With a projected cost of £9,000, not surprisingly the government or indeed private investment, was not interested (Lewis, *Topographical Dictionary*, 1, p. 285). A witness to a government inquiry in 1877, described how when water was scarce in the town, public pumps were kept locked and access was only available through a local government employee (*Parl. Papers*, 1877/xl). Such problems about water supply were all the greater a scandal in the context of the fact that Cashel Corporation had an estate of 3,624 acres, which if properly managed should have financed an adequate scheme. A local builder, well-connected with several members of the town commission, was awarded a contract to build a reservoir which turned out to be of little use (*Parl. Papers*, 1877/xl; Slater, 1856). Finally, 'a good water service was established by the town commissioners about six years ago. Pipes were laid to a reservoir a quarter of a mile from the (town). Here storage is provided for a million galleons drawn from eight wells and passed through three filtering beds . . . There are five free fountains and the houses connected with the main are charged a uniform rate of £1 a year each' (*Bassett*, 1889, pp. 209-11).

Another notorious drunkard named Jack Rawlins, on one occasion having nothing of his own to pledge, took away his son's anvil in the cape of his great coat and pawned it, spending the proceeds in drink. He also after taking the pledge from Father Mathew kept it, while moderate drinkers who took the pledge were usually breakers of it, and were vulgarly called 'Bursters'.

Rawlins and his son were spade makers by trade.<sup>93</sup>

Another of the celebrated characters of the time was Thomas Loney, son to Edward Loney, who lived in the house lately occupied by Mr. Patrick Phelan, and upon the site of which Mr. John Mullins has erected a new residence. I believe that he was connected with the Medical Profession. I may repeat a few stories that I have been told about him — One morning the late Very Rev. James McDonnell, Parish Priest and Roman Catholic Dean of Cashel, was proceeding to the house of the late Mr. Edmond Cusack, of Mount Judkin, in order to hold a station there, when he found Tom Loney on his knees at the little stream which then crossed the road from Gortmore to the Hoarabbey lands. "What are you doing there Tom?" demanded the Priest. "making Grog, your Reverence", answered Tom. "How is that Tom?" again demanded the Priest. "Why your Reverence I drank the Whiskey last night, and I am drinking the water now".

Another good story is related of him — He was one night playing cards with William (Boney) Price at the house of the latter, and they quarrelled over the game. When Boney turned Tom out of the house, the latter proceeded as far as the Pipe, where he met Mary Joy (or Gee), who was a person of no good character, and he said to her "Here is a shilling for you and go up and abuse Boney Price". She accordingly went up and fulfilled her errand in language, such as would hardly bear repetition. Boney ran out of his house without his hat, and with a whip in his hand pursued Mary Gee, who fled before him. Tom Loney in the mean time came slyly round the corner, and finding the door open entered the house and locked the door against the owner, telling his sister Sally that her brother was in the street engaged in a fight with disreputable characters. When Boney returned shortly after 'hatless' he found the door locked against him, and his sister Sally abused him in no measured terms from an upper window for his conduct in keeping such company.

Another story which I have from one of the actors, is worth repeating as showing the recklessness with which people hazarded their lives. Tom Loney, Patrick Heney, and an Officer of the name of O'Brien were out shooting, and returning by the Golden Road, Pat Heney happened to be walking some distance in the front of Loney and the latter fired some small shot after him which wounded him in the legs. Immediately there was a challenge to fight a duel, 'on the mortal spot', and instead of trying to make up the dispute Lieutenant O'Brien rather encouraged the parties to 'see it out'. [14]

They proceeded to go inside the wall near the gate from the road to 'Little Mantlehill', where the ground was measured. Mr. Heney charged his fowling piece with six swan drops, and he

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93. In keeping with White's promise not to cause hurt to anyone in these memoirs, presumably these individuals were long dead at the time of writing. The enthusiasm for Fr Mathew in Cashel was as great as elsewhere, although it seems that he was not allowed use the Rock for one of his temperance rallies (C. Kerrigan, *Father Mathew and the Irish Temperance Movement 1838-49* (Cork, 1992), p. 61). Was the irony appreciated that Mathew's brother had a distillery near Golden? (C.G., 4 Nov. 1871). Temperance of course was not just a catholic issue. In 1878, an optimistic experiment was tried in the shape of 'The Cashel Coffee Van' – a wagon built specially in London to provide non-intoxicating drinks at fairs and other public gatherings and paid for by protestant public subscriptions (C.G., 22 June 1878).

handed a like number to Loney. Mr. Heney was placed with his back to the wall, while Loney was put in the open. Mr. Heney advanced towards his adversary, saying that he would accept the slightest apology, but the other refused to make any. Mr. Heney took the opportunity to send Loney to the wall, while he took his place in the open, (previous to this Loney was blind of an eye). The word to fire was given by O'Brien. One of Mr. Heney's swan drops struck Loney on the forehead over the good eye and glanced round and under it. Another struck him in one of the left hand fingers, and a third in the hip, while Tom Loney knocked a corn off one of Pat Heney's toes.

Tom Loney afterwards went to England where he married the daughter of a Medical man who had four dispensaries. He became sober and steady and 'by all accounts' lived happy and well.<sup>94</sup>

There are some remarkable persons in Cashel of whom traditions are preserved, and I have heard of them from several persons, but I have not been able to ascertain exactly at what time they lived, even the oldest persons living do not remember to have seen them.

"Ducky Flam" was the name by which a girl or woman was known, she was often to be seen walking upon the highest points of the walls of Saint Dominick's Abbey, or upon the tiles and roofs of the houses in the Main Street. What her right name was I have not heard. I suppose she must have been some half witted creature.<sup>95</sup>

The most famous character of whom I have heard was popularly known under the name of "Cover O'Cleary", a celebrated hurler. His grandson is at present living in Cashel, and a daughter of his was married to Jack Cutler, the cobbler, so that he probably 'flourished' about the beginning of this century.

## Hurling

It may be necessary to explain at this time when there are new rules and customs, with regard to the game of 'Hurley' (which to my mind are not Improvements), the derivation of O'Cleary's usual name of 'Cover'. The game was usually played with twenty-one men at each side, (and there were nearly as many on each side appointed to keep the contestants from fighting). The twenty-one men was divided into three parties of seven, the fleetest of foot were placed upon the 'winning' and 'losing' goals, while the strongest men or best wrestlers were in the centre or 'Cover', where the most serious contest was hotly maintained. 'Cover' O'Cleary, although a small man, was usually chosen for the 'Cover', as he had a knack of throwing his opponent which was irresistible. I believe what is called 'collar and elbow' amongst wrestlers is very effective, but whatever 'Cover's secret was he did not impart it even to his son.

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94. See note 77 above with regard to Loney's address. Edmund Cusack was the occupier of the 49.75 acres which comprised the townland of Mount Judkin (G.V.). William Price had a drapery business. See Note 87. The reference to Heney is perhaps Patrick of Ballynahinch, a substantial farmer, who died in 1877.

95. White makes it clear that this creature is part of Cashel apocrypha. There seems to have been something about Cashel that made its eccentrics take to the high ground. The Halls, a husband and wife team who travelled and wrote about Ireland in the early 1840s, visited Cashel and the Rock. Their guide told them about his predecessor who at various periods lived among the ruins and spent his entire time 'piling together the precious fragments' of stone and generally doing his best to conserve what was left of the buildings on the Rock. The connection with White's character 'Ducky Flam' is the Hall's account of this individual clambering about the walls on the Rock, in his effort to replace stones (*Ireland, its Scenery, Character Etc.*, Tipperary, pp. 105-6).

Philip O'Cleary belonged to the labouring class, and lived somewhere on the Green of Cashel, and there was no great Parish or County Match of Hurling at which he was not an honoured competitor.

It is said that at one time there was a great game being played between the 'good people' of the North and South of Ireland, and the North were getting the better of [15] the South, when a Hurley was dropped at O'Cleary's feet, and he was directed to help the Southernns. He did so, and they gained the day. On this occasion one of the 'good people' gave him the potent secret, but cautioned him not to throw a man the second time or he would do him bodily injury, while if he threw him the third time he would kill him.

In these days country gentlemen often headed their own tenants and labourers against the tenants and labourers of a neighbouring landlord, and there would be as great a number of carriages with Ladies and Gentlemen in them as spectators, as there are now at the most fashionable Race Courses.

Somewhere in the County of Kilkenny there was such a match about to be played. 'Cover' happened to be present, and before the game commenced he asked one of the players for the loan of his hurley and the ball. When he struck the ball out of sight, met it before it came to the ground and drove it back again through the air, met it again, and did the same several times, the man from whom he had taken the hurley said to him "you must be either the d——l or Cover", for his fame was not confined to the neighbourhood of Cashel. He was at once chosen to hurl upon the side of the man who had spoken, and during the contest 'Cover' drove the ball right through the open windows of a carriage, met it at the other side, and while all the other combatants imagined that the ball was lost he had gained the 'goal' for his party.

Another of the stories told about him is that one evening after his day's work he was sitting in his cabin, when a great big collier came enquiring for 'Cover' as he wished to see him. 'What then', said 'Cover', 'you have not much to see', 'but I want to see him as I hear he is a great wrestler, and I want to have a bout with him'. Then said the other 'I am Cover', and he caught the Collier and put him upon his head into the sink.

There are different versions of these stories, but I believe the mere facts are well authenticated.<sup>96</sup>

I know many stores about Hurling Matches both in the Country and in my own County of Kilkenny, but they have not much connection with my time in Cashel.

I remember a man called 'Paddy time o'day', who was an Idiot. His chin was tied to his chest by a string of flesh. He was in the employment of Daniel, a Baker who lived where Stewarts Hotel is now. He was continually talking about Dr. Cotton. It is told of him that his employer instigated him by the offer of a reward of two loaves of bread, to throw a stone into the window of Mr. Graces's establishment. Paddy hesitated with the stone in his hand, while Daniel kept showing him the two loaves in the entry to the rere of his premises. At length the stone was thrown, breaking in the glass upon Mrs. Grace. When Paddy was caught and demanded why he had done so, he answered 'sure Dr. Cotton told me to do it'.<sup>97</sup> [16]

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96. *Griffith Valuation* lists just two 'Clearys' living in the Green c. 1850 – Michael and Denis. However, John Cutler is listed. These houses, valued at around £1 were very much at the lower end of the housing spectrum. Cutler is not listed in *Slater* (1856). It is not surprising that White states that 'Cover O'Cleary' was a character 'of whom I have heard' rather than any indication that he personally knew him. By the end of his description, White's account transcends anecdote and becomes myth. This description of hurling has more in common with the game as detailed by John Dunton in his *Teague Land, or a Merry Ramble to the Wild Irish* (first published in 1600, Dublin, 1982 ed.) pp. 41-3, than today's game.

97. *Pigot* (1824) lists John Daniel, Baker but of Friar Street. Archdeacon Henry Cotton was born in England c. 1789 and graduated from Christ Church Oxford in 1810. Between 1814 and 1822, he worked in the

## Trades

There were, as I have before stated, over eight thousand inhabitants in Cashel in 1831 and there was a very large population in the surrounding country who drew their supplies from Cashel Shopkeepers and Tradesmen.<sup>98</sup>

There were a number of trades carried on in Cashel at this time, which have died or are dying out. The Broguemakers were a large class and on Market and Fair days they had their wares in Kishes at the side of the street extending from Friar Street Corner to opposite the Water Pipe. At that time men and women were not ashamed to wear Brogues. Now alas! shoes and boots made in Cashel are not good enough for the grand-sons and grand-daughters of these honest people, but Cashel men and women allow their fellow citizens to want while the tradesmen of England and Scotland are encouraged in the manufacture of articles seemingly cheap, but often worthless. I have often thought that out of mere selfishness we should help our neighbours to live. They help us to bear the burden of Poor Rates and other Taxes, and every householder removed, adds to the weight upon those who remain.<sup>99</sup> Many of us are poor patriots and citizens.

Another trade was that of weaving, and many looms were kept at work in Cashel. Hacklers, Threadmakers, and Wool Carders, were a necessary accompaniment to these. Flax was largely sown, while there is not now probably five acres of it in the whole County of Tipperary. There were wheelwrights to supply wool and linen wheels (and no gentleman or farmer's house was without both).

An old ballad formerly very popular makes the Farmer to boast —

“I eat my own Ham, my own Chicken and Lamb,  
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.”

I may here mention a fact which is not generally known — that so great was the manufacture of linens in this County in former days, that there was hardly a Parish which had not its Bleach Green,

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Bodleian Library in Oxford. In June 1822, thanks to the patronage of Archbishop Laurence, he was appointed archdeacon of Cashel. From 1829 he had the living of Thurles, where he resided and in 1832 gave evidence before a House of Lords select committee inquiring into the collection and payment of tithes (*Parl. Papers*, 1831-32 (663), xxii). He complained that two-thirds of his 1830 income was unpaid. White's anecdote therefore probably dates to the late 1820s. He had an interest in preserving the ruins on the Rock and according to White's obit. notice about him, Cotton was responsible for substantial maintenance to the fabric of the buildings. Cotton died in Lismore, 3 December 1879 (*C.G.*, 6 Dec. 1879). Archdeacon Cotton was the author of a study of the structure of the Irish church, *Fasti Ecclesiae Hibernicae*, published in five volumes 1845-60.

98. The change in Cashel's population through the nineteenth century was as follows: (1831) 6,971, (1841) 7,036, (1851) 4,650, (1861) 4,327, (1871) 4,562, (1881) 3,961, (1891) 3,216 and (1901) 2,938 (Vaughan & Fitzpatrick (eds.), *Irish Historical Statistics* (Dublin, 1978), pp. 34-5). This quite optimistic view of Cashel at this period is not shared by Henry Inglis, who included Cashel in his well-known *A Journey throughout Ireland, during the spring, summer and autumn of 1834* (London, 1835) — ‘Cashel is rather a pretty town: the principal street is wide and well built; but the place is far from being in a flourishing condition . . .’ (pp. 110-11).
99. ‘kishes’ — ciseain or baskets. Allowing for the nature of the evidence, commercial directories would seem to confirm the impact of increased access to wider sources of supply. *Slater* (1856) lists twenty-nine ‘boot and shoemakers’ in Cashel, while *Guy* (1893) lists ten ‘boot and shoemakers and warehouses’. It is clear from this latter listing, that many of these premises just sold footwear. The plea by White with respect to supporting home manufacture, would not be out of place in a Sinn Fein manifesto.

the Irish word 'Toor', meaning a Bleach Green — the names of Torah, Tooreen, Knockatoor, Knockatooreen, just occur to my mind. The introduction of Calicoes and English Manufactures have completely killed a home industry.

I may state that about thirty years ago I sowed a small patch of Flax in a field which I had newly tilled. At the proper time it had to be pulled, steeped, broken, hackled, spun and woven. I had to boast of a table-cloth made from my own flax, but, I suppose I could have bought five better table-cloths in Belfast for what this single article cost me.<sup>100</sup>

Another trade which flourished was that of skinners, men who stripped the wool off sheep skins and made leather aprons or nether garments for men and boys from the partially tanned skins. These would be brought in car loads to country fairs, and my father has told me that he has often seen a woman behind a tent shaking a boy into a pair of 'skelps', as they were called. If the wearer walked through wet grass the 'skelps' would stretch to his heels. If he cut them they would when dry, shrink beyond expectation, and make an example of the wearer. My father used to tell of one of his schoolfellows having upset another into some dirt, he exclaimed in grief 'I did not care if it was my Sheepskins, but my new Corduroys!'<sup>101</sup>

I remember Sergeant Maher (as he was called), carrying about on a stick across his shoulder 4 or 6 sheepskins, bringing them to be stripped of the wool. [17]

Another trade was that of hatter. Many people can remember old Jemmy Gleeson the last of the Cashel hatters. He had with his trade descended to poverty, but, I believe he was so proud that he died of semi-starvation rather than go into the Workhouse. His trade had been a respectable one, and he was a respectable and high-spirited man. The hats were made of wool and were very heavy. I don't suppose that any modern head could bear the weight of one of them.<sup>102</sup>

Another trade was that of Whitesmiths and Cutlers. Terry Creed and James Lanty were well known as whitesmiths, and John McGlinn as a Cutler.<sup>103</sup>

George Norman was a wire worker, but all wire work is now imported.  
Spade making was another great trade. None are now made in Cashel.

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100. Earlier in the eighteenth-century, the countryside around Cashel was noted for the amount of sheep produced but towards the end of that century, sheep gave way to cattle, with a consequent rise in the price of wool. Evidence from around Cashel c.1836, noted that spinning as a source of female employment had hugely declined since the previous decade, mainly because the manufactured article could be purchased cheaper (*Poor Inquiry*, appendix D, 1836, xxxi, p. 90). White's claim with respect to the importance of linen production in the county seems excessive. Individual landlords and entrepreneurs tried to promote the industry, for example near Tipperary town in the 1740s and in Cahir in the 1820s. In 1823, just six hundred and forty acres of flax were sown in the county, placing it twenty-fifth in the national ranking (T. P. Power, *Land, Politics, and Society in Eighteenth-Century Tipperary* (Oxford, 1993), pp. 39-45).

101. The 1841 census listed fifteen 'skinners' for the county (*Parl. Gaz.* iii, p. 363). 'skelps' – perhaps 'scealp' or scrap (of leather)? (*Dineen*, p. 964). Henry Inglis cites a different aspect of male attire (*A Journey throughout Ireland etc.* (London, 1835): 'Sitting in the evening at the window of the inn (in Cashel), I saw a sight such as I never saw in any other part of the world – a lad twelve years of age and upwards, naked in the streets. I say naked: I do not mean without a rag; but I mean so entirely in rags, that he might as well have been stark naked. All he had on him was a jacket, and a few tatters of a shirt, hanging in stripes here and there'. (pp. 114-15).

102. James Gleeson, hatter, Friar Street (*Slater*, 1856). He occupied a house and yard, valued at £1.35, located opposite the catholic church, not facing the street but tucked away behind other houses.

103. A whitesmith was a tinsmith. A John McGlinn of 102 Main Street is given in *Slater* (1856) as a gunsmith.

Sieve Making was also carried on in Cashel. Cheaper goods are now imported from England, and the trade is obsolete.

There were also Basket makers, but now all baskets come from Cahir, or Cork, and are imported from England.

There were also small tanneries in Cashel. John Walsh had the principal one, and in some back yards in Ladys Well the remains of the old pits may be found.<sup>104</sup>

Chandlers were numerous I believe. The last of these now works for Mr. Mullins. I know that many country housekeepers used to make candles from the tallow of the cattle killed at Martinmas, Christmas or Easter – now candle moulds would be a curiosity.<sup>105</sup>

Coarse Crockery Ware was manufactured in Cashel, and the neighbourhood of Dualla, by members of a family named Conrahy. It was of the lowest and coarsest class, and I have heard a servant girl from Westmeath speak of low class people, thus 'Thims the real Conrahies'.<sup>106</sup>

Noggin's or Piggins were made in the neighbourhood of Cashel, chiefly at Dundrum. I suppose one of them could not be found anywhere in the County now, I suppose that they superseded the older fashioned wooden drinking vessel the 'Modhar'.

## Cholera

About August 1832 the Cholera Morbus came to Cashel. Two Miss O'Connors who had been in Tipperary, brought it from that town, and died of it in the house next to the Pipe, now occupied by Mrs. Considine. The late John Corcoran was employed about the bringing of the Patients to the Cholera Hospital, which was situate near the corner of the passage round the Fever Hospital. The Fever Hospital was not then built, and the recovery house was at the other side of the field near the Town Wall. It is believed that at least two hundred persons died in Cashel of that plague, and I know that there were no burials to the West of the Northern Transept at the Rock, until the ground was taken up with the burial of those who had died of Cholera.<sup>107</sup>

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104. John Walsh, currier of Main Street is mentioned in *Slater* (1856). His premises were opposite the Pipe on the Palace side of the street. Generally on the decline in demand for locally produced goods – '... the artisan-traders and meal-mongers of pre-Famine Ireland catered for more frugal tastes. Gradually they gave way before a flood of factory-produced clothes, shoes and bread. In the bigger towns most of the peripatetic dealers gave way to the pub-grocery ...' (C. O Grada, *Ireland a New Economic History 1780-1939* (Oxford, 1994), p. 266).

105. Under the heading 'Tobacconists and Tallow Chandlers', two individuals were listed in *Pigot* (1824). There were also two listings in *Slater* (1870), including John Mullins of 21 Main Street.

106. White is vague about the location of this enterprise. The name 'Conrahy' is not common and White's reference is probably to a Richard Conrahy who had a holding of fourteen acres in the townland of Garranmore, a short distance north-east of Cashel.

107. The house in question was on the Cashel Palace side of Main Street and seven houses down from the end of the street. Epidemic cholera is spread by means of contaminated water, something not understood at the time. Given the extent of over-crowding, its virulence was severe. A few years after this outbreak, a Cashel magistrate described conditions there as follows: '... families are huddled together ... in the same cabin without furniture or bedding or scarcely covering for their nakedness; they all sleep together indiscriminately male and female on dirty straw heaped in a corner on the earthen floor' (*Poor Inquiry*, 1836, xxxii – evidence of G. Fitzgerald RM). The impact of the disease was widespread. For example, seventeen cases of whom most died were noted in Cullen, (*T.F.P.*, 2 March 1933). In his diary for 1832, Humphrey O'Sullivan noted the impact of this cholera epidemic. 'The Stringingly-Painful, Livid Disease



Almost immediately upon the appearance of the plague in Cashel, my Brothers Newport, Henry, and I, were sent for safety to the residence of my Uncle Ben, who had a farm which he held under the Earl of Carrick, at a place called Monathierna (the Lords Bog), about a mile to the North of Thurles. Here we spent about three months, and the temporary release from lessons was doubtless looked upon as a great boon. Our days were spent in fishing in the little river which divided the lands from Athloman, for Crayfish, Gudgeons and Callioughs.<sup>108</sup>

At this time there was a great deal of illicit distillation going on in the neighbourhood, [18] and I remember seeing a number of people running excitedly, carrying burdens, upon an eminence in an adjoining townland. Very soon after there were a number of Revenue Policemen upon the scene, and the persons whom I had previously observed, were running away with the still and its belongings and hiding them away. They had probably received a hasty notice that the 'Revenue' were coming.<sup>109</sup>

Not being resident in Cashel during the visitation of the Cholera, I cannot give any information regarding the names of the persons who died of it. The walk which passed by the Cholera Hospital is now called 'the Mall'. It was then called 'the Whitty Walk', it having been constructed by the Rev. Irwine Whitty, while he was curate of Cashel. It was he who was afterwards murdered near Golden at the time of the anti-tithe agitation.<sup>110</sup>

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is working havoc in many towns throughout Ireland. It is in Clonmel, in Carrick-on-Suir and in Waterford' (16 July 1832). Five weeks or so later, he spend the day on business in Clonmel, describing how 'the Deadly Cholera is leaving Clonmel without country people either buying or selling there'. In a scene very similar to Thomas Mann's description of visitors to the disease-stricken city being entertained by musicians in *Death in Venice*, O'Sullivan continues his description: 'I left Clonmel at ten o'clock at night. A band was playing through the streets, to keep the people's minds off gloom or sorrow'. (23 August 1832). (M. McGrath (ed.), *The Diary of Humphrey O'Sullivan*, Part iii (Irish Texts Society, 1936), pp. 167, 175).

108. 'Uncle Ben' was his mother's brother (1790-1875), married to one of the Minchin family. They had no children.
109. The Revenue Commissioners first used their own police force in 1818. By 1835, this force had around one thousand men. However, many of them were willing to share in the profits of illicit distilling which by the 1830s was the most profitable cottage industry in the country. 1832-35 was a peak period for detections, over five thousand a year, a level not reached again during the remainder of the century. In 1834, with revenue falling, the government cut the duty from 3s 4d per gallon to 2s 4d (E. Malcolm, *'Ireland Sober, Ireland Free' Drink and Temperance in Nineteenth-Century Ireland* (Dublin, 1986), pp. 33-38, 98-99).
110. The Rev. Irwine Whitty, a native of Clare and from a family of churchmen, was born in Nov. 1778 and after a distinguished career at TCD, was ordained and won the patronage of Charles Broderick, who in 1801 was promoted from his bishopric of Kilmore to become Archbishop of Cashel. In 1812, Whitty was moved from Cashel where he had been a curate for some years to Glankeen and in 1816 he was awarded the rectory of Golden which had a substantial income. By 1832, his income was seriously affected by anti-tithe agitation. An indication perhaps of the tenor of the times was that 'when he first arose in the morning . . . the objects that met his eyes were the bodies of assassins, which hung on gibbets and were swinging in the wind'. He was naive about the attitude of the local population towards him, writing to a colleague: '. . . rather surprise you how kindly the Romanists here receive religious suggestions from me' and that they were gratified when he visited their homes (Rev. Irwine Whitty, *A Selection of Letters and Meditations* (Oxford, 1832), preface pp. iii-xxvi). Because of his efforts to recover his tithes, he was murdered in late January 1832 (*T.F.P.*, 28 Jan. 1832, also J. Duncan Craig, *Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland* (London, n.d.), pp. 45-7).

## Elections

On the 14th December 1832 James Roe, of Roseboro was elected Member of Parliament for the City of Cashel without opposition. An old Ballad of the time has the following lines —

“God Bless our clergy and long may they reign,  
And brave Mr. Roe, that joined the repeal,  
Cheers for O’Connell the monarch of Ireland. &c. &c.”.<sup>111</sup>

In the year 1835 was the first contested Election for Cashel. Alderman Matthew Pennefather addressed the electors. I remember a few words of the address, “Stand by me, and through life I will stand by you. You will find me an upright honest representative, not looking to any administration for place or emolument but with fidelity fulfilling my promises to my constituents”.

Milo Bourke O’Ryan travestied the address. I am able to remember some disjointed couplets of this version. In some places I have supplied forgotten words.

To the Electors true and free  
Of this ancient ould City  
Of Cashel.

Dear good gentlemen  
I address you once again,

Tis said an Irishman is brave  
And will not be a paltry slave,  
But Cashel men will vote for me,  
And prove they’re fit for slavery.  
It has been thought that lowered purse-strings  
Would have kept me from the hustings  
But I will lose even my last coat  
Or I will poll you vote for vote,  
Be not deterred by spouters ire  
They’re but the tools of pay and hire,  
From voting for the mystery  
Of old Dickey’s orange club  
And of me his ill used cub.  
Elect me, and you than will have  
A faithful representative,  
Of Tithes and rotten Corporations  
Oh may they last for generations

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111. James Roe (d. 1844) was a member of a family established in the county since the early eighteenth-century (D. G. Marnane, *Land and Violence A History of West Tipperary since 1660* (Tipperary, 1985), p. 15). Roe had stood as a candidate for the county in 1826 and came last of four candidates for the two seats. In an election address of April 1831, he proclaimed grandly that ‘corruption has gained the last victory’ and that only Repealers should represent Tipperary (*T.F.P.*, 27 April 1831). In December 1832, he was elected unopposed for Cashel and continued as MP until the 1835 general election. Daniel O’Connell described him as ‘one of the honestest men Ireland ever sent to Parliament’ (O’Connell to J. O’Brien Cashel, 12 Dec. 1834 in *O’Connell Correspondence*, V, p. 227).

Do not refuse me neighbours good  
I only sold you when I could  
I've but a stable in your town  
So therefore do not put me down.  
Gentlemen, I'll always stable  
With you while I'm strong and able,  
Sand by me and through my life,  
I'll love you as loves me my wife,  
And even in this stormy weather  
I believe I am Matty Pennefather.

I have preserved probably the only copy in existence of the following Election Ballad written at this time. It is a very poor specimen of its class. It has a very badly executed woodcut at its head, of a man handing a bag of money to another who accepts it with a low bow . . . The words are a new song on the Election of Cashel.

Ara Pennefather be easy don't think that we are mad,  
All we want you well know is the votes that we had  
We know how to get them, we will keep them in peace  
Ara Pennefather be easy and leave us our lease. [19]

(Chorus)

Hurra for O'Connell, hurra for the cause,  
Hurra for brave Perrin and the old Laws,  
It's he will remove all sufferings and tears  
And for Father McDonnell we'll all give three cheers.

Pennefather you stole it in the time of the boys,  
Got drunk with desention confusion (and) noise,  
And since we removed our suffering's and tears  
It's for the Liberal party we will all give three cheers.  
(Chorus)

Well we remember the year '98  
The gun-bogging faction thought us to defeat,  
But immortal O'Connell gave them a brain blow  
And curse will attend them wherever they go.  
(Chorus)

Our burrow is opened it soon shall be free  
From Tyrants and Tories we soon shall be free,  
As it is now open we will give it no more  
Success to O'Connell, and Erins green shore.

I well remember the day of the nomination. It was the first scene of confusion and riot that I ever witnessed. The late Sir John Fitzgerald would not be allowed to speak, but he good humouredly kept throwing up an orange and catching it again in his hand while he stated that he was prepared

to stay there until next morning unless he was allowed a hearing. I remember a few words of his speech. He spoke of Matthew Pennefather as the neighbour and friend of the citizens, 'and Mr Perrin is first Sergeant at law and judge expectant, gentleman' (it may not be out of place to state here that I believe Mr. Perrin was the son of a former French Usher at the Rev. Patrick Hares School in Cashel, who was the author of Perrins French Grammar and was of Huguenot descent).<sup>112</sup>

Mr. Pennefather was escorted into Cashel by a number of tenants well mounted. Amongst whom the brothers George, Thomas, William, Charles, and Henry Ryall, were conspicuous. I remember when they were leaving the town they were attacked by a country man in Ladys Well street, opposite my father's residence. He was from the mountains above Clonoulty, and had nothing to do with Cashel politics. His reward was a cut head and he was arrested and brought a prisoner before my father. He must have been under 'the influence' or he would not have attacked single handed a body of well mounted and resolute men — he was heard to say 'when I heard that they were the Pennefathers I slashed at them' — I don't know whether he received any punishment or not, at that time it was no legal 'crime' to be drunk.

My brother Newport was Poll Clerk for Mr. Pennefather, and earned £5 by the job. The Poll continued for several days. The Commons tenants, who constituted a large proportion of the voters, and at that time were tenants to Mr. Pennefather almost all voted against him, (I know that a man named Michael Herrick whose farm is now held by Mr. Cahill, was an exception). Many of them owed several years' rent to Mr. Pennefather at the time, and the qualification oath being put to them they 'qualified' it by substituting the word 'Reash' for rent. I heard it so often put that I remember it well.

'I swear that I am the person named in this certificate and that not more than one half years Reash (Rent) Tithes or taxes are due by me'.

The result is recorded in the corporate book as follows —

Pursuant to precept to the Mayor of the said city of Cashel, from John Bagwell, Est. High Sheriff of the County of Tipperary to elect and return to him one proper person to represent said city in an Imperial Parliament to be holden at the City of Westminster on the 19th day of February next,

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112. In the 1835 general election, the Cashel seat (electorate 325) was contested by Louis Perrin and Matthew Pennefather; the former getting 266 votes to the latter's 56. Pennefather was the second son of Richard of New Park, whose death in 1831 had resulted in the White family moving to Cashel. Perrin was a much more exotic specimen — born in 1782 to Jean Baptiste Perrin, called to the bar in 1806, MP various constituencies in the 1830s, briefly Attorney-general in 1835 and justice of the king's bench 1835-60.

White's claim that Perrin's father worked in Cashel has not been verified but if true could not have done him any harm. O'Connell in a letter to the same Cashel correspondent, cited above, proclaimed: 'You certainly could not have a better or more useful man. I highly approve of your choice' (16 Dec. 1834, *O'Connell Correspondence*, V. p. 230).

A contemporary description of Perrin emphasised his 'foreign' looks — '. . . his eyes were perfectly black, his hair the colour of jet; he wore no whiskers; his nose was rather inclined to the aquiline' — he looked like 'a struggling Methodist Minister'. The author of this sketch, Maurice Lenihan, was in Cashel for this election, and he gives another view of the scene in the courthouse, witnessed by the twelve year old John Davis White. This latter mentioned Sir John Fitzgerald (son of the infamous 1798 High Sheriff and brother-in-law of candidate Pennefather) but Lenihan supplies the detail of someone in the crowd pitching a dead cat towards Fitzgerald during his speech and shouting: 'There's your father's cat for you', (a reference to Judkin Fitzgerald's notorious use of the cat-and-nine tails). Given Sir John Fitzgerald's Orange politics, the detail of him juggling with an orange shows a mordant sense of humour (*T.V.*, 4, 7 Dec. 1866).

Nicholas [20] Mansergh, Esq. Barrister-at-law, Mayor of the said City of Cashel. After having had caused due notice to be posted in the most publick parts of the said City, held a special court in the court house of said City, on Wednesday, this fourteenth day of January 1835, when and where the Mayor Town Clerk, and several electors were assembled and the Town Clerk having read the said precept, the Mayor call'd upon the electors to nominate the candidates. When Alderman Sir John Judkin Fitzgerald Bart proposed Alderman Matthew Pennefather to be a fit and proper person to be elected, which nomination was seconded by Mr. Richard Wood Apothecary. Mr. John O'Brien Apothecary proposed Louis Perrin Esq. His Majesties first Sergeant-at-law for Ireland, which nomination was seconded by Mr. Doheny. The Mayor put the question by desiring the electors to give a show of hands, which being done, the Mayor declared that the said Louis Perrin, appeared to have the majority of suffrages, whereupon Thomas Pennefather Esq. attorney-at-law, on behalf of said Alderman Pennefather, demanded a poll which the Mayor accordingly granted, and appointed Samuel Cooper, John Langley and Benjamin Newport White Esq. to be Deputies and Mr. John Darcy, to be poll clerk for taking the votes at this election. The poll then commenced and was continued by adjournments from day to day, until five o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 19th of January last, when the Mayor closed the poll pursuant to the statutes. The Mayor then totted the poll book by which it appeared that 280 persons voted for Mr. Perrin, of whom the Mayor rejected fourteen votes for insufficiency in their registry, and that 58 voted for Alderman Pennefather of whom the Mayor rejected two, for like insufficiency thus leaving the poll to be 266 for Mr. Perrin and 56 for Alderman Pennefather. Where upon the Mayor declared the said Louis Perrin to be duly elected, and executed Indentures accordingly, after which he declared the said Court adjourned'.<sup>113</sup>

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113. White here gives a detailed account of voting procedure, at a time when there was a very limited and corrupt franchise. This was before the secret ballot (1872) and voting went on over several days. White mentions the 'Commons tenants' (a category rather than a place) and a wonderful story is told about them, relating not to this election but to the 1857 general election, one of the candidates being Charles Hare Hemphill, a grandson of the Rev. Patrick Hare of Cashel, previously mentioned in these notes (note 25).

'When Mr. Hemphill was canvassing Cashel, he found that a party of the electors . . . were notoriously corrupt and always sold their vote to the highest bidder. Their usual price was £20 per vote. Hemphill requested the priest to preach a sermon on the sin of trafficking on the franchise, and the priest complied and denounced corrupt traffic in votes as a mortal sin. Next day Hemphill met one of [these voters] and anxious to learn what effect the sermon had produced . . . asked the man whether he had been at Mass the previous day. "I was, your honour". "Was not that sermon against bribery excellent?" "It was an elegant sermon entirely, your honour". "Will it do good, do you think?" "I think it will make the election run very close, your honour". "How so?" "Why, we always got £20 for a vote before we knew it was a sin, but as his reverence says we'll be dammed for selling our votes, we can't for the future take less than £40". (W. J. O'Neill Daunt, *A Life Spent for Ireland* (London, 1896, IUP 1972), pp. 309-10).

The 'John O'Brien Apothecary' who proposed Perrin was the individual with whom Daniel O'Connell was in correspondence and referred to above. After all this commotion, Perrin only kept the Cashel seat a few months. Firstly, on being appointed to a government post, he had to put himself up for re-election, which was done without opposition in April 1835. Then in September he had to resign when appointed a judge. Writing again to John O'Brien in Cashel, O'Connell indicated that Perrin would be off to greener pastures and that Cashel should not select a replacement until O'Connell's choice was discussed. He concluded: "The prospect of political affairs is good. We shall have an admirable corporate reform and I trust we shall have a 'law braw pleasura' on the lands of Cashel when we legally evict the plundering Pennefathers and their bigotted gang'. (16 June 1835, *O'Connell Correspondence*, V, pp. 311-12).

I believe that it was in the year 1835 during the Mayoralty of Counsellor Mansergh that the ancient custom of ‘perambulating the bounds’ of the Corporation was revived. I know that my father was called at about four o’clock one morning by John Jephson and Thomas Cormack, Mayor Sergeants, and that they walked together round the Corporate bounds. The day turned out to be a wet one and my father returned to a late breakfast, wet wearied, and hungry. He was then a man of 59 years of age, and although stout and strong at the time, the tramp over ditches for many miles must have been injurious to his health, but he never shirked a duty however irksome.

In former days the Mayor and Aldermen performed this duty in a body ‘rode the franchises’, and they took care that they should be neither hungry or thirsty upon such occasions. We read in the Corporate Records under the date August the 5th, 1675, £5 to be employed for a dinner on the Lands of Attikitt on every Whitson Monday, or the day following, as the Mayor and his brethern doe ride the franchises of this Citie’.

‘Nov. 22, 1677, £3 allowed which was alledged to be allowed for a treat in 1676’.

‘24 Sept. 1680, Ten Shillings ordered to be paid, expended at ye treat at ye Commons, more than the usual allowance’, ordered that the Common Hall in this City be the place for the Annual feast in this City on Whitson Monday, and no other unless ye Mayor pro tempore doe in his yeare think fit to order it otherwise.

2nd Aug, 1683, £2 10s ordered to be paid for wine used by the Corporation on Whitson Monday, and the Tuesday following; and 15s for beere spent on the Green on the 22nd May.

‘March 25, 1695, to Thomas Chadwick for expenses riding ye fringes 11s 3d.

To Mr. Melsam for same, 5s 6d.

1697 expenses in riding the bounds £1 15s 6d.

Sept. 19, 1728.

	£	s	d
To Philip Connelly at ye bounds	0	10	0
To Mary Laghey at ye bounds	0	13	6
To Pierce Head at ye bounds	0	6	8
To John Kearney at ye bounds	0	6	8

29th Sept., 1741, paid James Todd for a treat to freemen on the 3rd June, 1731, ‘at ye fringes £5 6s 10d.

William Weldon for ale and treats to the freemen, Whitson Monday 1738, £5 7s.

Pierce Hayde for drink to the fremen at the bounds, 3rd June ‘33, £1 2s 3d.

Michael Phelan for treats £7. [21]

I do not find any further reference to the treats at the bounds or of the ‘riding of the tringes’ in the corporation records.<sup>114</sup>

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114. Given that the unreformed corporation was clearly under threat by 1835, it may well be that his piece of flummery, this revival of ‘ancient custom’, was by way of defiance of Liberal (Whig) and O’Connellite opinion. The actual practice had a purpose and was wide-spread and of ancient origin, being a kind of dramatic acting out of a declaration of geography and jurisdiction, in what was a non-literate age. ‘Counsellor Mansergh’, along with Sir John Fitzgerald and Ambrose Going, was among the last holders of the mayoralty in the old corporation. He was Nicholas Mansergh (1789-1865) and yet another of the Pennefather network.

28 April, 1835, Louis Perrin re-elected member of Parliament.  
4th September, 1835, Stephen Woulfe elected member of Parliament.  
10th Feb. 1837, Stephen Woulfe re-elected member of Parliament.  
1st August, 1837, Stephen Woulfe re-elected member of Parliament.  
14 July, 1838, Joseph Stock elected member of Parliament.<sup>115</sup>

## Courts

My memory of the Cashel Quarter Sessions Court was that it was presided over by a Mr. Hobson who was then called assistant Barrister. At this time three of the four Quarter Sessions were held in Cashel and one in Tipperary.

Amongst the Attornies practising here I remember the names of Vere Lane, Richard P. Vowell, Thomas Dwyer, Paul and Bernard Phelan, Patrick Kirwan, John Cahill, Joseph Ryall, Daniel Laffan, Thomas Laffan and Frank Maher who was afterwards called to the Bar and was an eminent Counsellor.

The Quarter Sessions in these early times often lasted for three weeks, there were thousands of Civil Bills entered, and the criminal trials occupied a long time.

About the manner in which the civil bills were filled, there was as much argument as about the facts or law of a case.

Vere Lane was the great wit of the Attornies' bar. On one occasion there was a long debate as to whether a defendant should have been described as a labourer or Pound Keeper. The Barrister decided that the latter was a good description, 'yes' says Vere Lane 'unless your worship considers that the times are so bad that a labourer cannot keep a pound'.

When the late Joseph Honour first appeared in Courts, Vere Lane introduced him as 'honour among thieves'.

When Vere was an old man, the late Matthew Langley who had just been admitted to practice, was employed against a client of his at Ballynonty Petty Sessions, and with the energy and eloquence of youth, he overpowered the veteran. Vere called to one of the crowd saying 'here Jim Houlahan is a shilling for you to roar against Master Mat for I am not able'.

As the law stood in these days a creditor could not give evidence of the debt being due, he should have an independent witness—Thus many a one who had lent money to a 'friend' without having some person present, lost the money.

The number of persons tried and found guilty at Cashel may be guessed from the fact that the cars conveying persons to Clonmel often reached from the Court House to near the Gouts, and I

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115. Stephen Woulfe (1787-1840) had a distinguished legal career. When in 1838, he was appointed chief baron of the exchequer (an important post to be gained by a catholic and a result of the close working relationship between O'Connell and the Melbourne government during the late 1830s - the so-called 'Lichfield House Compact') he resigned his Cashel seat (*T.F.P.*, 29 Aug. 1835, 23 June 1838). One source claimed that Woulfe was the author of the famous letter of Donoughmore with the resonant warning about property having its duties as well as its rights (*T.V.*, 18 Jan. 1867). Woulfe's unopposed replacement for the Cashel seat was Joseph Stock (1787-1855), a son of Joseph Stock, Bishop of Waterford (1810-13). Stock was again returned unopposed in the 1841 general election and resigned in February 1846.

remember that my father as Chief Magistrate of the city had often to sign a requisition for an Officer, Sergeant, Corporal and 40 men to guard prisoners to the half way to Clonmel at Graigue, where they were met by a guard of soldiers from Clonmel.<sup>116</sup>

John Howley Esq. Q.C. who succeeded Mr. Hobson, usually called 'Barrister Howley' was a Limerick gentleman. My father remembered him as a boy in the City of Limerick many years ago and remembered that when he was going to school along Charlotte Quay, he used to vault all the standing stones at the outside of the footway. My father said he was then a black-eyed boy.

Barrister Howley declared his determination to transport every man who was proved to have used a stone as a weapon, and he did so.

The following verses written at the time give some idea of the feelings of the peasantry with regard to him. The first was written by Milo Burke O'Ryan, the two others by John Moran of Cahir, who was clerk at the time to either Kirwan or Cahill, I do not remember which.<sup>117</sup>

THURLOUGH O'RYAN'S REMONSTRANCE TO JOHN HOWLEY, Esq.

"Ni Thrimide an Ioc an laca,  
Ni Thrimide an neac a strain,  
Ni Thrimide an caoire an hulan,  
Agus ni Thrimide an collan ciall."

[TRANSLATION]

The bit's no burthen to the prancing steed,  
Nor their snowy fleeces to the woolly breed,  
The lake will bear with ease the swimming kind  
Nor is good sense a burthen to man's mind, [22]

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116. As the name implies, Quarter Sessions were held four times each year. White is vague about the period he is referring to but one of the legal personalities mentioned, Richard Prendergast Vowell died in Dublin in March 1881, after a long career (C.G., 19 March 1881). Some of the attorney's mentioned by White are listed in contemporary directories – Daniel Laffan, Canopy Street, Paul Phelan, Friar Street (*Slater*, 1856). One of the two Laffans mentioned may be Michael Joseph, a solicitor in Cashel, who died September 1870 (C.G., 25 Sept. 1870).

117. John Howley (Sir John) died in Dublin in February 1866, after a legal career during which he spent some thirty years dealing with crime in Tipperary, much of it arising from land disputes and factions. In an obit. notice, White, who called him 'Head Pacificator of Tipperary', praised Howley's performance as a quarter sessions judge – 'tough but fair' (C.G., 17 Feb. 1866).

As the verses quoted make clear, this would not have been the popular view of Howley, though it has to be said that given both the reputation and the fact of Tipperary's crime level, Howley's job was challenging.

Howley's work in combating crime in Tipperary began in October 1835 and four years later he gave evidence before an official inquiry into crime in Ireland and described the situation in Tipperary. Many of the points raised by him are echoed in the ballads in White's work. For example, the dangers posed by shebeens; the idea that the law was popularly perceived as 'an engine of vengeance' rather than justice; the skill of Tipperarymen in using stones as weapons; the widespread use of Transportation as punishment; the power of Factions in the county and the need to deal with them (*Lords select committee appointed to inquire into the state of Ireland etc.*, 1839 (486), xi, part 2, pp. 768-89). Howley was a Roman Catholic.



Och! Barrister Howley, 'tis we wor in joy  
 When we hear you wor coming our Chairman to be,  
 For we thought you a frolicsome Garryowen boy,  
 Who never would blame us for makin' so free  
 As to knock down a Peeler, or shout 'Ryan Bawn',  
 'Ryan Basket 'bove board', or 'Ould Ireland for ever!'  
 And all the wild tribes 'twist Barnane and Comawn,  
 Did they think you'd transport them? Och no, Mavrone, never.  
 But now we have found you as bad as another —  
 But for which you should ne'er be the theme of my song;  
 And, indeed, it was justly observ'd by my mother,  
 That she'd not be surprised if your friend Captain Long  
 Would poison your mind, so you'd wish you could strangle  
 All wielders of cudgels, from Cashel to Cahir;  
 And a whisper you got both from Cooper & Nangle,  
 Not forgetting my dear friend, his Worship the Mayor,  
 Oh, alas for the sons of poor ould Granu Wail,  
 That such lads as I name o'er your honour hould away,  
 And that Doctor Fitzgerald, and Phillips, of Gaile,  
 From justice and marcy can lade you asthray.  
 'The Schoolmaster's out', Henry Brougham exclaims —  
 The D——I may welcome him out, then, say I,  
 T'was he taught us to call things quite out of their names,  
 And tould us 'tis harm to dhrink when we're dhry.  
 What but 'intellect's march' made O'Loughlen the thief,  
 Bring into the commons that d—able Bill,  
 To prevent us from takin a glass to kill grief.  
 Heaven knows, 'thout that Act we had plenty of ill.  
 Now 'tis Thrayson to cry 'The strong hand of O'Brien!'  
 Say but 'Here is Byrne!' Maurice Stack cries 'why howl ye?'  
 And for shouting the once potent name of O'Ryan,  
 To jail you'll be dragged, to be tried before Howley.  
 Howley looks towards the dock, and so brilliant's his eye,  
 That you'd swear your dhudheen you could light from its fire,  
 Like the sunbeam which darts from the calm Summer's sky;  
 But, alas! Howley's glance but betokens his ire.  
 First you'd think that he's in a most damnable passion,  
 Then again in a moment he gets somewhat calmer;  
 And as prayching you know in these times, is the fashion,  
 You'd believe him a brother to famd Parson Palmer.  
 He then pictures the evils attendin the fight —  
 He says, common since is much needed and he  
 In that, 'pon my sowl, I believe is quite right —  
 As the motto above shews — with him I agree.  
 But Barrister dear, oh! how chang's are the times,  
 When our innocent sports at the market or fair,

When to shout and to dhrink will be look'd on as crimes,  
 And by what authority I'm not aware;  
 For Trent's Council I've read of o'er from cover to cover,  
 And, after my studies, now what do you think?  
 The D——l a sintince could I there discover  
 Which would make me suppose 'twas unlawful to dhrink.  
 Oh, spirit of Sarsfield! — oh, shade of Boru  
 Do you start when you hear such vile doctrines profess'd  
 If half of we read of your frays be but true,  
 That you fought more than we must be truly confess'd,  
 It is madd'ning to think how degen'rate we're grown — [23]  
 There's Solicitor Cahill, who jines with our foes,  
 Rared near Borrisoleigh — Och! ma ville vrone!  
 That he should be curs'd by the Macs and the O's! —  
 And they to condemn all the Burkes and O'Maras,  
 The Flanagans, Heffernans, Sheas and O'Ryans,  
 The Dwyers, the Hogans, the Rourkes and O'Hara's,  
 The Fogartys, Butlers, Magans, and O'Briens:—  
 But — Kirwan, from Thurles, — Och! that's the nate boy,  
 That definds us whenever we do any harm,  
 When we happen the Peelers in play to annoy  
 And fracthur a skull, break a leg or an arm,  
 Now, Barrister Howley, have sense and away  
 With these foolish opinions yo've got in your mind;  
 Avide mixing with these who might lade you asthray —  
 That I'm right, to your grief, you'd be sure yet to find.  
 By this you're aware what's the drifts of my text;  
 More advice you'll receive when I've time to write next.  
 I now close my epistle — and remain a scion  
 Of the grog-loving — scull-cracking — clan of O'RYAN.

BARRISTHUR HOWLEY.

[A Whitefoot Melody.]

Air:— "Sheelin Agra"

Och Barristhur Howley my jewel what ails you,  
 'Tis said you'll be after transporting us all,  
 That in charging the Jury, your tongue never fails you,  
 That in preaching a sermon you rival St. Paul.

Chorus

Och Barristhur Howley! Howley! Howley!  
 Barristhur Howley agragal I vow,  
 You'll not lave among us a Darrig or Cumins  
 A Blackfoot or Whitefoot to kick up a row.  
 Och! Barristhur Howley the 'boys of Tipperary'  
 Could do mighty nate wor you out of the way,

For gambles at midnight so sportive and airy.  
 'Tis the Divils own job to be sent over 'Say'  
 Och! Barristhur Howley, &c.  
 For shooting a Parson or carding a Proctor,  
 Or giving such fellows as Bailifs their Tay,  
 'Tis a horrid hard case to be clapt in the dock Sir  
 Not at all to make mention of 'Botany Bay',  
 Och! Barristhur Howley, &c.  
 At burning the houses and firing the haggards  
 Of Orangemen, Middlemen, Yeomen and Shones,  
 'Tis known thro' the nation that we are no laggards,  
 That no musick's to us like a Brunswickers groans.  
 Qch! Barristhur Howley, &c.

Och! Barristhur dear if you would be quiet,  
 Your praises we'd blaze in the rages of song,  
 Shure the universe knows Sir for ruction and riot  
 None equals 'Tipperary', the pride of throng.  
 oh! Barristhur Howley! Howley! Howley!  
 You'll not lave among us a Darrig or Cumins  
 A Blackfoot or Whitefoot to kick up a row.

"TRANSPORT HIM",  
 SAYS BARRISTER HOWLEY.  
 (Air:— A frog he would a wooing go.)  
 A 'Darrig'\* would a fighting to  
 ('Most laudable' says Rowley)  
 Whether the Peelers liked or no,  
 With a rowly bowly† Tanamon dhoul,  
 Ho! Ho! says Barrister Howley.

So on he went and Och mo'vrone,  
 - ('Heigh-ho' says Rowley)  
 A Cumins‡ he met and broke his jawbone  
 With a rowly bowly, &c.  
 'Atrocious' says Barrister Howley.

He leaped on high with a savage cheer,  
 (The devil he is! says Rowley)  
 But shewed his back as the peelers drew near  
 With a rowly bowly, &c.  
 'Pursue him! says Barrister Howley. [24]

Away he flew like a fox to his den,  
 (Tallyho says Rowley)  
 Well hunted and taken by Cox•& his men  
 With a rowly bowly, &c.  
 'Secure him'! says Barrister Howley.

To jail he was sent and placed in a cell,  
(Serve him right! says Rowley);  
And not finding bail he was sent to Clonmell  
With a rowly bowly, &c.  
'Commit him!' says Barrister Howley.

Two months in prison secure he lay,  
(And quite resigned! says Rowley),  
When to the Sessions he was marched away  
With a rowly bowly, &c.  
'Put him forward!' says Barrister Howley.

In front of the dock his place he took  
(Tis a true bill says Rowley)  
And cast at the Jury an appealing look  
With a rowly bowly, &c.  
'Arraign him!' says Barrister Howley.

Tom Sadlier for the indictment did scout,  
(Tis No. 10 says Rowley)  
And riotously and routously bellowed it out  
With a rowly bowly, &c.  
'Proceed!' says Barrister Howley.

His Worship heard the case for the crown  
(Tis clear enough! says Rowley)  
While he pulled down his wig and tucked up his gown  
With a rowly bowly, &c.  
'The Issue!' says Barrister Howley.

The Jury, their verdict handed down  
(His guilty!' shouted Rowley)  
While his worship put on a most withering frown  
With a rowly bowly, &c.  
'Transport him!' says Barrister Howley.

\* Darrig — The name of a faction then very troublesome.

† Tanamon Dhonl — Your soul from the d——

‡ Cumins — The opposing faction to the Darrigs.

• Cox — Chief or sub-Inspector Cox at the time stationed in Thurles.

§ Tom Sadlier — the then Clerk of the Peace for Tipperary.

Tom Sadlier who was Clerk of the Peace, was called 'Tom Sadlier the Gentleman'. He had been a Captain in what was called the 'Cropppy Corps', that is, men who were convicted of being rebels in '98, escaped any punishment if they enlisted. They were with Captain Sadlier in Egypt fighting

against Napoleon. On the way back from Egypt Captain Sadlier's wife had a son who was named 'Henry Atlantic'. He was at one time Curate in Cashel.<sup>118</sup>

Captain Sadlier was very like the pictures of Louis Phillippe, King of the French, a handsome old gentleman, and like many old persons fond of talking of the days of his youth. He told me that he had been married three times to his wife. She had eloped with him, and they got married, first to please themselves, after some time her father got reconciled to the match; and he required that they should be married over again, and accordingly they were married and had a grand wedding. Some time after this his father made friends with the young couple and he required that the marriage ceremony should be again performed, this was done, and they had a third and grander wedding.

He told me that on one occasion he was to fight a duel, and the meeting took place at the back of a farmers haggard, where a cock and a number of hens were upon a dunghill. When his second had loaded the pistols he asked for one of them, and with the single bullet shot the head off the cock. His opponent at once apologised.

Captain Sadlier was a man of great influence in the county, and could presume to do what in these days would ensure his dismissal from office. It is stated, (but I do not vouch that it is a fact) that when country people fought amongst themselves, and had inflicted 'grievous bodily harm' upon each other, they of course lodged informations before a Magistrate and these informations were returned into the office of the Clerk of the Peace, whose duty it was to send Bills of Indictment before the Grand Jury at Quarter Sessions, and have the delinquents tried. After some time these persons would make friends and wished to withdraw from the prosecution, and they would go together to the office of the Clerk of the Peace. If they paid him £5 he handed them the original informations, but [25] if they paid only £1 the documents were thrown behind a box in the office and would probably be brought forward on a future occasion.

It was said that on a criminal case being called for trial before Barrister Howley, the parties appeared upon the table and said 'sure we ruz the informations'. His worship was very angry with the Clerk of the Peace, and took such a serious view of the practice that it was discontinued in future, for ever after.

On one occasion there was Civil Trial before Barrister Howley in which the law and practice of the Ecclesiastical Court relative to administrations were under discussion. The attorney for the Plaintiff stated the law to be so and so, and the attorney for the defendant stated it to be otherwise, and the Judge

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118. Sadleir's son is mentioned above (see Note 83). White's spelling of this surname 'Sadlier' is a variant on the more usual version. Thomas Sadleir (1774-1842) was a fifth generation descendant of Colonel Thomas Sadleir, a Cromwellian officer who gained Irish estates including Kinelagh Castle in Lower Ormond which he renamed Sopwell Hall. White's Tom Sadlier married Margaret, daughter of John Watson of Brookwatson, county Tipperary in 1793, when he was just nineteen. They had five sons and three daughters. Sadleir's wife died in August 1817. He remarried a decade later, the widow of Richard Lockwood of Cashel. She was a daughter of Richard Pennefather of Newpark and had married Lockwood in 1805. Therefore Sadleir gained a family connection, which in terms of patronage could do him nothing but good (*Burke's IFR*, pp. 1142-5).

Thomas Sadleir was a captain in the Ancient Irish Fencibles, what White refers to as the 'Cropppy Corps'. From 1805-09, he was paymaster of the 99th Foot, undoubtedly an opportunity for peculation. For thirty years, 1812-42, he was clerk of the peace for county Tipperary – further opportunity according to White for continued corruption. Sadleir owed his appointment in 1812 to the patronage of the Hon. Francis-Aldborough Prittie, whose mother was a Sadleir of Sopwell Hall. The job was for life and paid £370 p.a. plus fees (*Report of the commissioners . . . monies are now raised by grand juries etc.*, 1842 (386), xxiv, appendix p. 42).

acknowledged that he did not know which was right. In this dilemma he said 'let us send for the Civil Doctor of Law, Mr. White'. A policeman was sent for me, and on my arrival I went upon the table. The judge asked me what the law was, and on my stating it he at once decided the case upon my word.

I had a curious personal experience of litigation before Barrister Howley. It was this: a Parish Priest of the name of Ryan died in the neighbourhood of Bansha, and had a considerable sum of money in the funds and I was employed by the husband of his niece to procure a Prerogative Administration for her as he had died intestate.<sup>119</sup> I was promised a certain sum of money for my trouble, and I had to go to the residence of the parties and to the late Stephen O'Meagher, of Kilmoyler, Esq., in order to witness his signature to the administration Bond.<sup>120</sup> I dined at the residence of the client, the only persons at the table were the Rev. Mr. Langan, curate to the deceased priest, a Mr. Heffernan of the Island, the host and myself, I never saw such a 'flaughoolagh' dinner for so small a company. We had a Ham, a leg of mutton, and a sirloin of roast Beef.

Some considerable time passed after the completion of the business and I was not paid what I had been promised, so after several ineffectual applications I had the man served with a process. He met me in John Street on the day of the Sessions and asked for some time which I agreed to give. A long time again elapsed and I was not paid, so I processed him again. I was met by the defence, that he met me in John Street, Cashel, and that I told him to go home for I had no further claim upon him. He swore to the truth of this statement, and had a witness who swore he was present at the conversation. However Barrister Howley believed my oath in preference to those of the two perjurers, and gave me a decree.

## Murders

It may not be amiss to give some account of murders which I remember to have occurred in the neighbourhood of Cashel in my early days. Two men, one named Timothy Croagh, and I think the other was Richard Sadlier, lived near each other on the townland of Owen and Biggs lot, near the way which runs from Cahir road at about a mile from Cashel, and joins what is called the old or Spafield road. They both came to Cashel to sell their pigs, probably at the great pig market usually held on the Wednesday next before New Years Day. They left Cashel for home, probably late in the evening, and both ere under the influence of drink.

Croagh had notes for £9 in his pocket, which he got for the price of his pigs. Next morning he was found dead by the left side of the Cahir road, about half way up the slight ascent after passing the turn to Shanballa. A wedge shaped stone had been driven into one of his temples, and the pocket in which he had the money cut off. Sadlier was arrested on suspicion and lodged in Cashel Bridwell. I saw him next morning in one of the cells, having gone to see him along with my father (who went as a Magistrate), there were marks of blood upon Sadlier's corduroy trousers at the time, he was afterwards hanged for the murder.<sup>121</sup> [26]

A man named Nicholas Bibby, a Protestant Blacksmith, whose residence was either in Killenaule or its neighbourhood, was murdered at the left side of the road near a little house upon the

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119. (See Note 28 above). The Rev. John Ryan or O Ryan was PP of Kilmoyler (though not Bansha) 1819-49. However, the standard source has no information on him (Skehan, *Cashel & Emily Heritage*, p. 250). Ryan also seemed to have kept a low profile with reference to the local press.

120. O'Meagher had a substantial house (G.V. £40) in Kilmoyler near Cahir and a small estate of about nine hundred acres.

121. White's father died in 1846, so this murder was committed prior to this.

townland of Curraghleigh, at the foot of the hill going down from Hill House, on the old Killenaule road. I do not know what the motive was. Not long ago a man who resides in Cashel, told me that his sister saw the murder committed and knew who the murderers were. She was kept a long time in prison in the hope that she would give evidence, but she would not be a 'stag'. I believe that no one was ever tried for the crime. I remember that a large heap of stones or a 'cairn' was upon the spot where the man was killed, each passer-by adding a stone to the heap.

The shooting of Mr. Roe, of Rockwell, is in the recollection of many of my readers: one of the links in the evidence was discovered by Head Constable Lowther Hallam, who was stationed in Cashel at the time. The wadding of the gun (from which the fatal shot was fired) was part of a newspaper which was found in the house of the accused man, and it fitted exactly the part from which it was torn. I do not know any particulars as to the cause of this murder, but, suppose it was a case of what was called a 'capricious eviction', such as happily cannot occur now, and that what O'Connell called 'the wild justice of revenge' prompted the retributive Act. A man named J—— L—— was hanged for the crime.<sup>122</sup>

The following is a copy of the sorrowful Lamentation of J—— L——, who was executed at the front of Clonmel Gaol, on Wednesday the 1st March, (I don't know the year) —

Come all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw near —  
This doleful lamentation will make you shed a tear,  
Concerning a young man J—— L—— by name,  
It was little thought, it would be his lot, to die at Clonmel Gaol.

My pen it is scarce able, his praises to write down,  
By rich and poor he was beloved by all the country round;  
His parents were respectable as you may plainly see,  
They little knew when rearing him, he'd meet such destiny.

The murder of Mr. Roe, 'twas it that caused the strife,  
My prosecutors against me swore I took away his life,  
The jury found me guilty, the Judge to me did say —  
March the first will be the day you are condemned to die.

When I received my sentence I was disturbed in mind,  
My loving wife, and children small, to leave them here behind;  
My brothers and my sisters, of you I take my leave,  
You'll think on my unhappy fate when I am in the grave.

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122. White is correct that the murder of William Roe of Rockwell was one of the most notable crimes in a county infamous for the level of agrarian crime. Local and national newspapers carried full details. 'J- L-' who speaks in the ballad was James Lonergan of Boytonrath, Roe's tenant and a man who had a grievance because, having lost part of his farm, he was subsequently evicted for non-payment of rent. Roe was murdered close to the farm in question and Lonergan was arrested, tried and executed. The murder took place on 2 October 1847 and the execution on 1 March 1848 (*T.V.*, 12 Oct 1847, 29 Jan., 4 March 1848).

This ballad is a typical example of the kind of popular commentary by which itinerant ballad-makers made a living. White had a particular interest in collecting such work. According to one source, he had a collection of around fifteen hundred such works, which unfortunately appear not to have survived (J. R. Wyse Jackson, J. D. White of Cashel in *N. Munster Antiq. Jn.*, V, 2-3 (1946-7), pp. 62-7).

My loving friends and neighbours to you I bid adieu  
Amongst you I spent happy days when first my breath I drew,  
My blessing now I leave to you, my hour is drawing nigh.  
Alas! my life is forfeited all on the gallows high.

Farewell to you Tipperary, Thurles, and Cashel town,  
And the Parish of Knockgraffon, where my youthful joys did crown;  
I hope my neighbours here behind, so kind will prove to be,  
And not cast up to my children, I die upon a tree. [27]

As I am going to face the Lord, in hopes with Christ to dwell,  
With pious resignation I bid the world farewell;  
I forgive my prosecutors that swore my life away,  
For lucife Judas sold the Lord, and did his blood betray.

My life is terminated, my hour at length is up,  
With heavenly consolation I mount the fatal trap;  
I hope each pious Christian most fervently will pray —  
That I may gain Salvation against the judgement day.

I remember that a man was murdered a good many years ago at the left side of the Thurles road, at the outer side of the end of the ditch of the second field from the Cross. I do not remember that anyone was tried for the crime. I don't think it was known who the man was or where he belonged to, probably he was a stranger.

I was told by an old man (who recently died in the Poor House here) a story of what happened I think at Ballymore, many years ago. I am sorry that I cannot remember the full or exact particulars.

A family in the neighbourhood had for years rented the orchard, but another man had outbid them, and got it. A party came at night and hunted him out of the hut in the orchard with dogs, pursued and killed him. I do not remember whether any one was punished for the crime. If the Judge's notes of evidence, or the informations taken many years ago were accessible and published, they would be very interesting. I saw and read in the Record Office, in Dublin, a very circumstantial information as to a crime committed near Slievenamon, in the year 1737.

About fifty years ago at the time of an Assizes, I dined at the same table at a hotel in Nenagh, with a gentleman named Milo Bourke, who lived near Borrisoleigh in the North Riding of this County. Some years after he was called out of his house by a party of men who desired him to kneel down and say his prayers. He was a man who was popular, and had done no thing to hurt or offend any one, and when he asked for some reason none was given, but he was shot dead. The reason given for his murder appeared to be that he was the last life in a lease, and he was killed in order to injure a family against whom those who incited or committed the murder had a grudge. The incident is related in a story written by Mr. John Francis Waller, called 'the Bridal of Barna' which was first published in "Blackwoods Magazine".<sup>123</sup>

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123. John Francis Waller (1810-94) was the third son of Thomas Maunsell Waller of Finnoe House, Co. Tipperary and was called to the Bar in 1833. For many years he was associated with *Dublin University Magazine*, both as editor and contributor. The story in question appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 48, in seven chapters, beginning p. 680.



In the year 1837, shortly after the Queen's accession to the throne, she was proclaimed by my father in Cashel in his capacity of chief Magistrate. He was accompanied by the officers and men of the Depot of the Regiment (then stationed in the City) with their fife and drum band, a number of Police and many of the inhabitants. The first proclamation was read at the lower gate, the second at the front of the Town Hall, and the third in Bank Place, opposite Ryall's Hotel (now Mr. Hanly's establishment). At each time that the Proclamation was read, the Soldiers fired three rounds. There was loud and general cheering, and the fifes and drums played 'God save the Queen', probably there are not ten persons now living in Cashel who recollect the circumstances.<sup>124</sup>

The National Bank was established in 1836. I am not sure that a Branch was opened in Cashel until 1837. The first office was in the house in which Mr. R. Grace now lives, and it had previously been the residence of Mr. Walter Bourke, who had a Public House there. The first Manager was Mr. Richard Keating, a County Wexford man. His successor was Mr. John Greig, a Scotchman. After him was Mr. Henry Newport Barron, a Waterford Gentleman. Next succeeded Mr. Edward O'Brien, a Mitchelstown Gentleman, who was succeeded by Mr. David Peter Thompson Fitzgerald, who is a Tralee gentleman, who is the present Manager, and came here on promotion from Baltinglass.<sup>125</sup> [28]

### Corporation

It is strange that I cannot now remember the names of the two Gentlemen who came to Cashel to make inquiry into the doings of the Cashel Corporation, (although I remember having a Commission read in which the names of Messrs Corballis, Brady, and Sausse, Barristers-at-law were named). I possess copies of the information lodged against the Cashel Corporation at the suit of the Attorney-General, and their answer, but they would be too long to insert here. Whatever were the demerits of the 'ould Corporation' they only shared the fate of the most innocent of these ancient institutions.<sup>126</sup>

I have an old Ballad from which I extract the following lines:—

"The old Corporation  
Is knocked in frustration,  
Our liberal members the bigots will whail,  
Our champion will lead us —  
Kind heaven will aid us —  
And Erin will echo with shouts of repeal."

124. Illustrating the hurried nature of the printing of *60 Years in Cashel* is the fact that both this and the following paragraphs were printed twice.

125. See Note 49 above. John Greig, manager (*Slater*, 1856), Henry N. Barron, manager (*Slater*, 1870), David P. T. Fitzgerald, manager (*Guy*, 1886). Cashel was not particularly well served with respect to banks. In 1870 for example, having a branch of the National Bank, compared to Tipperary town's branches of the National, Munster and Bank of Ireland.

126. Given the close connection between White's family and the unreformed Corporation, it is not surprising that the issue of local government in Cashel is again returned to. The 'two gentlemen' who came to Cashel to investigate the Corporation, were William Hanna and Maurice King and they were in Cashel in late October 1833, their report being published in 1835 (*Report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the municipal corporations in Ireland*, 1835 (28), xxviii, pp. 459-75).

This report of 1835 revealed a state of affairs nationally that could not be defended. Nevertheless, there was considerable opposition to reform and an act was not passed until 1840 (Irish Municipal Reform Act — 3 & 4 Vict., c. 108). Fifty-eight corporations, including Cashel, were dissolved.

On the 5th of October, 1840 (forty), the following twenty one inhabitants of the city of Cashel were publicly and duly elected Commissioners of said city, in pursuance of the Act of 9th Geo. 4 chap. 82 entitled. An act to make provision for the lighting, cleansing, and watching of cities, Towns corporate and Market Towns in Ireland in certain cases', viz:—<sup>127</sup>

James Heaney, Chairman,  
Michael Donehy,  
Patrick Heffernan,  
Robert Usher,  
Roger K. O'Dwyer,  
Richard Wood,  
William Mockler,  
Patrick Lyttleton,  
Patrick Ryan,  
John Power,  
William Corby,  
John Coman,  
William Desmond,  
James Darby Scully,  
William Cusack,  
Thomas Carew,  
John McLoughlin,  
W. Francis Jackson,  
John Hogan,  
Michael Dolan,  
Matthew Hanly.

The Corporation of Cashel was created A.D. 1216, by Donatus O'Lonergan, Archbishop of Cashel, and continued in existence from that time under several Royal Charters until its dissolution in 1840, by the Act of 3rd and 4th Victoria chap., 108, by the 15th Section of which Act the Corporate estate and property became vested in the foregoing named Commissioners of Cashel for the benefit of the city.<sup>128</sup>

On the abolishing of the old Corporation my father was entitled to a pension of £40 per annum, this small sum was however with held for either two or three years until he had to commence legal proceedings for its recovery. Mr. Doheny (afterwards Colonel of the 69th New York Regiment)

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127. In the 15th section of the 1840 Act, the property of the Corporation was vested in the new body of twenty-one commissioners which came into existence in October 1840. The legislation under which this new body operated, providing basic services for the town, was the Act of 1828 (9 Geo. IV, c. 82) providing for 'lighting, cleansing and watching' of Irish towns and the election of town commissioners for these purposes (V. Crossman, *Local Government in Nineteenth Century Ireland* (Belfast, 1994), p. 66). This Act was superseded in 1855 by the 1854 Towns Improvement (Ireland) Act (17 & 18 Vict., c. 103).

128. Archbishop O'Lonergan acted swiftly in the interest of Cashel as he was appointed to that office in 1216. The substantial estate held by the corporation was granted to Archbishop Marianus O'Brien by a charter of Henry III in 1228. This was confirmed in 1557 to Archbishop Roland Baron. In 1637, Charles I granted Cashel city status and a charter of 1640 was the legal basis of its government. This was overturned by James II but Cashel's rights and privileges were restored by William III in 1690. (*T.F.P.*, 2 July 1831).

refused payment until my father should give [29] up the old Seal of the corporation, and this he persistently refused to do, but gave it to his nephew the late Ambrose Going of Ballyphillip who was the last Head Mayor. About two years ago it was offered for sale by his representative to the Town Commissioners but they declined to purchase it, having provided themselves with a new Seal, and it was sold to Robert Day, Esq. of Cork, for £4 4s and he has it in his extensive Museum, a poor ending to what my father endured so much for!<sup>129</sup>

My father had often complained of the manner in which he had been treated by the successors of the old corporation, the sins of which body had been visited on him, although as he used to say 'he had not as much of the corporate lands as would sod a lark'.

On the occasion of Elections, it was usual to have a 'Big' dinner at Ryalls Hotel; and there are a couple of stories connected with them too good to be suppressed. As they are already known by tradition to many of the residents in Cashel, and I do not mention names, no offence should be taken at their repetition. When Mrs. Ryall sent up the Soup, an active member of the Committee left the table, and rushed down to the kitchen exclaiming 'sheem! sheem! (shame! shame!) nothing but Broth for the Gentleman'. Another boasted of a noble turkey which headed the table, that it had been reared and fed by his wife, and had in it three pounds weight of goose grease!<sup>130</sup>

A journey to Dublin in the old days was counted a perilous one, as there were often attacks from highway men and the coach passengers robbed. The Coaches were guarded by Dragoons from New Inn to past Grange turnpike; and on one occasion a Dragoon and the leading horses were shot, and whatever was valuable taken by the robbers. People made their wills before they began the journey, and a man who had been to Dublin and returned safely, was regarded as nearly as great an adventurer as Stanley is now after crossing the African continent. The coach from Dublin arrived at four o'clock in the morning, and that from Cork at two. The person travelling to Dublin did not arrive there until four o'clock in the evening. The journey was pleasant for outside travellers in summer if the weather was fine, but in winter when it was cold and wet, a journey of fourteen hours was enough to make one shudder.<sup>131</sup>

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129. Robert Day of Myrtle Hill House in Cork was a noted collector who died c. 1915. Over a five-day period in September 1915, his collection was auctioned, the seal of Cashel Corporation being Lot 723. It was described thus: 'Interesting old seal of the corporation of Cashel c. 1683. Purchased by Robert Day from the member of the Town Clerk's family who was the last to fill that office under the old Corporation Act'.

130. (See note 26 above.) The proprietor of this hotel was Mrs. Jane Ryall (*Pigot*, 1824). The wife of a member of the Rifle Brigade – Greenjackets – has left a description of the hotel and its proprietor. Arriving in Cashel in March 1827, the people at the hotel who expected to fill it during the approaching assizes, were not pleased to have some rooms taken by billeted officers. The landlady, 'a tall lean woman' only managed to produce a piece of very hard salt beef and a pudding. However matters quickly improved when the officers moved into their barracks – a low range of buildings with the C.O.'s house in the centre. The author remained in Cashel just a few weeks as her husband was moved to Fethard. She liked the Cashel people, having fond memories in particular of 'Mr. Mayne' and his 'large happy family' (See Note 20 above). Incidentally, the barracks was situated on the north side of the Main Street adjacent to The Fountain. (Mrs. F. M. FitzMaurice, *Recollections of a Rifleman's Wife, at Home and Abroad* (London, 1851), pp. 15-18).

Forty years later, another source noted of the hotel that 'for many years, it was one of the most respectable and best kept in the south of Ireland'. (*T., V.*, 14 May 1867).

131. (See Note 26 above.) For an example of an attack on a mail-coach, a local magistrate reported to Dublin Castle that between Littleton and Cashel, the coach had been upset by stones and carts across the road. Shots were fired but the guard managed to get the mail bags to Cashel. (Wilson to Goulbourne, 22 Nov. 1823 – S.O.C. 1823/2518/63, N.A.).

If goods or furniture were to be carried to or from Dublin, they would be sent by carmen, who with their loaded drays made the journey in seven or eight days. Amongst those who acted as carriers in my early days were — Billy Ryan 'Cutheen' (or, of the Commons), and James Myres, or as he was usually called 'Shemus'. They put up at some hostelry in either Thomas or James Street, the name of which I cannot now remember.

Shemus Myres was about as ugly a man as could possibly be imagined. When he was a boy Colonel Pennefather lived in the house in the Main Street (now Corcorans Hotel); and his wife who was popularly named 'Betty Mansergh', was rather an eccentric character. One day Shemus leaned upon the iron railings which are before the window and kept staring into the room in which Mrs. Pennefather sat. She called a Policeman and had him arrested, his only crime being his horrible ugliness. When Colonel Pennefather heard what had happened he was very angry and had the man released at once. In these enlightened days he would have had to pay dearly for his wife's act.<sup>132</sup>

On one occasion Shemus brought to Cashel a load of furniture for an officer, who had neglected to make a bargain as to what he was to pay for the job, and some very exorbitant sum was demanded. He was under the circumstances obliged to pay the full sum demanded; his only satisfaction was in telling Shemus that he was 'the ugliest man he had ever seen'. Shemus bet five pounds that he would in a short time produce an uglier one. The officer accepted the bet. Shemus went home and brought down his own father who was without question even uglier, and so won the bet!

It is told of Shemus that he and another lot of carriers were at some wayside 'Carman's Stage' on a Good Friday, when they could get nothing to eat but oatmeal, Gruel or Porridge. One of the party bet that Shemus would swallow more of this stuff than any man in the company. Another man accepted the challenge and consumed twenty noggin full, but at the nineteenth Shemus gave up saying 'you should not have bet out of me, you know I was never a lover of Gruel'. [30]

*To be continued.*

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132. Elizabeth Mansergh was the third daughter of Daniel Mansergh of Cashel who died in 1823. She married Richard Pennefather as his third wife. They had no children. She died in December 1827 and he died in May 1831.