

p18	THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.	[JULY 12, 1845.]
<p>THE LATE FATAL CONFLICT BETWEEN THE POLICE AND THE PEOPLE IN IRELAND.</p> <p>Last week we gave an account of a fatal conflict at Ballinhassig, in the county of Cork. Several versions are given of the origin of the affray, but it is very difficult to ascertain the exact particulars. It appears, however, that the number of lives lost now amounts to ten, two more of the country people having died of their wounds since the previous accounts.</p> <p>The subjoined account, from the <i>Cork Constitution</i>, is very different from that given by the Repeal papers;—“The party at the fair consisted of three constables, two acting constables, and thirteen sub-constables, who had been marched in from different stations, and w.ho were under the command of Mr. J. Kelly first-class sub-inspector of Kinsale. The business of the fair proceeded as usual up to four o'clock, when symptoms of hostile significance began to be exhibited amongst the country people. There continued, however a temporary quietness, and Mr. Kelly was enabled to induce the tent-owners to level their tents before half-past seven o'clock. The magistrates who attended the fair, Mr. William R. Meade, Ballymartle; Mr. John Molony, Ballinaboy; and Mr. John T. Biggs, Garryhandkerdmore, then retired to Mr. Molony's residence, at about a quarter of a mile distant, to dinner. They were, however, but a short time gone, when the leader of one faction, a man named Sullivan, who is better known by the cognomen of 'Ranter,' threw up his hat in the green, and, whirling his stick, gave the faction whoop, when his adherents gathered about him tumultuously. The police, however, interfered, and the men of the opposite party, the 'Neills,' retired from the green. Ranter and his party then left the green and took a different road from the Neills. In a few minutes the latter returned to the green to the number of about 200, and a large body of people mounted the ditches around the cross in expectation of a fray. In a moment after Ranter appeared, on horseback, and rode furiously down the hill, followed by above 300 men. When he got to the middle of the cross he pulled up, and addressing his own party in Irish, broke a new hat which he wore upon his horse's head. This was the signal for attack; a yell followed from those on the cross, which was answered by another from their opponents on the green. Hearing this yell of defiance,</p>	<p>Ranter leaped from his horse, and rushed at the entrance to the green, which was a narrow gap. There he was met by the leader of the Neills, a man named Walsh. He grappled him, and when dragging him into the green Constables Piggott and Hannan dashed through the mob; and laid hold of Ranter, who had his coat off at the time. He struggled for his release and called on his faction to release him, but the other policemen having come up at the moment, he was lodged in the Dispensary. The crowd then surrounded the house, yelling in a hideous manner, and demanding the release of Sullivan which was of course refused by Mr. Kelly who told them that it was his duty to convey him before a magistrate. He implored the people to be quiet. There was then a cry of <i>buoleidh</i>, which means 'strike them.' The attack commenced, and stones were thrown. The police then got the order to fix bayonets. They did so, but stones fell upon them so fast that they were forced to retreat into the house. When inside, Ranter told them that if they did not release him, every one of them would be killed. To this Mr. Kelly replied, that he must do his duty, and that was to keep his prisoner. The windows were now dashed in, and the order was given to prime and load. This was quickly obeyed; but while the police were in the act of doing so, an attempt was made to force the door, with a cry of 'Drag them out.' The police attempted to keep the door closed, but it was forced, and one fellow—a very able man—caug-ht the top of it, and tried to drag it into the road, so as to expose the inmates to the fury of the mob; but one of the constables drove his bayonet into the desperado's breast, and he fell back, Three others of the crowd then seized the door, and dragged it into the road. The doorway was now defended by constable Piggott and Hanna and acting constable Dawson, while the number of stones thrown increased every moment. A cry was raised amongst the mob, and they were exhorted to tear down the house and kill the police. A body of the people then rushed to the back of the house, and with tent sticks began to strip off the roof. The police now perceiving that their lives were in imminent danger, called upon Mr. Kelly to permit them to defend themselves; but he answered by saying, "No firing," and came to the door to implore the people to desist; but before he had uttered many words he received a blow of a large stone on the right side of his face, which drove him back. The roof was now opened,</p>	<p>and large stones were thrown into the house, and the police again called upon Mr. Kelly to give them the order to fire, and he then said, "Fire, but fire steadily." Instantly a fellow rushed at the door, and threw a large stick at constable Piggott, which struck him on the head, but the stick had no sooner left his hand than he was shot from the window on the right and, reeling for a short distance, he fell. The mob now became more violent, and dashed forward, yelling hideously, and as they closed in at either side the ringleaders were shot. The police saw that retreat was their only safety, the stones fell so quickly upon them through the aperture in the roof; and even Ranter's courage left him, for he ran to the windows and implored of his 'friends' not to murder them, and, while doing so, received several wounds from the stones. The police then determined on retreating, and acting constable Dawson led; but no sooner had he left the threshold than he received the blow of a stone on the mouth, which split his upper and lower lips and knocked out two of his front teeth. He fell, and his carbine was wrested from him by a fellow, who struck Dawson with it on the head while he lay but this fellow paid dearly for his barbarity, for a shot from the window at the same moment stretched him alongside his victim. Dawson again got up, and being separated from his comrades by the crowd which surrounded him, and which had prevented them from leaving the house, staggered along the road in the direction of Mr. Keller's house. He was over taken, and beaten into the ditch. Dr. Stewart J. Tresilian at that moment came up and cried out, 'Run, run, here come the dragoons,' which caused the fellows to fly from their victim. Dawson then got up, and staggered to the house of a Mrs. Oakes, but her son drove him off, and he reeled to the house of a man named Barratt, but the door was shut against him. He stood there for a moment; but, seeing his assailants returning, he got to the other side of the road, and went into the house of a man named Lacy. Lacy closed the door and pushed Dawson into a pigsty at the other end of the house, and concealed the aperture. The mob coming to the door, demanded to have it opened, but there being a moment's delay, they drove it in, and searched for Dawson. During the search Dawson contrived to force himself through a small hole from the pig-sty into Mr. Keller's meadow, and crawled through the high grass up to the house, where he</p>

was secreted by Mr. Keller's man in a loft. The mob, finding that Dawson had escaped, wreaked their vengeance upon Lacy, by breaking his windows and door, and beating a woman with stones until they left her apparently lifeless. But to return to the scene at the Dispensary. At the moment Dawson was separated from his party, constables Pigott and Hannan followed to try to protect him, but were obliged to retrace their steps, and immediately after, the entire body were compelled to leave the house, it was so dilapidated, and stones were poured into it with such murderous determination. The police then left the house, and, forming in a body, charged up the hill, in the hope of gaining the police station, which was about a mile off. In the confusion attending this movement, their prisoner, Sullivan, escaped. In the course of their retreat, they were met at all points by dense masses of people, yelling and throwing stones, but were fortunate enough to gain the top of the hill alive, though very much bruised. Having got into the station-house, they made preparations to defend themselves against any renewed attack, and were shortly after joined by the magistrates. Mr. Meade, fearing an assault upon the station-house, sent off a special messenger to Cork for a reinforcement. Within two hours from the time the messenger was despatched, forty police had arrived from the city, in jingles, under the care of Sub-Inspectors Walker and Green, and Head-Constables Condon and Moylan, accompanied by Dr. Harris, physician to the constabulary. We may here mention Dr. Tresilian's providential escape from being shot. Seeing the riot, he ran forward to try to calm the mob, and while in front of the Dispensary the firing commenced. He thought it was blank firing until he saw a woman fall alongside him. He then attempted to escape into the public-house, but the door was closed against him, and, before he had an opportunity of turning from it a ball whizzed by his ear. He then quickened his pace, and, while forcing his way through the crowd, another person dropped near him. The affray having subsided, Dr. Tresilian paid every attention to the wounded, in which he was occupied during the night, assisted by Dr. Harris and Dr. M' Evers. The firing of the police was remarkably accurate, there being thirty-four shots discharged, everyone of which must have taken effect. Thirty-two

shots were fired while they defended themselves in the house, and two during the retreat. Each policeman had twenty rounds of ball cartridge, yet no man fired more than four shots—in fact, the time during which the quick firing continued would not permit of his doing more. It is, up to the present moment, impossible to know accurately the number killed or wounded, as they have been removed to their abodes for miles round the country."

THE INQUEST ON THE BODIES.

On Thursday week an inquest was commenced on seven of the, bodies of the unfortunate peasants. The Cork Examiner says :—

"The inquest was held in a loft in the mill-house of Mr. Keller, Ballinhassig, close to the spot where the massacre took place. The building was; surrounded by crowds of peasantry during the entire day.

"It had been previously arranged that the jury were to see the nearest body first, and so on, until the whole seven had been examined, in order that an opportunity might be thus afforded to the relatives and friends of the deceased to inter them as soon as possible. The first hovel before which the cavalcade halted was that of the brother of Julia Callaghan, whose maiden name was Holland. This was about two miles from the scene of slaughter, at a place called Ballingromools. A group of men surrounded the door, and in the midst of them was the young husband of the dead woman. The Coroner, the clergymen, and the other gentlemen, induced the crowd of people, principally women, who crowded the apartment where the corpse lay, to leave it for a time, in order that all the jurors might view the body, and that the medical men should satisfy themselves of the exact nature of the wounds of the deceased, either by close inspection, or, if necessary, by a post mortem examination.

"The jury then proceeded, over a rugged road, to Adamstown, where, in a filthy hovel, not twelve feet square, sunk in a lag, and surrounded by fetid stagnant pools of slime, lay the, body of John Desmond. To say that the remains of this unhappy victim presented the most awfully hideous and revolting appearance that could be seen by mortal eye, is only to give a faint notion of the reality.

"The body of Maurice Corkoran, of Adamstown, was, if possible, in a more advanced state of decomposition. It was perfectly black; and so swollen were the features that the face resembled that of some gigantic African idol, horrible and repulsive. A wife and four children live to mourn for a husband and a father.

"A *post mortem* examination was held on the body of Jeremiah M'Carthy, of Ballyheedas, who left behind him an infant child and wife.

"In the same direction lay the body of Jeremiah Coghlan, a fine young man, who has left behind him an infant child and a wife.

"The body of Cornelius Forde, of Ballinalooha, presented an equally horrible spectacle as the bodies of Desmond and Corkoran. Forde was the only support of an aged father.

"The last body was within three miles of Kinsale and it was that of Timothy Kerrucane, who has also left a wife and young child to deplore his untimely fate.

"Within a few yards of each lowly habitation you r
This inquiry is likely to be protracted to an interminable period. Witness after witness is produced to prove that they saw a crowd around the police previous to the firing—that they heard a noise—saw a few boys throw stones, and then the general discharge of fire-arms.

On Monday morning the Coroner and Jury sat at half past nine o'clock and we subjoin the most interesting- evidence given during the day.

William Regan examined by Mr. Walsh: I was at Ballinhassig fair this day week. I was there after the tents were taken down. I saw the police take Thomas Sullivan after the tents were taken down. I was standing by with my hands in my pocket. I was on the cross above the Dispensary. I was standing there at the moment he was taken by the police. They took him into the Dispensary. There was an alarm then by the people women and children not to let the prisoner be taken in. The people rushed in towards where the police were standing outside the Dispensary door. Some of the police screwed on their bayonets, and more of them began to load. I got in dread, and made my way into the potato-garden behind the Dispensary. There were some shots fired then. I do not know how many. I remained in the potato-garden, at heard the people in the outside of the crowd cry out that some persons in the inside of the crowd were killed. With that some of the people threw stones towards the police. I then made my way into Mr. M'Carthy's house. He is a tailor. I know a man of the name of Forde, who is dead. In a short

		<p>time after, I came out. I stood by the channel, and saw Forde by the side Callaghan's wall. Forde made his way into the kitchen of Mr. M'Carthy house. He remained there about half a minute.</p>
<p>He then turned outside the threshold of M'Carthy's door. Three policemen came out of the Dispensary, and stood and looked about. Two of them aimed down towards the crowd at the cross. I had been standing in the channel from the time I came out of Mr. M'Carthy's house. Forde was standing at Mr. M'Carthy's door, inside me, between me and the door. The third police man aimed towards M'Carthy's door and fired. When I saw him aim in the direction, I threw myself on my face and hands. When I got up the smoke was about me. Forde was stretched, his legs were outside M'Carthy's door, the remainder of the body was inside. That Forde was the same man who body was viewed on the first day of the inquest. When I saw Forde dead I made my way across the street into the potato garden, above the forge. I remained there until the whole body of the police came out of the Dispensary. They ran up the street towards the mill. I saw the carbines with some cannot say I did with all, as they were far away from me. I saw the police do nothing more, as I went into M'Carthy's house. I remained in M'Carthy's house some time. I then came out, and heard the people say the police were gone home. I walked about where the people were dead and wounded. I saw Kerrucane dead. I saw the woman dead near the wall. I saw Forde, whom I before described. I saw M'Carthy wounded lying at the south side of the forge, on the old Cork road. He since died, and was buried, I was with the jury when they viewed his body. I saw Coghlan lying wounded, east of Connor's house, on the Five Mile Bridge road. He since was buried, on the first day of the inquest. I saw Desmond lying along-side the posting pillar before Callaghan's door. He was not dead: he was wounded. He since was buried. I saw no more after that. I made my way home. I should not know any of the police who fired the shots.</p> <p>Cross-examined by Mr. Scannell: What time did you go to the fair?—Between one and two o'clock. I had no business there.</p> <p>You knew John Sullivan?—Not before then.</p> <p>He is called the "Ranter ?"— Yes. I don't know that he is a great fighting man. I saw him about five minutes after he was taken. He (Sullivan) was opposite the</p>	<p>How many people were there at the time?—I can't say; but there were over a hundred. The people were about Sullivan.</p> <p>Did he appear tipsy?—He did not.</p> <p>Did he seem pleased?—I cannot say; I suppose he was not, for the people were pulling him.</p> <p>Was it while that was going on the police arrested him?—It was.</p> <p>When the police arrested him did the people rush in on them?—Not until they came near the Dispensary.</p> <p>Now, when they said the prisoner should not be allowed with them, there any shouting?—There was not; when the women said the words the men rushed in.</p> <p>Was there a shout then?—I did not hear them.</p> <p>Could it occur that a stick was raised?—I did not see one.</p> <p>Did you ever see a crowd rush without a shout or a stick?—I never saw many crowds, except at goaling.</p> <p>Did you never see a row?—I did.</p> <p>Did you repeat this story before coming here?—Never, but to the attorney outside; in the mill.</p> <p>Mr. Scannell: Oh, I see you were <i>ground</i> in the mill. (Laughter.)</p> <p>Mr. O'Connell: The counsellor would grind you better than I could (Laughter.)</p> <p>Mr. Scannell: Oh, you are there my grinder. (Renewed laughter.)</p> <p>Mr. O'Connell: You are not at all "mealy-mouthed." (Great laughter.)</p> <p>Did you expect fun at the at the fair that day?—I did not.</p> <p>Did you hear of a fight between the Neills and Sullivans ?—I did not. I did not hear of the two factions of these names until after that day. I know where the gap is, getting into the fair field, I passed through it.</p> <p>Did you hear anything said by the police to the people to keep off?— They were talking to the people, but I did not know what they were saying.</p> <p>Did you see a man at the fair, on a horse, with his hat off?—I did not.</p> <p>Did you see a policeman struck or wounded that day?—I did not.</p> <p>Did you see his carbine after?—I did not.</p> <p>Did you see the people rush into a house where it was said a policeman was?—I did not.</p> <p>Do you know the neighbourhood?—Only a little.</p> <p>To a Juror (Mr. Cole): I am not related to any of the deceased. I was in the potato garden when the first shot was fired, I was within about 20 yards of the north gable- end of the Dispensary when the first shots were fired. I could see the crowd plainly at the time in front of the Dispensary. I saw no person fall in consequence of the first shots out</p>	<p>The people ran away, and there were some stones thrown. The entire crowd dispensed after the shots. Some of them ran away entirely. Some of them might have gone into houses unknown to me. I will undertake to say there were no stones thrown, to my knowledge, before the first shot was fired. I saw no sticks thrown. I think it would be hard for them to be thrown without my seeing them, as I was looking at them. I could see the gable end of the Dispensary quite plain. A man could stand there without my seeing him. There were several there back and forward. I did not know Delay until Saturday. I cannot say if he was standing there or not. He might be there without my observing him. I saw three police come out of the Dispensary after the first fire. The next time I heard firing, one fired up and two down the Old Cork road. I did not see them come out again and fire. They could not come to the middle of the road without my seeing them.</p> <p>A few minutes elapsed between the second and third firing. The last firing I heard was when Forde was shot at M'Carthy's door. From ten to fifteen minutes elapsed between the first firing out of the Dispensary and Forde being killed.</p> <p>The Foreman: In what direction did they fire?—</p> <p>Dr. Tresilian: Two south and one north.</p> <p>Our Illustrations have been engraved from sketches of the locality made by Mr. Mahony, of Cork, expressly for this journal. The first sketch is taken from the corner of the Fair-green, where "Sullivan, the Ranter," first gave the faction whoop;" it shows also the town of Ballilhassig, with the position taken up by the police as they came out of the Dispensary in couples and fired upon the crowd. In the fore-ground is the first man that was shot; and higher up is another man that some men and women sought to remove until they were again fired on: at the angle of the Dispensary is one of the witnesses in a position which he took up and retained during the greater portion of the affray. The second engraving shows more,</p>

<p>Dispensary.</p>	<p>of the Dispensary they might, unknown to me. The people moved back after the shots. There was an alarm.</p>	<p>distinctly the position of the Dispensary. These sketches have been made by artist on the spot, who had the incidents described to him by eye-witnesses.</p> <p>[Taken from <i>Illustrated London News</i>, Vol. VII, 1845, p.18]</p>
--------------------	--	--