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Notes on Family History, etc

Accounts of the Election of 1807, the Duel, and the Last Election of a Colclough

The following extracts from the Cornhill Magazine entitled "Irish elections 60 years ago" and from which I omit the apocryphal portions, gives a very fair version of the circumstance. "These encounters alternated from grave to gay. One of the saddest occurred in the year 1807, in connection with the polling in Wexford "... all the polling lay between Colclough and Alcock. At the hustings, many electors who had promised their votes to the latter treacherously tendered them to the former. Alcock called on his friend, yet opponent, to respect these votes, but Colclough anxious of course to be at the head of the poll, accepted with alacrity, and thanked the rascals with much satirical gratitude. This so exasperated Alcock that he sent a challenge to his adversary, which was couched in such terms that Colclough, according to the ideas of those days, could not possibly decline it. The two friends, accompanied as was the custom, by troops of those who called themselves their friends met near the quaint and Ancient looking city.

They were as courteous to each other as if offence had neither been given, taken nor understood. There was no malice between them, but was then called "honour" had been wounded and when such damage had been done it was always repaired by murder, or an attempt at it. The two friends fired, Colclough clapped his hand to his side, fell back dead, and "honour" was satisfied. The conclusion pronounced by some of the spectators of "there's an end to that matter", was, however not the true one. Alcock unharmed in body, had received such a mental shock at seeing his friend lying stark dead on the turf, that he was more to be pitied than the poor fellow he had so swiftly and suddenly slain. Assuredly his condition was worse than that of the dead man, for he speedily sank into an imbecility, from which he never recovered..."

Alcock was tried for murder, and happily acquitted, for althow it no doubt was murder in the eye of the law, I do not hesitate in saying from information derived from documentary evidence, as well as from a minute description of it from the lips of my grandfather, who was an eye witness, that it was a fair duel.

I have heard it said that the funeral was a sight, to be witnessed only once in a lifetime, and I can well believe it, for John was the people's idol, and his memory is revered to the present day, And this I conceive to be the fittest place to introduce, "A Legend of the County Wexford" which I took from a Newspaper published many years and entitled "Old Caesar Colclough of Tintern Abbey".

"The reader I trust will be kind enough to recollect the precise year, for I do not, that Mr. Colclough, the candidate for the representation of the County Wexford, was killed in a duel by his opponent, a gentleman of the name of Alcock. I hate dates and politics, and all I can remember of the melancholy event is the funeral of the unfortunate Sir John. It took place on a day remarkable serene and beautiful. I had been at the Abbey of Dunbrody in the morning, and about two o'clock arrived at

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Tintern. The Village was literally in mourning, and every countenance wore the aspect of unaffected sorrow. While most of the people had gone forward to meet the funeral, I strolled into the depository of the dead, and not far from the newly opened grave I saw an old man, to whose countenance I instantly became partial. It was venerable, rosy and cheerful, he looked as if he had never travelled beyond the precincts of his native hamlet, or ever tasted of the bitter cup which others are doomed to drain. I took my seat in silence on a tombstone opposite to him, my solitary companion was the first to speak. "I wonder" says he, "will the birn be soon here." "I can't say," was my reply. "Och," says he, "they are making useless bodher about it, with all their gewgaws and hat bands, for sure it was nothing but what was to be expected after all, though he was kilt in a duel." "Why?" said I, "I think no one could have expected that Mr. Colclough would have been killed in a duel," he shook his head significantly and replied, "Aye, but every body knew that a Colclough can never die on his bed like another". "How is that?" "Why you must know they all die some how or another not in a natural way. One of 'em is shot, another drowned and another hanged, but the not o' one of 'em ever dies in his bed. Some of the neighbours ses it is bekase they murdered all the clergy and friars who lived in the Abbey in ould times before Oliver Cromwell, sweet bad luck to him come to Ireland. But Father Doyle heaven bless im ses that couldn't be, for they were all massacred before the Colcloughs set foot in the Country, for often and often, Jim Farrell of the boghereen, who has a long head of his own, tould me that the Colcloughs never would have luck nor place, because they quarrelled wid the "good people". The first of the family who settled in Tintern, was called Caesar, and like Sir John, he was a great man for making improvements. He built a Market House and brought over weavers from Germany to learn his poor tenants how to manufacture cloth, but O'ch! themselves and their weaving are all gone, gone to pot now. Well as I was saying, Mr. Colclough was fond of alterations, an among other things that stood in his way was a mote. One day he ordered his men to dig it and carry it away to fill up a quarry hole, but one of the men who knew something about the matter, advised his master to make a ha ha of it for that it wasn't lucky or safe to meddle with the place where the Sheeoges lived. Mr. Colclough only laughed at the fellow, and ordered the men to do as they were bid. The first spit they took however broke the pick and the first carload that was drawn away, sunk in the bog, and the horse wid it. Begad the men got afraid, and refused to do any more, when Mr. Colclough himself seized the pickaxe an fell to work, called his servants to help him and soon levelled the mote, for good and all. An ould fairy woman, who lived in the country, sed he'd suffer for it and so he did as things came afterwards to pass.

"The Colclough's were always fine fellows for sporting an hurling, and no gentleman in the country could equal 'em for throwing away money like chaff. Ould Caesar Colclough was too a great favourite in England, and was hand and glove wid the King, not Georgy but some other." "Mr. Colclough," says he "you're always talking about your County Wexford hurlers, now I'll be bail you haven't twenty one men among 'em all, that could hurley against twenty one Englishmen." "Yes, my Liege," ses he, "I have, an that I'll beat 'em too." "Done," ses the King. "Done," ses Colclough, and off he sets hot foot for sweet little Ireland, for after all, that's the spot for real good men, for if they weren't bigger nor a Clonmel turf, they'd beat an

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Englishman any day. Well, when Colclough reached home, he gave out that the Scarroghs would hurl against the Beanybags, an accordingly they met, and when the match was over he picked out twenty one of the best from both sides, for per tuchonn as the Barony of Forth fellows are, Begad they were always fine hurlers. You can almost see the Tower of Hook from this, well there was no Tower there then neither, but a fine grand castle in which an ould Irish gentleman, one of the real sort, lived, who had the prettiest daughter of his own in seven counties. She had a great fortune to boot, and we all know that money makes the mare go. Colclough, you may be sure was head and ears in love wid her, an why but he would, seeing she was a fine girl wid plenty of araguthchise! Afore going to England he went to take his leave of her an she was very disconsolate, entirely so, she was, for something tould her he'd never return. Any how she promised 'im that every night she'd keep a light burning in her window that overlooked the sea until he came back, for fear his vessel might be racked on the rocks for want of something to guide her.

When Colclough arrived in England with his twenty-one hurlers, the King gave him an hundred thousand welcomes, an when the day came for the match to take place the boys began to strip. The Englishmen looked wid contempt on our hurlers an thought they would only have childers play in putting out the goal. But egad, they were out in their reckoning, for the Masther gave them a glass o' Irish Whiskey a piece, and bid them tie a yallow handkerchief about their middles, that way they would know one another. The King, Queen, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the three Kingdoms were looking on, an a fine sight they had when the ball was thrown up. Oh! then it would do your heart good to see our boys, how they tossed about the Englishmen, as if they were nothing in their hands, an every now and then, the King and Queen would cry out, "Well done Yellow Bellies, fine fellows Yellow Bellies", meaning our boys, who wore the yellow handkerchief about their middles. You may be sure the paddys won the day and when the goal was put out, every lady cried, "hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the yellow bellies". An from that day to this, the people of the County Wexford are now called "Yellow Bellies". Throth that's the only reason, for their skin, astore, is just as white as another. You may be sure Colclough, having received his wager, left England wid flying colours, an was making all haste to his sweetheart, who was waiting for him night after night in her father's Castle wid her light burning to direct him where to sail. One night while she was watching the blue waves like a Banshee watching in an ould ruin, what should she hear but the finest music in the world wide. It was soft so soft, and so delicious, an she was as weary that she fell asleep fast, fast, fast, asleep. When she awoke she found her candle out, and the waves running mountains high. In a minute she hears the screams of poor sailors in distress, an thought she could mark her Colclough's voice amongst the rest. She ran down, called her father and all the servants, but it was of no manner of use. The vessel had been dashed to pieces on the rocks, an only two persons saved their lives. Next morning the body of the great Colclough was washed on shore, and thus the "Good people" were revenged, for sure it was them, an' nobody else, that purposely set the poor young lady asleep wid their music, that they might put out the light an raise the storm. Indeed, one of the men who was saved, sed they heard the music, and saw the light, but it was a false light and lid 'em astray. The poor young lady, you may be sure was a'most broken hearted, an as she ever afterwards had pity for poor

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sailors, she turned her father's Castle into a light house, an a light house it is, to this very day. "As you see," continued my informant, "How dangerous a thing it is to meddle wid the "Good People". The Colcloughs have long since repented of it, as good reason why. But here is the birn", and he pointed to the road along where the funeral train was advancing, and so ended our conversation.

Caesar, the testator, was, as I have said, a prisoner in France, and how the estate was managed from the time of John's death, till Caesar returned to this country at the peace of Amiens, it is rather difficult to say. In his early life Caesar lived a great deal with his Uncle Adam at Duffry Hall and at one time when Caesar the eldest son of Adam (afterwards Chief Justice) was at the Bar in Dublin, and Caesar of Tintern in College there, a quarrel took place between them, which terminated in a duel, after which they became friends again. Caesar of Tintern in one of his letters, alluding to his early life, says that he was driven out of Ireland to escape from his father's importunities that he went to London 6th November 1789, where he attended the Law Courts, and eat his dinners at Lincoln Inns, that he went from that to Paris in 1791, "Which isolated me from all persecutions, and opened at the cheapest rate the doors of my favourite pursuit in the Arts, and exact Sciences". Owing to the interruption of all intercourse between the two Countries at that time, it was supposed for years that he was dead, during which time, he was under the necessity of supporting himself, and his mechanical ingenuity and skill stood him in good stead.

This song recalling the hurling match between the Carlow team and the Duffry Hurlers.

The Hurling at Mohurry.

*All you that court Fortune and her fond smiles,
A jade that is giddy and made up of wiles;
Beware, lest, like Carlow men, you get a fall,
That hurled against Duffry at Duffry Hall.*

*Themselves are to blame; they're lately grown bold,
For they knew that the Duffry was famous of old;
Their sires and grand-sires the same story could tell,
That the brave County Wexford bore always the bell.*

*As I sat in my chair in a sycamore tree-
A place which the hurlers appointed for me-
I was struck with surprise when I saw the Carlow men,
Appearing in stature like the great "Anakim",*

*I then invoked Pallas, the goddess, by prayer,
Beseeching that she might the Duffry spare;
Said the goddess to Cavanagh, "Be not in dread";
David, though little, Goliath left dead.*

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*Though they have the advantage of ground, sun and wind,
Our brave Duffry heroes will goal them you'll find;
Like bulwarks they'll stand in a thick fearful host.
But those Hectors, we'll make them all pay for the roast.*

*Squire Colclough our patriot threw up the ball,
And Dick Doyle from Marshalstown gave the first fall;
Our men being well trained in the hurling school-
Like a shot from a cannon they sent the ball "cool",*

*When Carlow men tempted to force back the play,
Pat Byrne ,like Ajax, stood much in the way;
Mick Murphy from Bantry, performed great deeds,
And men stood before him as feeble as weeds.*

*Thumkin and Mullett did manfully play;
These were to be pitied who came in their way,
Dick Doyle and Art Mullett and hardy Jack Tharp,
Nick Cowman, Pat Connor, and Ned played that day;
Without them we never had carried the sway.*

*Once at a time when the ball it came down,
Unknown to the heroes of brave Marshalstown,
Pursued by brave fellows who home the play,
Our counterscarp heroes obstructed the play.*

*Jack Tharp, Bob and Mickey, great valour displayed,
Like Achilles' myrmidons manfully played,
They up the ball like the hurlers of old;
Poor goal-keeper, Kelly had like to get cold.*

*Dillon and Nolan played well in their turn,
And sent up the ball to the gallant Pat Byrne;
Pat with his thunder bolt ran like a roe.
Brought with him the ball, and drove it through the bow.*

*So let the Carlow men ever pretend,
Though they're surely brave fellows, with us to contend,
Were they not defeated the Sunday before?
Mick Murphy of Oulart had his collar bone sore.*

*Now, since we had won this Olympian prize,
Let us drink till the liquor flows out of our eyes,
And toast the great offspring of Caesar the Bold,
Who means to establish the customs of old.*

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This old hurling song was composed by the wandering bard, Cavanagh, after the great inter-county hurling match between Carlow and Wexford at Mohurry. It will be noticed that in the last line of the third verse of the song that the goal is referred to as the "bow". "Guarding the bow", is very often used in old County Wexford hurling songs as the equivalent for the modern goal-keeping. The "bow" of the old time songs was much more easy to guard, and a much more difficult mark for the forward player than the up-to-date goal with its liberal scoring space. The "bow" was formed by two sallies bent in the form from which it probably took its name¹.

His namesake the Councillor, was at this time following his profession in Ireland, and it is related of him, that when on one occasion the Barristers on circuit were going from Wexford to Waterford by way of Ballinlaw, and had arrived at the bank of the river, they found the wind so boisterous, and the crossing so extremely dangerous that all the party with the exception of Caesar Colclough declined the venture. He however, persisted in going, and reached the opposite shore in safety, upon which his friend *Mr. Charles Kendall Bushe (afterwards Judge)* threw off the following impromptu,

While meaner souls the tempest keeps in awe,
Intrepid Colclough crosses Ballinlaw,
And tells the boatman shivering in his rags,
Thou carriest Caesar and his saddle bags.

Presumably the journey in those days, was made on horse back.

Sir Jonah Barrington also a friend of Caesar, adds some particulars whose authenticity I do not vouch. Getting dismayed during the passage, Caesar began to cry on the Lord for protection, "Arrah, Councillor," said the boatman, "don't go on praying that side if you please, sure it's the other lad you ought to be praying to. "What lad do you mean?" cried Colclough in alarm. "What lad! Why, Councillor, the ould people do be always saying that the divel takes care of its own, and if you don't vex him by praying the other way, I really think, Councillor, we have a purty safe cargo aboard this present passage.

Counsellor Caesar was appointed Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island in 1807, and of Newfoundland in 1813, but owing to failing health, he was obliged to resign his appointment a couple of years afterwards, and return to this Country with his wife and two daughters. He died a few years afterwards in France, and in a letter to his namesake in Tintern, written shortly before his death, he urgently recommends his orphan children, to the care of the head of his family. This letter with many others was found by me afterwards in the old press at Tintern.

¹ Collated by Bernard Colclough, 2002

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The following names of members of the family were extracted from a war office list of Militia, Yeomanry, Cavalry, and Volunteer Infantry, dated March 1807.

Tullow (Carlow) Loyal Cavalry.

Captain Henry Colclough; Lieut. McCarthy Colclough.

Newtownbarry (Wexford) Infantry

Captain Beauchamp Colclough; and Lieuts. Guy Colclough and Sarsfield Colclough

The Army List of November 1809 gives the following.

3rd Buffs	Lieut. Henry Colclough, Commsn dated 30 th May 1805
13 th Regt	Lieut. Beauchamp Colclough, Commsn 14 th November 1805.
81 st Regt	Captain Caesar Colclough, Commsn 14th November 1804
103 rd Regt	Lieut. Guy Colclough, Commsn 3 rd December 1806.
Carlow Militia	Ensign John Colclough, Commsn 9 th April 1808.
Dublin City Militia.	Ensign B. Urquhart Colclough, 22 nd June 1808.

On his return to this country from France in 1814, Caesar Colclough of Tintern at once commenced proceedings for the recovery of parts of the Estates, (John's death having put a stop to every thing of that kind for the time) in part he was successful, but at last having, no children of his own, or any near relative in whom he was interested to succeed him, he gave the thing up in disgust, and although I believe he obtained a Decree against Rowe for the recovery of Mohurry, and some other portions, conditional on his paying Rowe back the sums the latter had advanced to Sir Veseey, he most unaccountably took no further steps in the matter.

Caesar was returned member for the County while he was a prisoner in France, and again in conjunction with Mr. Carew in 1818, after a contest which lasted for three weeks and which cost him a large sum of money. But unlike his friend, who with perhaps less ability, and certainly with a weaker claim on the Government of the day, succeeded in obtaining a Title for himself. Caesar soon tired of Parliamentary life, and withdrew from politics altogether.

Both John and he had contemplated alterations in the Abbey, and had plans drafted and prepared for that purpose, but the design was never carried into effect by either. Caesar indeed went so far as to collect large quantities of timber and materials for the purpose which were afterwards, as I have been told, carried off by Mr. Goff, the agent, and used by him in building his own house at Horetown which is still standing to this day. Caesar, however, built a new Church and schools at Saltmills, and if his wife had allowed him to remain at Tintern, it is likely that he would have carried out his original intention with regard to the Abbey. Still it would be difficult, if not impossible to convert the Abbey into a comfortable dwelling owing to its shape and the immense thickness of the walls. The upper part of all the chimneys of the Abbots House were of a peculiar and very uncommon construction, something in the shape of round towers, and capped by a conical stone with apertures under it for the escape of the smoke. One of these is still to be seen over the Crypt.

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The following was copied by me from a manuscript book of Caesar's which I had found with other matters in an old press in the Abbey, in the year 1853.

“Height of the Castle 86 feet 9 inches, Battlements 14 feet. From North to South, the Castle, is 38 feet 8 inches, and from East to West 35 feet 8 inches outside, the space inside being 24 feet square. The Arch is 47 feet high, and 22 feet wide. The east end of the Abbey measures 47 feet 9 inches, and the walls being 5 feet and 9 inches thick leaves a clear space inside of 42 feet by 27 feet 2 inches. The height of the walls 47 feet.

The west end measures outside 72 feet 7 inches by the same width as the Castle, and east end, but the walls are not as high as the latter.”

A few years ago, when on a visit to the Abbey, a careful measurement was made by Richard Gill and myself of all the Abbey standing and also of the foundations of the building and walls which formerly surrounded it, which measurements my worthy friend afterwards made a clever draft, of a copy of which will be found in this book.

Mrs. Caesar Colclough could not content herself at Tintern, partly perhaps, as she said herself, because it was to lonely for her, and certainly because she wished to remove her husband from the possibility of holding any intercourse with members of his own family, lest it might interfere with her plans, but be as it may, she eventually succeeded in inducing him much against his inclination, to take up residence in England for good-his last visit to the Abbey was made I believe in 1836. He died in Cheltenham in 1842, and immediately afterwards his widow triumphantly took possession of the whole of his real and personal Estates, under what purported to be his last will and testament, a document which afterwards however was proved to be worthless as the paper it was written on. A few months after the death of Caesar, his male heir, Sarsfield Colclough, entirely ignoring or being possibly unaware of the fact that Caesar had some years before broken the entail, and believing himself to be the rightful heir, filed his bill of Chancery for the recovery of the property, It was soon discovered however that his niece, the daughter of his eldest brother, (the Chief Justice) was the person entitled, upon which Sarsfield proposed to her and her mother that he would carry on the suit in her name, and bear all the expenses, if she would undertake to divide the property between them in case of success. This offer was declined, and the widow remained in peaceful possession till after the marriage of Mrs Rossborough Colclough, when proceeding's were at once instituted, for the purpose of testing the validity of the alleged will.

The case came on at Wexford before Baron Penefather and a special jury at the Summer Assizes of 1852; And after a lengthened trial resulted in a verdict, that “the Will was not the Will of Caesar Colclough”. Then followed a decree of the Irish Chancellor, Brady, directing that the estates should be handed over to the heir at law, and in April of 1853, I had the great gratification of being present with the party when the sheriff formally restored the possession of the house and estates of my ancestors to their lawful heir. A few days afterwards a messenger came to me in Wexford in hot haste to say that my presence was wanted at the Abbey. On my

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arrival there, I found that the workman employed in cleaning and papering the house, had opened some locked presses in the wall, which with their contents were immediately taken possession of by Richard Gill (who had been left in sole charge of the place) and the rooms locked till I should come. It would be difficult to describe the heterogeneous contents of the presses: chemical apparatus, instruments and tools of all sorts, patented and unpatented inventions, books, and what was vastly more important in my eyes, an immense number of letters and papers tied in packages, endorsed in the hand writing of their late owner, and just as he left them 20 years before, for the presses had never been open since he was last at the Abbey, and every thing was covered with a thick layer of dust. Legally they all belonged to Mrs. Boyse (for the verdict only gave the heir at law, the bare walls of the house, and the Estates) and Mrs Boyse's agent got everything that had not previously been hid away by Gill and myself in which latter, it may be easily believed, we took care should be included, all the letters and papers. Providence directed us, for some of the letters were of incalculable value, and when produced on the occasion of the second trial in Wexford, they were considered so damning to Mrs Boyse to consent to a compromise, and resign all further claims to the Estates, but this is anticipating.

Shortly after the first trial Mr. and Mrs. Rossborough assumed by Royal Licence, the surname of Colclough, in addition to, and after that of Rossborough, but the family did not take up their residence at the Abbey till after the conclusion of the 2nd trial.

I was in the habit in the mean time of spending a great deal of time there shooting and fishing, and I must now claim the indulgence of my reader (whoever he or she may be,) while I relate a - I hardly know what to call it that occurred to me, on one of the first night's that I slept at the Abbey.

I had been out shooting all day, and after my solitary dinner and one tumbler of Punch, and a chat with the only two servants there in the house, I retired to my bedroom and as was my custom in those days, a habit acquired in my wild life amongst the Indians and White Hunters in the woods and Prairies of America, I went to bed smoking. Immediately afterwards, as it seemed to me, I was startled by feeling something cold touch the hand that was laying outside the bed clothes, and on looking up was more astonished still at seeing the figure of a young woman standing close beside the bed, and holding my hand in hers. She was looking down at me with as I thought a pleased expression of countenance, for I was able to observe her distinctly by the light of a turf fire which was burning on the hearth, and to note that she was strikingly handsome with oval features, dark eyes, and dark brown hair done up in a sort of velvet cap, and wearing a close fitted dress, like a riding habit of the same material. Her lips moved as if she was speaking but I heard no sound, and I was so astonished at what seemed to me to be an actual reality, that I made no attempt to speak myself. I closed my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them again I was alone. I immediately got up, and went to the door, which I found latched as I had left it before going to bed, and as an indication of the space of time that had intervened I found that my pipe, which had been all the while in my mouth, was still alight.

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It is needless to say that the vision or dream if you will, made a strong impression upon me, and one that I shall remember to my dying day, and for nights afterwards I fully expected a repetition of the visit and earnestly (though I must confess with some trepidation) all the while sought for it, it never came again. But lest I should forget, or rather perhaps, that I might know who my fair visitor was, her identity was made known to me, a few years afterwards as I shall proceed to tell.

One of the old family pictures, that of Margaret Pigott Colclough, (the once owner of the estates) which I had never previously seen, had been cleaned and freshened and hung up during my absence from the Abbey, and upon going to examine it, then to my utter surprise was the life-like picture of my fair visitant before me, and I shall continue to think if such a thing is possible that she it was, who came to welcome to the Abbey the first of her name and blood who occupied it after the Estates had been restored to her heir and successor, or perhaps to express her satisfaction at my having secured from the enemy's clutches the Documents which afterwards proved of so much value on the second trial.

Another trial to test the validity of the Will was brought about by Mrs. Boyse in England, and took place at Gloucester at the Spring Assize of 1855. This suit was not contested by Mr & Mrs. Rossborough Colclough as it was considered that the property in England consisting of a house in Cheltenham and another in London was not worth the necessary expense; And accordingly in that case, the verdict was one establishing the Will, and thus in the Appeal to the Lords, for a new trial in Ireland, each party was strengthened by a previous verdict in their own favour. After lengthened arguments on both sides, the House of Lords decided that the Irish Chancellor should direct a new trial in Ireland, and accordingly what I shall call the 2nd trial, was held at Wexford in the Summer Assize of 1857 before Baron Green and a special jury of the County, and which resulted as I said before in a compromise, it being agreed upon that Mr. & Mrs. Rossborough Colclough should retain the Irish Estates, and Mrs. Boyse the mesne rates and the houses in Cheltenham and London. (not being one of the next of kin, Mrs. Rossborough Colclough had no claim on the mere personal property, and the widow retained that also). Thus ended the 2nd of the "Great Colcloughs Trials," but another was still to come.

After the death of Sarsfield Colclough, his son Patrick Sarsfield Colclough, the then male heir, brought an action of injunction against his cousin on the alleged grounds first that Mrs. Rossborough Colclough was herself illegitimate, and second on the grounds that his own, and her grandmother, Mary Anne Byrne, was not married to Adam Colclough till immediately before Sarsfield's birth, and that consequently, her eldest sons Caesar, the Chief Justice and the Rev. Dudley, were illegitimate, and I believe also that he claimed to be entitled as male heir, under the old settlements, overlooking the fact in that regard, that Caesar of Tintern had many years before opened up the entail and had a power of disposal of the Estates vested in himself. The trial came off at Wexford at the Spring Assize of 1865, but the documentary evidence produced by Mrs. Rossborough Colclough, in support of her case and amongst which were "the treasure trove," found in the old presses was so conclusive that Patrick Sarsfield Colclough finally withdrew the case, and consented to a "non

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suit". And thus ended the 3rd and it is to be hoped the last trial for the possession of these Estates.

A humorous, if not strictly authentic version of the Colclough Trials, was published by Mr. Charles Dickens, in the first numbers for May 1869 of his "All the Year round", and from which I extract a few paragraphs. Speaking of Caesar (The Testator) he says: "At last, however in the year 1814, and after the death in a duel of the faithful and affectionate Irish brother who had so long managed his affairs, the exile returned to his native land and to his Estates after an absence of nearly 30 years. He was a thorough foreigner, and some said a perfect French Atheist. He had passed through a deal of privation and had borne some imprisonment. He was now re-established, and in 1818 was married and returned member for his County. The surprise of a meeting, after that long interval approached the dramatic.

"The Great Irish Brothers, one was about 6 feet 3 in height, rude rough, boisterous, trained in the wildest school of Irish manners, were ready to burst with laughter at the strange Frenchified relation who had returned to them. A small dandified, perhaps "mincing" petit maitre that read French poetry, and was powdered *à la mode*. They came on him with quite the shock of a cold shower bath. He shrank away from their noisy roisterings, which to him seemed low coarse even appalling, while they with a good natured contempt determined to make something "like a man" of him by teaching him to drink to his tenth tumbler, like other Irish Gentleman, to fight duels, pass through roaring elections, and the other *agrémens* of Irish life. Their well meant attempts succeeded only partially, and their rough education and rude jokes seemed to have the effect only of inspiring him with a lasting horror and a rooted dislike".

As to the 1st trial, "The instructions and "General Orders" of those who managed the case are highly characteristic, and give an idea of the strategy by which great cases are carried. A gentleman with a "J.P." and "D.L." hanging like decorations at the end of his name, was specially recommended to the judicious handling of Counsel. Mr.----- description of the complete subjugation of testator to the domineering will of his wife, is inimitable. His cowardice in her presence cannot be expressed in its true light except by the production of Mr.----on the witness table." But they bewailed the fact that he was suffering from "a personal and inconvenient complaint", which would prevent his attendance. This distinction of a "personal complaint" is rather good; and the writer may have nearly related to another solicitor, who, when places of resort were being compared, protested that, as to natural charms of scenery etc., "he gave his veto', pronounced "vaito", for Switzerland'. This witness was able to report conversations dramatically, and the House of Lords must have had great amusement reading over this odd chronicle: Mr.Coclough; My dear fellow, what can I do? My wife says she won't remain; she will leave me. Mr.----It is not to be expected she would remain in a rat-hole like this, you must build a proper house and make it comfortable, and then she will remain.

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Mr. C. Why, my dear friend. I told her I would expend ten thousand pounds on a house if she would consent to live with me in it; but she would not on any terms. What am I to do?

Mr---- Never mind that. Build the house first, make the house suitable, and having done your duty you will know how to insist quietly that your wife shall do hers.

Mr. C. My motto is, "Peace before Prosperity."

At this point Mrs. Colclough entered the room unexpectedly. The husband at once repeated the good advice he had received.

Mrs. C: Mr.---- Mr.----what can my husband do by residing with his tenantry? What good can he do? What good can he do?

She went over this question many times. Mr. Coclough was then prudently withdrawing when she turned on him. "Mr. Coclough ! Mr. Coclough ! what good can you do, what good can you do? Mr. Colclough made her the next retort, that she might do good by letting him remain. But Mr.-----stated that "he then withdrew as quickly as possible." When Mr,--- was living in London as a bachelor, his old friend often came to see him, but was never permitted to go upstairs without his wife."

...

"Mean while, acting on the verdict of the Wexford Jury, the Irish Chancellor, had placed the heir at law in possession of the Old Abbey, It was now indeed a "rat hole," for the dry rot of Chancery had set in. The intrepid widow, frustrated for the moment in her designs on the estate, had swept the house clean of every "stick", as the phrase goes, of furniture. The new owner had to patch here and there fit up a room or two, and could at best but comfort himself with but a temporary tenancy. He had excellent advisers, skilful counsel, who were working hard, but all felt that there was a fatal blemish in the case. The late Caesar disliked his relatives, disliked the man whose very daughter was now heir at law, having fought a duel with him. What undue influence was then required to get him to lease away his estates from such persons! It was felt victory would be with her, as the victory would assuredly have been, but for her being over finesse. And a strange incident, that seems to belong to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the temporary owner then, with a heavy heart, was cheaply papering up a room or two when a workman noticed a sort of half open panel, much in shape like the slit of a letter box. Into this he carelessly thrust his brush to "sack" out the dust accumulations, just as painters are fond of doing. Out dropped a bundle of old papers, which the painter brushed aside, and the latter pointed out to a servant. The servant brought them to his master who brought them to the solicitor in the case, who all but shouted with delight as he showed them to his Counsel. The Lady casting away every stick of furniture, had forgotten to search this precious receptacle. The solicitor hurried with these priceless papers to London, went to a nameless printer, had them printed, and jealously hidden away. And when the Counsel received his brief, it was a surprise to find a clasp-lock and key attached to the book." (The true story of the find will be found elsewhere.)

Then as to the production of the letters on the second trial, Mr. Dickens proceeds, "One by one from the locked book were read not one, not a dozen, but a whole series of the most affectionate letters between the two Caesars who had fought the duel. They had been reconciled and no one could listen without being convinced that to the child of the Chief Justice, the testator could have had no hostility. The feelings

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of the Counsel on the other side as the fatal shell burst among them were too strong for even the well trained dissimulations of Lawyers. Over their veteran faces was speedily spreading the most palpable confusion, disappointment, and mortification. Very rapidly the triumphant case broke up and the lady, who but five minutes before was certain of her ten thousand a year, was glad to accept a compromise of some twenty thousand pounds cash which was lying in the bank."

Immediately after the second trial, Mrs. Boyse went to reside permanently to Marseilles in the South of France where she died intestate in 1878, and a contest then raged between her next of kin and her reputed third husband, Monsieur Gaultier, for the possession of her ill gotten gains, which probably amounted, everything included to something like £90,000 or £100,000.

Note:

In Enniscorthy Church Vestry Minutes Book in 1834, Caesar Colclough who was owner of portion of the Rectorial tithe, who evidently had a front seat in the Church (pew number 8), was requested "to lower the seat which has been raised above the level in the Chancel, as the clergy and congregation are greatly inconvenienced by its elevation". There are also in St Iberius' Church in Wexford Town pews to Mr. and Mrs. Colclough still to be seen also above the rest of the other pews, probably at the request of Caesar's wife.²

Henry, the founder of the branch of Beauchamp Colclough's family who was a younger brother of Colonel Caesar, settled himself in Kildavin next to Newtownbarry (Bunclody) in the County Carlow early in the 18th century. His eldest son, Dudley, died unmarried, leaving by his Will his place of Bohermore, County Carlow, to his next brother, Beauchamp, who also was left by his mother an undivided portion of the Townsland of Bennekerry, near Carlow, but owing to unfortunate disagreements between Beauchamp's widow and his mother, the latter, by her Will, left all the remainder of her share of the "Beauchamp" property, and which was considerable, to the son of her first husband, Bartholomew Barnes, with the remark that, "that he always treated her with dutiful love and consideration".

Mrs. Beauchamp Colclough however was left a considerable fortune by her Aunt Miss Sarah McCarty, with remainder in moieties for life to her two sons, Henry and Beauchamp, and their issue for ever. Henry obtained a partition of the Townsland of Bennekerry, and resided there calling the place Mount Sion. The place eventually came to the hands of Henry's eldest son, Beauchamp, whose widow having played much the same game as Mrs. Caesar Colclough of Tintern, sold Mount Sion to Mr. Clayton Browne, and it now forms a part of the latter's demesne.

Patrick the third son of Henry of Kildavin, managed to get hold of that place after his father's death, thus ousting the sons of his elder brother, and as I have been told, by unfair means. My grandfather, Beauchamp, lived at lower Kildavin, under his Uncle Patrick for many years, but finally joined my father (*his son*) in Canada where the latter had received a part of Government wild lands for his military services, and on

² Bernard Colclough, 2002

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which he had settled on retiring from the Army in 1817. Kildavin, like so much more of Colclough Property, has long passed into stranger's hands.

A curious coincidence often related to Beauchamp,(when he was a child) by his father, and in which he was an doctor, occurred in the course of the war of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States. The morning after a battle fought in the frontiers of Canada, his father had been sent out with a piguet, to collect the wounded and stragglers of both Armies, and in the course of his patrol through the woods he came across a party of friendly Indians, who were dancing the war dance around a prisoner, whom they had stripped naked, preparatory to putting him to the torture. On seeing the party of soldiers approaching, the prisoner nerved by despair, jumped clear over the hands of captors, and rushing up to my father, begged for God's sake he would save his life. His father at once placed him in the centre of his party, and eventually succeeded in bringing him safe into the camp. He proved to be a Captain Harris of the American Army, who fallen had into the hands of the Indians the night before, and as they had lost some of their warriors in the fight his doom was certainly sealed, if it had not been for the accident of the piguet having come his way. He was exchanged some months afterwards for a British Officer, and rejoined his own Army;

And two years after, it fell to his turn to repay the kind act he had received at my father's hands, by saving the latter's life. My father was lying on the ground, in the grey of the morning, after the battle and blowing up of Fort Erie, bleeding from nine wounds, any one of which one would suppose, would have been enough to have killed him, when he saw an American officer riding by, who proved to be his former friend, Captain Harris, and who on recognising the wounded man, at once obtained a party of American soldiers, and had my father removed to a place of safety, where he attended him like a brother, as indeed he was, for they were both Freemasons. My father's name was sent home among the list of killed, and my mother was mourning for months, before the joyful news reached her, that her husband had been spared to her, and was in a fair way of recovery.

Of all the Great Duffry Estate, there now remains with the family, only 4 or 5 Townslands, and the Tithes of some of the Rectories under the grant of 16th Charles I, together with the houses and premises in Wexford and Taghmon, obtained at the same time. It would be difficult to enumerate the names of the parties, who now enjoy the remainder, but the principal of them are, Lord Monk, Lord Carew, Mr. Bridges, Sir Clement Wolseley, Mr. Blacker, the Harvey Family, Mr. Richards of Grange, Colonel Phayre, Mr. Cookman, Mr.Cliffe and the representatives of Mr. Rowe.

Of Duffry Hall, the former residence of the family, there only remains the foundations, Mr. Rowe's tenant, after our family left, pulled the house down, and carried off the materials to build a house elsewhere, and even the white stone on which was inscribed the date etc. of the erection of the house, and which was inserted in the front wall, over the Hall door, is no longer to be found.

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The burial place of the Duffry Branch of the family, is a large enclosure, surrounded with a high iron railing, with trees now growing in it, in the grave yard of the church of Templeshambo, but there does not appear to have been any tombstones erected there.³ And the old registry of the parish having been destroyed in the rebellion of 1798, there is little there now to tell of the family who were the once proud owners of all the surrounding country.⁴

Sir Thomas Colclough was given a grant of the lands of Templeshambo after a period of domination by the Mac Murrough- Kavanagh towards the end of the 16th century. He settled the lands on his son Dudley Colclough who resided at Monart. He was confirmed in those lands by Charles I in 1628. He owned in his own rights, land at Kildealy, Mohurry, Ballybreen, and Coolacarney, while holding other land jointly with Sir Morgan Kavanagh, then resident at Clonmullan Castle near Bunclody. He also held Gurteen and Cromoge jointly with Edmund Hyre while with William Byrne and a man named Callaghan he held 750 acres in the vicinity of Clorogue and Curraduff. In 1641, Dudley Colclough as before said, came into disfavour and his lands were forfeit in the Cromwellian Confiscation. They were divided amongst the new settlers and those from amongst the Old English whose loyalty was not in doubt.

Of his land at Gurteen and Cromoge 85 acres were given to William and James Swanton, 222 acres to Captain John Wackeman, 601 acres to Patrick Colclough his son; 587 acres to Earl Anglesey. In Rossard, Ballylusk, Booladurragh, 1265 acres were given to Oliver Wheeler, Henry Kenny and Earl Anglesey. Wheeler also got 600 acres at Boolamore, Ballychrystal, Carrignagree and Cloroguebeg. Patrick Colclough and John Cottrell were given 750 acres at Curraduff, Cloroguemore, and Coolyvane and 458 acres at "Ffarrandiggen and Ffarrangra (Near Ballindaggan) were allotted to Morris and Clayton. Dudley also lost 1400 at "Kildealy, Mohurry, Ballibreene, and Coolacarney" to John Cottrell, Matthew Stoddard and Edward Carey. At Kilcullen, Boligbeg and Shroughmore, Dudley Colclough and Hugh Brine, who were both described as Irish Papists lost a further 830 acres to Morris and Clayton, Patrick Colclough (Dudley's son) and Henry Kenny. Much of this land was covered with mature timber and was a great source of ready cash. Its export to England for the manufacture of staves and as fuel for the smelters which were recently developed, was lucrative, although it carried a heavy import duty on arrival.

After the restoration of Charles II most of the lands were restored to the Colclough family, a notable exception, being that lands at Monart left in the possession of Messrs. Clayton and Morris, who had set up a smelting works there. These works were developed by one Colonel Robert Phayre and be

³ But in the old graveyard on the other side of the river there are the some graves stones still there this year (2002)

⁴ save the few Colclough families who possess some small farms in Ballygibbon, Killanne, and Ballybawn area

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came known as Phayrefield, later changed to Fairfield, It wasn't until 1818 that the distillery was set up there by Andrew Jameson.

Dudley Colclough died in 1663, and was succeeded by his son Patrick who resided at Duffry Hall, which had been built about 1627. It was the Colclough home certainly up to the 1798 rebellion. In 1683. Patrick Colclough was granted a licence to hold two fairs annually, at Mohurry on August 15th and October 27th, and a further fair at Wheelagower. As to the records of Templeshambo some were destroyed in 1798.

Nearly two hundred years after the rebellion, the Church Warden of St.Colmans, Church of Ireland in Templeshambo, Mr. Ken Hemmingway a local historian and some others between 1983 and 1990 compiled a historical record of Priests, Rectors and lay people, of both communities in the adjoining cemeteries. One of the graveyards surrounds the Church of Ireland, the other one is 500 yards to the south on the opposite side of the Shanbo river. There is no religious distinction here,- Roman Catholics and their Church of Ireland brethren are buried side by side.

In January 1990 a booklet (the fourth in a series) recording the Memorials to the Dead , in the Diocese of Ferns, Co. Wexford, and some adjoining parishes, has been compiled by FAS. This book was inspired by the series of works by Brian Cantwell from his "Memorial of the Dead". In St. Colmans (1815) grave yard at the left hand side of the church, the Colclough vault surrounded by railings are still to be seen (this year 2000). The family vault is covered over by a mound. Inside the railed mound are buried the following Colcloughs. This list is taken from the Burial Register (which have survived) published in the booklet "Memorials to the Dead of Templeshanbo 1990."

Colclough Adam, Barragh, 28 years, 12/8/1827.

Colclough Catherine, Kildavin 58 years, 10/1/1828.

Colclough Rev. Dudley. Enniscorthy, 65 years,12/8/1830.

Colclough Mary, 23 years, 17/11/1832.

Colclough Caesar, Dudley, Newtownbarry. 27 years, 7/2/1833.

Colclough Luke Gavin, Newtownbarry, 20 Years, 28/4/1833.

Colclough Louisa, Wexford, 23 years 29/5/1833.

Colclough Mary, Newtownbarry, 56 years, 29/2/1836.

Colclough Harriet, Portarlinton, 26 years 19/3/1838

Colclough Agmondisham Vesey, Newtownbarry,34 years, 4/11/1840.

Colclough Caesar Dudley, Monart, 15 months, 31/5/1841.

Colclough Mrs. Susannah, Parish of St.Thomas, Dublin, 70 years, 7/11/1851.

Colclough Julia, 2 Royal Terrace. Kingstown, 71 years, 16/1/1864.

Colclough Margaret, Dublin, 82 years, 4/5/1878.

Colclough Sarsfield, Esq J.P. Isle of Man, 85 years, 12/1/1855

Colclough Elizabeth Carte, Castle Ellis, 45 years 27/2/1837.

(The above Rev. Dudley Colclough was a curate in Templeshanbo in1793.)

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Inside the Church at South Wall.

*Sacred to the memory Lieut. Colonel. Thomas Colclough Watson,
who departed this life at Dacca East Indies on the
30th April 1834. aged 46 years & 10 months,*

*He was suddenly removed by Cholera whilst in the enjoyment
of health & the greatest domestic felicity, loved & honoured
By the Officers & Men under his command & esteemed and
Respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances,
His virtues, his talents, his liberality & amiable disposition
endeared him to all classes, He was a brave soldier, an active
and zealous Officer, a warm and steady friend, a tender &
most indulgent Husband, a fond Father & a sincere Christian.*

*He rested all his hopes on the blood and merits of his
Saviour Jesus Christ & when death came it found built
upon this Rock & he was not confounded but submissively
resigned his spirit & his earthly joys to Him who gave them.*

He departed in peace

*His Officers as a token of their regret & esteem have erected a monument
over his beloved remains in the Christian burial ground at Dacca to which
he was borne by his native non-commissioned Officers and Seboys an
uncommon proof of their love and veneration, for one who they justly
looked upon as a Father.*

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

*Also in memory of Mary Watson who departed
this life on the 25th August 1834 aged 14 years & 3 months
on board the ship Mount Steward Elphinstone
at sea Lat., 13 degrees 50' North, Long, 83 degrees 50' East,
She was a lovely and most promising child, gifted with piety,
talents & wisdom far beyond her years, the last months
of her life were passed in Christian submission to her
afflictions & in her tenderest efforts to comfort & assist her
widowed sorrowing mother who erects this monument in
honour of her most tenderly beloved Husband & darling Child.*

*They were lovely and pleasant
in their lives and in their death
were not divided.*

“The sea shall give up its dead.”

*On the south side of St. Colmans across the river in the old graveyard, there
are two grave stones side by side, one a Ledger,*

IHS.

*Here lie the Bodies of
Maryan Colclough, Adam Colclough
Maryan Colclough all infants
being children of Adam Esq.,*

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*The second Ledger has a ladder carved on it and reads,
IHS.*

*here Lieth the bodies of Marianne? Colclough
alias Wade who departed this life the
24 th of the 7th 1756 aged 26 years
Lord have mercy on her soul.*

Near the the Duffry Hall area, in Killann and Rathnure, there are a number of graveyards with memorial stones to Colclough families, of which there is no doubt that they are the relatives of the Colcloughs of Duffry Hall, and Tintern. Some go back to the mid 1700s. There are also Colclough families still living and farming there to this very day, on the same lands handed down from their ancestors, and also land which they reclaimed and cleared on White Mountain⁵.

The principal memorials now to be found in the ruins of the Old Church at Tintern are enumerated elsewhere. There does not appear to have been any erected to Sir Thomas Colclough, or his son Sir Adam, though both were buried there, but some of the inscriptions are quite obliterated by time, and possibly by violence also.

In the centre of the Old Church is a Tomb erected to the late Caesar Colclough by his widow, and there is a Tablet to his memory in the new Church (*near Saltmills*) which latter also contains a Tablet to the memory of the late Rossborough Colclough, who also was interred in the Vault under the old Church (which had been repaired and enlarged by himself).

Many of the old family portraits have been lost or destroyed, and there now remains at Tintern, only those of Sir Thomas (2 copies) dated 1600. Sir Dudley of Monart (the Cavalier), temp. Charles 2nd, Alice, wife of Sir Adam C., Bart. Frances, wife of Sir Caesar C., Bart. Margaret Leigh Pigott Colclough, (2 copies), Colonel Caesar of Mohurry & Tintern, Lady Anne Bingham with one of her infant sons, One in black like a Clergyman, which I take to be that of the Rev. Thomas Colclough, one done in chalks of a Captain Colclough which from the date of the uniform worn I take to be that of Captain Caesar Colclough of the 81st Regt. Sir Vesey Colclough in the uniform of the Volunteers of 1782, and his wife, Catherine Grogan, and one of their son the lamented John Colclough.

The following were also known to have been there at one time. Anthony of Rathlin in black armour, Mary Barnewall 2nd wife of Dudley Colclough of Monart. A head of Caesar Colclough of Rosegarland, and though last not least, a head of Oliver Cromwell, whose portrait however seemed sadly out of place amongst those of a family, whose broad lands he had so ruthlessly confiscated.

Beauchamp Colclough stated that he had the remaining portraits (as above listed) photographed in Carte de Visite style by Werner of Dublin, in 1874. The only other Pictures of the family with which he was acquainted, were those of Bagenal

⁵ Collated by Bernard Colclough, 2002

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Colclough, his 2nd wife Frances, their son Richard and one of John of Tintern, all in the possession of Mrs. Campion. And one of his father, and another of his uncle B. Urquhart Colclough, both in uniform were in possession of his eldest sister Henrietta Waller, and may be still with the family in Canada.

The late Caesar Colclough of Tintern Abbey, was at considerable trouble and expense in hunting up the Pedigree of his family. Several copies of his compilation were made, from one of which I took the groundwork of the present, but the former contained many errors, and fell very far short of being a Pedigree of the whole family. The errors are here corrected, and the omissions supplied, and it is further brought down to the present day, and through the kindness of Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms, a skeleton of the present Pedigree is published in the 1879 Edition of his "Landed Gentry". Sir Bernard's arrangement of the Colclough Pedigree, and which is the only correct one yet published, is necessarily made to occupy as little space in his book as possible, but still it covers the whole ground, and accounts for all the legitimate male issue of Sir Anthony, and leaves no peg for any one who is not entitled, to hang his pretensions upon.

This book is I may say the result of a life's labour for I commenced at an early age to collect materials for it, and it has swollen to a size far exceeding my first intentions for one piece of information obtained, opened out other sources of knowledge, till at last, I began to fear that I would never complete my work. But it has been a labour of love, and I am happy in thinking that I have been able to collect and embody in one volume, so much of interesting family matter, which otherwise never would have been got together. My thanks are due in a high degree to my old friend John Henry Glascott of the Ulster Office, for the invaluable assistance and advice he has given me, as to the mode and places for making searches etc., and also for the completeness of the published pedigree, which was a matter of the first consideration to me, as may be gathered from a previous remark.

It does seem strange, but it is nevertheless true as may be verified by a careful perusal of the within pedigree, that of all the legitimate male issue of Sir Anthony there now survives only 5. All others of the name, are claiming to be descended from him, may be his descendants, but if so they must be illegitimate⁶. It may be however that some of the families of the name, now in Ireland, and in other parts of the world, who say they are descended from Sir Anthony Colclough, are in reality legitimately descended from one or other of the junior branches that remained in England after Sir Anthony who came to Ireland.⁷ It is possible that much of what is contained herein may be of little interest to any one but myself. Still I make no apology for inserting such, for it all contributes to throw light on the relations that existed or still exists between the different branches and different individuals of the family. Want of means forbids my having the work printed, and in that way of

⁶ *But there are some Colclough families in the Duffry area who are probably descended from a junior branch of Dudley's sons,*

⁷ *in 1542 or Thomas the Cromwellian, who settled in Cork and whose descendants spread out from there to other parts of the world.*

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ensuring that my labours might not be lost, through some untoward accident to the manuscript.

My task is now ended, it has been truly said that, "What one man treasures, may be to his neighbour rubbish fit only for the dust hole," But I will fondly hope, that whoever may possess this after I am gone will care it if only for my sake, and will think kindly of one who felt strongly, that "blood is thicker than water."

Beauchamp Colclough
August 1879.

Note: In 1979 exactly a 100 years after Beauchamp Colclough had completed his "Labour of Love", I (Bernard Colclough of Waterford) was fortunate to come across Beauchamp's Manuscripts locked away in a safe in Co. Dublin. It was a delightful climax to all my years of travelling since 1966 to Libraries, not only in Ireland, but also in England and America, collecting every available scrap of data concerning the Colclough family from Books, Manuscripts, and Newspaper. My travels also took me to every graveyard in the County Wexford and adjoining Counties. Consequently, this combination of Beauchamp's Manuscript and my own exhaustive research will, I hope, provide the present generation of Colcloughs and local Historians with a most interesting glimpse into our past history from extremely rare Documents. It had always been a fervent wish of mine to publish the data I had amassed over the years, but the cost of printing a large family history was prohibitive. Beauchamp Colclough had encountered similar difficulties back in 1879 and completed his manuscript with a wish with that some day his work would be published. Thankfully, Modern Computer Technology now ensures that both our expressed wishes can become a reality.

Bernard Colclough
March 2001