

...lawyer and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin."

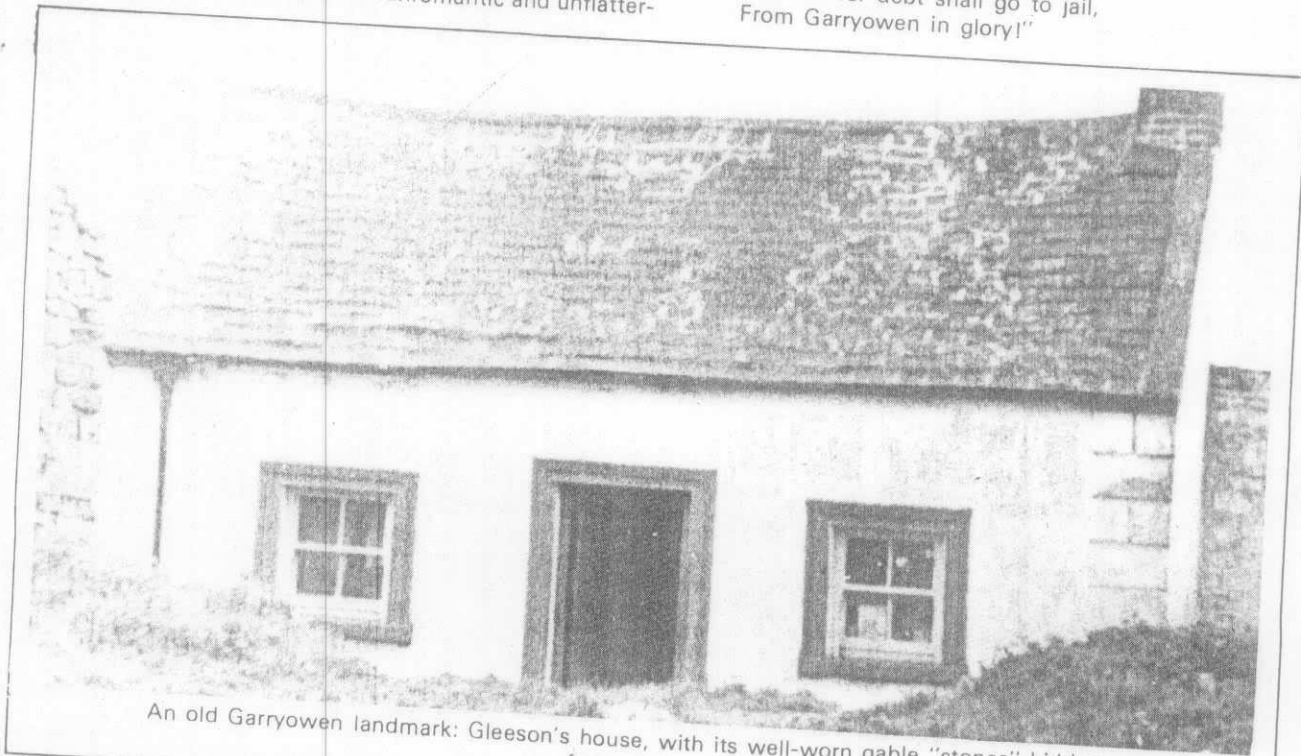
And Johnny Connell could, in a series of throws, pitch
any kind of bar the mile distance between Garryowen and
Thomondgate:

"Johnny Connell's tall and straight;
And in his limbs he is complete;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight
From Garryowen to Thomondgate."

The Connell family became so alarmed at Johnny's
behaviour that they packed him off, out of harm's way, to
Cork. But despite his removal, the popularity of Gar-
ryowen's garden declined. After a final fling by Harry
O'Brien, when he made his dramatic leap from the court
and literally jumped into history, the district was never
the same again:

"Garryowen is gone to wreck
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork;
Though Harry O'Brien leapt over the dock
In spite of judge and jury."

Gerald Griffin presents an unromantic and unflatter-



An old Garryowen landmark: Gleeson's house, with its well-worn gable "stones" hidden
from view.

With the departure of its 'wild-raking' leader, the gang
ceased its unruly activities. The 'boys' duly grew up and
went on to take their ordained places, like their fathers
before them, in Limerick's staid business community. On
his return from his enforced exile to Cork, Johnny Connell
settled down to lead a law-abiding life. Little is known
about his subsequent career, though his gesture in
donating to the Dominicans the site for their church at
Baker Place is one of the few recorded details of his later
years. There is no doubt, however, that he became a
thoroughly reformed citizen.

Johnny Connell is buried in the ancient churchyard of
Donoghmore, near Limerick. His name and his fame will
endure in his native city while Garryowen itself survives.
He has left us a legend which has lasted for more than
two hundred years. So when next you hear the name
"Garryowen" perhaps you might pause for a moment to
recall that youthful hero of song and story and his es-
capades in Owen's garden long ago.

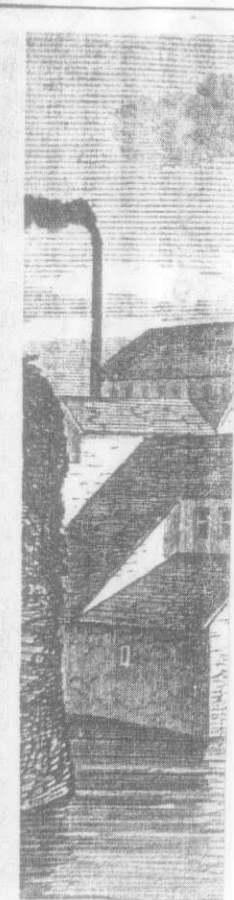
"Instead of spa we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail,
From Garryowen in glory!"

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of Commons "that
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