

Miscellaneous Cantwells, 18th Century (mostly)

While updating family research and working on the biography and ancestry of John McNamara Cantwell, I came across these snippets from Irish newspapers of the late 18th century. It makes no pretence to be complete or thematic and they are listed here for want of anywhere else to put them.

- 1) A Dr Cantwell was a character in a play called *The Hypocrite*, performed in Dublin in 1780s to 1830s, who apparently was “this man is ashamed of nothing” and was quoted in newspaper diatribes against American Loyalists in the 1770s.
- 2) At a Rotunda Hospital masquerade, *Freeman’s Journal* 26th February, 1781 “Skirmish – Mr Cantwell; performed with true humour”
- 3) A Richard Cantwell of Rider’s Lane, Dublin, was a land agent in the 1770-80s
- 4) Extract from a letter from Maryborough, *Belfast Newsletter*, 13th April 1798 “Laurence Cantwell and Martin Whelan, were tried for a robbery and burglary, in the house of Daniel Devoy. This poor man (Devoy) had been most barbarously treated by these ruffians, who absolutely roasted him on his own fire to extort a discovery of his money; but Devoy’s neighbours and friends rising and surrounding the ruffians, seized the two prisoners, who were accordingly found guilty.”
- 5) Married: Michael Cantwell, Carrick on Suir, Merchant, to Miss Clancy, daughter of Pierce Clancy Esq., Ballygarron, Co. Waterford *Freeman’s Journal*, 17th June 1797
- 6) Married: Michael Cantwell to Mary Kindrick at Feathard, *Finns Leinster Journal*, 19th February, 1772
- 7) Sinnott and Cantwell, Stone-Cutters, have now at their Marble Yard, near the Parade, Kilkenny, a large assortment of Marble Chimney Pieces ready finished, so that those inclined to deal with them may not be disappointed or delayed; and they hope by the Beauties of the Marbles, the Elegance of their Polish, and their most reasonable Charges, together with their Endeavours to please, will give Satisfaction to all those who will be pleased to honour them with their custom *Freeman’s Journal* 7th August 1779
- 8) Michael Cantwell has just imported, per Mary, Captain Genery, a few Tuns of Best RUSSIAN TWELVE HEAD FLAX and a quantity of BRISTOL CROWN GLASS, which he will sell on Moderate Terms. *Freeman’s Journal* 5th November 1796
- 9) Marriage licence bond of Jane Cantwell and John Bernard Trotter, 1813; they were married in St Peter’s Church of Ireland on 12th January 1813 (Author of *Walks through Ireland*, published 1819, and founder of the first harp society in Ireland, 1809, his wife attended him in his final impoverished days in Cork. He, 1775-1818, has an entry in Dictionary of National Biography.)

Finally...

I have no idea whether this bizarre auctioneering report is real, fictional or somewhere in-between¹:

At a Sale held this Day at the G.C.H. the following notorious Jacobites were publicly sold by Auction

James Cantwell, Auctioneer

The first, I shall begin with, Gen'mn, is the noted George Mal Donc, the Prince of Tories, and the most consummate Politician of the Age; come, what shall we say for this Mercury admirer? Sixpence. What! No more than Sixpence for Mal Donc? Why, Gen'mn, you don't know him, perhaps; this is the Secheverell of those Days, the Petri, the Jeffreys if you will; not one of these honourable Gentlemen could enforce the Doctrine of passive Obedience better than he can, nor exceed him in his Zeal for the expelled Race of the Tarquins: Eight-pence. For Shame, Gen'mn, why, he's a Traveller, a Philosopher, a very Zeno in Argument; you're not acquainted with Half his Worth; all the Schools of Athens, the whole Body of Stoics could not produce his equal in Sophistry and Quibbling. Stealth, Gen'mn, he'd puzzle Aristotle himself; no U----y Scholar to bid for this profound Logician; what a pity it is he did not come into the World two Centuries ago; he would have silenced Luther, at least he has the Vanity to think for: Twenty. Where are the Blooms----y Gang, whose Measures he defends with such Warmth? No spurious Son of S---- to bid for this Don Quixote in the Cause of Oppression? Forty. What an excellent Preceptor would he be for a young Charly? Such exalted Notions of Divine Right would he instil into ----45. For Heaven's Sake, Gen'mn, don't mention that cursed number, it makes him tremble like a Criminal, before a Judge, Fifty. Going, going for 50, Gen'mn, Have you all done? Going. Gone. Who bought him? Mr Bowlow.

Jack Flighty, Gen'mn, the flying Mercury, the true, the original Quidnunc; what shall we set him up at? Two-pence. Look at him, Gen'mn, just escaped from the I--- of M----n; shew yourself, Jack; what a noble Air, Gen'mn, not the least Tincture of the Philosopher, more of the Bacchanal, I'll assure you; a fine florid Complexion: Four-pence. No more? Why, indeed, Gen'mn, since the Whigs maintained their Ground so well of late in St St----s; he is somewhat paler than usual. Delirious. I deny the Charge; he rolls his eyes now and then, indeed, but you must take Care never to mention to Presbytery in his Presence; nor, by the Bye, one of that Sect gave him a Dose once, that he could never rightly digest; it was too bitter, faith. Five-pence. Dear Gen'mn, consider what a Sum the Grand Monarque would give for him; what a Figure would he make among the Gen D'Armea: Six-pence, Going, going gone. Who is the Purchaser? Mr Maypole. I wish him Joy in his mad Bargain.

The next is Will Nimble, alias, the polite Son of Esculapius, Gen'mn, the very Quintessence of Gallantry, and the Flower of Politeness: A Penny. Surely you jest, Gen'mn observe how he wears his Hat, quite Alamode De Paris; his Air, his Mien; Tout Degagee et Chargement; no more than One Penny; 'Sdeath, if he was to be sold for a Skeleton, he's worth five Times the Sum; survey him, Gen'mn, De Haut en Bas,

¹ *Freeman's Journal* 17th February 1770

never was such a Figure, why; he's a Beau, a Diamond of the best Water, the Trojan Shepherd, for noted in the Annals of Gallantry, was but a Clown to him; not a Man in the three Kingdoms can pay their Compliments with a better Grace; a true Courtier; at the very Time he's expressing his great Joy to see you, he would not be at all displeas'd at seeing you jostling old Pharaoh in the Red Sea; does no decayed Lady of Quality want an Announcer? Special Fellow for a Gentleman Usher; he lives but in Punctilio; his Physiognomy is not, I must all we altogether so attracting; but, well may you laugh, Gen'mn, there was a Time, no Matter for that, though Ruinous Times: Two-pence. Shall the Pink of Courtesy be sold for Two-pence. Forbid Gallantry; lay Will Nimble aside

And then I adjourn'd the sale for a week, when shall sell the remaining Tories, and a curious Collection of Al---n, or cornuted Heads

I am, Gentlemen, your Admirer

James Cantwell

The XIXth Letter on Poyning's Law, &c *in our next*

The case of a late High Sheriff of the Co. of D----n is too labour'd and prolix, as well as uninteresting to the Public

Hortensius is too much in the Stile of an Advertisement

Lucius Junius Brutus has said no more than has been better said before

An Epigram, by a Supporter of the Bill of Rights is too insignificant

The Lines from W----t----th on the Death of a Gentleman should be inserted, but we do not panegyris where we are entire Strangers to the Merits

Brutus's Amendments came too late