

James Kirwan shot

THE SHOOTING OF MR. KIRWAN OF COOMA, BY A TROOPER.

(From the Maneroo Mercury.)

The most painful duty that has ever fallen to our lot to perform is that of recording an event which has and will long remain impressed on the minds of all the respectable residents of Maneroo,—an event which has and will for some time cast a gloom on the district generally,—viz.: the shooting by a police-officer of Mr. James Kirwan, a well-known and respectable stockholder of this locality. It appears that John Welch, publican, of this town, had misad some valuable horses, and in consequence of reports, considered by him reliable, procured a warrant for Mr. James Kirwan's apprehension, on suspicion of his having stolen them. It is asserted that since Welch procured the warrant he intimated his desire to settle the matter amicably, and a horseman was sent to Kirwan's station, Mowenbah, for the purpose of inducing Mr. Kirwan to pay Cooma a visit. Poor Kirwan seemed to have treated the affair with disdain. However, on Tuesday the deceased rode into Cooma and visited many of his friends, which act did not seem to imply that he anticipated any evil results from his visit. Sergeant O'Donohue, it appears, had made one unsuccessful attempt to arrest Kirwan previous to their last meeting, and in consequence of the failure he proceeded between the hours of eight and nine in the evening to the police barracks, saddled his horse, provided himself with fire-arms and went in search of Kirwan. Coming up with

him between the Market-square and the bridge on the Sydney road, O'Donohue ordered Kirwan to "stand," and, according to his evidence, he caught hold of Kirwan's bridle with his right hand, holding his own bridle and revolver with the left hand, when Kirwan turned his horse round quickly, and the sergeant fired the fatal shot which laid low the finest young man on Maneroo—a man who was ever ready to assist persons in need, and who will be remembered by his associates as a most agreeable companion. Let those of our readers who were not acquainted with James Kirwan picture to themselves a man over six feet high, well-made, good-looking, with but about twenty-three summers passed o'er his brow, of jovial and agreeable manners, and they will portray a *fac-simile* of his appearance. As a horseman few excelled him, and no doubt it was a feeling of pride in his capabilities that induced him to remain in town and test the mettle of the trooper's horse. He leaves a young widow, two brothers, a sister, and several other relatives, and a numerous circle of friends to mourn his untimely end. Strange to relate, his father met his death in a similar manner, having been shot by his own gardener, about twelve years since, not half a mile from the spot where his son breathed his last.

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