

Death of Mr W Fitzgerald

Monday morning, the 13th of the present month, witnessed the passing away from this vale of tears one of the best, the most genial, and indeed the most sincere of ex-Borough Councillors—to wit, William Fitzgerald, of ancient Athluakard street. An old graduate of Quay Lane, and proud of the connection with the scholars of the period, William Fitzgerald followed the honest trade of plasterer, and which art he perfected in himself until he became in due time a contractor and a builder to a marked degree. The old Abbey Ward selected him from many other ambitious men as the just representative of the people, and by his tact and native wit he won unstinted admiration not only from the people he honestly and fearlessly represented, but from the city and the county at large. As an Irishman, William Fitzgerald proved his fidelity in every movement, and when the memorable riots took place in Limerick on Sunday night, the 16th of October, 1881, the Pig Buyers, led by the Chandler Hartney and the young men of the Sand Mall and Athluakard street, held Baal's Bridge for hours against the Scotts' Greys and police. Mr Fitzgerald was brother-in-law to the late Mr Geoffrey Burke, C.P.S., and the Holy Family of the Arch-Confraternity had no more ardent member, being not only a Prefect, but a Diamond Jubilarian of that astounding Catholic organisation. "Bill Fitz" is dead!! The old play bills I call to mind, when the finest "Danny Man" not only in Ireland, but the "Isles," walked on for the honest cause of charity. His dying scene in Act IV will ever be remembered by the old school, for his elocution and acting surpassed the many professionals who enacted the role of the Hunchback. Not only will St Michael's Dramatic Class look back with pride upon the memory of the most popular member in the old combination, but many private classes whose principles sought poor "Bill's" help for advice and consolation. Personally I will miss him, for he is now—except "Myles"—the last of the old school, and I verily tender to his friends my heart-felt sorrow on the demise of a man who did so much good for the strolling player as for the public. Ring down the curtain, douse the glimmers, wipe off the grease paint all you amateur actors—William Fitzgerald is dead—may the Almighty Prompter meet him in the wings.

—P.J.R.