ANCESTRAL ARTS WORKSHOP

Evelyn McElroy, Carlyn Cox, and Marie Dorsey making St. Bridget Crosses
President’s Message

It is hard to believe that another year has flown by. As we approach 2012, I would like to extend my gratitude to the TIARA board, the committee chairs, the members, and to all the volunteers who make the organization work. It might surprise some of you to know that 2013 will be TIARA’s 30th anniversary! Many of our members have been with TIARA from the start and their loyalty to the group is honorable. Some of us “newcomers” have also shown amazing dedication to TIARA. I hope that you’ll join us in planning TIARA’s 30th birthday celebration in the coming year.

I also want to thank those of you who have donated your time, talent, and money to TIARA. There have been many individuals that have given so freely to TIARA, there are no real words to thank you for your service. TIARA has held on to a lower dues rate than most organizations, largely due to the generous nature of our members. We ask that you remember that any monetary donations to TIARA are tax-deductible, and those donations will be used to further the interests of our members. Please consider donating to TIARA as you renew your membership.

The trips to Ireland were successful this year. The camaraderie on both trips was remarkable, and yours truly had a small breakthrough on my Belfast research! The Trip Committee will continue to plan trips based on member interest.

The banquet was also a success. It sold out soon after being announced. The crowd, the food, the location, and the speaker...all were fantastic. Thanks to Margaret Sullivan and Greg Atkinson for planning such a great event.

The board (officers and committee chairs) are meeting regularly, once a month, to plan TIARA’s future. If you have any ideas, we ask that you share them with us. We have always been, and will continue to be, a member-driven organization.

Speaking for the board, I want to wish all of you a safe and happy holiday season. This is a great time of year to collect those family memories.

May the love of your family and friends warm the chill of the approaching winter.

Mary E. Choppa, #1791
Finding My Feeneys
Michael B. Melanson, #1015

I had the pleasure of traveling to Ireland with twelve wonderful people from TIARA in October. We were led by Janis Duffy and Marie Ahearn, who offered their guidance in preparation for and during our trip. Although each of us was dedicated to our own personal pursuits, an instant camaraderie developed as we shared our hopes, discoveries, and disappointments at breakfast each morning. Daily, sitting side-by-side at microfilm readers at the National Library or pouring over the Cancelled Books at the Valuation Office, we celebrated with one another as Geri Cox found one of her elusive Redmonds or shared in Maureen Rossi’s frustration with her multiple Patrick Smiths. Whether we crossed the street to the library or took a power-walk with Arleen Chapin over the Liffey River to the Irish Life Center, each day brought a renewed optimism that the answers we sought were close at hand. Lunch breaks at Café Joly or an evening pint in the hotel pub gave us an opportunity to regroup, discuss, and rejuvenate.

Shedding more light on the family of my great-great-grandmother, Margaret Feeney, was among my many quests that week. She was baptized in Ahamlish Parish, County Sligo, May 11, 1845, the daughter of John and Mary (née Feeney) Feeney of Grogagh, who had been married in the same parish, June 21, 1840. Unfortunately, their parents were not recorded and there was no dispensation granted for any existing blood relationship. Using the online resource, rootsireland.ie, prior to the trip, I had found the baptismal records of six of their children, the last of which was Patrick, baptized May 15, 1858.

One major obstacle was the information provided in Griffiths Valuation, published for Ahamlish Parish in 1858. This land survey, conducted by townland across Ireland between 1846 and 1864, listed all leaseholders, immediate landlords, acreage, structures (such as houses and outbuildings), value of the holdings, and the rate of annual rent a landlord could expect. When persons of the same name held leases in the same townland, identifiers were used to distinguish one from the other. The addition of sen. and jun., for senior and junior, would appear to be the most common. However, this may simply denote a difference in age or a distinction used within their individual families and not necessarily a father-son relationship between the two men in question. Others might note a difference in hair color, such as Philip Shea (Red) and Philip Shea (Black), both of Ashroe. For genealogists, the most cherished identifier would be the father’s first name, such as Michael Freeel (Hugh) and Michael Freeel (Bryan), both of Barnaderg. When the same name appeared more than once without identifiers, it would be assumed that one individual leased the multiple holdings.

In Griffiths, Grogagh’s 192 statute acres were divided into 27 plots of land leased to 21 individuals, twelve of which had houses and, of these, five were occupied by Feeneys. John Feeney appeared twice – once as the leaseholder of lot 10, with land and a house, and a second time with lot 21, land only, and lot 22, with land and two houses, one for himself and a smaller one, which he leased to Sarah McGowan. There was no indication that these two John Feeneys were separate individuals. However, having a primary residence on both lots 10 and 22 was suspect.

During the 1840s and 1850s, there were two John Feeney families living at Grogagh and having children baptized in Ahamlish Parish – my John and Mary, as well as John and Catherine (née Feeney) Feeney. The latter couple had a child born as late as 1860, confirming that this John was present at Grogagh in 1858. Conveniently, Griffiths listed a Mary Feeney occupying lot 25, with land and a house, who I initially assumed to be my John’s widow. The timing of Griffiths created a problem with this scenario. It was published for Ahamlish in 1858 with information collected prior to that. For Mary to have given birth to John’s child in May 1858, John had to have been alive in August 1857. Although it was certainly possible that the surveyor had collected and published the townland details in that short a period of time, it was not very probable.

From the time of Griffiths until the computerization of land records, periodic updates of leases, land ownership, and structures were handwritten in valuation books. As the surveyor visited a townland with the former valuation book in hand, he would update it by crossing out names and figures and replacing them with the most recent in-

TIARA researchers and trip guides

- 3 -
formation using a different color ink. The date the change was made in the book was noted—usually just the year. After a few decades, and a number of changes, the book was cancelled, filed away, and a new book was begun. These volumes became known as Cancelled Books. Today, held at the Valuation Office in the Irish Life Center on Abbey Street in Dublin, these original tomes are available to the public.

The seven Cancelled Books for Grogagh were bound into two volumes. The first entry updating Griffiths, dated January 8, 1863, included the previously missing identifiers: lot 10 – John Feeney (Cormac); lots 21 and 22 – John Feeney (John); and lot 25 – Mary Feeney (Daniel). Through prior research, I knew I was not related to the Cormac Feeneys. Mary Feeney was the widow of Daniel, not my John. Therefore, this entry not only identified my John Feeney as the one who leased a dwelling to Sarah McGowan, but also provided his father’s name. Paging through the books, a story began to unfold. By 1870, the small, rental cottage was noted as down, meaning it was uninhabited and in ruins. In 1892, the lot numbers were adjusted, changing John Feeney’s lots from 21 and 22 to 16 and 17 – his house on lot 17. In 1901, John’s name was crossed out in red and replaced by that of his son, Patrick Feeney. Through the 1901 Census of Ireland, I had already identified Patrick as Margaret Feeney’s younger brother. By 1914, through the Land Act Purchase and with the assistance of the Lands Commission, Patrick had purchased the land on which his family had been tenants for generations. The last of the Cancelled Books noted Patrick’s son, James, had taken over the family farm by 1945, most probably upon his father’s death. James remained owner of the farm until at least 1977, the date of the last entry for that property.

With this new evidence placing John Feeney’s death between 1892 and 1901, I went to the General Register Office, also located in the Irish Life Center. A quick search of the death indices found only one man who matched the information I had obtained. For €5, I purchased the certificate: John Feeney of Grogagh, a widowed farmer, died January 18, 1898, from senile decay, aged 86 years. His son, Patt Feeney, had been the informant. This was indeed my John Feeney. If his age was correct, he would have been born about 1811.

At the National Library, I reviewed the microfilm of Ahamlish Parish records. There was only one John Feeney, son of John, born during that time period: John Feeney, baptized March 16, 1812, the son of John Feeney and Mary Fenigan. The only sibling found was an older brother, Patrick, baptized April 22, 1809, whose mother was noted as Mary Henigan. Scouring the records for other Feeney baptisms, marriages, and burials, I found many. Among them was a previously undiscovered Sarah Feeney, daughter of John and Mary (née Feeney) Feeney of Grogagh, born July 29, 1864, and baptized two days later—more proof to debunk my original theory that my John Feeney had died before 1858.

My week was not completely confined to microfilm readers and old books. Prior to the trip, I had written a letter to my only known relation in County Sligo, Deidre (née Devins) Davey. She had given the correspondence to her nephew, Nicky Davey, who, in turn, contacted me. Although he lives with his family in Sligo, his work takes him to Dublin two days each week. We arranged to meet for dinner in Dublin and his cousin, Paul Davey, joined us. They are both my third cousins and we are all great-great-grandsons of Margaret Feeney and her husband, Peter Hart of Drumiskabole.

We found much in common, as we shared our fam-
ily stories, each with its own spin and perspective based on which side of the Atlantic we were raised.

My third cousins, Nicky and Paul Davey

Their great-grandmother, Bridget Hart, had married John Davey of Carrickhenry. She was the only one of Margaret and Peter's twelve children to remain in Ireland and have children, making the Daveys my closest relations in Sligo. My great-grandfather, Patrick Hart, was the eldest son. He immigrated to America in 1893 and settled in Newton, Massachusetts. Four of his siblings followed him.

After a week of research at the National Library, National Archives, Valuation Office, General Register Office, and Registry of Deeds, our group disbanded. While most headed home, and others, who had joined us late in the week, traveled with Mary Choppa on a research trip to Belfast, a few of us took the opportunity to travel around Ireland. I rented a car and successfully drove myself across the country, on the left side of the road, arriving in County Sligo unscathed. I had booked accommodations at Philmar House, a bed and breakfast just north of Sligo Town, giving me easy access to both Grogagh and Drumiskabole, located north and south of town, respectively.

On Sunday morning, I headed out to find Grogagh. From the 1830s map, which accompanied Griffiths, I knew it was located east of Grange, about a twenty-minute drive north of Sligo. Unable to acquire a contemporary map detailed enough to show the small townland, I toured the area for a while without success. There were no signs or landmarks to be found. Periodically, I did stop for directions. Those I asked were either unfamiliar with Grogagh or were not sure of its exact location. After a couple of hours, a customer at a gas station/convenience store pointed me in the right direction. It seemed simple enough. Leaving Grange center, I took a right at Barry's Pub and a left at the Post Primary School. I traveled down the road a bit before coming upon two women talking in a driveway. I stopped and asked if I had reach Grogagh. I had not. I was directed to head further down the road, take the second right, head up the hill and take the first road on the left, which I did.

It was raining when I arrived in Grogagh. Traveling down the narrow street lined with both newer and older homes, I wondered how I would possibly determine which property might have belonged to my Feeneys. The road configuration had changed since the 1830s. I had no point of reference to get my bearings and there was no one in sight to ask. Halfway down the road, I noticed an older home with its door propped open. I parked the car in front of the large shed filled with heaping mounds of peat bricks, walked through the gate, passed the flower beds which topped the low walls, up to the door, knocked gently, and stuck my head in.

Margaret Heraghty's house is the one with two chimneys.

Although initially startled by my sudden appearance, the lovely lady, who I believed to be in her seventies, invited me in for tea. As they had lived for generations, the entrance to her home was the main room of the house. The stove was to the right, the kitchen table against the front wall, and a few chairs scattered here and there. At her request, I took a seat. She informed me I was, indeed, in Grogagh and that her own name was Feeney, but she was now Margaret Heraghty. She had come to that house as a bride from another townland. Next door lived Cormac Feeney, who would be no relation to me, I informed her. She was absolutely delightful. I asked if I might take her picture, to which she coyly agreed. As I left, she apologized for not being of more help. Nonetheless, I had enjoyed the visit. I drove down the road, but found no signs of life anywhere, with the exception of a herd of cows enjoying their feed sheltered from the pouring rain. As I was expected at a Davey family gathering, I headed back to town.
The event was a real Davey family affair, as Nicky’s father, Bertie, had invited a number of his cousins. The afternoon and evening were filled with introductions, stories, laughter, photographs, and, of course, tea. Nicky’s sister, Christine Curley, had graciously opened her beautiful home for the occasion. It was built on the Davey family land in Carrickhenry, next to her father’s. Bertie’s house, in turn, overlooked the ruins of two cottages, which had belonged, respectively, to his parents, Peter and Christina (née Devins) Davey, and his grandparents, John and Bridget (née Hart) Davey.

Across the street was Drumiskabole, where a small lane led up to the former Hart farm. That property had transferred out of the family in the 1960s, after the deaths of the last of the Harts to occupy it, Peter and Annie (née Ferguson) Hart. On my previous visit there, in 1997, ruins of the cow house and other outbuildings still existed. However, there was no evidence of the cottage. The owner at that time, Mary (née Davey) Healy, no relation to our Daveys, was kind enough to give an impromptu tour of the land and pointed out a clearing among the trees where the house had once stood.

The following morning, as I sat at the dining table uploading the images I had taken, the proprietor of Philmar House, Mary Scanlon, asked me how I made out with my research the previous day. “After a few hours, I finally found Grogagh,” I told her proudly. “Ah, you went to Grogagh did yee?” “Do you know Grogagh?” I asked. “Why, yes, I have a friend who lives there.” Why hadn’t I thought to ask Mary for directions before I left the house?

“I visited with a Margaret Heraghty,” I told her. “That’s my friend’s mother!” she replied. I quickly brought up Margaret Heraghty’s picture and Mary confirmed we were talking about the same person. It was my intent to spend that entire rainy day at the Sligo County Local Studies Library, which was temporarily housed in the same building as the Sligo Central Library on Stephen Street. However, after an hour or so there, I had reviewed all the resources I needed. I toured the town a bit, had lunch with Nicky, and headed back up to Grange to find the Ahamlish Parish Cemetery. That morning, I had asked Mary for directions.

“The cemetery is past the church in Grange and down a wee road on the left.” Finding the wee road proved more challenging than I had expected. It was the third one I tried. The second had ended abruptly at the bay. With no room to turn around, I had to back up about a quarter mile before making a twelve-point turn. The centerpiece of Ahamlish Cemetery was the derelict Protestant church, still reasonably intact.
In the third and final section, I came upon the headstone of James Feeney of Grogagh, my great-great-grandmother’s nephew, owner of the Feeney property in the last of the *Cancelled Books*. He had died in 1986. Buried with him were his wife, noted with her maiden name, a brother, a sister, and, to my astonishment, his parents, Patrick, who died in 1942, and Anne, who died in 1912. Wide-eyed and mouth gaping open, I pointed at the stone, trembling slightly, and looked around for someone to tell. Yet, I was standing there alone … in the rain. However, that failed to dampen the excitement of the moment. The years fit in perfectly with the timeline of the *Cancelled Books*.

Feeling I had exhausted all the resources available for my Feeneys, my plan for the following day was to travel down to Drumiskabole. However, at breakfast that morning, Mary presented me with a message from her friend, Kathleen Fahy, daughter of Margaret Heraghty. Mary had initiated the call to let her friend know the identity of her mother’s unexpected American visitor. From what her mother had told her, Kathleen deduced that I was either looking for the descendants of Jim Jack Feeney, who were in America, or Jim Pat Feeney, who were in Dublin. These men were my grandfather’s second cousins. They often came to Grogagh on the weekends and had been there the previous one. On visits, they stayed in the old family house, which was located around the corner and three houses up on the main road from town, directly across from a derelict cottage. This information I had not expected.

Feeling I had exhausted all the resources available for my Feeneys, my plan for the following day was to travel down to Drumiskabole. However, at breakfast that morning, Mary presented me with a message from her friend, Kathleen Fahy, daughter of Margaret Heraghty. Mary had initiated the call to let her friend know the identity of her mother’s unexpected American visitor. From what her mother had told her, Kathleen deduced that I was either looking for the descendants of Jim Jack Feeney, who were in America, or Jim Pat Feeney, who were in Dublin. It was the family of Jim Pat. To differentiate people with the same first and last name in a townland, the name of the father was often used as a middle name – hence, James, son of Patrick, was known as Jim Pat. I was invited back to Grogagh for tea.

When I arrived at Margaret Heraghty’s, I found the door, once again, propped open. She and her daughter were having tea. She seemed pleased to see me and quickly reposition a chair from against the wall closer to the stove. I introduced myself to her daughter and took a seat. Margaret offered me tea, which I accepted. She heated the water in a kettle on a round, electric hotplate situated on the table. While waiting for it to boil, she unwrapped and served pastries.

Kathleen, who informed me that she was forty-eight and her mother was seventy-four, did most of the talking, as her mother preferred it. However, Margaret seemed delighted to have the company and the lively conversation it evoked. Kathleen knew my Feeneys well, having spent her entire life in Grogagh.

Jim Pat Feeney, or Jim *Patine*, as he was sometimes called, was a slight, not very tall man, who was unusually particular about his world. Each row in his small vegetable patch was perfectly aligned and the peat bricks he cut from his bog, located along side that of the Heraghtys, were always the same size – to the faction of an inch. A notable exception, as others in the community were only concerned that the bricks fit easily in their stove or fireplace. Beyond that, the size was irrelevant. Day-old bread was unacceptable to him, so, his wife, Marie (née Devins), cycled down to town daily for his loaf.

Jim Pat and Marie had three sons. Patrick, called *Packie*, about fifty-five and unmarried, lived in Dublin. The twins were younger. James, married with children, lived in Clare, while Martin, unmarried, lived in Dublin. These men were my grandfather’s second cousins. They often came to Grogagh on the weekends and had been there the previous one. On visits, they stayed in the old family house, which was located around the corner and three houses up on the main road from town, directly across from a derelict cottage. This information I had not expected.

Finishing my tea and thanking my new friends for their time and valuable information, I left to see the place where my great-great-grandmother was born over 160 years ago. Within moments, I was there.

Words fail to describe how I felt. Finding the house, not only intact, but still occupied by the family, was beyond anything I could have ever imagined. I
stood there and studied it for a while, letting it all sink in. It was of typical construction – one storey, one room deep, and three rooms long, with three windows in the front flanking the door. With the exception of the slate roof, which had replaced the original thatch, it would appear to have changed little since John and Mary Feeney raised their family there during the Great Famine. I imagined the events the house had witnessed during those horrific years. I envisioned as best I could the lives of the people who had called the cottage home. Since no one was there, I took the liberty of walking around the mud-covered yard, taking pictures from every angle.

Although they were very kind in receiving me unannounced and their demeanor was most welcoming, I could only image the thoughts behind their befuddled faces – Who is this guy and what is he doing in our house? There was much confusion as to my relationship to Eugene, for which I was completely to blame. In my spirited enthusiasm to explain, I repeatedly and mistakenly referred to my great-great-grandmother, Margaret Feeney, as Eugene’s aunt, which was impossible, given that she was born in 1845. She was his great aunt. Making matters worse and compounding the confusion, he had an aunt named Margaret Feeney, who had died, unmarried and childless, in New York. Once I had finally relayed the correct lineage, establishing Eugene as my grandfather’s second cousin, I became much more relaxed and the conversation very much improved.

Aside from his sons, Jim Pat had a nephew, Eugene Feeney, who lived in Streedagh, on the other side of Grange. Kathleen had given me directions. As it was after one in the afternoon, I assumed the timing of my visit would not interrupt his midday meal. Unfortunately, I was mistaken.

I rang the bell and waited. No one answered, so I knocked. A man, who I assumed to be in his seventies, came to the door. I asked if he was Eugene Feeney, to which he replied he was. He looked quite puzzled as I tried to explain our relationship. I asked if he could confirm that the house I had seen in Grogagh was indeed the place where his father and grandfather were born. He did. From my perspective, the conversation, which was more of a monologue, had not gone smoothly. I assumed I would be leaving as quickly as I appeared. Then, he very kindly asked, “Would you like to come in?” His rather surprised wife, Eileen, looked bewildered as I entered the dining area. She had just put their dinner on the table – plates of sautéed ground beef, mashed potatoes and squash. Without hesitation, I was asked to join them for the meal, which I politely declined. I requested only a glass of water and took a seat with them at the table.

Eugene could not recall his great aunt having married a Hart from Drumiskabole, which did not concern any of us greatly. All the Harts had been gone for nearly fifty years and his only living relations in that area now were the Daveys of Carrickhenry. Eileen telephoned Eugene’s sister, Mary, to tell her
of their unexpected American visitor. She asked her sister-in-law if she could recall any relations in Carrickhenry, to which Mary replied – “Yes, the Daveys.”

Eugene left the room for a few minutes and reappeared with an ordinance map of Grogagh, on which lot 17 was outlined in red. The Feeney house and two outbuildings were situated as I had seen them earlier. In the front left corner of the property was a rectangular box. I asked Eugene if it had been the location of the small cottage once rented to Sarah McGowan. He did not recall that it had ever been a dwelling, which was understandable. However, in his youth, the remains of the structure had been used as the hayrick shack. He presented the map to me as gift, which I gratefully accepted.

Ordinance Map of Grogagh with the Feeney property outlined

When I told them I would be leaving for Limerick the next morning, Eileen asked if they could take me out for a meal that evening. I graciously declined citing a previous engagement. She insisted that I come to see them again on my next visit to Ireland, which I promised to do. We exchanged contact information and I took their picture. Our goodbyes were that of old friends, warmer than I could have expected. They stood on the doorstep and waved as I drove off.

Although I had meticulously planned my research path before I left home, my findings in Dublin, and subsequently, Sligo, altered my initial course considerably. Unraveling my Feeneys was something I had never truly thought possible and, therefore, I had not considered it a priority or a major objective for the trip. As my research progressed and the pieces fell naturally into place, I allowed the evidence to take the lead. I may not have solved every genealogical mystery I had intended, but I discovered and experienced much more. I found my Feeneys ... and my Daveys.

Ancestral Arts Workshop
Susan Steele, #1025

“Thoroughly enjoyed the day. It was so good to be in such a creative environment. I now have some ideas on how to empty a few boxes!” This was one of the many positive comments made by participants in the Ancestral Arts Workshop at the TIARA office (See cover).

Scrapbook Ideas: (L-R) Cate Ryan, Pat Deal, Mary Ellen Peters, Marie Ahearn, Judy Izenberg

On Nov. 5th, an enthusiastic group of eleven participants met with workshop leaders, Carlyn Cox, Cate Ryan and Susan Steele. The workshop began with Carlyn, Cate and Susan giving background information and a preview of projects. Carlyn and Susan each shared family memories that were transformed into ornaments, poems and story booklets. Cate showed scrapbooks that commemorated family members and trips to Ireland.

After a break for lunch, workshop participants rotated through the three project stations – weaving a St. Brigid’s cross, folding an accordion book, and using various scrapbooking tools. Leaders learned from participants as they shared their ideas. The only complaint was a wish for more time!

Plans are underway for additional workshops in the TIARA office. If you have suggestions or would like to lead a workshop, contact Susan Steele by email recsec1@tiara.ie.

College Orientation
Foresters Project Update
Susan Steele, #1025

In the last Newsletter, I wrote an article entitled “The Foresters Go to College.” So it’s only fitting that this month’s article is called “College Orientation.” On October 19th, Joanne Riley, University Archivist, at the Joseph P. Healey Library, Univer-
sity of Massachusetts Boston; joined by Dale Freeman, Digital Resources Archivist; Andrew Elder, Scholarly Communications and Outreach Director; and Brice Stacey, Library Applications Manager, conducted an orientation session for seven TIARA Foresters Project volunteers. TIARA members learned about a new data entry program. This program will provide a number of entry “shortcuts” and additional data collection categories for post 1935 Mortuary Records. Volunteers also met graduate students, Ken Selnick and Christine Moynihan, who are working on an archival finding aid for the collection.

**Joan Riley demonstrates new data entry program to TIARA volunteers**

During the five years TIARA operated its Record Request program over 500 individual searches were completed. Since the September inception of the Record Request program at UMass Boston, they have sent out 47 Mortuary Records. Most of these records went as PDF files. Volunteers agreed with recipient comments – the quality of the images was excellent.

Our October orientation ended with a lunch at the University Dining Club on the second floor of the Campus Center. Volunteers enjoyed a delicious meal and wonderful view of Dorchester Bay. We are grateful to Joanne Riley and her staff for presenting such an informative and welcoming orientation!

We invite new volunteers to join us at UMass Boston. We can’t promise lunch at the University Dining Club but we do have the same gorgeous view of Dorchester Bay in the Archives workspace. We also have friendly staff and current volunteers who would be happy to teach data entry techniques. There are additional tasks (opening records and placing in folders) for those who would rather not work with computers. We usually meet on Tuesdays or Thursdays (daytime hours) a couple of times a month. Contact Susan Steele by e-mail at ForestersProject@tiara.ie for more information.

Those interested in placing a request for records should use the TIARA Index on our web site to begin their research. The site also has instructions for contacting the University Archives. See the drop down menu under the “Projects” bar on TIARA’s home page www.tiara.ie/.

**Rexford Ancestors**

Submitted by Pat Deal # 3076

I am sending along a photo that is valued in our family. It is of my father’s mother, my grandmother, as a girl of about three, along with her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. It would have been taken around 1896 near Chagrin Falls, Ohio, an area in Cuyahoga County east of Cleveland.

The family members in the photo are:
Bertha May Rexford, standing center front, is my grandmother. She was born in Chagrin Falls, Ohio on November 12, 1893, and died in East Haven,
Vermont on November 16, 1918, in the Influenza epidemic. She was 25 years old and left four children under the age of 10 including my 3-year-old father.

Mary Diana Holcomb Rexford, seated right, is my great-grandmother. She was born in Ohio on May 25, 1876, and died in Ohio on June 30, 1904, at age 28.

Laura Ann Burnett Holcomb, standing center back, is my second great-grandmother. She was born in Ohio on May 11, 1853, and died in Ohio on August 29, 1903, at age 50.

Diana Collins Burnett Hickox, seated left, is my third great-grandmother. She was born in New York on July 28, 1832, and died in Solon, Ohio on July 8, 1908, at age 75.

My Uncle, Ralph Deal had written the dates on the back of the photo. He had also written that the husband of Diana Collins Burnett had died in Andersonville Prison during the Civil War. Since many TIARA members researched their Civil War ancestors for a recent newsletter, I thought that I would do the same and followed up this oral history with the intent of verifying the story.

I have spent a great deal of time on the internet, and visiting the National Archives in Waltham and the LDS Family History Center in Belmont. I have also followed up with phone calls to several states and to the National Park Service office at Andersonville. At each stage, I have picked up a bit more information.

The 1860 Census shows Stephen and Diana in Tennessee with four children. I found Stephen’s registration for the Union Draft in Kentucky in 1863 and a death listing for him in Apalachicola, Florida in 1867. Both the census and the draft records list Stephen as an engineer, and it may have been in that capacity that he was in Florida.

The 1870 Census shows the four oldest children, some now in their late teens, living in different households back in Ohio. The 1880 Census shows that Diana is remarried. Living with her is a fifth child, age 17, born in Kentucky probably in 1863.

Despite my Uncle’s note about Andersonville, I have not found any Civil War regiment or record of service for Stephen H. Burnett. Such a record may exist and explain why the family had that oral history, but until I find a record and determine the reason he was in Florida in 1867 there remain unsolved mysteries about my GGG grandfather.

In the center of this photo is James Denny, my great-great-grandfather, from Killenaule, Tipperary, Ireland. He immigrated during the famine and landed in New York on May 31, 1851.

In 1910 when this picture was taken, James had three surviving sons:
1. Jeremiah my great-grandfather, (seated left)
2. William, (seated right), and
3. John (standing right).

My grandmother, Catherine is standing with her brother, William, on the left of James. Seated in front of them is her sister, Margaret, who died in 2005 at the age of 100.

The little boy seated on the right is John Denny, William’s son.

Rural Ireland Exhibit at Boston College

The McMullen Museum at Boston College has assembled an interesting exhibit that will open in February 2012. Entitled Rural Ireland: the Inside Story, this exhibit will feature oils and watercolors of 19th and early 20th century Irish artists that portray the ordinary lives of the Irish peasantry. The works depict how rural people furnished their houses, how they prepared meals, worked, worshiped, mourned, and entertained themselves. The exhibit will feature works on loan from the National Gallery of Ireland, the National Library of Ireland, and the National Museum of Ireland.
Ireland, the National Gallery of Scotland, the Ulster Museum, and other public and some private collections.

Also on display will be a variety of objects similar to those depicted in the paintings. These include a settle bed and other furniture, dishes, musical instruments, and religious items. Some artifacts from a Roscommon Famine cabin unearthed during an archeological dig will also be on display.

The McMullen Museum is located in Devlin Hall on the Chestnut Hill campus of the college. Admission is free and open to the public. The hours of operation are: Monday-Friday 11:00 AM-4:00 PM, Saturday and Sunday 12:00 Noon-5:00 PM.

Research Tidbit: Information on Irish Prison Records

Marie Ahearn #0097

In his November 14, 2011 Irish Times column:

http://www.irishtimes.com/ancestor/magazine/column/index.htm

John Grenham reviews the subscription website findmypast.ie, giving special attention to the website’s recent digitization of the National Archives prison registers - more than 2.7 million individual records - dating from 1790 to 1924.

Click on the words: “complete transcription of the National Archives prison registers” in the second paragraph of Grenham’s article. The page that appears is findmypast's explanation of the prison registers. The information includes the reasons for imprisonment, the types of information provided and, most importantly, a list of the prisoners and dates. The home page of findmypast offers subscription plans and pay as you go credits.

John Grenham’s Irish Roots column appears mid-week on line. He comments on current issues in Irish research, and often shares an interesting website with his readers. All of the archived columns are available at the bottom of the current online article.

Our TIARA Research Trip to Belfast, Northern Ireland 2011

Dorothy Dupont #3433

Saturday, October 7th.

In the morning at Buswell’s Hotel my sister Jan Hammond and I found Janis Duffy of TIARA who introduced us to the people with whom we would be spending our week in Belfast. Jan and I had been up at least 24 hours at that point and I expected that when the bus ride to Belfast began, we would be nodding off.

Mary Choppa of TIARA, our guide for the week, was full of encouragement about our prospective research in Belfast. She told me the woman from Frommer’s Travel Guides who has interviewed me by telephone the week before, planned to do a follow up interview after we return to the States. I hoped we’d have some good news to report.

That night, during our “meet and greet” dinner, Mary asked what we hoped to accomplish in our research during this trip. I said I wanted to establish the full name of my grandmother’s father, get a marriage certificate and perhaps a couple death certificates for her family.

My grandmother came to America in 1892 at the age of 20, with her half sister and half brother. Her mother arrived six months later at age 47, but returned to Ireland soon after. Dad told us about my grandmother, Elizabeth Jane Heenan, her half sister, Elizabeth Ann Heenan, her mother Margaret Jane (Coburn) Heenan, and her grandmother, Elizabeth Jane (Fraser) Coburn.

We had established the location of the land in Legananny, parish of Drumgooland, Registration District of Banbridge, County Down, Barony of Upper Inveigh (lower half) on Griffith’s Valuation. Superimposing the map from Griffith’s Valuation onto a modern map of the area, I was able to find a modern address. That address would be the focus of our “taxi tour” to Legananny on Wednesday.

Sunday.

Since all the repositories were closed, we took a bus tour to Derry (Londonderry), an ancient walled city with many museums, most of which are closed on Sundays.

Our Derry guide told us about the “Troubles.” In the seventies, when she was a schoolgirl, she had very little idea of how her life was influenced by the rioting, the British soldiers and the bombing of both sections of the city. She told us, “I remember saying, I hoped there would be a bomb scare, be-
cause I hadn’t done my geography homework.” She also said on Friday nights, they would choose their outfits to attract the young men and monitor the grapevine to see where they would be rioting that night. Her point being, when you’re young, the only importance of what is happening in the adult world, is how it affects “how to meet boys, who thinks you’re hot, and how can I not have Mother yell at me.”

The sky has been a deep steel gray with cracks of light, periods of showers and a mist so light the skin doesn’t perceive its gathering. The wind off Lough Neagh put roses in our cheeks and made us wish for the fleece jackets we left in our rooms.

**Lough Neagh in Moneymore, County Derry**

**Monday.**
We took a taxi to the PRONI (Public Records Office of Northern Ireland), a beautiful building, open for just six months. After a ten-minute orientation, we ordered a slew of random records to peruse but found little of relevance. As usually happens late in the day, I did find a few items that looked hopeful for further study.

On Monday night we heard a lecture, “How to Research Family History at the PRONI and GRONI” by Valerie Adams, a librarian and genealogist with the Presbyterian Library of Northern Ireland. She told us she knew Legananny very well. Before the trip, Mary Choppa had asked us to send what we hoped researching in Belfast. Valerie as our consultant for the trip, did research on some of those items. She talked to Jan and me for almost an hour about the Coburns and the Heenans.

**Tuesday.**
We went to the Linen Hall Library. Valerie told us there was a card catalog there of birth, marriage, and death notices from the Belfast newspapers. Our tour of the building included a remarkable story of one of its previous head librarians who had the foresight to preserve the literary history of the “Troubles” in Belfast.

**Wednesday.**
Our guide, Susie led our “taxi tour” to Legananny and Castlewellan. She told us about her former life as a television reporter. “Y’ know, y’ stand in the pourin’ rain with a microphone in yer hand, trying ta make the story yer tellin’ seem important ta people who are busy eatin’ their supper.”

**Susie at the Legananny Dolmen**

On our way to Drumgooland Road, we poked through the Drumgooland Presbyterian Church Cemetery. Alas, it was too new for our Coburns and Heenans, whom we decided would more likely show up in the rolls of the Church of Ireland. While we were leaving, we could hear the children of the attached school singing, “The wheels on the bus go ‘round and ‘round…..” Some things are universal.

Although I had seen pictures on Google, I was excited to stand on the land where Grandma grew up and see the hill where she saw the Isle of Man lit up with tar barrels for Queen Victoria’s Second Jubilee. We began to see glimmers of sunshine as we made our way to 99 Drumgooland Road. A smiling, stocky rosy-cheeked woman with close-cropped white hair, Ivy Bingham, hurried up the drive toward us. When she heard we were visiting our grandmother’s land, she was excited to know who our people were. We mentioned the names...
Coburn and Heenan and her friendly eyes lit up. “My husband talks about the Coburns all the time. Unfortunately, he’s away today.” She suggested we see Mrs. Bell just down the road.

Mrs. Bell, a sweet red-faced woman of about eighty-five, invited us into her home and let us know she knew neither Heenans or Coburns. “Well,” she said, “Maybe Susan McGurty married a Coburn? Oh dear, I think she may have broke it off. There was a Thomas Heenan who was a butcher, but he died forty years ago.”

Although neither woman had any concrete information for us, I was glad to have met them. I was determined to write to Mrs. Bingham when I got home, to see what her husband could tell us about the Coburns.

We headed toward the Castlereagh Forest Park and National Arboretum. Susie had arranged for a guide to the Arboretum. As we pulled into the car park, we were met by Jenny Constable and Angie Drayne. There on a picnic table, they had arranged a lovely tea complete with tablecloths, napkins, tea, coffee, crackers, cheese, and a beautiful whipped cream cake with strawberries. What a delicious surprise!

Annesley Garden in the National Arboretum at Castlereagh Forest Park.

From what I understand, these two women are trying to get the Castlereagh Forest Park National Arboretum back to its former glory as one of the places to go in Northern Ireland. To that end, they are endeavoring to get government funding to clean up the trees, prune back the shrubbery, and make new plantings. They announced proudly, we were their first Americans.

**Thursday.**

Our destination was the GRONI. We pored through the computerized indexes, hoping for new and exciting revelations. We did not find anything that matched up with our previous data, so I decided to look at my grandmother’s birth certificate again, to see if I missed anything. I was able to have the search clerk put it up on the computer screen.

As I was reading it, the clerk said delightedly, “There’s no father listed, that means the child is *illegitimate*!” The child’s name was listed as Elizabeth Jane Heenan and her mother’s name was listed as Margaret Heenan (not Coburn, her maiden name). The person present at the birth was listed as Jane Heenan. At the PRONI on Friday, I’d like to be able to prove once and for all that our great-grandmother did not merely hang out a red lantern to welcome wayward gentlemen to her door.

On Thursday night, we went to the North of Ireland Historical Society. They have an impressive library of rare genealogy and historical books. I looked through the County Down Gravestone inscriptions to no avail. The group's librarian was understandably proud of his collection, most of which he had collected on his own.

**Friday.**

We went back to PRONI to see more of the scrapbooks and the Annesley leases of 1895, in addition to the Drumgooland Parish Church of Ireland records on microfilm. Mary also informed us that our speaker, Valerie Adams, would meet us at 9 am with more research suggestions.

PRONI gave us a few little treasures to get us excited. Our grandmother’s half sister, Elizabeth Ann Heenan was born of Joseph and Margaret Heenan in 1869. She is on the Liverpool manifest to New York as 21 not 23. James is listed as 24 not 21. The only one I am fairly sure of is, Elizabeth Jane Heenan, our grandmother, since we have her birth certificate and alien card from Homeland Security. I am hopeful we will find something new about Grandma’s family, other than the collection of stories our father told us. Grandma did say we might not like what we found, didn’t she?

The highlight of the last night of our research trip was a farewell dinner at the Restaurant Victoria with our genealogical friends. Our research consultant, Valerie Adams, joined us and added some follow up tips. We rejoiced at our discoveries and analyzed our next options in the hunt.

**Saturday.**

We were up bright and early after listening to loud revelers in the next room. The exuberance of youth is wasted on the researcher whose eyes are blurred, not by drink, but by microfilm.

Looking back in my notes, I found I did encounter some wonderful discoveries. I smelled the clean country air and rich loamy soil of my grand-
mother’s land. Recalling the stories of her childhood in the context of the land I stood upon was illuminating.

I touched the Legananny Dolman, put in place 2500 years before Christ. I walked in the rain-soaked streets of Belfast and smiled at strangers from all walks of life. I saw the civil rights struggles of a segregated people as depicted in Derry murals. I touched documents two hundred years old, and felt an electric connection to a people whose dreams and aspirations are not so different from our own.

In the bright pleasant rooms of the PRONI, the Linen Hall Library, the GRONI and the North of Ireland Historical Society Library, I found the names of my grandmother’s family in baptisms, marriages and deaths among their neighbors, the shopkeepers and the people of nobility and power, putting her in context of the perpetual cycle of life in our ancestry.

Thanks to Mary Choppa and Valerie Adams for making this comprehensive research trip with TIARA a rewarding, enjoyable adventure of a lifetime for us. I am ready to go back tomorrow, if I only had a magnanimous sponsor to pay the tab!

**From Liverpool to Ellis Island**

*Dorothy Dupont, #3433*

My sister Janice Hammond and I divide our research along technology lines. She sends for the documents and keeps them safe. I put the information into the computer to keep it in order and get what clues I can from the Internet.

Dad said Grandma (Elizabeth Jane HEENAN) - known as Lizzie - came to America in 1892 from the hills of Legananny in County Down, Northern Ireland. Her mother, Margaret [COBURN] Heenan, was an invalid, so Lizzie was raised by her grandmother, Elizabeth Jane [FRASER] Coburn. Dad did say his mother had a half-sister of the same name, and in the USA they married the MacNeill brothers from Nova Scotia.

I was sure this small bit of information, retold in family stories, could be proven by research in many little steps. First, and simplest, was Grandma’s birth. We understood her birthday was February 2nd, because she told us she would rather be known as having been born on Candlemas Day as she was in Ireland, than on Groundhog Day as celebrated in America. I looked up “Legananny, Ireland” in Google and found in Wikipedia, "Legananny Dolmen in Drumgooland parish" as referenced by Ros Davies’ Co. Down, Northern Ireland Genealogy Research Site: http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~rosdavies/PHOTOSwords/DolmenAll.htm.

Although the information in Wikipedia should not be taken as proven fact, it does present clues and includes some reference material to further one’s search. I went to the referred site and plugged in the surname HEENAN. Under the Heenans of Drumgooland, I found ‘Margaret Jane Heenan mother of Elizabeth Jane Heenan,’ regt. Ballyward, b. 2 FEB 1892.’ Aha! I requested her birth certificate on line at the GRONI (the General Register Office of Northern Ireland) website. The current cost of a birth certificate is £14.79 ($23.36). It was back to me within a week.

Since our Lizzie was an immigrant, my sister Janice sent for her alien registration cards from the Department of Homeland Security (G-1041 Research Form). (The US Immigration Office used to be the keeper of alien cards, but it has since been superseded by Homeland Security.) The alien cards came in long after we had forgotten about them (probably 9-12 months) in the form of a CD. The two cards had been copied from microfilm front and back with varying clarity. The information included was: Elizabeth MacNeill (married name); Born: 2 FEB 1870; Place of birth: Ireland; Date of Entry: 14 APR 1892; Place of Entry: N.Y. The price for the copy of alien cards is currently $20.00.

I looked her up on the Ellis Island site, but could not find her. I tried all the spellings of her name they suggested, but nothing seemed to work. I even tried replacing the first letter of her name, but then, I wouldn’t be sure the results I called up were for Grandma Lizzie.

During this time, I received an email from the Find My Past website or findmypast.co.uk. I poked around and found, ‘Passenger Lists Leaving the UK.’ Why not? I entered all the information I was reasonably sure of, ticked the boxes include variants and pressed the button. Two answers! I clicked on view and the pop up said I needed 5 credits. I registered and looked up the credit information. 6 months full subscription (to include...
passenger lists) was a bit pricy ($111.05).

Then I found a pay as you go section. 60 credits for £6.95 ($11.05). That, I could swing! I hit view and was presented with pure gold. There was Lizzie Heenan, single female, 20, servant, from Ireland, sailing 6 APR 1892 on the S S. City of New York from Liverpool to New York, destination Boston. Also, on the same ship was Eliza Heenan, 21, servant, same origin, same destination. This may be the half-sister Dad talked about!

While I was at it, I decided to see if I could find Margaret (Coburn) Heenan, Lizzie's mother. I had less information than I had for Lizzie, but nothing ventured... as they say. I did a global search for Margaret Heenan and looked through the list. Since I didn’t know when she arrived, I searched up to 1920. I checked under last place of residence and found Margaret Heenan, wife, 47, C. Wellan (or Castlewann, the nearest market town to Legananny), destination Boston. She sailed on the S S. City of Chester, 30 NOV 1892. But wait, she couldn’t be an immigrant! She was an invalid. Well, that was a problem I would have to solve another day.

Armed with the name of the ship and the date of its landing in New York, 14 APR 1892, I went back to the Ellis Island site. There it was. I knew I would have to go through the ship's manifest name by name since her name did not appear in their index. There she was with all the same information, but listed as Lizzie Keenan. Eliza was also listed as Keenan. I also found a James Keenan, 24, laborer from Ireland as well. Is he a half-brother? Interesting!

Now, back to great-grandmother Margaret Coburn Heenan and her immigration status. I had the name of her ship, S.S. The City of Chester and her arrival date, 10 DEC 1892. Nothing was said in the manifest from Liverpool, so I figured I’d look at the landing manifest in New York. At first I couldn’t find her at all, so again I looked it up by the ship’s manifest. I still couldn’t find her on the transcription or the index for the ship, so I looked at the original manifest view and went line by line.

Finally in second class, I found our #0033, Margt. J. Heenan of C. Wellan, wife, 47, destination Boston. It was transcribed as ‘#0033, Margt. J. Hundsen, of C. William, wife, 31.’ Persistence pays off.

Attached at the end of the manifest, was this letter: 

Dear Sir: We beg to advise you that the International Navigation Company’s steamship, “City of Chester” sailed from Liverpool for New York November 30th, and is due to arrive here Friday. This steamer has on board 16 first cabin; 60 second cabin and 70 steerage passengers. All these passengers are either citizens of the United States or members of their immediate household; residents of the United States or members of the immediate household, visitors or tourists, and come within the classes of passengers permitted to land under the terms of Treasury Department Circular 191, dated Washington November 16th, 1892. None of the above passengers are immigrants leaving their homes with the intention of permanently remaining and residing in the United States. 

Yours respectfully, James H. Wright, Jr. 2nd Vice President.

Great-grandmother Margaret Heenan was a visitor and not subject to the rules of immigration. Although she could not stay indefinitely, she would not be stuck at the hospital at Ellis Island and sent immediately home. It was the first I had heard of nonimmigrant ships landing at Ellis Island. It goes to show with perseverance one can unravel some of those genealogical puzzles.

Second Cousins Meet

Cate Ryan, #2768

During the 1870s, my Kerans family moved from Montreal, Canada, to Massachusetts, finally settling in Danvers. The family included my great-grandmother, Rosetta Hopkins Kerans, her three sons and a daughter. My great-grandfather, Mathew Kerans died in Montreal as did three other children. This story is about the descendants of Rosetta and Mathew Kerans' four children: Charles P., Edward, Katherine, and Mathew Kerans who settled in Danvers in the late 1870's.

Now more than 140 years later, through my “reverse” genealogy, I was able to find descendants of my Kerans ancestors, who between the four of them had 47 children. I wrote, emailed, and called complete strangers who I found by following last names, census reports for children’s names, street directories, whitepages.com, etc.

Katherine Kerans, the only daughter, married a Caya, and had several children before she died in 1897. Through my research, I have found her great-grandson, a retired doctor in Illinois. I knew through census records and street directories, that Katherine’s husband had moved the family to Philadelphia after her death. So over a hundred years later, I called a Caya in Philadelphia, who turned out to be a relative. He put me in touch with the doctor in Illinois, who is very active in genealogy, and for whom I was able to break a brick wall - the
name of his great-grandmother. I hope I will meet my second cousin once removed in the near future.

Now for the three brothers: my grandfather was Mathew J. Kerans (1860-1914). His brothers were Charles P. (1850-1902), and Edward (1854-1909). I first found my second cousin, Gertrude Kerans Arbaiza, granddaughter of Charles P., when she lived in Pinehill, NY, and we talked about the Kerans family over the phone and through the mail. Gertrude, age 91, now lives in Tennessee with her daughter. Gertrude’s sister, Miriam, age 88, formerly of NYC, has now moved in with them.

Then in my search, I found another second cousin, Bob Kerans, grandson of Edward Kerans while he was living in Wisconsin. Bob, originally from Quincy, MA, and his wife, Laura, have now have retired to Scituate, MA, to be closer to their children and grandchildren.

So when I heard that Gertrude and Miriam were making the trip from Tennessee to visit their childhood hometown of Marblehead, MA, I immediately planned a get together so the second cousins, Gertrude, Miriam, Bob, and myself, all grandchildren of the original Kerans siblings of Danvers, MA, could meet for the first time.

Thus, on Aug 13, 2011 a luncheon was planned at the Danversport Yacht Club. The second cousins, along with Gertrude’s two daughters, Edith and Pilar, and Bob’s wife, Laura, met for a long, delightful lunch. After lunch everyone went on a tour of the homes, business, and final resting places of their grandparents.

And that’s the end of the story, maybe.

Grandma (Elizabeth Jane HEENAN) came to America in 1892 from the hills of Legananny in County Down, Northern Ireland at the age of twenty. She arrived at Ellis Island on 14th of April 1892 and as arranged, she was brought by her sponsor to Newton Lower Falls, MA. She was indentured for one year as a servant to pay for her passage.

According to family lore, Lizzie said she worked for a minister and his wife who had a son and a daughter. Using Ancestry.com, I did some searching in the street directories to find the local churches, but could not determine which minister was her employer. I emailed the Reference Department Staff of the Newton Free Library requesting information about the ministers of Newton Lower Falls in 1892.

By a process of elimination, we discovered only one married minister with a son and daughter, albeit adults, in the same household. The Reverend John Hanson Twombly lived with his wife, Betsey Dow Twombly, his son, the Reverend William Lance Dow Twombly and his daughter, Isabella Twombly. William Twombly was the minister of The Lower Falls Methodist-Episcopal Church for only one year. He suffered bad health and his father shared the pulpit with him.

The Reverend John Hanson Twombly was self-taught, until he put himself through college and seminary, eventually receiving his Doctorate of Divinity. He was at one time President of Wisconsin University and was an early proponent of co-education. His wife was well educated and was a teacher of art and mental philosophy (later called psychology) at the institution that later became Boston University School of Theology. William went to Harvard and Isabella to a women’s college and became an accomplished artist.

Much of this information I learned from the Internet and backed it up with materials from the Newton Free Library. Having Google’d each of their names, I discovered that Rev. Patricia Thompson had made an inquiry about Betsey Dow Twombly on FamilytreeMaker.com. I emailed her and discovered she had written an unpublished paper on Betsey. She mailed a copy to me. Rev. Thompson is a minister in Vermont and President of the Historical Society of The United Methodist Church.

My grandmother had said the minister’s wife often entertained groups of clergymen, writers, poets and artists. She was the one who taught my grandmother to cook. Lizzie, a farm girl from the hills of
County Down, had never cooked indoors before, having used an open fire out of doors, year round. She had to learn quickly to find her way around a cast iron wood-burning range and juggle a menu to please the palate of the Boston/Newton Lower Falls elite professionals.

The research librarian found the Twombly’s residence on Grove Street at the corner of Cornell. I wrote to the present owner of the house and her with permission, a friend kindly took me there to photograph it. From Ms. Simcuk, I learned that the house was built and owned by a Dutch immigrant, Peter Baker. Mister Baker was on the board of directors of the Lower Falls Methodist-Episcopal church for many years before and after the Twomblys’ arrival. He and his large family lived just around the corner from the parsonage.

I wondered how Lizzie came to be sponsored by and indentured to the Twomblys. The Church of Ireland in Lizzie’s townland during this time was ministered by Rev. W. J. Coburn, (interestingly enough, the maiden name of Lizzie’s mother). I think it was the church, and not the Twombly family who made the initial arrangements. According to the street directories and censuses, each of the ministers, who seemed to change every year, had an Irish servant and sometimes two.

The 1885 Contract Labor Law prohibited the importation and migration of aliens under contract to perform labor in the United States. Personal servants were excluded from this group. Ministers, school professors, and government officials were also exempt from this law. It would not be a stretch to think Lizzie’s minister/relative would make arrangements for her and her half-siblings (who were on the same ship’s manifests in Liverpool and New York). I have not found proof of kinship between Lizzie and the Rev. W. L. Coburn at this point, but I’m working on it.

In my study of the family, I discovered that John Hanson Twombly was a well-known speaker at the Oak Bluffs Tabernacle of the Methodist Meeting Ground of Martha’s Vineyard. To that end, I looked in the Street Directory of Oak Bluffs —1901 and found Isabella Twombly’s gingerbread house at 8 Tabernacle Drive. Another trip to the Vineyard gave me the opportunity to memorialize that house as well. I like to imagine Lizzie’s summer visit there in 1892.

Although Lizzie arrived in April of 1892, she probably did not stay her entire year with the family. John Hanson Twombly died New Year’s Day 1893 and the family moved out of the church’s personage in early February. A new minister was assigned to the church. Although Rev. William Twombly stayed with the church on the Board of Directors and several committees and maintained a small private business until his death in 1925, he never again held a pastorate. The church is no longer there, having burned to the ground in 1931.

According to family lore, my grandmother moved to Boston at the end of her stay in Newton Lower Falls and became a professional laundress. (She ran a steam powered mangle in Malden.) There is no proof that her half-sister worked for the Twomblys, but they did remain close. When their indentured term was over, they roomed together until they married the MacNeill brothers in Malden, several years later.

The two half-sisters were both called “Lizzie.” They married Will and Charlie MacNeill, two of ten brothers, all called “Mac” by their wives, which made for fun, if confusing, family reunions.

Most genealogists would probably not delve into the minutia of data of one year in the life of an ancestor. It was however, that year which began her life in this country. It would irrevocably change the way she would conduct her life here.

For every answer are more questions. Who is Rev. W. J. Coburn? Did Lizzie’s half-sister serve in the same household? Where did her half-brother go? What was the real connection between Newton Lower Falls and Legananny, Ireland? I will persevere.

What is a Mangle?
Virginia Wright, #2480

A mangle is a machine designed to press laundry. At first, it was used as a wringer to help press the water out of laundry, so that the laundry would dry more quickly. Later, mangles began to be used to flat press already dry items like sheets and other linens. The first version of the mangle was the box mangle, developed in the 17th century. In the 18th century, the first modern version of a laundry mangle was invented. By the late 19th century, mangles were powered by steam. A steam mangle had two large rollers, which were continuously filled with steam. An engine turned the rollers, while laundry was passed between the rollers. Besides being noisy and hot, the machines were quite dangerous for their users.
My overall favorite movie is *The Quiet Man*. This year is the 60th anniversary of the making of that film. John Ford directed the movie. John Wayne, Maureen O’Hara, Victor McLaglen and Barry Fitzgerald starred in it. Based on a short story written by Maurice Walsh, it was published in the Saturday Evening Post in 1933.

In the early nineties, I took the time to look up the original short story at the Boston Public Library. In 1993, I took my second trip to Ireland. I had heard that *The Quiet Man* was filmed in the village of Cong, County Mayo. I convinced my brother Jack and my cousin Babs to visit the town. Babs lived her entire life in Ireland; she thought I had lost my mind when I bought books, posters, and a video about the movie.

When the DVD of this movie came out, I was excited to get it. Unfortunately, the picture quality on the DVD was horrible. As far as I know, they have not yet restored the picture quality. Maybe someday they will.

You can read the original short story at

http://www.apex.net.au/~mhumphry/QManSEP.html

Some other websites dedicated to the movie are:

http://www.quietmanmovieclub.com/
http://www.rci.rutgers.edu/~wcd/quietman.htm

I took the pictures shown here on my trips to Ireland in 1993 and 1995. The first picture shows the little store that for cinematic purposes was converted into Cohan’s Pub.

The next picture shows the small stone bridge that is located outside the little village of Maam Cross. An early scene in the movie features this bridge.

The third picture shows a reproduction of the thatched cottage used in *The Quiet Man*.

---

**Upcoming TIARA Meetings**

**Friday, January 13, 2012**, 7 P.M. at Boston College Fulton Room 511, Marian Pierre-Louis; Discovering Immigrant Voices through House History Research.

**Friday, February 10, 2012** at Boston College, Time and location TBA, Michael Brophy: The 1940 Census: Countdown to April 2, 2012

**Saturday, March 24**, at NEHGS, 99 Newbury St., Boston, Joint meeting with the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. Details to follow.
As with all things Irish, there are two aspects: the myth and the reality. In Irish history, Fenian could be a legendary Irish warrior or a real Irish revolutionary. One is lost in the mists of time and the other, borrowing the ancient name, emerged in 1858 to fight for Ireland's independence. Surely, there is nothing that captures the spirit of the Irish more than this political expression.

It would not be remiss to spend a moment on the legends. The Fianna were autonomous warrior bands made up of landless men and women [usually young nobility] who roamed the island seeking adventure. Their deeds were recounted in the Fenian Cycle, the Ulster Cycle, and they are mentioned in the old law texts. In his History of Ireland, Geoffrey Keating says that during the winter they were housed by the nobility, and used as police, but in the summer they roamed the land living by hunting. Many legendary tales were written about them and their names have come down to us, including: Fionn mac Cumhaill, Goll mac Morna, Diarmuid Ua Dubhne [who ran off with Grannine], and Oisin. [see James Stephens, Irish Fairytales, 1920.]

In the modern era, the Fenians are often remembered for invading Canada. In fact, their activities encompassed three key areas: first, organizing American Irish to support revolution in Ireland; second, raising plots against the British wherever possible; and third, the aforesaid “invasion” of Canada [which occurred several times]. Their choice of the name Fenian was powerful propaganda in 1858 and anticipated a growing Irish cultural revival. Their various organizations provided a clandestine resistance to England and eventually contributed to the Rising of 1916 and freedom for the Republic of Ireland.

A book that touches the heart of Fenianism is Terry Golway’s Irish Rebel: John Devoy and America’s Fight for Ireland’s Freedom. The author was an editor and writer for the New York Observer, originally from Staten Island, who lives in Maplewood, New Jersey and teaches American History at Kean College. He is a columnist for the New York Times and is a former member of the New York Times editorial board. Golway became fascinated by John Devoy’s life and has produced a powerful biography. In his summary he calls Devoy “…the greatest of the Fenians.”

Devoy’s father, after losing his oldest son, his nine acre farm, and his wife at age 42, moved his seven children to Dublin and found work as a brewery clerk. John Jr. went to school in Dublin. He was bright, contentious, and hard to control so he was beaten. At the age of 19, he ran away and joined the French Foreign Legion. By age 26 (in 1871), he had been arrested for fermenting a rebellion and deported to America. As a result, he achieved an essential duality: an Irish revolutionary living in a free America, banned from his occupied homeland for fifty years, but never abandoning the cause Irish freedom.

In America, Devoy became a newspaper reporter and publisher working for the Chicago Herald and the Chicago Evening Post and later publishing the Irish Nation and the Gaelic American. These jobs were a means of survival so he could continue his work for Clan na Gael and the Irish Republican Brotherhood. In the course of this work, Devoy met and befriended, or alienated, every major figure associated with the course of Irish freedom from 1860 to 1928.

From his vantage point in America, Devoy engineered the Catalpa rescue of six Fenians held in Fremantle Prison in Australia. He worked with, or knew, John Mitchel, Michael Davitt, Eamon de Valera, Yeats, Donovon Rossa, Parnell, and countless others. Some he despised, others he befriended. He raised money for rebellions, for the widows of slain revolutionaries, and for Irish charities. He used his newspapers as bully pulpit to further the cause of Irish freedom. He was relentless. His life is a window into American - Irish relations at the close of the 19th century.

In fifty years he never returned to Ireland, never had a family, never gained financial security and lost his health to Ireland’s cause. In 1924 at the age of 82, blind and deaf, he returned to a free Ireland as a hero. There he was reunited with his former fiancée Elizabeth Kenny Kilmurry, who was a widow. She admonished him that she had waited 12 years for a letter and he responded “I’ve been waiting for you all my life.” They became good friends before he died but he had forfeited everything for his ideals and, although Ireland was free, he was embittered.

Four years later, in 1928, while resting at the seaside in Atlantic City, John Devoy died. A large funeral in New York City was followed by his return to Ireland where he was buried in the Patriots Plot of Glasnevin Cemetery next to Michael Collins, O’Donovan Rossa, Parnell and Daniel O’Connell. Among them all, he alone lived to see Ireland free.
Terry Golway ends by quoting from the obituary of the Times of London which called Devoy "... the most bitter and persistent, as well as the most dangerous, enemy of this country which Ireland has produced since Wolfe Tone." This book is written with skill and passion. It is worth reading, unbearably Irish, heart wrenching and bitter, full of petty backstabbing and real altruism, and well beyond a simple Fenian myth.

John Devoy’s autobiography is also still available. Recollections of an Irish Rebel was written before Devoy’s death but published post-humorously in 1929. Library copies can be found at the O’Neill Library, Boston College and at U. Mass. Boston but Golway’s biography is richer in nuance.

In our next book, we move from an individual to a national perspective. R. V. Comerford’s book, The Fenians in Context: Irish Politics and Society, 1848-82. [1985], gives an exhaustive analysis of the ebb and flow of revolutionary fervor among contending approaches to Ireland’s quest for independence. Richard Comerford was, until January, 2010, a professor of Irish History at the National University of Ireland at Maynooth. This rigorous historical study is of principal interest to students’ of late 19th century Ireland.

The author grounds his discussion in voting and land tenure issues, the Encumbered Estates Act, Britain’s difficulties in the Crimea and India, and other changes which shifted Irish strategy from confrontation to negotiation. In this environment, rebels began competing for opportunity. An early example occurred when John Mitchel formed the Irishmen’s Civil and Military Republican Union. With the Crimean War in process, England’s problem could become Ireland’s opportunity. Mitchel sought support for Ireland from Russia but nothing came of the proposal. Later, when Mitchel’s circumstances changed, John O’Mahoney and John Doheny took charge of the group and formed an early Fenian organization.

In 1853 O’Mahoney, and Doheny, had founded the Emmet Monument Association in the U.S. which [matching Senior’s model below] was a social front for a military organization. [Emmet’s last request was that no monument be raised in his memory until Ireland was a nation.] This was followed by the formation in Ireland of The Phoenix Society [1856], followed in 1857 by the Irish Republican [or Revolutionary] Brotherhood [the IRB], then by The Fenian Brotherhood, organized in the U.S. by John O’Mahoney [1860], and finally Clan na Gael [1870]. At the same time, fund raising in the U.S. was providing increased money for Ireland. James Stephens assumed IRB/Fenian leadership in Ireland with O’Mahoney as his deputy in the U.S. In short order Stephens asserted control “at home and abroad” and, after collecting U.S. contributions [£600] for the “Irish patriotic defense fund” returned to Paris. This began a round of infighting for control of the Fenian organization, won by Stephens, but which eventually divided the U.S. and Irish organizations. Financial controversy, related primarily to the issuance of “Fenian Bonds”, led to further division. Another concise and knowledgeable text is The Fenians and Canada by Hereward Senior, a professor of history at McGill University [now retired]. Despite its title, the book has a broad scope, examining the Irish, Canadian and American aspects of the period. The portions of the book focused on Canada reflect the Fenian’s interest in that country as well as documenting the role of many Irish exiles, such as Darcy McGee, in fermenting change. Published in 1978 the book is not readily available but is worth seeking out for a disciplined discussion of the topic.

Senior points out that Fenians groups displayed two characteristics: first, they formed social clubs to organize for immediate military action and second, they tried to form independent states linked to America by a common republicanism. The crucial problem was that there were no corresponding objectives in Ireland. Indeed, the Irish were less concerned with military occupation and more with political and constitutional resolutions. As their agendas separated, the two centers of Irish revolution drifted apart.

The first invasion of Canada began on March 17, 1866 with an attempt of 700 Fenians to occupy Campobello Island [of Franklin Roosevelt fame]. At the time, ownership of the island was disputed by the U.S. and Britain. The Fenians hoped to achieve a belligerent status with British troops, breeching diplomatic neutrality, and pulling the U.S. in on their side. Once occupied, the island was defensible. Unfortunately, they had broadcast their intentions and two British warships, including 700 troops, arrived to protect the island. Worse, an American warship supported the British. Two days later, General George Meade confiscated the Fenians arms and supplies at Eastport, Maine. The invasion was a bust.

The Fenians also invaded Canada in 1866 at Ridgeway, Ontario, again in 1870 at St. Albans, Vermont, and they engaged in an aborted rising in Cork in 1867. As late as the 1880’s they were said to be organizing on the Oregon border. None of this activity had any lasting impact but they did effect major changes in Canada. There the Ridgeway invasion triggered completion of the Canadian Confederation [1867] and caused the formation of a national defense force. By the mid-1870’s, the
Fenians were essentially replaced by *Clan na Gael* and they voted to officially disband in 1880.

Finally, if the military aspects of the Ridgeway episode are of interest, you might consider *The Narrative of the Fenian Invasion of Canada* by Alexander Somerville [Joseph Lyght, 1866]. [This book is available as a PDF from Google Books.] Somerville was a newspaper reporter who would today be called “investigative” or “wartime” but who, in 1866, was simply a unique individual. The book is composed of a series of reports and letters generated as Somerville followed the invasion forces, particularly those at the Battle of Ridgeway. While this event produced a number of results, the significant one was the mettle demonstrated by the Canadian Volunteers in repelling the invading forces, many of which were Civil War veterans.

**NEXT: TBD**
Suggestions/requests to: dathi2010@gmail.com

---

**Photos from the Belfast Trip**

Mary Choppa, #1791

![The New PRONI](image)

![Derry from the City Wall](image)

![Chance Encounter with Reverend David Lattimer in Derry](image)

![Belfast City Hall](image)

![Rain Fails to Dampen Spirits for Walking in Derry](image)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>List Price</th>
<th>Mem. Price</th>
<th>Qty.</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dollarhide, William</td>
<td>Getting Started in Genealogy Online</td>
<td>$12.95</td>
<td>$9.65</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donnelly, William</td>
<td>Index to the Townlands &amp; Towns, Parishes &amp; Baronies of Ireland Based on the 1851 Census</td>
<td>$60.00</td>
<td>$45.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin, Margaret</td>
<td>Tracing Your Limerick Ancestors</td>
<td>$15.95</td>
<td>$14.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenwood, Val D.</td>
<td>Researcher’s Guide to American Genealogy 3rd Ed.</td>
<td>$29.95</td>
<td>$27.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grenham, John</td>
<td>Tracing Your Irish Ancestors. 3rd Edition.</td>
<td>$24.95</td>
<td>$21.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinkley, Kathleen</td>
<td>Your Guide to the Federal Census (includes 1930)</td>
<td>$16.00</td>
<td>$13.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lainhart, Ann</td>
<td>A Researcher Guide to Boston</td>
<td>$14.95</td>
<td>$11.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lambert, David Allen</td>
<td>A Guide to Massachusetts Cemeteries, 2nd Edition</td>
<td>$17.00</td>
<td>$13.75</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melnyk, Marcia</td>
<td>Genealogist’s Handbook for New England Research</td>
<td>$19.00</td>
<td>$16.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melnyk, Marcia</td>
<td>Family History 101</td>
<td>$16.50</td>
<td>$14.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, Brian</td>
<td>A New Genealogical Atlas of Ireland 2nd Edition</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
<td>$18.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, Brian</td>
<td>At a Glance (4 page quick reference guide)</td>
<td>$7.95</td>
<td>$6.25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, Brian</td>
<td>Basic Guide to Irish Records for Family History</td>
<td>$16.00</td>
<td>$13.25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, Brian</td>
<td>A Guide to Irish Parish Records (Hard bound copy)</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
<td>$19.50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, Brian</td>
<td>Irish Passenger Lists 1803-1806</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
<td>$12.50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reilly, James R.</td>
<td>Richard Griffiths and His Valuations of Ireland</td>
<td>$21.95</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ryan, James &amp; Smith, Brian</td>
<td>Tracing Your Dublin Ancestors</td>
<td>$15.95</td>
<td>$14.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ryan, James G</td>
<td>Sources for Irish Family History (A listing of books and articles on the history of Irish families)</td>
<td>$30.00</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Brian</td>
<td>Tracing Your Mayo Ancestors</td>
<td>$15.95</td>
<td>$14.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Massachusetts residents add 6.25 %

For shipping and handling within US:
add $4.50 for 1st book, plus $2.00 for each additional book.
For CD’s add $3.00 each.

Make checks payable to TIARA in U.S. funds.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Send orders to:</th>
<th>Shipping Address:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TIARA</td>
<td>Name: ___________________________ Member #________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2120 Commonwealth Ave</td>
<td>Street: ___________________________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auburndale, MA 02466</td>
<td>City: ________________________________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ATTN: Books</td>
<td>State: ____________________________ Zip Code________</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Subtotal________________________
Sales Tax________________________
Total________________________

For shipping and handling within US:
add $4.50 for 1st book, plus $2.00 for each additional book.
For CD’s add $3.00 each.

Make checks payable to TIARA in U.S. funds.
DATED MATERIAL