Minister Deenihan Visits TIARA Booth at Back to Our Past Conference

TIARA participated again this year in the Back to Our Past Conference held in Dublin, Ireland. TIARA had a booth at the October conference and several TIARA members were conference speakers. It was an honor to have Jimmy Deenihan, TD, Minister for Arts, Heritage, and the Gaeltacht, visit the TIARA booth.

Pictured, Left to Right, Maureen Kish, TIARA Co-president Mary Choppa, Minister Jimmy Deenihan, and Marie Whiddon
President’s Message
Greg Atkinson #1766

This is my first newsletter article as Co-President of TIARA. I must say I now have a much truer sense of what it takes to run an organization such as TIARA. I have learned how important it is to have dedicated volunteers. The leadership, the meetings, events, and the entire operation are run by volunteers. Some have done this since TIARA’s inception and others are brand new to it, but all bring a commitment to TIARA and its mission to support and educate individuals on how to best find those elusive and sometimes happily not so elusive ancestors (and have some fun along the way). A big thanks to all past and current volunteers!

The September and October meetings were held at Brandeis University, our new and quite amenable home for our monthly meetings.

I recently returned from TIARA’s October 2013 Genealogy Trip to Dublin. Joyce Waddington, my co-leader, and I led a very enthusiastic and fun group researching in Dublin’s wonderful repositories and exploring the city itself. It was a great success. TIARA has made some solid ties in Dublin over the years at the repositories and with individuals such as Eileen and Sean O’Duill. They have served us well again this last trip.

Perhaps the largest volunteer and collaborative effort in the upcoming year is the Celtic Connections Conference to be held August 14-15, 2014. The Conference is being organized by TIARA and the Irish Genealogical Society International based in St Paul, MN. It has been great fun working with IGSI on this project. I hope to see more collaborative efforts like this. We will be reporting more on this exciting conference in the future.

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Early in September 1975 my Aunt Margaret died at the age of ninety-one, the last of the eight siblings in the Tracey family of Clinton, MA. Nieces and nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews of all of her siblings attended the wake and funeral. Everybody had a grand time, reconnecting and reminiscing. It was in the tradition of a fine Irish American wake of old. At one point my mother exclaimed, “Oh, how Aunt Margaret would have loved this!”

Aunt Margaret was actually my great-aunt, a sister to my maternal grandmother. She was the only one of the five girls in the family to remain single. Throughout their lives, she was their rock, the one who saw to it that her young nieces and nephews had new clothes for Easter when their parents could not afford it. She paid the way for nieces and nephews to go to college, buy new cars, survive the depression, and to survive their own personal crises. She did all this without saying a word to anyone. It is only through communicating with my second cousins while conducting my genealogy research that the extent of her generosity has become known to me.

My great-aunt was also the life of every family party. She had an incredible memory for prose and poetry and could quote stories, songs, and poems endlessly and effortlessly. She was like the ancient poets of Ireland who carried the traditions and genealogies of their septs in their heads and passed them on from generation to generation. I wish I knew half of Aunt Margaret’s treasure trove of memories. She could have us rolling on the floor laughing one minute then shedding tears at a sad song or blushing at a risqué story the next. She was well loved by all. We were privileged to know her.

Despite much laughter and joy in shared memories at the wake, tears were quietly shed the next day at the funeral mass and the final good-bye at the cemetery. It was there that I noticed an old headstone right beside the Tracey family plot. The neighbor-

At that time I was not even thinking about genealogy, although I had always loved to hear the old family stories. I was just out of college and busy with my first job and all the social activities that young people enjoy. Still it made me curious to see the name Tracey on the other monument. Because neither my parents nor any of the assembled cousins could satisfy my curiosity as to whom Bridget Tracey was, or indeed, who the Conroys were, I snapped two photos of the headstone, front and back. On a scrap of paper from my pocket I jotted down these inscriptions:

- Michael Conroy
  Died Aug 2 1880

- Ann Conroy
  Died Jan 11, 1916

- Bridget Tracey
  Died Mar 28, 1883

The photos were developed with the others on that roll (remember when?) and soon put aside. About ten years later, I came across
the photo and my notes again and began to solve the puzzle. I started by buying a book on beginning genealogy and, following its advice, made up and sent out surveys to all the relatives I could think of.

I was so lucky. The returns came in and most people seemed eager to share what information they had. Some even sent artifacts and photo albums. No one knew who Bridget Tracey was, but one cousin inadvertently provided the answer by sending me a copy of John Tracey’s Civil War pension file.

John Tracey was a brother to my great grandfather Patrick Tracey. I knew that he had served in the Civil War because his name was inscribed on the memorial monument in the town park in Clinton, and Aunt Margaret took great pride in pointing it out to us whenever we visited.

To my great surprise and delight the pension file contained many affidavits filed by my grandfather and another brother, Lawrence, on behalf of their mother, Bridget Tracey, in her attempt to claim a pension from her son’s service. In addition to providing the answer to who Bridget Tracey was, the affidavits described in detail the small farm in Galway from which the Traceys had immigrated as well as the names and ages of all her children. Included were three who had remained in Ireland, and were unknown to the present generation. It named Bridget’s husband, also named John Tracey. One of the daughters, Anne Tracey, was a witness to some of the papers in the pension file, so I knew she had come to Clinton with her brothers. This was all thrilling discovery, as I had not previously known that Bridget had immigrated to the U.S. nor did I have even a hint of Grandpa Tracey’s siblings left in Ireland.

Subsequent research soon showed Bridget was living in Clinton MA with her daughter Anne Conroy’s family at the time of the 1870 census. Information from the vital records of the town of Clinton confirmed that Anne was Bridget’s daughter and that she had married Michael Conroy. The vital records also provided more information about the four Tracey siblings who had immigrated to the United States. Information in the affidavits in John Tracey’s pension file led me to the small townland of Reaghan, in the parish of Tynagh, Galway where I learned more about the Tracey family.

Returning to the cemetery in Clinton in the 1990s while doing more research, I found that the Conroy monument was no longer standing. The plot apparently had belonged to Aunt Margaret and at her death was left to one of her nieces. The niece did not like “that old-fashioned stone” and had it replaced with a “modern” one, inscribed with her married name. The church still has the burial records, but there is no longer a monument to Bridget Tracey at the cemetery. So my casually snapped photo on that long-ago day is now the only imperfect record of the original Conroy-Tracey monument.

Aunt Margaret drew me to the cemetery that day and Bridget called to me to be discovered and remembered, starting me on my journey into genealogy.

**Finding Uncle Albert**

Pat Deal, # 3076

It was the early 1940s and few families across the United States were untouched by WWII. The Hines family of Roxbury was no exception. My grandmother, Ellen Green Hines, a widow, had many family members to keep in mind and prayer. Youngest son Paul was in the US Army on active duty in Europe. Daughter Rose joined the Women’s Army Corp and was stationed at Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta, GA, achieving the rank of Technical Sergeant. Her husband Ernest Hayden was stationed at Moore General Hospital in Ashville, NC during the same period. Daughter Kay’s husband, Patrick (Johnny) Gordon, had first joined the US Navy in 1919. He was called back from Reserve status in 1940 serving as the Chief Petty Officer aboard ships that saw action in both the Atlantic and Pacific war theaters. Son Albert was working in the shipyards in Seattle, WA and was assumed to be safe.
In the second week of October 1943, though, Mrs. Ellen Hines received word that her son Albert had died in Seattle after being hit by a city trackless trolley.

Albert had been “on the road” for much of his adult life. In a picture taken at age 18, he is wearing what appears to be a Navy uniform. At a 1931 Canadian border crossing, he listed his occupation as “Seaman”. Family oral history tells of Albert working for the Ringling Brothers Circus as an elephant handler. My older cousins confirm going to visit him when the circus came to town. In the 1940 census Albert appears to be a guest of the Walla Walla, WA county jail though I have not yet determined what infraction brought him there. His stay could not have been too long as by 1943 he was living and working in Seattle.

The burial arrangements for Albert were handled by a Seattle funeral home and he was buried in that city. It was a choice his mother later regretted but the distance from Boston and the turmoil of war activity made his return complex. All of the family members serving in uniform in WWII returned home safely but Albert’s loss, at such a distance, was grieved.

In 2005, a conference in Seattle presented me with the opportunity to visit Uncle Albert’s grave. Unfortunately, I did not know where he was buried or even how he died. I emailed a query with his name and date of death, October 8, 1943, to the Seattle Public Library. Within 24 hours, they sent me an article from the October 9th, 1943 edition of the Seattle Times summarizing the accident that took Uncle Albert’s life. In a follow up email, they suggested I contact the Washington State Department of Vital Statistics to receive a copy of Albert’s death certificate. When the certificate arrived, it listed the place of burial as Calvary Cemetery. A phone call to the cemetery office assured me that yes, Albert Hines was buried there, so I set up an appointment to visit during my trip.

The cemetery, on a rise overlooking the city of Seattle, was lovely with well-maintained grounds. The office manager had marked Albert’s grave for me with a flag, as it was otherwise unmarked. Two things occurred to me as I visited. In the 62 years that he was buried there, I wondered, “had any other family member been able to come to pay their respects to Uncle Albert?” Then I thought I should make sure that he had a stone to mark his grave.

Upon my return to Boston, I worked with the cemetery on the design of the flat stone that would mark the grave of Albert Joseph Hines, born June 4, 1903. My sister Pauline and cousin Kathy shared the cost. The final stone included a circus elephant in tribute to the one aspect of Uncle Albert’s life that we learned from the stories that our mothers
Daniel Devir of Donegal, Boston and Malden
Marie Devir Bermingham Dorsey #2695

Daniel Devir was born in 1804 in the townland of Gortnasillah in the Glenties, County Donegal. He took a ship for America around 1831 or 1832 to be followed later by most of his siblings. He landed in Boston and took up work as a laborer and a merchant. In 1853 he served on the city’s Night Watch. Within ten years of landing, he had become a citizen and married a Donegal woman, Anne Hagan. They lived in Boston and Worcester and started their family. Four children were born but two died at early ages. Their surviving children were son John Mitchell and daughter Grace. Daniel’s wife Ann died and was buried in North Cambridge along side the couple’s two daughters.

Within a year of Ann’s death, Daniel married his second wife Mary and moved to Malden where he acquired land in the Edgeworth neighborhood. He continued to work as a merchant and teamster and was active in local affairs. He helped to found St. Mary’s Cemetery, the Ancient Order of Hibernians (AOH), Division 12 in Malden, MA, and provided teams for the volunteer fire department.

Besides working as a teamster, Daniel’s son John M. Devir was an alderman. His oldest grandson, John D. Devir, learned the construction trade, became Commissioner of Public Works and then was elected Mayor. He did a stint at building roads in France during World War I.

I saw Daniel’s picture for the first time on the cover of a banquet program celebrating the anniversary of the founding of the Malden Hibernians. The AOH was founded in NYC in 1836 by Irish immigrants and modeled after secret societies in Ireland. Its motto is “Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity.” The Division in Malden was one of the first Hibernian groups established in the United States. My mother, Marie Devir Bermingham, explained that Daniel was one of its founders and that this was the only picture of her great grandfather that she had ever seen.

A few years ago, my mother’s cousin, Mary Devir Endicott, gave me a cabinet card of the same image that was on the AOH program. Cabinet cards became popular in the 1880s. Mary also told me stories about the Devirs in Malden, Woburn and Chicago. The Devir lore had been passed on to Mary and my mother, by their aunt Katherine Devir, who was the custodian of the family history. Katherine was her generation’s practitioner of the Irish oral tradition.

After Mary Devir Endicott gave me the picture I met another relative, also named Mary, online. She is a descendant of Daniel and his second wife. Over the years these two branches of Daniel’s family had slowly drifted apart. Through e-mails, Mary Lee Barry and I shared stories about both sides of the family. When the subject of Daniel’s picture came up, she provided me with a wonderful story about how it came to be taken. She had the story from her mother, Daniel’s daughter by his second wife Mary.

In the early 1890s, when Daniel was near death he instructed his family to have a photographer come to the house so that he could have his portrait taken. Just as he documented his connection to his brothers by being a witness to their naturalizations, he wanted a picture of himself for his descendants. Daniel was dressed, propped up in his bed, and this picture was taken. Daniel died.
shortly thereafter and to my knowledge, this is the only image of him that exists.

When I sent my copy to Mary Lee Barry, she wrote that it was indeed the same one that she had heard about from her mother. She also remembered a much larger photograph in a gold frame from her childhood home. The larger one was probably the original while the cabinet cards were made for other members of the family. They both came from the portrait that was made in Daniel’s bedroom. She had no memory of how the picture traveled to Hibernian Hall but it is there today honoring one of the founders.

A Family Legend and the Rest of the Story
Erica Voolich #3540

After my mother died in 2001, I found an autobiography that she had written in the 8th grade. In it she wrote:

"... Long ago the Richardsons were great landholders in the north of Ireland. After awhile they came to Canada and settled in Quebec. One son went to Belleville, Ontario where he met a Miss Bogart, whose family had come from New York because they had been loyal to the king. After the revolution the king gave them a grant of land near Belleville. Richardson married Miss Bogart. They had a large family, the youngest of it was my grandfather. He grew up in a boy’s boarding school and came to Oak Park. They had two boys, Robert and Harold. Harold never married. Robert married Adelaide Harvey and they had two children, Alice and Madelon. ..."

William Richardson, Alice Josephine Richardson, Robert Worthington Richardson, and Harry Bogart Richardson

I had once asked my mother about the Richardsons and she had said they came from Belfast, Northern Ireland to Canada. Later the family moved to Chicago after the Great Chicago Fire (1871) to help with the rebuilding of Chicago. She said her great grandfather William Richardson worked for the Bank of Nova Scotia.

From these two stories I had the family legend: Belfast, Ireland to Quebec, Canada to Belleville, Ontario to Chicago, Illinois in 1871 in two generations. When my mother talked to me about the family, she named six chil-
dren and her grandfather was actually the second child, not the sixth.

I found the marriage record of Robert Richardson, a cordwainer, and Sarah Allen, the parents of William Richardson, in the Anglican Cathedral Holy Trinity Church in Québec on 25 May 1832. William was born on 5 November 1835 in Québec City. Robert and Sarah had four children before she died on 28 January 1843, in Québec City. Robert married Harriet Isabella Birch on 20 September 1843. They had nine children. Not all of his 13 children lived to adulthood.

In the 1851 and 1871 censuses, Robert says he was born in 1810 in Ireland. I have not verified the "great landholders" or the "Northern Ireland." Robert worked as a cordwainer in Québec, rather than managing an estate of some kind. I have not found any passenger records bringing Robert to Québec -- so I don't know if he came as a young adult or as a child. I have not found any potential Richardson parents for him in Québec. I have noticed there were many Richardson in Northern Ireland named William Richardson and some were landowners. Robert's first son was named William. So, maybe that part of the story is true. That is left to be investigated further.

Now on to part two of the family legend: Robert had a son William who went to Belleville, Ontario, married a Loyalist, and then moved to Chicago after the Fire working for a bank helping in the rebuilding effort.

In the 1851 census, William Richardson is living with his father and stepmother in Québec City and is working as an accountant. In the 1861 census, William (25), born in Lower Canada, is married to Minnie (19), who was born in Upper Canada. They are living in Cobourg, Northumberland, Canada West. He is working as a bank accountant.

William married Mary A C Bogart, daughter and granddaughter of United Empire Loyalists who came to Canada from New York. I found a newspaper birth announcement in Belleville Ontario for only one of William and Mary's six children, and this became a clue. William Jr. was born 16 February 1862, baptized in Cobourg. The newspaper identified William Jr.'s father as an employee of the Bank of Montreal -- not the Bank of Nova Scotia.

In 2005, I wrote to the Archives of the Bank of Montreal, hoping that they might have some records on their employees. They did!

"William Richardson
Entered service at Québec in June 1854, was a Teller at Belleville (ON) in 1857. Between 1859 and 1860 he held several positions at HO (Montréal) before becoming an Agent in Cobourg, St. Mary's, Waterloo, Goderich (all branches in the Province of Ontario). In 1869, W. Richardson is Manager of our St. John (NB) branch, and in 1871 he is the Manager of our Chicago branch. He resigned in 1876 when in office at Chicago."

Also in that letter were copies of two newspaper clippings about the Bank. The first was from an 1943 Belleville paper telling about the 100-year history of the of the Bank of Montreal in Belleville. The other article was from a corporate newspaper, FIRSTBANK NEWS, September/October 1981, page 4, titled "Bank's Chicago office opened in 1861," by Freeman Clowery, Archivist. The article was an interesting history linking banking and the development and growth of Chicago's trade and transportation center. One particularly interesting paragraph:

"At the time of the Great Chicago Fire, Bank of Montreal responded quickly, substantially supporting the disaster fund set up to aid sufferers. Almost before the embers had cooled the Bank opened temporary quarters on Randolph Street, to help get commerce rolling again."

The article included a poor quality photo of the bank office after the Chicago Fire. Fast forward to 2013. I contacted the very nice archivist at the Bank of Montreal with whom I had corresponded in 2005. I inquired as to whether they could scan the newspaper article so I could actually see a higher quality photo since it is supposed to be William Richardson in the doorway. After a few e-mails back and forth, I received a scan of the original photograph, not the newspaper!
"Manager William Richardson stands in the doorway of the Bank of Montreal’s temporary premises in Chicago, opened immediately following the Great Fire of 1871. After the blaze it contributed to the establishment of a fund for the relief of those suffering from the disaster. The Bank has operated in Chicago since 1861."

Not only does this photo and description confirm part of my mother’s story about her great grandfather coming to Chicago to help with the rebuilding after the Fire, but it clearly shows the surrounding devastation and challenges in opening up an office for any business in October 1871.

**President’s Message (Continued)**

TIARA has planned a genealogy trip to NYC in April 2014. You can find information about it and sign up at the TIARA web site.

Remember to renew your membership. When possible suggest membership to someone who may benefit from it. The dues are responsible for most of TIARA’s funding and every dollar supports TIARA’s ongoing efforts to be the best Irish genealogy organization ever.

**DATHI’S BOOKSHELF**

Thomas A. Dorsey, J.D., PhD #2695

I hope I have not offended E.B. White fans by using the phrase “The Once and Future Cromwell”. The last two articles ground through the depressing conquest of an island and a people already fragile from 150 years of strife. It was hard to read (and write) so a little change of pace would seem to be in order. A break is also needed because, if we stick with the chronology, we have to move on to consider the Act of Settlement of 1652, which is equally disheartening. As an antidote we can take a page from E.B. White, who enjoyed playing with the backstory of one English legend, and, evoking the macabre spirit of Samhain, we can explore some of the odder aspects of Cromwell’s life (and death).

**Cromwell in America.** Unlikely you say, and yet, between 1630, when Cromwell was at a low point economically, and April 1631, when he sold his Huntington properties, there was evidence that he was considering immigrating to the New World. This was not uncommon at the time. Many members of Puritan congregations, as well as their ministers, fled England to avoid persecution. In 1629 John Winthrop founded the Massachusetts Bay Colony and John Cotton left Kent in 1633 for Boston where he became the preeminent minister in the colonies. Twenty years later, in 1651, Cotton would correspond with Cromwell, after his victory at Dunbar, assuring him he was not a usurper of the crown.

Antonia Fraser describes the emigration attempt in her biography *Cromwell* (p.49). According to contemporary biographers in the 1660s, Cromwell and his family, in the company of Arthur Haseling and John Hampden, boarded a ship on the Thames that was ready to embark for the colony of the Massachusetts Bay Company. At the last moment the Council revoked permission to depart and the passengers disembarked.

Fraser points out that the chronology is skewed since, by 1638, Cromwell had inherited property that relieved his economic
problems. Fraser believes that the story conflates actual events from 1630, based on later Royalists rumors designed to discredit Cromwell. Similarly, false rumors were spread about his attempts to have his uncle declared insane in order to take over his property. Nevertheless Cromwell had frequently discussed a strong interest in emigration to the new colony.

The mid-1600s in the Massachusetts Bay colony was a time of strife between the Puritans and other sects, as well as Native Americans. The hanging of Quakers like Mary Dyer and the other Boston Martyrs in the early 1660s is one example. The idea of Cromwell bringing his religious fervor and his innate military skills to this mix is fascinating (and oddly disturbing). If Cromwell had followed Cotton to New England around 1631 he would have been involved in the purge of Quakers, the exile of Roger Williams, the eruption of the Pequot War (1634-1638), and, possibly, even King Philip’s War (1675). Of course, Cromwell would have had to live 17 years beyond his actual death in 1658 to be involved in the latter event.

The Curious Case of Cromwell’s Remains.
Where would we be without the bizarre 17th century saga of Cromwell’s head (and body, and identity)? This story puts Sasquatch to shame. Cromwell died in 1658 of malaria and septicaemia from a kidney infection. After a brief period when his son directed the Protectorate, General George Monck, with the backing of the military, reinstated the Long Parliament and in 1660 Charles II was restored as monarch. This was not good for Cromwell. On January 30, 1661 (the 12th anniversary of Charles I’s beheading) he was subject to the unique punishment of posthumous execution. His body, along with two other regicides ( Ireton and Bradshaw) was exhumed, hanged, drawn and quartered, and beheaded. Then the heads of the three men were impaled on pikes and displayed over Westminster Hall. Their bodies were thrown in a deep refuse pit below the gallows at Tyburn. Never let it be said the monarchs can’t hold a grudge!

The three heads on pikes loomed over Westminster Hall until 1685 when a violent storm broke the pike holding Cromwell’s head and threw it to the ground. A sentinel from the Exchequer’s Office allegedly found the head, hid it under his cloak, took it home and hid it in his chimney. His motives are unclear. There was a “considerable reward” offered for the safe return of the head but it was not produced. Supposedly, the officer to whom the head was to be returned was a person whom the Exchequer guard feared (possibly for political reasons?). As a result the head remained in limbo (or the chimney) until 1710 when it appeared in the private museum of one Claudius Du Puy, a Swiss-French collector of curiosities. Du Puy’s museum was said to be one of the most well known attractions in early 18th century London.

On Du Puy’s death in 1738 the head went missing again. It reappeared in the late 18th century in the possession of an actor named Samuel Russell. This phase of Cromwell’s journey has a thin thread of substance since the Russell family and the Cromwells had intermarried for decades. It is not unreasonable that a Russell purchased the head from Du Puy and it passed into Samuel’s hands. Unfortunately for Oliver, Samuel was a drunk, broke, and taken to handing the head around in pubs, probably to cadge drinks. Cromwell’s redoubtable features suffered some wear and tear.

Another London museum owner, James Cox, had been trying to acquire the head but Russell had refused to sell. Russell tried to persuade the Master of Cromwell’s college (Sidney Sussex) to bury the head but was rejected. Not to be denied Cox started loaning Russell money in small amounts and finally took the head in payment for his debts. Cox apparently acquired the head for resale which he accomplished in 1799 when he sold Oliver to three brothers named Hughes.
The Hughes brothers collected other Cromwell memorabilia with the intent of staging an exhibit but the plan foundered when they could not establish the provenance of the head. Cox was not helpful. The Hughes publicist attempted to establish a history but could not. Instead he fell back on the argument that the head had been (1) embalmed, (2) cut off and (3) spiked, elements which matched the head in question. Unfortunately, they also matched Ireton’s head. The exhibit failed. The head passed to a Hughes daughter who exhibited it and eventually sold it in 1815 to Joshua Wilkinson and it remained in his family for 145 years preserved in an oak box. By 1960, the head had been roaming around London for 275 years.

During his stay with the Wilkinsons, Oliver’s cranium was examined to determine its authenticity. A competing head, called the Ashmolean skull, claimed to be Oliver Cromwell. A scientific exam in 1911 reached no conclusion primarily because there was no chain of custody from 1684 to 1787. This prompted a second study (of 109 pages), conducted by a eugenicist and an anthropologist, who found to a “moral certainty” that the head was that of Oliver Cromwell. (A death mask had been made of Cromwell and was available at Warwick Castle for comparison.)

By 1960, the head had passed down to a Canon Wilkinson who apparently approached Sidney Sussex College to accept the head for burial. As part of the Canon’s estate the head, presumably still in its oak box, was transferred to Cromwell’s old alma mater where it was buried next to the chapel. Wisely, there is no head stone or monument. A plaque next to the chapel door reads “Near to this place...was buried the head of Oliver Cromwell... (Emphasis supplied.)” And so the Protector’s journey ended and he has not been disturbed since.

**Monarch’s Musical Chairs.** While Cromwell’s cranium was cavorting about London, his body sank into relative obscurity. Speculation assigned it two separate legends. Either it had escaped its posthumous execution by anticipating that event or it had been spirited away to a secret location after execution. These tales were confounded by a complete lack of evidence and fantastic speculation.

Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, wrote that “…Cromwell did, in his life, transpose many of the bodies of the Kings of England, from one grave to another....” Given Cromwell’s strong religious convictions this seems somewhat unlikely. It is also contradicted by his consenting to have Charles I’s head re-attached to his body before its burial suggesting a certain morality and respect for the dead. It may be a conflated variation of the rumor that Cromwell’s family had his body moved shortly after his burial to avoid desecration of his tomb.

Those tales had Oliver buried variously in the Thames River in a lead coffin and in an unmarked grave at Naseby, the site of one of his great victories. The worse version of these rumors is that Cromwell’s body was swapped with Charles I thus causing the king to be executed twice. There is no evidence to support this. Pepys, of course, speculates that the wrong body was posthumously executed. In the posthumous category various stories maintain that Mary Fauconberg, Cromwell’s daughter, had the beheaded corpse recovered from the Tyburn pit and that it was secretly buried at her husband’s estate, now Newburg Priory. Another alleged burial location is the Church of St. Nicholas at Chiswick. There the vicar is said to have seen a third (unexplained) coffin in the Fauconberg crypt when it was rebuilt in 1882. On the other hand, a body was buried in the family crypt at Newburg Priory and, in the 18th century, the Cromwell family refused the request of King Edward VII to allow an examination of the remains. If Oliver is in neither place then, according to Antonia Fraser, he lies at the junction of Connaught Square and Connaught Place in London, the former site of the Tyburn Gallows.

**Cromwell Memorials.** Given the poor treatment of Cromwell’s mortal remains one would think an appropriate memorial would have been erected. In fact it took 215 years for a privately financed statute to be erected.
in Manchester. Later, when Queen Victoria was invited to dedicate the Town Hall, she reportedly asked that the statue be removed. Regicides are unpopular with monarchs. The statue remained. The Queen declined the invitation.

In 1890 a plan to erect a public statute outside of Parliament was defeated due to the opposition of the Irish National Party. However, in October, 1899 a privately funded statue was installed in a sunken garden next to Westminster Hall. The statue was funded anonymously but the sponsor was later revealed to be Lord Rosebury. Two other statutes have been erected in Warrington and in St. Ives, Cambridgeshire.

**Genocide and Ethnic Cleansing.** The question of whether Cromwell’s actions in Ireland constitute genocide is often raised. While 17th century culture didn’t recognize the concept of genocide, the question can be considered in a historical context. We know that nearly 50,000 combatants died. Various estimates of population loss range from 25 percent to an estimated 600,000 persons, or over 40 percent of Ireland’s population. Sir William Petty, who conducted the Down Survey (1656), estimated that the population was reduced from 1,466,000 to 616,000 (850,000 or 58%) during the decade from 1651 to 1661. Much of the death was due to the “scorched earth” tactic employed by Ireton and his generals and by the plague and disease that followed. Sir William Petty’s numbers are hardly biased in favor of the Irish.

“Genocide” is a term coined by the Polish legal scholar Raphael Lemkin in 1944. Lemkin immigrated to America in 1941, became an advisor to Nuremburg chief counsel Robert H. Jackson, and spent his life writing on this issue. His work defines genocide as “…acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group…. ” The actions of Cromwell’s lieutenants in Ireland include all of the “acts” enumerated as examples of genocide. (See: Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide, United Nations General Assembly Resolution 260, 1948.)

The English campaign also meets the criteria for “ethnic cleansing.” This concept originated in the 1990’s in the Yugoslavian Wars. Ethnic cleansing has a less formal definition but has been referred to as the act of eliminating unwanted ethnic or religious groups by deportation, forcible displacement, mass murder, or by threats of such acts. Some scholars candidly admit that genocide and ethnic cleansing cannot be completely distinguished.

**Book Recommendations.** In the four articles on Cromwell we used 16 books, not all of which were discussed directly. Two of these books: God’s Executioner by Michael O’Siochru and Cromwell by Antonia Fraser provide a well-rounded view of the man and the period. In addition, an interesting book dealing with slavery in the 1660’s, and having specific genealogical use, has recently been published by Genealogical Press. Without Indentures: Index to White Slave Children in Colonial Court Records by Richard Hayes Philips, Ph.D., lists children from the Cromwell era sent as slaves to Virginia and Maryland. A close friend hopes it will address his “brick wall.” It may be helpful to you.

**NEXT:** The Act of Settlement of 1652.

Comments or requests to: dathi2010@gmail.com.

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**Nugget**

The National Archives and Records Administration offers free genealogy workshops at their Washington and regional centers. A schedule of upcoming programs at all NARA facilities is available at: [http://www.archives.gov/research/genealogy/events/](http://www.archives.gov/research/genealogy/events/).
Library Update
Joan Callahan #3491

Thank You to the following TIARA members who have made donations to the TIARA library.

Jean Leboucher:
_Atlas and Cyclopedia of Ireland: Part 1 and Part 2_, Murphy & McCarthy Publishers, New York, 1900

**Part 1** is a comprehensive description of the thirty two counties and the cities, towns villages and places of public interest. There are photographs of scenery, historic places, abbeys and round towers. The author of Part 1 is P.W. Joyce.

**Part 2** is a general history of Ireland written for young people by A.M. Sullivan and continued by P.D. Nunnan. The story begins with the first settlers, Milesians, and continues to 1897 with the death of Parnell. The book ends with the dying speech of Robert Emmet.

The front pages hold a record from Jean Leboucher’s family (the O’Reilly Family) beginning in 1872 with the birth of her grandfather. Entries of births, marriages, and deaths as in a family Bible are noted.

Bill Kelleher:

This donation is a family history compiled by John Joseph Kelleher on photocopied pages as an unpublished history of the Kelleher family of Jerpoint, County Kilkenny.

Kathy Sullivan:


How to Search the TIARA Library Collection from the TIARA Website

1. Select Membership
2. Under Membership, select Library collection
3. Click on Librarything image

You will be on the LibraryThing page where you will see the list of books and DVDs (565). The only confusing part of the window is the brown bar at the top of the page. For now, ignore the brown box and the search box that says search site. I will explain more about the brown box below.

Stay on the grey and white area where you see TIARAIE’s books. There is a search box in this area: search this library. This search box will locate books or DVDs in the TIARA library.

Search by title, author, place names, subject, and media. Use the Style boxes A-thru E to see all of the information about a particular book. Some styles show book covers, some show the library call number, and others show subject headings and tags. Tags are subject headings that I have added.

After you have completed your first search, click on the x next to the old search term. You will find this on the left side of the screen just under the TIARAIE’s books icon. You will then be returned to all 565 items and you are ready for another search.

The header at the top of the page has the words: HOME/GROUP/TALK/ZEITGEIST. These topics take you to Librarything main pages. HOME has news about a variety of books. GROUP is a list of book talk groups you may want to join. TALK lets you read book discussion topics and ZEITGEIST is a collection about everything. When you have finished all you want to do on the TIARA site, this brown area will take you to a much larger collection of other places, businesses, or libraries that use Librarything.

There is also a search box in the brown area: search this library. It searches all of the other Librarything communities. You can find Irish books that are in other collections. Librarything is not a public library community so you cannot borrow but your public library might be able to locate a copy for you. To set up a time to visit the TIARA library contact me at: callahanjoan@hotmail.com

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Certainly, in Irish genealogy, there is nothing more important than “being Irish”. Of course “being Irish” involves two underlying elements: (1) where did the Irish come from and (2) what makes you Irish in the first place? These questions can be the basis for a great pub fight. Right now, however, we are going to focus on the first question, which has been recently addressed by J.P. Mallory in *The Origins of the Irish* (Thames and Hudson, 2013).

Professor Mallory (Emeritus Professor of Prehistoric Archaeology at Queen’s University Belfast and a member of the Royal Irish Academy) has been studying the origins of Indo-European cultures for his entire career. This book is the culmination of years of research and his clear desire to use new data to try to answer this most difficult question. However, he carefully avoids trying to answer the question of what the Irish “are”, as distinct from where they came from.

I found this book enjoyable because it addresses several basic issues in a careful, scholarly way. My previous source of information was a book called *The Celts* by Gerhard Herm written in 1975 probably as a popularization of the subject. Herm’s book presents the Celts as nomadic warriors (and cannibals), who swept out of the Far East on chariots and, under Vercingetorex (52 B.C.), terrorized the Roman Empire. (The book feels like a script for an action thriller.) The quasi-historical material (from Strabo) was interesting but didn’t match up well with the archeology in Ireland.

In contrast, Mallory centers his discussion on Niall of the Nine Hostages, the 5th century high king, who most people would see as being Irish and who Mallory sees as standing on the “... boundary between Irish mythology and Irish history...”. He organizes his evidence around this center point. In the course of the book he considers the geology of Ireland, the first emigrants, early agriculture, pottery and metal objects, the warrior culture, the Iron Age culture, the oral history of Ireland, the evidence of language, and the evidence of genetics. I would be surprised if some part of Mallory’s book wouldn’t be of interest to you, particularly if you have toured western Ireland. If you are really interested in where the Irish came from, the book will certainly be rewarding. The following review provides a sample to whet your appetite.

Malloy admits to a “sadistic streak” and begins with a discussion of the geological origins of the island. Reminiscent of James Mitchner’s *Hawaii*, this is oddly interesting when you find out that two halves of Ireland migrated to the island’s present position from opposite sides of the ancient earth. What is really interesting, however, is that a land bridge from Europe, allowing migration by foot, may not have occurred until just 10,000 years ago. The most likely route would be across the Isle of Man. Thus, it is not surprising that the earliest evidence of civilization in Ireland shows up around 8000 B.C. If you have visited Ceide Fields in Mayo you have seen early human habitation from 5500 years ago.

This leads logically to a discussion of the first colonists and the first farmers. The first immigrants were very few and their place of origin is unclear. Mallory considers northern Scotland, the Isle of Man, Wales, and even France as possible departure points. He believes that the original total population did not exceed 3000. The resources of the island were sparse, not hospitable to hunter gath-
ers, and a mini ice age had just ended. It is not until 7000 B.C. that a clear change in flint tool design suggests a population surge, probably due to migration.

By the Neolithic period (3800 B.C.) a farming culture like Ceide Fields dominated the island. At this point the similarity between Irish and British cultures (tombs, tools, ceramics, and crops) is so strong that much of the Irish culture probably came from Britain. The influence of Neolithic cultures in Brittany can also be found in certain simple passage tombs. For those of you who have wandered in the beautiful, whispering grass of Carrowmore, County Sligo, several of those tombs have been dated to 5000-4500 B.C. and share characteristics with others in France.

About 2500 B.C. new types of earthen ware vessels appeared in Ireland signaling another change in culture. Metallurgy developed locally because of rich copper deposits on the island. The Early Bronze Age is clearly represented in Kerry where complete copper smelting and production facilities have been found. Copper axe heads, supplied to much of Europe, and beautiful copper lunulae, embellished with gold from County Down, were produced from this ore. The growth of metal working skills began to support the development of a warrior culture.

The connection between Ireland and England and the Continent continued into the Middle and Late Bronze Ages. Hillforts, burial practices, grave goods and horde deposits have similarities in both areas but the center of influence is unclear. Irish *raths* (forts) are distinct in shape from English hillforts (800-700 B.C.) suggesting different origins and purposes. Irish hillforts (1200-800 B.C.) are particularly significant because they evidence a cooperative community effort directed by a single authority. This has led some researchers to describe a society of priest-leaders holding political and religious authority over small communities supporting elite intermarriages, trade and cultural exchange. Curiously, if *raths* were family strongholds excavations have found no trace of weapons left behind.

The advent of the Iron Age (600 B.C. to 400 A.D.) brings us to the time of Naill. This period was dominated by the La Tene culture (named after an archeological site in Switzerland) which was found throughout much of central Europe. La Tene had a strong impact on art (e.g. the Turoe Stone), on language and on the existing culture but the exact process is unclear. This leads Mallory to an examination of iron technology, weapons, Hallstatt raiders, and tales of the Ulster Cycle and the rise of ceremonial centers. This is the “true center” of early Irish culture.

The pre-historical centers of Emain Macha (Navan Fort in Ulster) and Crauchain (in Connaught) become important here both as artifacts and as the basis for later legends. If you have wandered around one of these sites at Dun Ailinne in Kildare, or Tara, or Usneach in Westmeath you have the sense of a very old human presence that remains. Mallory’s discussion here is worth reading particularly as he ends with a discussion of Barry Rafferty’s “invisible people”. In essence the lack of evidence of human habitation in the Iron Age is contradicted by the presence of significant “public works” projects (bog roads, etc.) which strongly suggest organized cooperation, transportation, economic activity and some central authority.

Mallory then compares “the native version”, examines the current state of genetic studies, and considers the clues in language. He finds little support in tradition for the origin of the Irish Celts in Spain and suggests that most of the folk wisdom is one derived from compilations by Christian monks between the 7th and 11th centuries. Moreover, many Irish origin tales may be based primarily on the wandering of the Jews.

The discussion of genetics must be read to be appreciated. Current evidence is so con-
tradictory that no single conclusion can be reached. The mix of genes in the “Irish” is extensive, but inconclusive. Indeed, it is clear (unfortunately) that there is no such thing as “pure Irish”. Based on mtDNA the Irish seem to be a mix of French, Greek, Italian, and Near Eastern lines dating back 25,000 to 60,000 years. Of course, this over-simplifies the matter and it would be best to read Mallory on the subject. There is also a brief discussion of surname studies (with references) which suggests that certain Irish surnames (e.g. O’Sullivan, Ryan) have a greater likelihood than others (e.g. Murphy) of sharing a common (“Irish”?) ancestor.

Finally the discussion of language is significant. Celtic Irish as a distinct language probably emerging between 1000 B.C. and the first century A.D. This associates it with the development of hillforts (concentrated communities) and the elite warrior class. This process continued through the Iron Age with the rise of ceremonial centers and the solidification of an island wide culture. Mallory concludes with a strong suggestion that Irish identity stretches back to the end of the Iron Age between 100 B.C. and 100 A.D. As “Irish” we are part of a very old culture that evolved over millennia to reach its current state.

We may not know (yet) exactly how the Irish got here (or who contributed to the process) but the journey has been long and epic. This book is worth reading to appreciate that epic. It is, admittedly, academic and technical. In the spirit of objectivity the author presents conflicting theories. It is rarely conclusive. It does, however, give anyone who claims to be “Irish” cause to be proud and never doubt that the little green island, which came together from different parts of the ancient earth, is the home of an old, rich and varied culture.

Sunday Sharings
Susan Steele #1025

Snacks and stories proved a successful combination for participants of TIARA’s first Sunday Sharing event. The September afternoon Book Share format included a “meet and greet with treats,” highlights of the TIARA library collection, and individuals sharing favorite Irish and Irish-American book titles. Many thanks to Joan Callahan, TIARA’s librarian, and to co-facilitators Marie Ahearn and Pat Deal who planned an afternoon that was educational as well as enjoyable!

The planned October Craft Sharing had to be postponed. This may be offered in the spring. Plans are also underway for a Writing Workshop in 2014. Other possible Sunday Sharing topics for 2014 are

- Favorite Genealogy websites
- Brickwalls and Search Techniques
- Irish County Resources
- Organizing Your Research
- Using a Scanner

We are looking for some facilitators with an interest in one or more of these topics or other topics. If you are interested in facilitating or attending any of these Sunday Sharings please email me at: recsec1@tiara.ie

Queries

At the Back to Our Past Conference in October, TIARA offered our Irish cousins the opportunity to send a query regarding their ancestors that came to the USA. We received the following:

SURNAME: O’Connor/Connor/Connors
PARISH/TOWNLAND: Cloghamesokes, Castlegregory, Annaschaul
COUNTY; Kerry
EMIGRATED TO; Massachusetts
Worcester, Chicopee, Hampden, and Lowell,
YEAR OF EMIGRATION: 1860s-1880s
1. FIRST NAME: Michael,
   Birth year: 1837-1847

2. FIRST NAME: Thomas,
   Birth Year: 1849

Reply to Eileen Keane
58 Woodlawn Park Grove
Firhouse, Dublin 21, Ireland
E-Mail: eckeane@eircom.net
I have two unusual photographs that I estimate were taken about 1906. There are no markings on these pictures other than the names written on the back. One is a photograph of my grandfather, John James Reynolds, who was born Oct. 16, 1877 and died Nov. 1, 1941. The other is a picture of his sister Catherine "Katie" Reynolds Maguire, who was born in 1881. She died on Apr. 23, 1957. Both John and Catherine were born in County Fermanagh, Ireland.

The reason that I think they date from about 1906 is that John and Katie look to be in their mid twenties when these were taken. They were both married in 1916. I am guessing that I would have found similar photos of their spouses if it were after 1916. I also found a photo of John that looks to be the same exact photo, except it was not colorized and is only 3-3/4 inches by 5-1/2 inches. What makes these photographs unusual is their size. Both are 18" wide x 22" tall and they look colorized. I tried to find out about some of the trends in photography around that time period. I found out that some old photographs were hand colored. One person suggested that since the paper is old, the silver could be oxidizing. The photographs are printed on cardboard which is .05 inches thick. These pictures have been stored in attics, cellars, hot, and cold. I have no idea why they look the way they do or what process was used to make them. Although warped and stained, I am thankful that they have survived the years.

I include a photo of myself holding my grandfather's portrait. Just in case there is any question, I am the one in the Tiara t-shirt. If anyone has information about how these photos may have been processed, it would be of great interest to me.
Autumn Activities

TIARA Librarian Joan Callahan (2nd from left) discussing some of the highlights of the library collection at the Book Share meeting, TIARA’s first Sunday sharing event.

Book Share participants share favorite Irish and Irish American book titles.
TIARA Banquet

TIARA held its 2013 banquet at the Wayside Inn on November 9th. It was a terrific opportunity for the full capacity crowd of TIARA members to get together and talk genealogy.

Author Peter F. Stephens gave a talk telling the stories of several important but forgotten Boston immigrants.
Next Issue

Migration Trails... from Ireland to ...? Have you researched your migrating ancestor over the ocean then across the continent or around the city? Write the story of your ancestor’s journeys to a new life, or an article of Irish or genealogical interest for the next issue of the TIARA newsletter. Send it to newsletter@tiara.ie. Submissions for the Spring 2014 Issue are requested by **February 1**.

Upcoming TIARA Meetings

Friday, Dec. 13, 2013, 7:30pm at Brandeis University, Mendel Center for the Humanities, Rm. G3.
Alice Kane. *Using Evernote, the Notetaking Software for Genealogy Research*

Friday, Jan. 10, 2014, 7:30pm at Brandeis University, Mendel Center for the Humanities, Rm. G3. Speaker TBA

Friday, Feb. 14, 7:30pm at Brandeis University, Mendel Center for the Humanities, Rm. G3. Speaker TBA

March: Meeting at NEHGS. Details to follow.