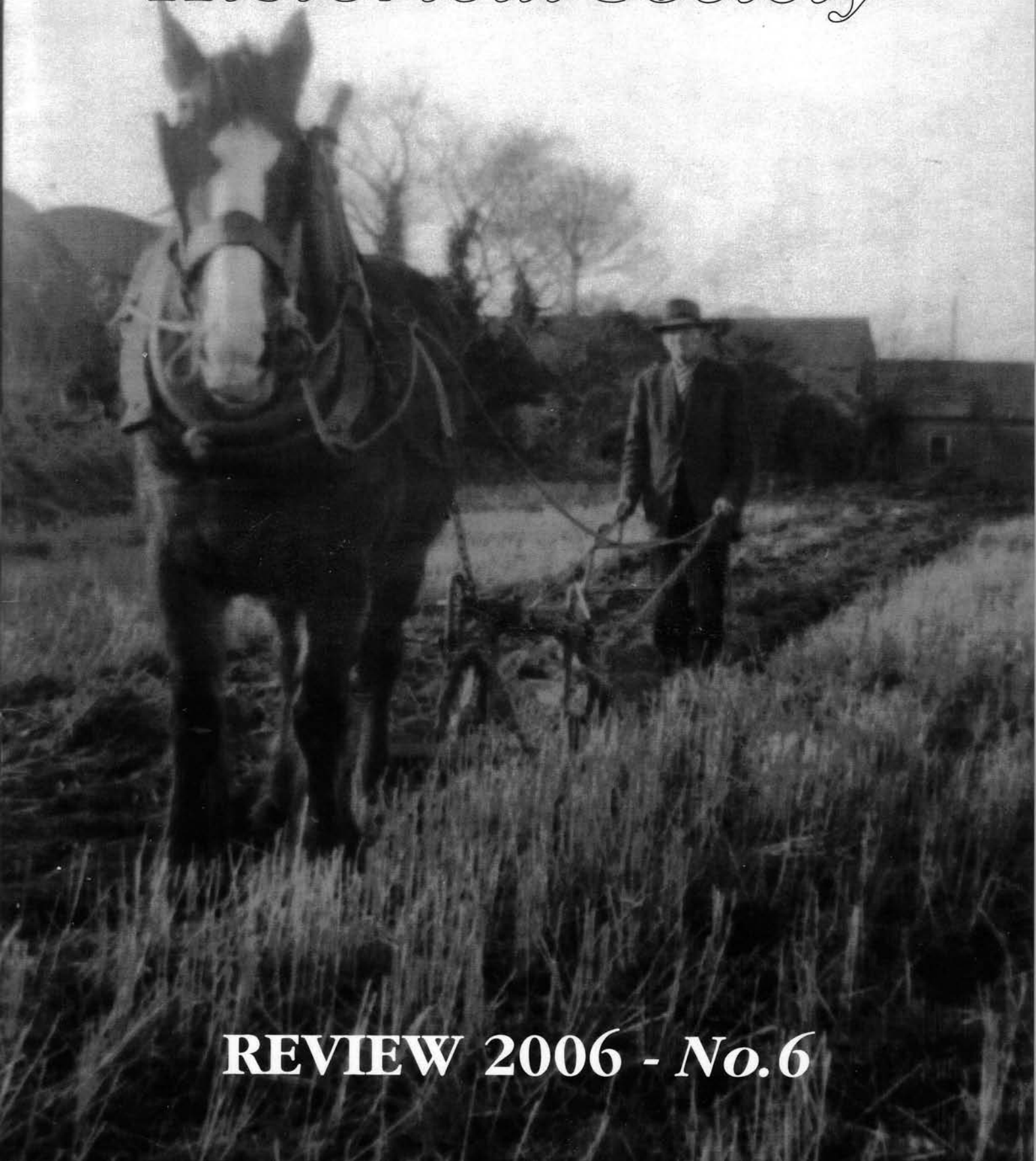


# *Termonfeckin*

## *Historical Society*



**REVIEW 2006 - No.6**

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Front Cover - Denis 'Cooper' Tiernan ploughing opposite Sandpitt school in 1962.

Edited by Declan Quaile (who can be contacted regarding any aspect of the journal or the Society).

Back issues of the Review Journal are still available and may be obtained from the editor.

Contact point: Declan Quaile (00353) 42-9322577 & email: [dquaile@esatclear.ie](mailto:dquaile@esatclear.ie).

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# Editorial

Reading the articles in this year's journal you may be intrigued with the amount of foreign place names mentioned in the various stories where people from Termonfeckin have worked and settled. Perusing the four articles you will find references to Rome, Gibraltar, Montevideo, New York, Perth (in Australia), while not forgetting Liverpool in England.

Because of our long established sea-faring tradition and the harsh necessity of emigration many of our ancestors travelled to the far corners of the world, where their descendants now live and thrive to the present day. This is evident if one spends a quiet hour in front of the computer 'surfing the net', for details on the word 'Termonfeckin'. The amount of historical and genealogical information and requests for further information on those that left the village all those years ago is illuminating indeed. Surnames such as Fitzpatrick, Campbell, Boylan, Brabazon, Magill, Flynn, Eccleston and Maguire among many that leap from the screen, giving us a glimpse of the myriad families who waved goodbye, most for the last time, at the Bridge House as they made their way to the docks in Drogheda for the onward journey to Liverpool and then Castlegarden or Ellis Island in America. This emigrant journey of Termonfeckin people was but a microcosm of what happened in the upheaval of the Irish Famine and emigration decades. But this diaspora, at both a local and national level, eventually moulded those who left, and their descendants into a separate, distinct people, yet all the while retaining the strong bonds of relatives and friends at home in Ireland.

Though our journal is not a forum for genealogical discussion, by the very nature of what constitutes local history, the story of families, of where they went and what they achieved, helps to chronicle Termonfeckin's history and tradition. They are the strength and vitality of any parish. And whether families have remained in the area or have departed to the far corners of the world we must recognise their intrinsic value to the history of our locality.

THE EDITOR

# The Turbulent Ministry of Fr. Eugene Mulholland

(by Declan Quaille)

## Introduction

Land and religion in nineteenth century Ireland were the two anchors that secured the vast majority of its people. While tenants and labourers throughout the island eked out a living their only spiritual consolation was the faith administered by a resurgent Catholic hierarchy. The parish of Termonfeckin differed little from others in that the majority of people in and around the village either had small plots of land which they cultivated themselves or else they laboured on the big estates at Rath, Blackhall and Carstown. Their break from the six days of work was the Sabbath when their local clerics cited scripture about damnation and redemption. When this way of life was suddenly and violently disturbed in the early 1830s, by the enmity of two neighbouring priests, the mayhem caused by local Ribbonmen and a countryside rife with disease, it was evident that the way of life of many of the simple God-fearing inhabitants of Termonfeckin would be changed forever.

## Eugene Mulholland

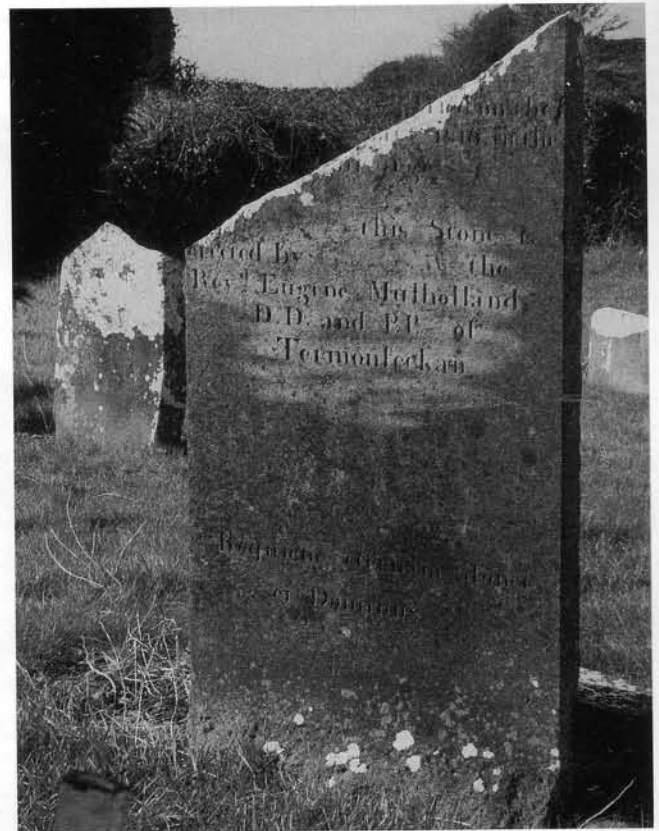
Eugene Mulholland was born in c.1790 at Carrickbroad, just north of Faughart, on the borders of Louth and Armagh.<sup>1</sup> As a young man he entered the priesthood, journeyed to Italy and gained a Doctorate in Theology in Rome in about 1815. Parochial records indicate that he returned to Ireland and served for some years as a curate in Ardee where his parish priest was Fr. Peter McGuire of Sheetland.<sup>2</sup> Little is known about his time in Ardee but not long after he took up the post of curate in that parish he would have heard, no doubt, of the unfolding tragedy at the Wildgoose Lodge in nearby Reaghstown and the subsequent conviction and hanging of those involved. He went back to Italy around 1821 but returned again some five years later to visit his aged mother. While he was home the Archbishop of Armagh Patrick Curtis contacted him with a view to offering him with the next available parish if he remained in the diocese. In July 1826 he was given a curacy in Dunleer and following the death, in December 1826, of Fr. Bernard McKeivitt, Eugene Mulholland was transferred as Administrator to the mensal parish of Termonfeckin, taking up his duties there in January 1827.<sup>3</sup>

He resided in a parochial house at Duffsfarm and his early pastoral work in Termonfeckin passed without incident. However in March 1828 he was summoned to appear before Dr. Curtis regarding a dispute over the 'oats' collection in Dunleer two years

previously. His tenure in Dunleer had been of a temporary nature until his transfer to Termonfeckin while Fr. Patrick Markey had been installed at Dunleer in his place. Evidently Fr. Mulholland felt aggrieved over losing the 'oats' collection to Fr. Markey which he, Fr. Mulholland, had accumulated whilst a curate there.

A further incident occurred in June 1830 concerning the prospective arrival of a curate, Thomas Corrigan, to the parish. As Termonfeckin was a mensal parish in the diocese twice yearly payments had to be made to Armagh and Fr. Mulholland was called before Dr. Curtis again, this time complaining that he had no finances available to support a curate as well as having to forward remittances to Armagh.

These contentious meetings early in his ecclesiastical career at Termonfeckin, in tandem with consequential reprimands from his superiors, may have left him with a sense of grievance which created a circumspect attitude towards him amongst some of his religious peers.



Gravestone in Faughart graveyard dedicated to the memory of Eugene Mulholland's father.

<sup>1</sup> Eugene Mulholland had a headstone erected in memory of his father in Faughart graveyard that declared Carrickbroad as the family address.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. M. Murtagh - Ardee 2000-Millennium Recollections, p170.

<sup>3</sup> Fr. Mulholland made the following entry in Termonfeckin parish register, 'On the first of January 1827 I was appointed to the care of Termonfeckin.' (Fr. Thomas Gogarty notes).



## Beginning of Agrarian Unrest

Following earlier agrarian movements of the eighteenth century the early decades of the nineteenth century saw a new outbreak of agrarian agitation with the emergence of the Ribbon Societies. The Ribbonmen were established primarily in the northern part of Ireland in order to offer protection to tenants against eviction by landlords, who wanted to clear their lands for grazing where they would avail of the higher prices for cattle, which prevailed in the years after the Napoleonic Wars. Ribbonism also had a sectarian slant; driven by landlord wealth among the poverty-stricken masses and even stirred by religious pamphlets which were widely circulated at the time, predicting the future overthrow of 'the (Protestant) Reformation'.

The 1820s and early 1830s witnessed the campaigns for Catholic Emancipation and the abolition of the Tithe payments, which a predominately Catholic population was forced to pay for the upkeep of the clergy of the Established Church. A Tithe Applotment census, which was established to calculate the acreage of those obliged to make Tithe payments, caused increasing bitterness in the country and many subsequently refused to pay. All occupants of land were required to pay this tithe of ten percent of the agricultural produce generated by a holding. This money was demanded from all landholders, irrespective of their religion and was paid directly to the Established Church of Ireland.

The non-payment of tithes left many Church of Ireland clergymen in difficult financial circumstances. This forced the Government of the day to set up a Clergy Relief Fund in 1831 to alleviate their financial distress. A consequence of this Act was that the Government then had the task of collecting the arrears of tithes in each parish rather than the individual clergymen. Following the Tithe Applotment survey, which was carried out in Termonfeckin in April 1830 and the subsequent period of forced collection, a Tithe meeting was held in Termonfeckin on 19th February 1832 attended by many of the landholders of the area in order to petition Parliament to abolish the Tithes and Church Cess. The meeting, chaired by Henry Chester of Cartown, resolved "... *that the exaction of Tithes in our parish has been oppressive and vexatious, being chiefly levied off persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and we have witnessed with indignation the tyrannical measures resorted to for their recovery.*" A further resolution proposed, "... *if the lands which are in the possession of the Established Church in this Kingdom were placed at the disposal of his Majesty's government, a fund could be raised which would amply pay the clergy and rendering the necessity of calling on the landholders for the Tithe and Church Cess, unnecessary.*"<sup>4</sup>

The national groundswell of agrarian unrest became apparent in Termonfeckin in the early 1830s

following the introduction of the Tithe cess. This additional burden on the people, most of whom had little enough to sustain themselves led to an upsurge of resentment in a poverty-stricken underclass. Verbal hostility eventually led to clandestine meetings among groups of local men, who were part of the growing bands of secret society groups in the county. Though their nom-de-guerre is not recorded in any national history books traditional stories handed down from the time labelled these agrarian 'party men' who operated in the Termonfeckin area as 'Stickmen'.

## Cholera Strikes

While the Termonfeckin area was descending into agrarian and religious instability during 1832 an even more menacing affliction fell upon the population during the year. A cholera epidemic, which had spread inexorably across Europe from India, had ravaged England in 1831 and then swept over to Ireland where, by May 1832, it had reached Drogheda and its hinterland. Though the Government of the day attempted to introduce various measures to alleviate the situation reports from the time suggest an air of despondency and helplessness, as the following extract from a Drogheda newspaper illustrates.<sup>5</sup>

*'We have a fearful list of deaths to record today; the young and healthy as well as the old and infirm have been cut off after a few hours illness; and persons who are seen walking about the streets in perfect health in the morning are borne to their graves in the evening. There is now no more prospect of the disease ceasing than there was when it made its first appearance ten weeks ago. It assumes a most virulent character, and few recover the attack; when the atmosphere is heavy and the heat oppressive, which has been the case this week; whilst with a clear sky and cool air the complaint is mild and seldom terminates fatally.*

*Amongst the many victims who have prematurely fallen, few have excited more general regret than Mr. W. Barry of Shop St., who walked into town on Wednesday from Queensborough at half past eleven o'clock, and at eight in the evening his remains were interred in St. Peter's churchyard.*<sup>6</sup>

A Board of Health was established in Termonfeckin to help counter the effects of the deadly disease. The Board received £100 from the Central Board of Health in August together with other voluntary donations amounting to over £60. Four local people died as a direct result of cholera in the Termonfeckin area, a small figure when compared to those who suffered in Drogheda but one which nonetheless caused alarm and anxiety among the inhabitants, most of whom had rudimentary sanitation at best and had little idea of how to ward off the infection in their midst.

One of the most eminent victim's of the cholera in Drogheda was Fr. Mulholland's Archbishop, the Revd. Dr. Curtis, who died in July 1832 at the height of the

<sup>4</sup> Drogheda Journal, 25th Feb 1832.

<sup>5</sup> 372 people died from the cholera epidemic in Drogheda in July 1832 while 419 died in August. (Patricia Duffy-Cholera in Co. Louth 1832-39, CLAJ 1982).

<sup>6</sup> D. J., 14th July 1832.



plague. Fr. Mulholland and many of the diocese's clerics would have attended the funeral ceremonies; all braving the fear of contamination and disease to honour their deceased prelate.

### Confrontation

As the summer of 1832 turned to autumn the cholera plague had receded significantly yet hunger and disability were still prevalent in the locality. Land and conacre were hugely expensive and the party men wielded considerable influence over non-payment of tithes and rent rates and proscribed many with land dealings who rejected their wise counsel.

At some point around this time Fr. Mulholland may have had his first tenuous encounter with the local Stickmen faction. The alleged meetings may have been innocuous enough as the ranks of the Stickmen would have been filled by farmers, labourers and tradesmen from the locality, many of whom Fr. Mulholland would have known as his parishioners. Though it remains questionable as to his motives in getting involved with a group espousing agitation during this increasingly turbulent period it may well have seemed to the populous but tight-knit community that his actions in some way condoned the Stickmen's activities. His nebulous dealings with them also went against the principles of the Catholic church, especially his superiors, who particularly abhorred any evidence of radicalism in their ranks which would upset the political and religious status quo in the country. It is indeed possible that these meetings were an attempt to discourage the Stickmen from escalating punitive actions in south Louth and indeed he may well have had threats uttered towards him in his endeavours to curtail their activities. But his supposed liaison with them, for whatever reason, created serious long-term consequences, not alone for Eugene Mulholland but for his parish and for the Armagh diocesan hierarchy in the months and years ahead.

### Tradition of the hoof-marks at Rath

Two segments of local tradition, one written, one oral, now come into play in the unfolding story of Fr. Mulholland. A series of events seemingly instigated by Fr. Mulholland's actions in Termonfeckin, and which have come down to us through word of mouth, supposedly culminated in a confrontation with Wallop Brabazon at Rath House. The first story, which was told to curate Thomas Gogarty of Termonfeckin in the early 1900s, concerned Fr. Mulholland, who had drawn the attentions of Wallop Brabazon of Rath over his alledged links with local agrarian factions.<sup>7</sup> It would seem from the story handed down that Fr. Mulholland allowed a group of Stickmen to meet secretly in the old chapel at Thunderhill. When reports of these meetings reached Brabazon the local

constabulary were called upon in an attempt to tackle the perceived threat. It is told that a curfew was imposed in the area and people were not allowed to assemble or gather together under any circumstances - even local funerals were delayed because of the security threat posed.

Now if we link this written tradition with the second story, the authorities, with Wallop Brabazon at the forefront, proceeded to the chapel at Thunderhill and confiscated various documents for inspection - one of the manuscripts reportedly being the parish register. This action may have been arranged to try and ascertain the names of potential conspirators alongside other evidence accrued from the chapel records. If the second story follows chronologically from the first then it seems that it was Fr. Mulholland, when he heard of the sacrilege, who proceeded on his horse from Duffsfarm to Rath House and demanded the immediate return of the confiscated articles. Wallop Brabazon would not entertain him and tradition enhances the story by having the priest's horse rearing up at the front of Rath House, leaving the indelible mark of its hooves on the entrance steps.<sup>8</sup>

The latter story, still remembered by many and mentioned in conjunction with the former appear to recount the events, as traditionally related, which were the product of Fr. Mulholland's supposed intrigue with the Stickmen in Termonfeckin in the early 1830s. However we are not advised of the outcome of the episode at Rath House. But the tone of the second tale implies some form of *d'Enouement* for Wallop Brabazon for having the temerity to remove ecclesiastical items from the Catholic church.<sup>9</sup>

In the early 1830s Rath Estate had two Wallop Brabazons, father and son. Wallop senior died in October 1831 aged sixty-one, therefore his date of death suggests he was not around to be involved in the incidents just mentioned. His eldest son William had, by 1831, departed Rath for Syddan in Co. Meath (where he had been installed as Rector of that parish in 1829), thus leaving Wallop junior to succeed to the administration of the Brabazon estate. The younger Wallop was born on 2nd February 1813 at Rath and would therefore have been eighteen years old when his father died. As the eldest residing son at Rath he would have been tutored by the family on the mechanics of running an estate. Though we can only speculate on these stories handed down to us they do appear to contain more than a hint of validity in the tale they tell. Therefore, it is possible that in the midst of the volatile situation which had been looming in the parish at the time Fr. Mulholland's Stickmen associations and confrontation at Rath House were indeed a small part of the tapestry of events which were retained and passed on in the folk memory of the people of Termonfeckin.

<sup>7</sup> Folklore of Termonfeckin Parish, CLAJ 1965, p30 - '...Fr. Mulholland would seem to have some trouble with Wallop Brabazon. A Protestant was in the church - the old church - and bearing him call the names he reported him as having a sort of club in the parish or secret society and that the monies paid of course were towards a massacre of the Protestants...'

<sup>8</sup> The discolouration in some of the steps at Rath are probably the prehistoric remains of fossils embedded in the stone.

<sup>9</sup> One version of this tale suggested that when Wallop Brabazon refused to return the book he was cursed with a 'hasty appetite', with his hunger never being satisfied, which may be a possible reference to diabetes.

## Intimidation and Enforcement

Several incidents occurred locally in 1832 to suggest a struggle for power was underway between the Stickmen and the forces of law and order. In the middle of the year the two magistrates for the area George Donagh and Henry Chester, both from Carstown, had resigned their positions for reasons now unknown. Their departure left a vacuum in the management of local policing and may have encouraged the Stickmen to step in and take matters into their own hands by administering their own form of justice.

On foot of the alarming rise in disturbances a meeting was convened, at very short notice, on Sunday 30th September 1832 in the parlour of Widow Spring's public house in Termonfeckin.<sup>10</sup> Chaired by Charles F. Brabazon of Ballydonnell the gathering reflected the concerns held by the gentlemen of the area on the recent resignation of Henry Chester and Francis Donagh as magistrates,<sup>11</sup> thus leaving the area, in their opinion, prone to acts of lawlessness. The meeting resolved that Patrick Bellew of Barmeath, the sitting Lord Lieutenant for Co. Louth, would be approached the following day by Wallop, Philip and Charles Brabazon and Nicholas and James Markey, regarding the resignations of Donagh and Chester.

Meanwhile the Stickmen continued to flex their authority in the area and numerous incidents occurred from harvest time 1832 until Easter 1833 which caused great concern to many in the community. A Mrs. Tierney fell foul of them when land she had taken in Newtownstalaban (in the parish of Tullyallen) caused friction with a neighbour, who presumably went with his complaint to a secret society member. The resultant damage caused by the Stickmen to assets she had on the property came to £300. Another incident occurred when a farmer named Hugh Clarke, who paid his labourers a rate not sanctioned by the Stickmen, had his field of rape left uncut; the Stickmen not allowing his workers to harvest the crop.<sup>12</sup>

On Monday 29th October two farmers called McGourk from Newtown Cross (again in Tullyallen parish), who had land in Termonfeckin parish, were attacked on the Cord Road in Drogheda and badly beaten by several assailants. They had previously been warned by persons unknown to dismiss one of their employees or suffer the consequences.<sup>13</sup>

Events came to a head on Saturday night the 12th January 1833 when a party of Stickmen descended on

Termonfeckin village, breaking windows and causing panic amongst the inhabitants,<sup>14</sup> while on the following evening a group of nearly one thousand men congregated on Tullyesker Hill, many having come from the Sandpit and Termonfeckin direction. They threatened to torch the village of Clógher if the fishermen there refused to abide by their pronouncements.

An unusual incident occurred in early 1833 when tenants on Major Tandy's estate in Canonstown were threatened with loss of their holdings and ordered to return them to local families who had vacated them, some forty-eight years previously, in 1785. Tandy, on hearing of the threats, issued an ultimatum that all those in tenancy agreements on his lands would be evicted unless the intimidation ceased.<sup>15</sup>

During the continuing controversy of non-payment of tithes and general agitation the local authorities had been vested with the power to forcibly collect payments from those who were in arrears.<sup>16</sup> An example of this newly established policy was carried out on Tuesday 4th June 1833 when *'...a party of the 99th Depot, accompanied by C. Plunkett Esq., stipendiary magistrate for the county of Louth, proceeded hence to the parish of Beaulieu for the purpose of enforcing tithes due to the Rev. E. Groom. They succeeded in seizing several head of cattle, carts &c., many of the owners of which immediately discharged the demand, and others have since followed the example and released their property.'*<sup>17</sup>

## Eugene Mulholland and Thomas Treanor

As malicious incidents continued unchecked and the authorities seemingly powerless to influence the situation Fr. Mulholland's perceived approbation of Stickmen activities began to be noted by some of his clerical peers. Fr. Thomas Treanor, parish priest of Tullyallen, voiced his concerns over events that were unfolding in Termonfeckin.<sup>18</sup> At the time Tullyallen parish administered an area east of Drogheda around Newtownstalaban and Fr. Treanor would have said mass regularly at Newtown chapel, just south of Newtown cross. It was in this neighbourhood that many of the agrarian disturbances were occurring.

Mulholland and Treanor had already established a tense relationship with verbal confrontations between them not uncommon, some going back to when Fr. Mulholland was first installed as Administrator of Termonfeckin in 1827. A newspaper report of the time

<sup>10</sup> D. J. - 6th October 1832. The public house, probably located at the bridge, was the precursor of the establishments run by the Carroll and Patton families.

<sup>11</sup> Francis Donagh (1800 - 1885) of Newtown, Termonfeckin, was High Sheriff of Co. Louth in 1834.

<sup>12</sup> Tierney and Clarke incidents extracted from the Newry Examiner 17th May 1834.

<sup>13</sup> D.J. - 30th October 1832.

<sup>14</sup> Ibid. - 15th January 1833.

<sup>15</sup> Ibid. - 16th March 1833.

<sup>16</sup> In June 1832 the Government's Attorney-General was authorised to pay a portion of tithes not collected and to secure the balance by force if necessary.

<sup>17</sup> D.J. - 8th June 1833.

<sup>18</sup> Rev. Thomas Treanor was born in Fieldstown in 1792. A nephew of Rev. Richard Treanor P.P. of Togher he was parish priest of Tullyallen from 1821 to 1870. He died in Tenure on 28 February 1870 and is buried in Tullyallen.

elaborated: 'A conversation occurred at Ballymackenny, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Toris,<sup>19</sup> which was the origin of the ... ill-will. Mr. Traynor said to Mr. Mulholland; "Although you were educated at Rome, you cannot say you are a parish priest as I am." This alluded to the fact of his (Mulholland) not being an ordinary parish priest but merely in possession of a mensal parish and Mr. Traynor plumed himself on being an actual parish priest. On that (Fr. Mulholland) replied - "Our former professor at Dundalk, Rev. Mr. O'Hagan, used to say that nature destined you, Mr. Traynor, for a ploughman, not for a clergyman."<sup>20</sup>

Other episodes in a similar vein followed. John Murphy, a gardener with the Leland family of Drogheda, was in McGourk's house along with Fr. Treanor, who asked him where he was from; "I said I belonged to Termonfeckin and he said, "you are a Stickman and so is your parish priest." It was also reported that Fr. Treanor had stated that Fr. Mulholland was 'the head and front of the Stickmen' in Termonfeckin.

Though his enmity with his clerical neighbour was unrelenting Fr. Treanor believed from the reports filtering through to him that Eugene Mulholland was in some way inciting secret society men in Termonfeckin to cause trouble in Fr. Treanor's parish, causing him to vent his spleen over the situation even further. Whether Fr. Treanor felt the ongoing parochial tensions was a window of opportunity to exact retribution on a man he habitually disliked is unclear but certainly his public outbursts appeared to compound the volatile situation as far as Fr. Mulholland was concerned. It was also apparent that their feud was becoming something of a vicious circle. The more Fr. Tierney publicly slandered Eugene Mulholland the more Mulholland had grounds for turning a blind eye on Stickmen activities. As the utterances from Treanor escalated Mulholland had no alternative but to vehemently defend himself from the slanderous remarks against his character.

### Internal Evidence

Meanwhile the newly appointed Archbishop Thomas Kelly looked on from his residence in Drogheda, aghast at the clerical infighting in his diocese. On hearing of the various incidents emanating from Termonfeckin parish he visited the area in 1832 and reported it to be in a disorderly state, while in the parish itself Fr. Mulholland's clerical administration (or lack of) was causing concern among his own parishioners, particularly for his curate Fr. Thomas Corrigan.<sup>21</sup> In 1833 complaints were forwarded to Archbishop Kelly from Termonfeckin about 'some pecuniary exactions', which pointed to Fr. Mulholland.<sup>22</sup> A written statement was also prepared by Fr. Corrigan and four other parishioners in front of

a magistrate testifying to Fr. Mulholland's neglect of his priestly duties. The statement, which was later submitted to Rome, declared that the Administrator of the parish was negligent in the attendance of some of his flock who were sick and who subsequently died without the sacraments. They also gave evidence of excessive fees being demanded at weddings and at a funeral that Mulholland had presided over and that it was through his mismanagement that law and order had broken down in the parish. These were serious charges indeed and they suggest that Eugene Mulholland was no longer acceptable to some of his parishioners.

### Intervention

As the year progressed and the allegations weighed ever more heavily against his Administrator in Termonfeckin, Archbishop Kelly began to assume, based on the mounting evidence, that his Administrator was suffering from some kind of mental instability and was facing up to the prospect of having him removed from his duties in the parish. However in May 1833, despite his gut feelings and in a final attempt at salvaging something from the deadlock, the Archbishop appointed his Vicar-General, Very Rev. Andrew Rogers of Dysart parish, to try and resolve the situation. Fr. Rogers initially requested Fr. Mulholland to submit his complaints in writing to him. Having received them he forwarded them to Fr. Treanor, calling for a written explanation. However Fr. Treanor made no reply to the correspondence and the impasse continued. At the next clerical conference in Dunleer, at which the Archbishop and both parties attended, Fr. Mulholland complained to Archbishop Kelly on the lack of progress Fr. Rogers was making in the investigation. At this meeting he made veiled threats about taking the matter further if he couldn't get at least a verbal apology. But Fr. Rogers advised that he could proceed no further until he got an answer from Fr. Treanor.

In what turned out to be the final effort at reconciliation a clerical meeting was arranged for Widow Spring's public house in Termonfeckin in July 1833. Both aggrieved parties attended and the meeting began positively. Fr. Treanor was counselled to submit a written apology to Fr. Mulholland, who was prepared to accept it but Treanor refused to comply and threw the assembled clergy into confusion by unexpectedly casting further dispersions on Fr. Mulholland, 'Will you or can you deny that you excited the people from your altars against McGourk, against Hugh Clarke, and spoke publicly and privately against Mrs. Tierney? If you do I will prove these things.'<sup>23</sup> Judging by this inflammable outburst it was now evident what Fr. Traynor was far removed from reconciliation. Eugene Mulholland withdrew hastily from the gathering to consider his options.

<sup>19</sup> Fr. Toris resided in the town land of Tullyard. He had been curate in Termonfeckin for some years before becoming parish priest of the newly formed Monasterboice parish in 1823.

<sup>20</sup> Newry Examiner - 19th May 1834.

<sup>21</sup> Thomas Corrigan, born in Termonfeckin around 1800, ministered as curate in the parish from 1830 to 1842.

<sup>22</sup> N. E. - 18th June 1836.

<sup>23</sup> N. E. - 19th May 1834.



## Legal Proceedings

Archbishop Kelly was now in a quandary over the whole affair. On the one hand he was aware of the unruly state in which Termonfeckin parish had degenerated, which evidently lay with the intrigues of Eugene Mulholland. Yet the matter was further complicated by the not unrelated issue of the animosity between the priests of the two neighbouring parishes, which required a judgement to be made under his diocesan authority. Though the Archbishop would have felt that Fr. Mulholland was due an apology for the specific remarks made about him he was also aware of Fr. Treanor's motives for the utterances.

While pondering on the issue in the autumn of 1833 he had his mind finally made up for him when he was informed that Fr. Mulholland had commenced legal proceedings in the courts to have his name cleared; a course of action previously unheard of from an ecclesiastical perspective. On 6th November 1833, with all avenues of settlement now apparently closed, Archbishop Kelly had Eugene Mulholland dismissed from his duties as Administrator of Termonfeckin parish and had Fr. Thomas Callan installed as his replacement. The Catholic hierarchy was heading for uncharted territory as one of its priests proceeded to usurp the ecclesiastical authority of Armagh by taking a civil action against another.

## Legal Wranglings

Fr. Mulholland spent the next six months preparing for the legal process to begin. Finally, on Monday 14th May 1834, the various parties convened at the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin.<sup>24</sup>

Fr. Mulholland's barrister, Mr. Jackson, outlined the case for his client, his argument hinging on the fact that Fr. Mulholland had lost the income of Termonfeckin parish because of the slanderous remarks of Fr. Treanor. Various witnesses were called to testify before the court on behalf of Fr. Mulholland, including such local luminaries as Sir Patrick Bellew of Barmeath, Very Rev. Andrew Rogers of Togher, Fr. James Toris of Monasterboice and George Pentland of Blackhall. Following the evidence the jury retired but after a brief sojourn returned and advised the court that a unanimous agreement on a verdict was unlikely. They retired again and after further consultation eventually awarded the verdict to Eugene Mulholland with damages on his behalf of one farthing!

Following this farcical legal outcome, which confirmed the unprecedented nature of the case, Eugene Mulholland regained his composure and set sail for Rome to seek succour there. Officials at the Vatican examined his case but upheld Archbishop Kelly's initial ruling on the controversy.

Meanwhile Archbishop Kelly had died in January 1835 and four months later his successor, William Crolly, was installed. Fr. Mulholland lost little time in introducing himself to the new Primate and explaining his circumstances. But Crolly, on reviewing the case,

## THE NEWRY EXAMINER

### COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

*Dublin, Monday, May 14.*

REV. EUGENE MULHOLLAND v. REV. THOMAS TRAYNOR.

Mr. WILLS opened the pleadings. It was an action of trespass on the case. The declaration stated, that the plaintiff was Parish Priest of Termonfeckin, in the county of Louth, and was, as such, in the habit of celebrating divine worship according to the forms of the Roman Catholic church; that the defendant used certain malicious and slanderous expressions, to the injury of the plaintiff's character, to wit, that the parish of Termonfeckin was full of "Stickmen," and that the parish priest was also one. The damages were laid at two thousand pounds, and the defendant pleaded the general issue.

Mr. JACKSON, K. C., stated the case for the plaintiff. He said, in this case the plaintiff came into court complaining of a serious injury, as serious as it was possible to conceive could be inflicted on a person of his station and profession. He had been parish priest of a certain parish for a period of eight years, and up to the month of November last. He maintained the character suited to the office which he filled—that of a loyal peaceable subject of these realms; and, as a minister, he inculcated, by his example, the duties of loyalty and of peace. The defendant is in the same station; he is the priest of the adjoining parish, Tullyallen, in the same county. His (Mr. Jackson's) client was educated on the continent; he graduated at the principal university of Rome, and he there passed a good portion of his life. He returned to Ireland, in the lifetime of the late Dr. Curtis, for the purpose of seeing his aged mother. Dr. Curtis, satisfied of the character of the plaintiff, of his learning, of his general qualifications, requested him, instead of returning to Italy, to remain in this country, and promised to give him the first parish vacant. It was not long before a vacancy occurred, and the plaintiff was appointed to the parish of Termonfeckin, which is what is called a mensal parish, that is the same as a perpetual curacy in the established church, out of which the incumbent is bound to pay a certain annual stipend to the bishop of the diocese. In the year 1833, the county of Louth, in which the parish is situated, became disturbed by those lawless miscreants who, in other parts of the country, were known by the name of Whitefeet and Blackfeet, but who in Louth denominated themselves Stickmen. In the course of their lawless proceedings they attacked houses under different pretences. It appeared that a Mrs. Tierney had the audacity to take a plot of land in defendant's parish, and had the further presumption to bring an ejectment to regain its possession. This displeased their high mightinesses, the Stickmen, and they accordingly executed summary vengeance upon her. The grand jury of the county gave her a presentment for a sum of £300. Other individuals, named M'Gourk, who had put their names to a paper, offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrages, were attacked on their return from the fair of Drogheda, and beaten almost to death; another person, named Clarke, who paid his labourers at a rate not sanctioned by the Stickmen, had a field of rape left uncultivated, and the labourers were prevented from working for him. He (Mr. Jackson) stated these things to show the state of the country, and as evidence of the nature of the slander propagated to the injury of his client. The jury would be at a loss to imagine how it could happen that one clergyman could be led to propagate a slander against his brother priest, in a country raving with disaffection, as in Louth. Unfortunately, the motives which actuated the defendant in detracting from the character of the plaintiff, were somewhat mysterious. Perhaps it was that the latter was educated on the Continent, and not at Maynooth, at Carlow, or at Kilkenny; but it was quite apparent that he resolved to circulate slanders against him, to set these slanders into circulation, and to bring them to the ears of the Archbishop. The plaintiff was deprived of his parish in the month of November last. To look into the motives of the defendant, it would be necessary to refer to a

Extract from the Newry Examiner of 19th May 1834 describing the court case at which Fr. Mulholland attempted to clear his name.

<sup>24</sup> N.E.- 19th May 1834.

refused to change what had already been decided. Fr. Mulholland had requested his re-appointment to Termonfeckin but all Croll was prepared to offer was a place on the missions in America, which was rejected out of hand. At a clerical meeting in Armagh in August 1835 he further proposed curacies in either Magherafelt or Ballinderry. Again this was refused. Both parties submitted complaints to Rome and based on their previous experience with Mulholland they exhorted him to be amenable to the Archbishop's authority.

### Letters of Introduction

Realising that he was making little headway in Ireland Eugene Mulholland's next step was to press his case of unfair dismissal through Parliament in London. With a singular purposefulness of mind he wrote to as many of the higher echelons of public life in south Louth as he deemed necessary to open doors for political exposure in England. Many responded with letters of positive reference which, despite the ongoing controversy he had generated, alluded to him being a well-known and respected figure in the community. The following references were all forwarded to Lord Lyndhurst who petitioned for him in the House of Lords in early June 1836.

Rev. John Kerr, Protestant Rector of Termonfeckin, 6th May 1836 wrote:

*"I am truly grieved to find that the sanguine hopes of your friends and your own reasonable expectations have not been realized - that no satisfaction has yet been afforded you - no provision made for your future tranquillity and comfort. Within the last few years, this parish has been the scene of many great and melancholy changes. the band of death has removed from it, one by one, those of its inhabitants whom you justly valued most, and by whom you were as highly and deservedly respected. But although the circle of your friends in Termonfechin has been unhappily reduced, it is still an extensive one. Be assured, my dear Sir, that there are many, very many here, who cordially sympathize with you in your present circumstances, and would rejoice to hear of you being restored to happiness and prosperity. Permit me, as one of the number, though merely a cipher in it, to express a fervent wish for the successful issue of your intended journey to London, and the speedy and satisfactory settlement of the business which forces you thither."*<sup>25</sup>

George H. Pentland of Black Hall wrote this reference on 9th May 1836

*"Mr. Mulholland, Roman Catholic Clergyman of this parish (Termonfechin), has called upon me for a letter of introduction to your Lordship..... I have known Mr. Mulholland for years, and have always heard of him as a gentleman of unblemished character. My father, who had many more opportunities of knowing him, has repeatedly told me he had the highest respect for him, and that he considered his case as a peculiarly hard one, and one that seemed to him perfectly*

*unaccountable. He had some interviews with the Roman Catholic Primate on the subject, and told me nothing was ever urged against Mr. Mulholland but his refusal to compromise a law suit. Both the Roman Catholics and Protestants regret his removal from the parish."*

From P. Bellew of Barmeath, 12th May 1836

*"The bearer of this, the Rev. Eugene Mulholland, has requested of me, as one of the principal Roman Catholic resident in the same district in which he has acted as a clergyman, to state my knowledge of him. I have known him for several years, and I have always understood and believe his character as such to be moral and correct."*

John Chester of Stonehouse, Monasterboice wrote the following reference on 24th May 1836

*"I wrote to you on Sunday last as you directed, under cover to Mr. Sheil. I also wrote to Sheil my sentiments on your oppression, as I do not wish to conceal any thing I do from you in your afflictions. You say the Catholic Bishop of London has given you faculties for London, that you are a persecuted and injured clergyman: on that subject, no gentleman, unbiased priest, or layman can doubt of; your only offence being, that you resorted to the laws of your country."*

Though his grievances were well thought out and argued the petition gained little sympathy. He made a subsequent attempt to have them aired in the House of Commons and sought help from Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell had obviously been made aware of the controversy surrounding Mulholland and he viewed his actions with strong disapproval. He wrote the following to Mulholland in response to correspondences sent to him by the priest in early 1836.

*"Rev. Sir, I beg to respectfully decline any interview with you; I mean you no offence whatsoever - I am incapable of intending it - but I decline to see you for the same reason that I declined to answer your letter. First - your case is not one on which parliament can give any relief; the parliament has not the least control over the discipline of the Catholic Church and more than with its faith; and, with the blessing of God, never shall. I cannot but express... my disapprobation of the action you brought in the courts of law against another Catholic priest, with whom all differences should be settled amicably or by reference to spiritual powers; and I think that a clergyman ought to submit to such a wrong than give scandal by litigation.....Any attempt to bring the matter before Parliament will be only another cause of scandal, and will only make it impossible for you to obtain the sanction of any Catholic Prelate to your appointment to a parish."*

Following his petition to the House of Lords on 7th June a further debate was arranged in the House of Commons on 29th June 1836. The history of his parochial dispute was discussed with a Mr. Sergeant Jackson rising and outlining the case before the

<sup>25</sup> Fr. Gogarty notes.



House. Several speakers responded, many querying why the House of Commons was being used to determine the outcome of an Irish Catholic ecclesiastical problem. Daniel O'Connell subsequently rose and reiterated what he had already suggested in writing to Mulholland, i.e. to withdraw the petition and submit to his spiritual superiors. Following this the petition was ordered to lie on the table of the House. The following year, in February 1837, one final bid was made to have his case determined in London when his petition was again raised in Parliament but, as before, this proved inconclusive.

Following his unsuccessful attempts to publicise his case in England his name had become synonymous with dissension and disharmony and, as predicted in Daniel O'Connell's letter, the clergy of the diocese offered little in the way of succour regarding his plight. A series of confrontational letters ensued between himself and his Archbishop in which he eloquently if somewhat misguidedly defended himself but which did little to enhance his chances of ecclesiastical rehabilitation.

### Beyond the Pale

In 1837 Sir Henry Chester of Cartown briefly championed his case and a broadsheet was published extolling Mulholland's virtues and castigating Archbishop Crolly for his mis-management of the affair. The following year, while still in diocesan limbo, he was approached by parishioners of Aghinagh parish in the diocese of Cloyne in Co. Cork who were in dispute with their parish priest over the erection of a new church. Ostracized in his own diocese Eugene Mulholland took up their offer of a parish (though of a temporary schismatic nature), moved to Cork and served in Aghinagh as their alternative pastor until 1843 when the parochial divisions were finally mended.

Following his departure from Cork and with no parish to support him he travelled to Rome and threw himself at the mercy of Cardinal Fransoni. The cardinal wrote to Archbishop Crolly querying whether between them some kind of pension fund could not be allocated to Eugene Mulholland. He even suggested a return to parochial duties for the beleaguered priest. But Crolly would have none of it, knowing well the reaction amongst his priests if Mulholland were returned to the fold.

A small annual fund was eventually made to Mulholland, who, sometime in the mid 1840s, left Ireland for Gibraltar in southern Spain. Reports

emanating from there not long afterwards suggested that he had quarrelled with the local bishop and others in the parish. And even there he continued his correspondence with Rome about his treatment and constantly sought financial help.

He eventually returned to Ireland towards the end of his life and, though details are scarce on his final years, he appears to have died at Howth in north Co. Dublin around 1865.<sup>26</sup> The final rest place of this enigmatic and controversial priest is unknown.

### Epilogue

Ambrose MacAuley, in his 1994 biography of Archbishop Crolly concluded that Fr. Mulholland was a "...a persistent and implacable malcontent (who) had harassed Archbishop Kelly for most of his episcopate and attempted to do the same to Crolly..."

What he initiated in 1834, with his legal action against another priest, pushed the conservative boundaries of the Catholic church beyond the accepted norm, and beyond what his fellow priests and hierarchy of Armagh were prepared to tolerate. It is evident that he never got over the slanderous remarks of the neighbouring cleric; even less the lack of a resolution to the conflict from his superiors. And the enmity between the two priests further incited an already tense agrarian situation in the south Louth area. The perceived lack of closure in his pursuit of justice instilled a sense of victimisation, which manifested itself as an ongoing struggle against the diocesan hierarchy. MacAuley ends his chapter on Mulholland with a final, telling comment, "... Mulholland was incorrigibly contentious and would have created trouble in whatever office he was given."

### Sources

Ambrose McCauley - Rev. William Crolly (pages 239 - 246).

Rev Diarmuid MacIomhair - Folklore of Termonfeckin Parish, CLAJ Vol. XVI (1965).

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### Acknowledgements

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To Breeda Tuite, Tullyallen, for biographical details on Rev. Thomas Treanor.

<sup>26</sup> Fr. Gogarty papers.



# Aspects of Rural Life

(by Declan Quaile)

## 1 - Agriculture in the Locality - A short history

The first farmers in the locality were hunter gatherers who lived not far from the sea shore as the interior of the country was heavily wooded. Fishing from the sea and local rivers would have been their main source of sustenance but eventually these early inhabitants began to clear the wooded areas, cultivated the soil and proceeded to domesticate animals. Eventually they set up small villages with areas for herding their animals. Farming for many centuries was at a subsistence level where just enough could be grown to feed the farmer and his family. But the art of growing edible food from seed planting together with the trial and error of animal husbandry proceeded apace over the centuries.

Early records of Termonfeckin's agricultural history are scarce, though interesting details appear as early as the fifteenth century. In one of the Dowdall Deeds land at 'le old mill grene' is mentioned, this probably been adjacent to the early mill on the Ballywater river north of Sheetland.<sup>1</sup> From this it is evident that in those early medieval times, grain was being harvested and milled in the area.

In May 1513 John Kite, recently elected Archbishop of Armagh, observed on his way to take up residence in the Archbishops castle in Termonfeckin that the countryside was: "...plenteous in corn, cattle fish and fowl, but scant of wood in all the Englishry".<sup>2</sup> Following the 1641 Rebellion, the siege of Drogheda and subsequent repelling of O'Neill's forces, Tichborne and his army devastated areas of countryside around Drogheda, probably setting back grazing the tillage of crops for several years.

A corn census was taken in early 1741, during a severe winter and famine period, to determine the amount of corn in stock. Oats appeared to be the dominant grain in storage in Termonfeckin followed by meslin,<sup>3</sup> barley, and some wheat and rye. Local names mentioned in this eighteenth century census include Thos Thornton, Pat Moony, Bryan McNally, Owen Mitchell and Pat McShane, all from the Newtown area; Matt Carawan (Kirwan) from Coolkirk, Fra Byrne from Newhouse, Robt Farrell from Curstown and Peter Camell, Petr Hughes and John Reilly from Carstown.

In 1796 the Government encouraged the growing of flax. Spinning wheels were allocated based on the number of acres planted. People who planted one acre were awarded four spinning wheels and those growing five acres were given a loom. Almost two

hundred people from the Termonfeckin and Beaulieu areas took part in the scheme.

Seven years later the first scientific study of farming in the Termonfeckin area was undertaken in 1803 by Daniel Beaufort as part of a general agricultural survey of Co. Louth.<sup>4</sup> Some of his notes, which he took while carrying out the study refer to his excursion through Termonfeckin: "May 23, 1803. Rode about 18 miles through Terficcan with Mr. Ph. Brabazon<sup>5</sup> - observed nice husbandry and fine crops of McGuirk's near the Boyne - his mode of potatoes well dunged, wheat, barley, all amazingly fine. Manure about Rath and Glaspistil etc. With sea sand, from 200 to 300 loads per acre on fallows. Mr. Brabazon manures his fallows with moorings and scrapings - uses a Scotch plow of late<sup>6</sup>, 6 horses before - uses horse rake in haymaking and a sledge 6ft. by 8ft. for carrying small cocks to be tramped."

The farming survey recounts the following farming practices in the locality:

"Grassland usually broken up with flax or potatoes, sometimes oats - on small farms seldom less than one acre of potatoes, some have 10 or 12, raised for market, being held in best repute... Clover is mostly sowed with barley, spring vetches after oats, when poor, and cut green. Red clover very common, chiefly used for hay and let out for two or three years."

Oxen were seldom used on farms, except by Maguire and Wallop Brabazon, who used collars for controlling them.

On large farms half the ground was under tillage, the other half pasture; on small farms only a third was devoted to grass, chiefly meadow. Grass was generally cut late and a hay rake was in use by some farmers. Grass fed the horses, dairy cows, young black cattle and a few sheep. Milch cows, fat bullocks and calves were housed in winter, young cattle were left outside. The McKeon farm had twenty cows but smallholdings had usually two or three cows. Dairying was uncommon but butter and milk were sold at the market in Drogheda and even in Dublin.

Farmhouses were thatched, some haggards had stone 'stands' as bases for ricks of hay. There were no orchards recorded in the area. French shores (stone-drained ditches) were also a common feature. Manure for the fields consisted of lime, sea sand, dung and ditch scourings. Dung was used on potatoes and for barley. A mixture of sea sand mixed with mooring and dung was applied to potatoes, fallows and meadows.

<sup>1</sup> Dowdall Deeds - C. MacNeill & A.J. Othway-Ruthven, p191.

<sup>2</sup> Medieval Province of Armagh - Rev. Aubrey Gwynn, p44.

<sup>3</sup> Meslin (or maslin) was a mixture of grain, usually rye and wheat.

<sup>4</sup> Journal of the Co. Louth Archaeological & Historical Society, 1974.

<sup>5</sup> Philip Brabazon resided at Cartown House.

<sup>6</sup> An iron plough pulled by a team of up to six horses.

The survey also recorded two mills in the area; a windmill and a horse mill. The windmill referred to was probably that whose ruins can still be seen behind the Windmill Cottages. The horse mill, where the grindstones were turned by horsepower, is now lost to antiquity.<sup>7</sup>

## 2 - Short Pieces on Farming Life

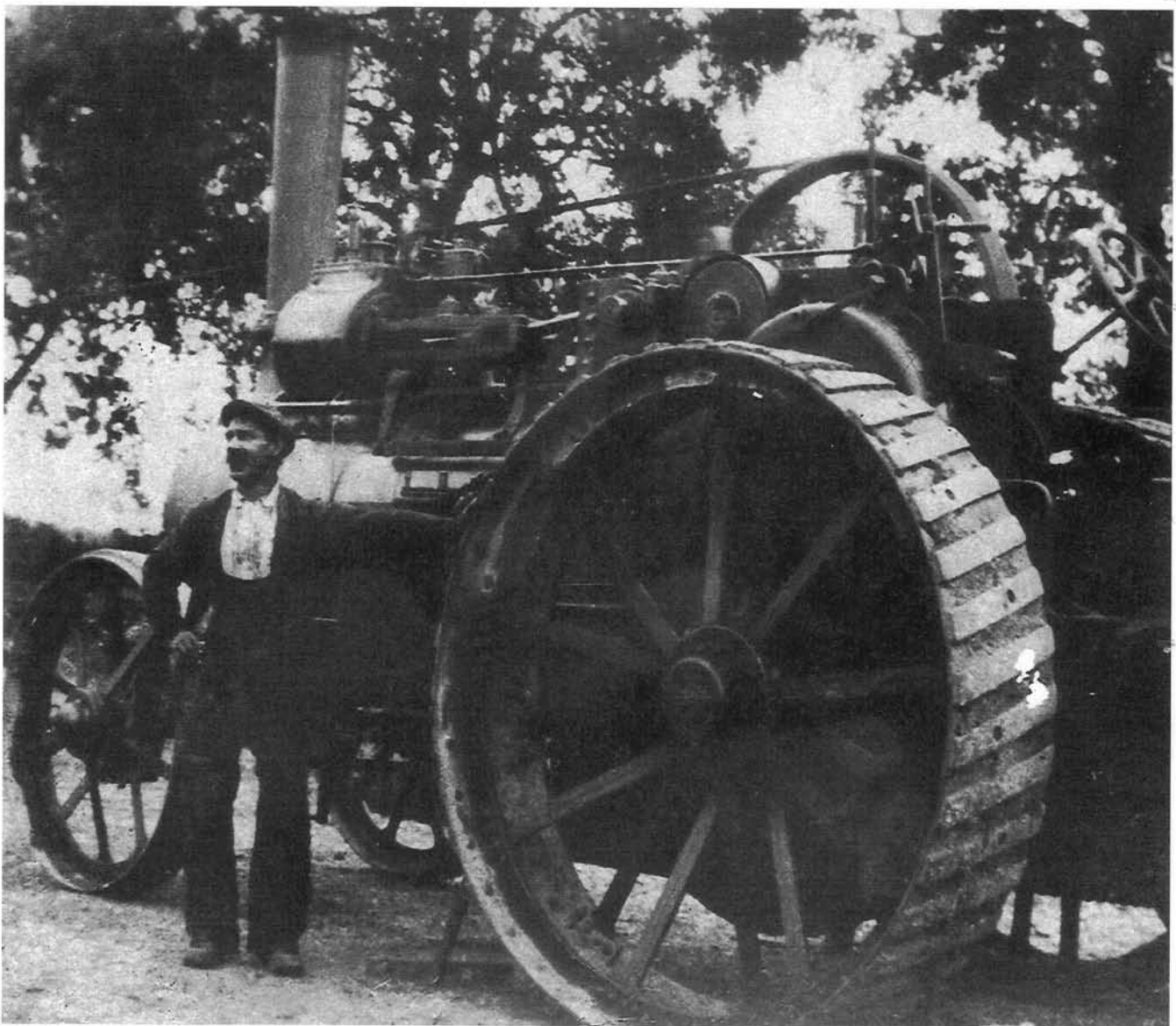
*(Extract from an article by Fr. Michael Murtagh in The (Dundalk) Argus, 22nd July 2005)*

The first hives of summer have me reaching for my ankle and scratching madly. In my childhood, the cure for hives was buttermilk and bread soda. I am not sure if it had any curative effect but it cooled the offending blisters and dissuaded a child from scratching them and causing infections. The first sign of these perennial nuisances remind me of summers past and my childhood associations with the season. Winter brought chilblains and 'hacks' on cold, wet

hands but hives, like swallows in the barn, were definitely summer visitors. Our memories are capable of sophisticated editing so we have to be careful in our reminiscing on childhood summers.

The daily routine of a country farmyard was less intensive during the summer. 'Doin' the turns' took less time in the evening because the cattle were all out in the fields by then, rather than in their winter stalls where they had to be, "fed, watered and cleaned out". Only the milking brought in the cows full-uddered and swishing their dirt-loaded tails after several stomach loads of fresh grass.

There was extra work in the fields when the hay was being 'saved' and when the first of the harvest was ready for cutting. Savin' the hay was the most delicate of these operations. A farmer needed a good sense of how the weather might change before cutting the hay and leaving it to dry in the sunshine. Having being 'turned' to ensure it was fully dried, then



Photograph of James McAuley taken at Flanagan's farm in Balfeddock in October 1937. He was the driver of the traction engine in the picture, which belonged to Harry Osbourne. Osbourne had eleven sets of thrashing machines that operated in north Dublin, east Meath and south Louth. James McAuley, who lived across the road from Byrne's forge in Termonfeckin, worked for Osbourne for thirty-five years until the advent of the tractor.

*(Photo courtesy of Brendan McAuley & Peter Flanagan)*

<sup>7</sup> It is strange that the survey fails to mention the water mill at Sheetland, which is referred to as far back as 1703.

eventually 'rowed' into lines that a baler could gobble up and pack into small oblong packages, it was then 'stooked' into manageable piles and eventually brought to the hay-shed.

Some farmers retained the old ways and built small hay-cocks in the field. They then carried them home to the haggard to be piled into a bigger outdoor rick. A few farmers practised the art of putting the hay into 'laps' in the field, especially during unpredictable weather. These laps were small whorls of hay, shaped by the farmer with a twist of his pitchfork in such a way that the rainwater ran off them.

Sometimes we children were allowed into the harvest field to help with the 'gathering', 'tying' and 'stooking' of seed hay, barley or oats. Tying sheaves was a skilled job that needed a wide arm-span and sufficient strength and skill to take a handful of the cut crop and shape it into a band. This was then knotted and tied around its waist. The ripe crop was generally cut or mown by a tractor-drawn 'raiper' on which sat another person who did the 'shaving'. This meant using a shallow-pronged rake to portion out sheaf-sized heaps of the newly cut crop. This was done rhythmically as the cut crop fell onto a wooden, slatted table that ran behind the blades of a 'raiper' and were held at a shallow angle above the ground. Tying barley could provide its own irritation as the 'hairs' on the barley seeds got under your clothes and pricked the skin.

Other summer hazards, for foraging children, were 'ticks' on the skin or thorns in the flesh. These 'ticks' were small, black, blood-sucking parasites that could be picked up from contact with animals or plants. They were generally harmless but best picked painfully out of their vice-like grip on bare skin. Thorns in the flesh meant a visit to mother and to the sewing-box for a needle; a strong resolve not to flinch and trust in mother's expert eye and aim. When all this failed, the area where the thorn was embedded was covered with bacon-fat and a bandage until the offending foreign object was drawn out.

Bee or wasp stings were treated with 'blue'. This was a whitener used in washing clothes. It came in the form of a small bag containing a deep-blue coloured detergent tablet. Ring-worm, a fungal infection of the skin, was caught from animals and the gates they scratched against. It had its remedies and cures but it was the most undesirable of the hazards faced as we children climbed summer gates. The most frequent natural hazard was to get stung by nettles. This was dealt with by getting a 'docken' leaf and rubbing it vigorously on the sting while repeating the incantation; 'docken, docken, in and out, take the sting of the nettle out'.

The animals had their problems too. There were the 'clags'; biting insects that were capable of piercing horse-skin and making normally docile work-horses flinch painfully. Occasionally the cattle in the fields were unable to take any more annoyance from summer flies and they 'bizzed'. This meant that they ran around wildly in a mad attempt to rid themselves of the flies that plagued them and which their soggy,

summer tails could no longer swish away. There were other invisible and deadly menaces that the cattle had to contend with and for which they were occasionally 'drenched' with veterinary medicines.

The smells of summer included the sweet smell of newly-cut grass or hay and the sweaty smell of the working mens' caps as they gathered bare-headed on the side of a ditch to enjoy 'tea in the field.' This ritual meal was brought out to them in a shiny tin can and served 'milked and sugared' in blue-banded mugs of significant capacity with wedges of loaf bread and red, sticky jam that caught the attention of wasps.

Sometimes we children searched for wild berries. Raspberries growing in hedgerows often provided a surprise treat. Sorrel leaves were bitter but edible when you checked the under-leaf to ensure that no small snails adhered. We occasionally gathered mushrooms in early morning meadows and we tried the dry taste of sloes picked from the hedgerows. We 'camped-out' in home-made tents and boiled eggs for ourselves in discarded tins. On returning home, we were inevitably told that we 'smelled like the gypsies' or that, like the animals, we always came home at feeding time. We carried out the butter-cup test on each others' chins and plucked dandelions or 'piss the beds' to embarrass each other. We made daisy-chains and fashioned thimbles from the foxgloves that grew on the ditch tops. We played 'hardy knuckles' with grasses that looked like small bull-rushes and we braved danger to collect the real thing at the lake-side to use as make-shift beacons in the darkness. We sucked wild honey-suckle or fuchsia flowers for nectar. In the evening we watched the fish leaping for flies and sending out ever-widening ripples over the silvered surface of the lake as we wondered what tomorrow or the passing of another summer might bring.

*(Extract from Ciaran Burke's book 'A Walk Down Memory Lane'.)*

If the first week of June was sunny and warm the sighing sound of the 'little mill' could be heard echoing from lowland and upland, as the ripened meadows were being mowed. When the hay got a couple of good sunny June days on the ledge it was then fit to be turned, and after turning put into cocks. The turning of the hay was done with a hay tosser, or by hand with forks. It was left in the turned state to bleach in the sun for a half day or a day. When the hay was thus well seasoned the process of making the cocks began.

The hay was first put into wind-rows by means of a wheel-rake and then brought in bundles by a collector or a tumble-rake to the spot where the cock would be made. The wooden hay collector was an ideal implement for collecting the hay. On the other hand the iron tumble-rake was not a very good invention for hay collecting. The sharp iron prongs of the rake often became crooked and thus stuck into the ground. The operator was also in danger of getting gashed by the sharp prongs.



When starting to make the hay-cock it was customary to put a light circular layer of hay down as a foundation. This layer remained separated from the rest of the hay and thus prevented the cock from ground dampness. The hay-cock was made by placing neat forkfuls of hay on the base of the cock, as you worked your way around the base in clock-wise fashion. There was no need to tap the forkful of hay after it was placed on the base of the cock. Those who acquired the habit of tapping each forkful as they placed it on the base were referred to as 'hay tappers' and were usually regarded as slow hay makers. The efficient worker quickly placed each forkful on the base and then, as he held the fork close to his head with one hand, he pulled it out with the other hand, so that each forkful remained in place. The hay-cock was neatly finished by gradually bringing it to a point and then tying it down with two hay ropes. The hay ropes were made with a 'twister', which was a crank-shaped wire with a wooden handle and a rotatable wooden ferrule; a small piece of the wire was bent at the tip end for the purpose of linking the twister to the hay-wisp which was drawn un-detached from the bottom of the hay-cock. One person continued to gradually pull the attached wisps of hay from the hay-cock, while another person rotated the twister until sufficient rope was made for the hay-cock. Sometimes the hay rope was made by a single person who initially twisted the hat wisp around his thumb and then continued to twist the rope around his hand. This type of rope was called a thumb rope.

After about a week in the field the hay was then brought in by slide to the yard and built into ricks or pikes; hay that was built in circular form was called a pike of hay, while sheaves of corn built circular-wise was called a stack of corn. The 'slide', which drew the hay in, was a low float-shaped vehicle with two shafts and was drawn by one horse. The back end of the slide was tapered and sheeted with tin. Attached to the front end of the slide was a winching axle with rotating cog wheels at either end. Two chains were wrapped round the winch-axle and attached to the centre of it two wooden handles for winching were fixed at each end of the axle.

In the process of putting the hay-cock onto the slide the horse and slide were, first of all, 'backed' to the slide of the hay-cock. The slide was then tilted backwards up from the shafts to the ground. It was then backed underneath the edge of the hay-cock. Both ends of the chain were unwound from the winch-axle and fastened to the back of the hay-cock. It was then winched onto the slide by means of the axle handles and cogwheels. When the hay reached the front of the slide it was tilted foremost to the shafts again. The hay-cocks were thus drawn into the farmyard to be put into ricks.

*(Seamie Briscoe)*

The threshing used to be a big thing away back in the late 40's right up until the late fifties and I have many

memories of following "The Mill" as we used to call it. I remember going to work for Teddy Sweeney, Sandpit, when I finished school in "The Tech" in Drogheda. I started work on New Years Day back in 1960. The threshing was done up until then and it was a big occasion for everybody. Combine harvesters took over in a big way shortly after that. Indeed I remember threshing in Sunhill, where it would have been done on Quaile's farm. Those were memorable times that I had working in the fields, at harvest and when we thinned turnips one summer. It was fun rather than a job of work and we used to love the stories, not to mention the wonderful dinner and the snacks brought out to us during the afternoons.

*(Paddy Fleming)*

I, Patrick Joseph Fleming, was born in 1930 at Slate Row beside Barnhill Cross. I was educated in Termonfeckin national school from 1935 to 1944.

In my youth I spent summers weeding and thinning out crops until August when the harvest began. I worked part-time on Drummond farm on the Baltray road, which was owned by the Collier family, and helped them with the harvest. After harvest time I was employed as a full-time labourer on the farm. This entailed all aspects of daily work on the farm, such as cleaning out stables and cowsheds, feeding stock and milking cows.

I was taught to harness horses and to drive a cart and also to plough with a pair of horses. First I was taught how to put on the collar and hames on the horses necks and it was important that the chains were an even number on each side otherwise the horses would be pulling to one side. Mr. Collier taught me how to plough with a pair of horses and I was able to plough without supervision when I was fifteen years old. The horses which Mr. Collier had were called Shamrock and Paddy. Paddy was more reliable pulling the plough and was put on the inside. I had to hold the wooden handles of the plough together with the reins of both horses and it was tiring work keeping control of the plough and the horses. As I followed them I had one foot on top of the drill and the other between drills for balance.

The sound of the Angelus bells at noon meant a break for dinner. The horses were brought back to the yard to be watered and fed and I would have something to eat. The ploughing would last all day and it that time you would have maybe half an acre done. By today's standards it was slow work. I worked for Mr. Collier until 1949 when I went to England looking for work there.

### **Acknowledgements**

Fr. Michael Murtagh, P.P. Dunleer parish.  
Ciaran Burke, Almondstown, Clogherhead, Co. Louth.  
Seamie Briscoe, Drogheda, Co. Louth  
Paddy Fleming, Termonfeckin, Co. Louth

1944	Mr Laurence Quail To M Byrne	
March 10	To 2 new shoes horse & leg in pot	x 12 - 6-
21	To Spring harrow repaired with new slides	7 - 6
29	To 4 removes mare	
April 20	To 2 new shoes horse	£1 - 0 - 0
May 10	To 1 shoe mare & 29th To Drill sock dressed	3 - 6-
June 9	To Drill sock pieced	5 - 0
12	To 1 shoe horse & 17th To 1 shoe mare	+ 5 - 0
18	To 1 shoe mare & 20th To 1 shoe horse	5 - 0
July 5	To 1 remove horse & 14th To 1 shoe mare	5 - 0
27	To 1 new shoe horse	5 - 0
August 23	To 1 shoe horse	+ 2 - 6-
Sept 1	To 4 Tail Loon repaired for cart	2 - 6-
15	To 2 shoes horse	5 - 0
Oct 27	To 3 removes & 1 new shoe mare	+ 12 - 6
Nov 4	To 1 remove horse	2 - 6-
20	To 4 new shoes horse	£1 - 0 - 0
1945 Jan 13	To 1 new shoe mare	5 - 0
Febr 1	To 2 removes mare	5 - 0
March 1	To 1 shoe horse	2 - 6
5	To Harrow pointed & bar welded	£1 - 1 - 8
		<del>£4 - 4 - 8</del>

1944/45 account from Michael Byrne the Termonfeckin blacksmith, for sales and service to Laurence Quaile of Curstown.



Pat Flanagan shearing sheep at Tobertoby, c.1930s.  
(Photo courtesy of Peter Flanagan)



Michael Byrne's forge in Termonfeckin, c.1940.  
L to R: James Byrne, John Byrne, Dooler Byrne & Michael Byrne.  
(Photo courtesy of Paddy Briscoe)



Sheep shearing at Flanagans of Tobertoby, c1930s.  
(Photo courtesy of Peter Flanagan)



Tobertoby c.1955  
L to R: John Maguire (Tobertoby), Arthur Kane (Thunderhill), Paddy Fanning (Thunderhill), Desmond Reilly (Duffsfarm) & Thomas Maguire (Tobertoby).  
(Photo courtesy of Peter Flanagan)



John Joe Freeman raking hay on Colliers farm, Drummond, 1948.  
(Photo courtesy of Paddy Fleming)



Harry Collier with horse and hay-rake, 1948.  
(Photo courtesy Paddy Fleming)

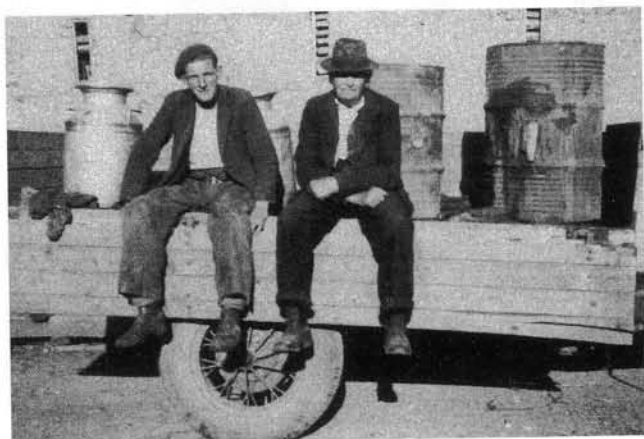


Curstown, early 1950s.  
L To R: Laurence Quaile & nephew Raymond Cooney with horse and hay-slide.

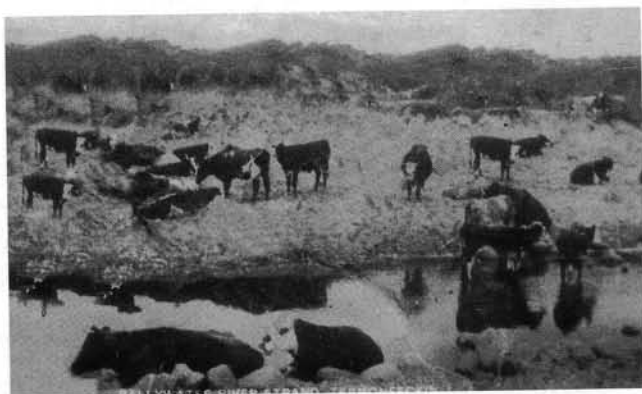




James & Paddy Fleming making cocks of hay on Colliers farm, 1948.  
(Photo courtesy of Paddy Fleming)



Tobertoby, 1940s.  
L to R: Pat King & Pat Flanagan.  
(Photo courtesy Peter Flanagan)



Cattle belonging to Newtown estate at the Ballywater, c.1920s.  
(Photo courtesy of Noel Finnegan)



L to R: Paddy Reilly & Paddy, Michael & Vincent McGlew.  
(Photo courtesy of Aidan & Alice Cunningham)



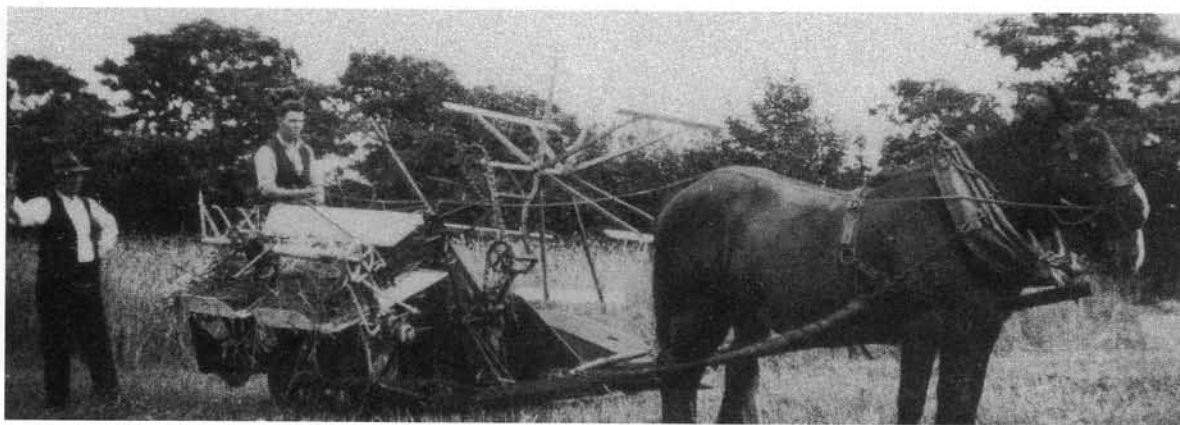
Bobby Fanning on horseback at Strand Rd, c.1925.  
(Photo courtesy of Marie Carolan)



Denis 'Cooper' Tiernan of New house, ploughing beside Sandpit school in 1962. He excelled at growing cabbage and got fertiliser for his drills from sea-wrack he gathered on nearby beaches. When picked he would sell his produce at the market in Drogheda.  
(Photo courtesy of Tommy Simpson)



White-washing at Colliers of Drummond.  
(Photo courtesy of Charlie Collier)



Horses and binder on Colliers farm, Drummond.  
*L to R: Henry Collier & Harry Collier.*  
*(Photo courtesy of Charlie Collier)*



On Colliers farm at Drummond, Baltray, 1948.  
*L to R: John Joe Freeman, Lottie Fleming, Paddy Fleming & Lily Adams.*  
*(Photo courtesy of Paddy Fleming)*



Removing rocks in Collier's quarry at Drummond.  
*(Photo courtesy of Charlie Collier)*



On David Brown tractor, c.1950 at Matt McEvoy's farm.  
*L to R: Joesphine McEnroe (Oldcastle), Johnny Byrne (Clogher) & Pat Byrne (Clogher).*  
*(Photo courtesy of Jim McEvoy)*



1950s. Going up Horan's Hill on an Alliss Chalmers tractor,  
 John Bing Crosby and John Maguire.  
*(Photo courtesy of John Crosby)*



*L to R: c.1950. Arthur Kane, Peter Flanagan, Dorothy Murphy & Michael 'Cunny' Byrne.*  
*(Photo courtesy of Jim McEvoy)*



Hay for the rick. A slide or trailer of hay, possibly Saurin's or Flanagan's, heading up Horan's hill in the 1950s.



Matt McEvoy's farm, c.1950.  
*L to R: Peter Hodgins (Nunneryland), Hughie Byrne (Clogher), Jim McEvoy, Petie Kane (Big Street), Johnny Byrne (Clogher) & Pat Briscoe (Blackhall Rd.).*  
*(Photo courtesy of Jim McEvoy)*



# *The Early Life of Isabelle Gessford*

*(by Robert Simmons)*

My name is Isabelle. Isabelle Mary Josephine Guy Simmons Gessford, but no one calls me that. My friends and acquaintances call me Belle. To some East Coast relatives, I'm "Is." It's Mom or Mother to my four children, and Grandma Belle to their children and their children's children. No one ever called me Mary...well, unless I was bad, as in, "Isabelle Mary Guy! You stop that right now!" And I remember only one or two nuns ever calling me Josephine, my confirmation name. I think of myself as Isabelle.

I entered this world kicking and screaming, as they say, on July 6, 1913.

I found myself in a hot, humid bedroom in an apartment at 72 West 106th Street on the Upper Westside of New York City, in what they call Manhattan Valley due to a slight depression there. My first memory of that small walkup is standing in a dark hallway, listening. It was night, probably after my bedtime, but I was up, listening to my mother and father talking in the kitchen. They spoke in subdued voices, filled with much introspection and emotion. They filled me with apprehension, although I didn't know why. But, only three at the time, I could still tell something was wrong.

Father was saying goodbye. He was leaving us for an Italian adulteress. I didn't know he could leave. It threw me off balance, but with time it made me stronger - I had to rely on myself because others might leave.

If I listed the lessons life taught me at an early age, self-reliance would be at the top, as it must have been for many of the Irish in the New World. We had to fend for ourselves; and I guess in his way Father was, too. Of course, another trait I think his departure instilled in me is loyalty - a stubborn refusal to let anyone down. So, though it sounds strange to say it even now, Father's desertion was good for me, just as it was good for him--he had a full, prosperous life. The one who suffered was Mother.

Both my parents were Irish immigrants - Margaret Campbell, born March 6, 1889, in Termonfeckin, County Louth; and William Wellington Hosford Guy, born July 8, 1888, at Crannogue, County Tyrone, in what we call today Northern Ireland. (He and I almost shared the same birthday, but I guess I couldn't wait.) They met in New York City while William resided on Columbus Avenue, and Margaret on West 104th Street, in what must have been an Irish Community.

Despite their expectations and the assurances of those who went before them, neither of my parents felt welcomed in the New World, other than by what family who preceded them. Even other "micks" could be jealous and distrustful, afraid of losing opportunities to the Johnnies-come-lately. To native-born New Yorkers, the WASPs of that era, my parents were outcasts, lowest of the low, and everything about them--speech, mannerisms, clothes, religion, lack of



Margaret Campbell and daughter Isabelle in New York, 1925.  
*(Photo courtesy of Bob Simmons)*



Mary Campbell (nee Reynolds), Yellow Gap, Termonfeckin, 1916. Mother of Margaret Campbell.  
*(Photo courtesy of Bob Simmons)*



Cottage at Yellow Gap where Margaret Campbell was born.  
(Photo courtesy of Bob Simmons)

education, lack of status--only increased the barrier to their acceptance.

At any rate, they married in what was probably a subdued ceremony in October of 1911, at the Ascension Catholic Church on W. 107th Street, by a Father Matthew J. Duggan--an all Irish wedding. Mother's oldest sister, May Campbell, signed the marriage certificate as one witness, and a Peter Hagan as the other. I have no idea who he was, but considering the absence of his name in my memory, I think it's safe to say that he was one of Father's friends.

My parents began their life together in an apartment on West 92nd Street, and about four months later, on February 11, 1912, the reason for their low-key wedding became clear: my brother, William Thomas "Buster" Guy, was born. (Thomas was my father's father's name.)

Perhaps the seeds of Father's abandonment took root in that inauspicious beginning. Did he feel an obligation, rather than affection toward my mother? I don't know. Either way, he left us sometime in 1916 and moved to Connecticut, where he could live with his "hot and dark Italian mistress" (that's how my family portrayed her to me), and not pay alimony or child support due to that state's laws. The abandonment was complete: physical, emotional, and financial.

I've often wondered what brought about my parents split. Mother could be a hard woman, solemn

and, as I remember her, also timid when confronted. But, I don't know whether those traits were innate or a result of losing her husband. It's possible the fiery Italian attracted Father because she was so much the opposite of his wife, a very drab woman. I can't remember what Mother and Father were like together, whether they fought or ignored one another, or whether they had some genuine feelings for each other. My only memory while they were still together is the conversation. Yet, I'm sure witnessing Mother's hardships, after he left, had a lot to do with my inability to forgive Father until years later.

In 1907, like her sister, May, and brother, Patrick, Mother received money and sponsorship from them and other relatives already in the States, so that she could depart Ireland for the American Dream. Unfortunately, being only eighteen, frightened and homesick, she discovered that her vision of the "dream" wasn't her reality. As I said, her life here proved hard. Not only was she poorly accepted, but New York was also fast, loud, dirty, alien, huge, and frightening. It was nothing like her tiny, placid Irish hamlet of Termonfeckin. The rustic village sat in a wooded dip half a mile from the Irish Sea, and had a small tower house castle, plus a tenth-century high cross in one of its graveyards. In the tenth century "Old" York was barely happening.

In "New" York, she discovered that work--when and if you found it--was demanding and demeaning. She had to labour long, backbreaking hours with little

compensation. She told me, when I was older, that her station in New York felt lower than it had in Ireland, and she so missed the greenery and fresh air. Gone were the verdant fields that surrounded Termonfeckin, its clean sea breeze, the soft silence, as well as her family and friends. She was very lonely.

It's hard for me to imagine what it must have been like for Mother, although in a way I did the same thing, just in reverse: large city to small town. But, I had the love of my life to share that adventure with. Mother came to the New World afraid and alone.

Mother told me that she almost didn't stay in New York. That many a night she cried herself to sleep, wishing she was back in Ireland, but she did stay, and after much struggling, finally landed what everyone thought would be a plumb position: live-in house servant for Enrico Caruso, the world famous Italian tenor! The job didn't turn out to be a "plumb," however, or so she let on.

Caruso died in 1921 at a house in East Hampton, and that is probably where Mother worked. By all accounts he was an amiable, even sweet man, considerate and generous, but she implied something else. Though she never talked about her experiences with Caruso, it was obvious she held him in low esteem. Her sisters tried to drag from her the details of life with the celebrity, but she would only admit that she wasn't happy working for him due to the way he treated her. That was it, but for years after leaving his employ, whenever one of his records played, or his name came up in conversation, she would make a derogatory sound and say, in her heavy brogue:

"Caruso, humph, he wasn't anything."

She never added to that tantalizing statement. If pressed, she would simply wave her hands and say:

"Enough said."

(That's how the phrase entered my lexicon: enough said.)

I've harboured the idea that her dislike of the man was partly due to his ethnicity--same as the house wrecker's! Nonetheless, I've often wondered what she might have written, had she kept a diary. I've regretted not wringing it from her before she left.

At any rate, immediately following Father's departure, Mother felt that she had only two choices: go back to Ireland or stay and find a new husband. Despite her nostalgia and twinges of homesickness, the stark realities of life in Ireland, plus a scarcity of eligible bachelors in Termonfeckin, decided things for her. I imagine that her Irish obstinacy also didn't help: she wouldn't want to admit defeat. So, she stayed. The next problem was, she didn't have the means to live, support her children, and hunt for a hubby all simultaneously.

Her solution was to place Buster and me in the care of family back in Termonfeckin. That was her plan, so to Ireland we went.

When the three of us road the pony cart down the muddy country lane, it amazed me. For a three-year old who had never left the City, everything was so green and open. Fields went off in every direction as far as my little eyes could see. Sheep wandered over

them and over the road. I couldn't believe there was a town at the end of that small, rutted path; and there wasn't, at least nothing I was familiar with.

Termonfeckin was a smattering of small cottages, and a few larger buildings crouched at a crossroad in the middle of all the empty greenness, with two church steeples set at opposing ends representing the schism in the country.

I remember thinking, "This is it?" Being only three, I wanted to go back to the ship we'd come on, so I could get more ice cream! It so impressed me that the ice cream is the only memory I still have of the voyage across the Atlantic. Lots and lots of ice cream.

"You scream. I scream. We all scream for ice cream."

I learned later, back in the States, that the sea was just a mile down the road from Termonfeckin, but we never went to see it--I wonder now whether the Irish Campbells did not have the love of the sea that gripped me so strongly during my life.

When we arrived in Termonfeckin, however, the Campbell clan had dwindled. There was only my mother's "ma," Mary, and the two kids who hadn't yet made the great escape to America: Essie and Laurence. There was another sibling who came to the States, didn't like it, so joined the British Navy, but he didn't live with the family any more. Mother's father, Patrick Senior, had died in 1915, a year before our arrival. Purportedly, he lost the family farm in stereotypical Irish fashion. So, when we arrived, Grandma Mary resided in half a small, thatched duplex with the remnants of her children.

Termonfeckin, County Louth, sits on the eastern seaboard of Ireland about thirty miles North of Dublin and, according to a signpost, eight miles East of Drogheda. There are only brief scenes, and flashes of it left in my memory. The only lasting impression I have is the cloying stench of constantly boiling potatoes. It permeated my grandmother's house. The smell was in the wooden beams and floorboards, the linens and curtains, my bed clothes, even my hair! I quickly grew to loathe the reek. It nauseated me. When I learned that Mother meant to return to New York City without Buster and me, my determination not to stay was in large part due to that horrible odour.

Once I realized what was happening, I made it known most vociferously, and with the obstinacy and immediacy only a child can display, that I wasn't staying behind. After the tantrums, I'm not sure whether Mother relented or the family refused to keep me. Either way, poor Buster, not as strong-headed nor leather-lunged as I, stayed in Termonfeckin. (I remember being excited at the prospect of more ice cream on the boat, although the rest of the trip back is a blank.)

Before we left, however, someone took a picture of Buster and me sitting on an old, carved wooden bench. I don't remember it. I don't remember posing like that with his arm so protectively around me, but the picture speaks volumes about the emotions we were feeling at the time. Mother mentioned she had



the photo taken so she'd have a picture of her two children, until they were together again. No one knew when that would be.

It was a tearful, wrenching departure. Buster didn't want to stay either, but he hadn't been capable of convincing Mother not to leave him. I think he was too gentle a soul to make a fuss, or else, due to her tenuous financial situation, Mother had to choose and picked me. Whichever reason, Buster stood crying on the stoop, Grandmother holding his hand, as Uncle Laurence drove Mother and me off in the creaking pony cart to the train station in Drogheda. It would be five years before I would see Buster again.

### The Campbell Clan

Buster never talked much about his stay in Ireland, except to say that he didn't want to leave when the time came - imagine how long five years must have seemed to him. I'm sure Ireland felt like home by then; New York dreamlike.

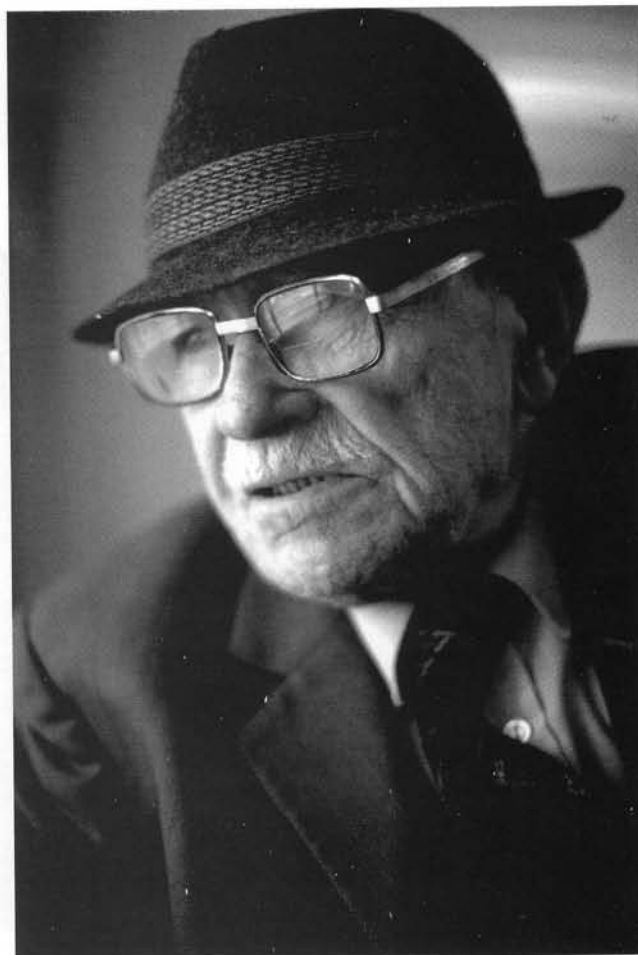
Over there, Buster was free to run and do as he pleased, most of the time. The green fields probably seemed to go on forever - there were no fences. The beach lay close by, and there were hundreds of yards of hard, wet sand when the Irish Sea ebbed. It was a young boy's paradise. No wonder he didn't want to leave.

Although I'm not familiar with Buster's time in Termonfeckin, nor with our other Irish relatives, my eldest son and his wife uncovered some of that information when they visited. For, during their time there, they met a retired Irish Army captain, Michael Cumiskey, who remembered Buster in Ireland and the Campbell clan.

Captain Cumiskey, dressed in suit and tie with a sporty hat, impressed my son and his wife. They spent a long morning visiting with him in his parlour, sipping straight Irish whiskey and taking notes. Afterwards, the Captain drove them around Termonfeckin, pointing out houses the Campbells used to live in, the farmland they owned, and the family gravestone at Port Cemetery.

The Captain, himself, lived in a large old manor house in a village area called Yellow Gap - I don't know why. It was as impressive, though weathered, as the Captain himself - my son described him as a "dapper, bantam rooster of a man," resembling the late actor, Barry Fitzgerald. The Captain was born around the turn of the century, closest in age to my Uncle William, yet still "as lucid and quick as the day is long." Not only did he tell many stories about the older Campbells, he also remembered Grandma Mary's loud yelling when it was time for the younger Buster to come home.

"You could hear her caterwauling all over the town," the Captain explained. "So loud everyone did everything they could to get Buster back home, so she'd shut her yap. But, we didn't call him Buster. I can't quite remember what we called him. I think it was Wee Willie, 'cause he reminded us so much of his Uncle Willie."



Michael Cumiskey, Termonfeckin, 1986.  
(Photo courtesy of Bob Simmons)

According to Captain Cumiskey, Buster was a square peg in a round Irish hole when he first came to Termonfeckin, but was "just one of the boys" when Uncle Laurence, my mother's youngest brother, escorted "Wee Willie" back to the States. (Laurence had received money and sponsorship from Uncle Patrick, who, at the time, was living on the ever popular Columbus Avenue.)

"We rode the lad to the train station in the pony cart," Captain Cumiskey said of Buster, "and there were a few tears shed that day, I can tell you. He was a little scrapper, and we all loved him."

Captain Cumiskey also knew or remembered all the Campbells; plus that the name, Campbell, meant "one with a crooked mouth." He said that at several town hall parties he danced with Aunt Essie, my mother's youngest sister, and on one occasion went so far as to kiss her. After two stiff whiskeys, he even remembered dancing with Mother when she came back to Ireland to drop off Buster and me. But, I also found out from other relatives that the Captain wasn't shy when it came to spinning yarns. So, what's real and what isn't is always in question. Nonetheless, Captain Cumiskey mostly had stories about his friend, Uncle Willie.

Supposedly, of my mother's four brothers - Patrick, Richard, William, and Laurence - Willie was the most head strong. Captain Cumiskey - known to have "had a fling from time to time meself" - once worked beside

Willie in the fields, and tipped back many a pint with him after a day on the job. They were drinking buddies up until Cumiskey joined the Irish Army.

The Captain said that at one time Willie fell for a Mary Anne - the Captain couldn't remember her maiden name - but she was promised to a much older Protestant: Mr. Gorman. So, Willie sailed for New York, but didn't take to the States, so he returned to Britain to join the British Navy. Then, some years later, after having a son with Mary Anne, named Jamesy (who died at age thirty-nine from rheumatoid arthritis and kidney failure, but whose daughters still live in Ireland to this day), Mr Gorman died. He worked on ships and, while climbing the mast of a docked boat, slipped on some black ice and fell to his death. He left behind Widow Gorman.

Captain Cumiskey wasn't clear on the dates, but at some point Willie moved back to Termonfeckin, took up with the Widow Gorman, married her, and finally consummated his unrequited love. Willie and Mary Anne stayed together until their deaths (both in Ireland), and had two children, Mary (who married a Stephen Garvey) and Patrick. Also, before leaving Ireland, Aunt Essie married Jimmy McEvoy and had three children: John, Mary or "Sister," and Jimmy Jr.

In the States, Bridget, known to me as Aunt May (the first to arrive in 1902) married a man named Tom, but I can't remember his last name. They had three daughters: Mary who married Raymond Guillaume, Frances who married Charles Kurz, and Katherine who married Walter Rennick. Patrick married Katherine (known to me as Kitty) and had two daughters: May and Dorothy. Richard married another Mary Anne, and had three children: another Patrick, Chistopher, and Betty. Laurence married Jenny, and they had one daughter: Jane. Captain Cumiskey also claimed he remembered how Grandfather Patrick lost the family farm.

There are many Patricks in my Campbell Clan. The first anyone knows of was born around 1760, according to dates on the family's gravestone. His age coincides with a diaspora of Scottish people, swarms of farmers who left like "bees rising from the fields." It was a period in Scotland's history when Catholics were leaving due to Protestant ascendancy. The Protestant lords and landowners, who preferred to rent their properties to the wealthier Lowland and English sheep farmers, began to charge exorbitant rents to the Catholic Highlanders. Evictions became prevalent; resulting in many families being dispossessed and dispersed. They left for Ireland, the States, Canada, and even Australia; a mass depopulation of the Highlands. And I think one of those dispossessed souls was probably my great-great-grandfather, either by himself or with his family: Patrick Campbell.

By whatever means Patriarch Pat came to Termonfeckin, it appears he set about to find himself a wife and start a family. Her name was Anne, six years his junior, but I've learned nothing else about her,

except what the family marker has to say. They lived in Newtown, an old Catholic colony near Termonfeckin, and together they reared three children: Mary, born in 1797; William, my great-grandfather, born in 1806; and Richard, born in 1811.

It was William who originally commissioned the family gravestone: a large, lichen-encrusted, weather-worn, nearly unreadable granite marker in the cemetery near Mayne.<sup>1</sup> Subsequently, the monolith also came to include William's own date of death, as well as my grandfather's, the last Campbell mentioned.

Here is a facsimile of the information codified on the stone:

**Wm Campbell of Newtown, Termonfeckin  
in memory of his mother Anne who died**

**20th December 1813**

**Aged 44 years**

**of his father Patrick who died**

**12th December 1843**

**83 years**

**Sister Mary**

**8 May 1848 Age 51 yrs**

**Brother Richard 20th May 1882**

**Age 71 yrs**

**Wife Bridget 8th August 1886**

**Age 79 yrs**

**Age 20 yrs**

**William 8th November 1890 84 yrs**

**& son Pat 13 March 1915 Age 72 yrs**

William married Bridget Maguire, born in 1807, and together they had my Grandfather Patrick in 1843. He married my Grandmother Mary, the daughter of Laurence Reynolds and Marge Flynn, sometime before 1880 - the Reynolds had a Termonfeckin farm, too, which to this day locals call the Reynolds' farm. Of course, then Patrick and Mary set about to create my Campbell clan. Essie was the youngest and May Bridget was the oldest. Between came William, Patrick Jr, Richard, Laurence, and my mother, Margaret, squeezed in there somewhere.

It was my Uncle Patrick who sailed to Ireland in 1915 to arrange and pay for my Grandfather Pat's funeral; the last Campbell listed on the stone. Almost everyone else emigrated, but only after Grandfather lost the farm.

During the tour he took my son on, Captain Cumiskey pointed out the land that used to belong to the Campbell Clan, fecund acres still under cultivation. All the buildings were gone, but he said it was the best farm in the region when it fell into Grandfather Pat's hands.

The farm was the family's pride and joy, the legacy of three generations of hardworking Campbells. Grandpa Patty probably assumed control of the

<sup>1</sup> The graveyard referred to is at Port.

property sometime before his father's death, then inherited it for sure in 1890, when the patriarch passed-on. But in that grand old tradition of Irish alcoholics, it appears Patty drank away the profits, until the government confiscated the land for failure to pay taxes. And, supposedly, the disgruntled landlord bought the farm at auction just so Campbells would never have a second chance to get their hands on it. And, as you might suspect, it was about that time that the Campbell kids started leaving for America.

When Buster stayed with Grandma Mary, she lived in a small, stucco house, the second after the farm--they measured time that way: "houses after the farm." The first house after the farm was a small, rickety, thatched cottage close by Captain Cumiskey's - it no longer exists and barely existed while the Campbell's lived in it. No wonder they left for the promise of the New World.

I can't imagine the vexation, and embarrassment Grandma Mary must have suffered upon losing her wonderful farmhouse to move into a pauper's hut. At least the second house after the farm--the one reeking of boiling potatoes--was a clean, sturdy little duplex. But, after the loss, or so the Captain claimed, Grandma Mary began to enjoy the spirits quite a bit herself. As for the Campbell kids and how they did in America, Captain Cumiskey claimed "Patty got stinkin' rich over there," although he couldn't remember how. His money not only paid for his father's burial, it along with Aunt May's also allowed other Campbell's to emigrate. Cumiskey wasn't positive, but he thought it was Laurence, or Larry, who wound up owning a Bronx pub, called the Bainbridge Cafe (which I believe is still there), and after the construction of a subway station nearby, became fairly wealthy himself.

When Patrick traveled back to Termonfeckin in 1915 for Grandfather Pat's funeral, Captain Cumiskey had a chance to become acquainted with the older man. Cumiskey admired Patrick very much, and made a point of telling my son all the things Patrick did upon his return. First, he purchased a new dress for his mother and Essie, plus a suit for Lar. Next, he paid

to have the family plot tidied up and the last line carved into the gravestone. Then he bought an expensive coffin, and paid for the service and burial. And the wake!

"By then, everyone was impressed with him," said Cumiskey.

During this time, Patrick and Cumiskey, met quite a bit. They shared stories and caught up on Termonfeckin and Stateside news. They also rode together in a horse-drawn trap when the funeral procession traveled from the Catholic church in Termonfeckin to the family plot at Port Cemetery, several miles outside town. Then, they went to the wake together. Being only fifteen at the time, however, the wiser heads didn't allow young Cumiskey, much to his dismay, to "join in" as much as he would have liked.

"But, I'll tell you," he said, "it was one of the grandest wakes the town ever knew. Many a soul suffered for it the next day, I can tell you."

But, it was Aunt May who, in 1902 when she was 17, was the first to leave for America. She provided, for whoever made the trip, a place to stay and any other help she could offer while they settled in the New World. For instance, she witnessed my mother's wedding. Through her, and then Patrick, the Campbell kids made their great escapes - just as I made mine with Mother.

#### **Notes:**

Margaret Guy (nee Campbell) is buried in the Immaculate Conception Cemetery, Montclair, New Jersey. She died in Upper Montclair, New Jersey in December 1967, aged seventy-eight.

The extract from Isabelle Gessford's story was taken from Robert Simmons' website [www.grandmabelle.com](http://www.grandmabelle.com)

#### **Acknowledgements:**

To Robert Simmons, who kindly let me use the above extract from his mother's memoirs and also the use of the published photographs.



# The *Koombana* Tragedy

(by Declan Quaile)

## Introduction

Though more synonymous with ecclesiastical history Termonfeckin also has long-standing associations with maritime affairs. Over the centuries a multitude of its inhabitants have made their livelihoods on the oceans of the world, while the names of many from the locality who lost their lives at sea can be found on various headstones in the village graveyard. Some seamen however are not recorded in the local graveyards and the following article recounts the little-known story of three of them; men with local connections and the fate that befell them off the Australian coast in March 1912, whilst serving on an Australian ship, the *SS Koombana*.

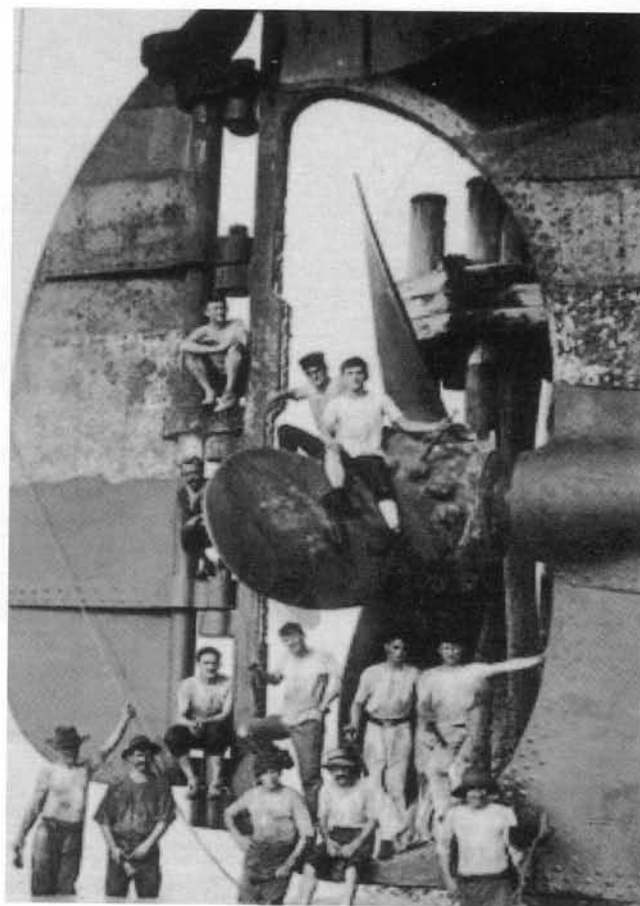
## The S.S. *Koombana*

By 1912 the steamship *Koombana* was still regarded as a very modern vessel. Built in Glasgow in 1908 she weighed 3700 tonnes, was 340 feet long and could steam at up to 15 knots. She was bought by the Adelaide Steamship Company of Australia and began her work in March 1909, operating on the busy north-west coast of Australia as a coastal transport for passengers, mail, livestock and other general cargo. At this stage she had a complement of 75 crewmen including the captain, Thomas Allen. In 1912 nine Irishmen served on board the ship amongst a crew of seventy-five. Of these three had links to the Termonfeckin area.

## Three Local Seamen

James 'Nish' Levins, the oldest of the three local men on the *Koombana*, was born in Clogherhead on 28th June 1879 to Peter Levins, from Clogher village, and Mary Moore, from Sunhill in Termonfeckin parish. James would have followed his father and other family members to sea in his teenage years, like many of the young men from Clogherhead at the time. In 1912 he was a boatswain on board the *Koombana*, meaning he was in charge of lifeboats, sails and rigging on board.

The second local man, Peter (Petie) Clinton was born in Termonfeckin village on 20th July 1880 to Patrick Clinton and Margaret Gargan. There were several Clinton families around Termonfeckin at this time, at least two at the Yellow Gap and two more on Big Street and it is uncertain to which family Petie actually belonged.<sup>1</sup> He would have been taught by Patrick Brodigan the headmaster at Thunderhill, who was known to have included navigation lessons to those pupils expressing an interest. By 1912 he was listed as an able bodied seaman aboard the *Koombana*.



Some of the crew of the *Koombana* in 1911, a year before its tragic loss. It is not known if this photograph includes Bill Carton, Petie Clinton or James Levins.

A third man with Termonfeckin links was serving on the *Koombana* in 1912. This was William 'Bill' Carton. Though he was born in Liverpool Bill's father, also William, was born in September 1840 in Termonfeckin. William senior emigrated to Liverpool sometime in the 1860s where he worked on ships from the port in that city. He got married in Liverpool and his son Bill was born there around 1875. Bill junior later went to sea, following in his fathers footsteps. He married Amelia Alcock from Plymouth and they had three children, one daughter, who died young, and two sons.<sup>2</sup> Like his two companions from Clogherhead and Termonfeckin Bill Carton would have sailed around the continents of the world on various ships.<sup>3</sup> By 1912 he was an able bodied seaman, alongside Petie Clinton, on board the *Koombana*.

## The *Koombana's* Final Journey

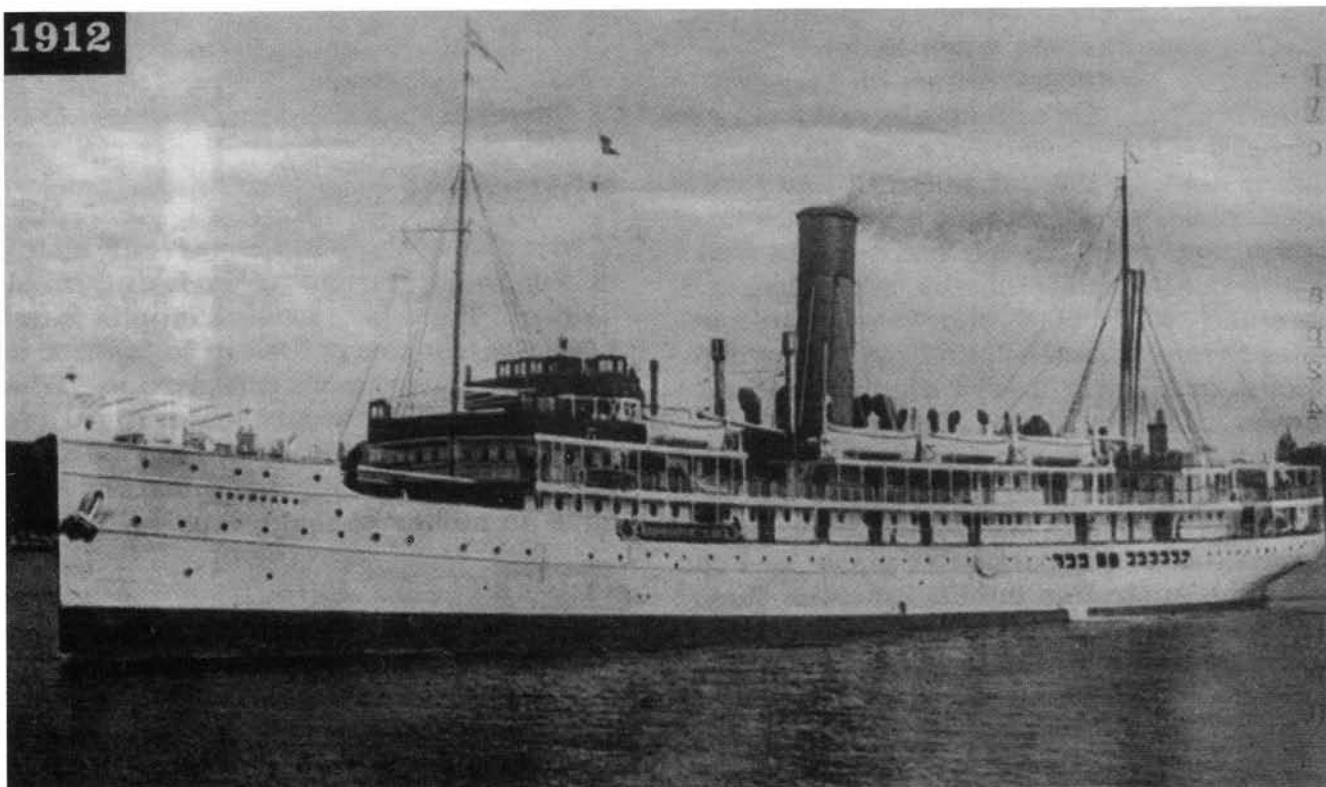
As a new ship with the latest technology the *Koombana* was considered one of the safest ships to

<sup>1</sup> In the 1856 Griffiths Valuation for Termonfeckin a Peter and Michael Clinton reside in separate houses at Yellow Gap.

<sup>2</sup> One of the sons, Jack Carton, is buried in Termonfeckin graveyard.

<sup>3</sup> A note inserted into Mickey Moore's 1898 diary (cf. THS Review 2002) suggests that Bill was on board the RMS (Royal Merchant Ship) Ortega at Montevideo, Uruguay.

1912



Photograph of the *Koombana* in 1912, shortly before it's destruction in a storm off the north-west coast of Australia.

travel in, even in the worst weather conditions. She had come from Freemantle, just south of Perth, and had stopped at Port Hedland to pick up passengers for the next leg of her journey. Those boarding her at Port Hedland on the morning of the 20th March 1912 had little fear, or even knowledge, of an approaching cyclone from the east.<sup>4</sup>

The ship left the harbour at 10.30 a.m. and steamed into a fresh north easterly wind, on her way to the next port of call, the town of Broome, some 300 miles further east along the coast. With only a light load and her ballast tanks empty she cleared the bar on the low tide as her propeller flailed in the strengthening sea. She began to pitch and roll through the waves and found it difficult to make headway in the gale. Eventually she was away from sight of shore and faced into the teeth of the developing storm. The *Koombana*'s last contact with another vessel was the following day, the 21st March, when it exchanged signals with another ship, the S.S. Montoro. By then the storm was sweeping with full fury along the coast.

The cyclone that struck north-west Australia in March 1912 caused widespread damage. Townships all along the coast battened down their hatches and residents remained inside, cowering from the worst excesses of the wind and rain. Telegraph lines were broken and it wasn't until four days later, after the storm had passed, and temporary repairs were made, that signals coming from Broome advised that the

*Koombana* had not made it into port. There was initial confidence that the vessel would be capable of riding out the storm, but as the days passed, concern turned to deep anxiety. Boats set out on a search along the coast expecting to find the modern steamer holed up at some safe anchorage, damaged but intact. But expectations dimmed as repeated attempts at telegraphing her were met only with silence on the ether. Despite round the clock searches nothing was found until the 2nd April, almost two weeks later, when the steamer Gorgon picked up a panelled door which belonged to the missing vessel. In the following days other debris was collected from the sea, all belonging to the ship. The gradual realisation that the *Koombana* had not survived the cyclone began to sink in as relatives and friends of those lost in the tragedy were gradually informed of the tragic news.<sup>5</sup>

On Easter Monday, 7th April 1912, a packed St. George's Cathedral in Perth listened to a memorial service for the 138 passengers and crew of the *Koombana* who had lost their lives. No doubt in the final minutes of the ships life the 75 man crew, including Petie Clinton from Termonfeckin, James Levins from Clogher and Bill Carton from Liverpool, had performed heroically to try and save the passengers, the ship and themselves. But when nature turned against man and machine, as it did on the 20th and 21st March 1912, there was only ever going to be one outcome.

<sup>4</sup> A cyclone is the term used in the far east for a tropical depression, equivalent to a hurricane in the western hemisphere.

<sup>5</sup> No bodies were ever recovered from the sea and even today it is still unclear where the actual wreck is located. In 1973 the remains of a large vessel was detected in deep water some thirty-five kilometres off Eighty Mile Beach, between Port Hedland and Broome. It has yet to be established if this is indeed the remains of the *Koombana*.

## Epilogue

This story first came to light some years ago when I came across an audiotape of my late grandmother Jane Johnson (nee Moore) who was born in Termonfeckin in 1895. When discussing the life of one of her uncles who had gone to sea she happened to mention the fate of two of her first cousins, James Levins and Bill Carton together with Petie Clinton from Termonfeckin. She related that the ship in which they were sailing had met its end in a storm off the coast of Australia, but by the time the news had reached Ireland a much greater tragedy had become the centre of world attention - the sinking of the Titanic in the north Atlantic on 12th April 1912.

As with the loss of many sailors over the centuries the remains of the three men were never found and unfortunately in the lean times that existed no memorials were erected for the men. Therefore this brief article is an acknowledgement of their lives, which were cut short so tragically in March 1912, some ninety-four years ago.

## Sources

Jane Johnson - 1984 audiotape.  
The S.S. Koombana - Western Ancestor, Sept 1986, p323-330.

S.S. Koombana Goes Down - Nor'Westers of the Pilbara Breed, p120 -122.

## Appendix

Extract from - List of Crew as per Copy of Articles at Shipping Office, Freemantle, showing the Irish seamen on board the Koombana:

Name	Duties	Age	Born
<b>J. Levins</b>	<b>Boatswain</b>	<b>33</b>	<b>Drogheda</b>
<b>P.C. Clinton</b>	<b>A.B. (Able Bodied Seaman)</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>Drogheda</b>
<b>W. Carton</b>	<b>A.B.</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>Liverpool</b>
T. McDonnell	A.B.	33	Dublin
J. Kearns	Donkeyman	29	Dublin
W. Fitzpatrick	Fireman	25	Cork
D. McDermott	Assistant Stewardess	30	Dublin
J. Jackson	Kitchenman	22	Belfast
P. Finnerty	Second Grade Steward	32	Dublin

## Acknowledgements

To Shirley Brown, Australia, for her generous help with the list of crewmen and for making available the report on the loss of the ship.

Jim Nugent and Isabell Murphy in the Reference Library, Dundalk for their assistance with parochial records.

# Termonfeckin Historical Society

## SUMMARY OF EVENTS IN 2006

### November 2005

Launch of Society's fifth journal.

### December

Review 2005 sold well throughout the month and only some copies remained by Christmas.

### January 2006

First members newsletter of 2006 issued at the end of the month outlining forthcoming events and meetings for the rest of the year.

### February

The Society held its AGM in the Credit Union offices, Big Street, Termonfeckin. Outgoing officers were returned unopposed. Russell Shortt from the Louth County Archives made a short presentation on the merits of recording oral tradition from people in the area. In the following week several members recorded their memories for him.

### March

Dundalk man Donal Hall gave an excellent lecture, accompanied by a slide show, on men from Co. Louth who fought and died in the First World War. Particular emphasis was placed on those from the general locality.

### April

A general members meeting was held on the 11th April in the Credit Union offices.

### May

Second newsletter of the year issued to all members.

### September

The third newsletter of the year was released at the start of the month. Members meeting held on 12th September with twenty-two in attendance. Discussions centred on donations to the graveyard wall fund, the erection of a plaque in memory of Mrs. Lentaigne of Newtown and the launch of the current journal.

### October

The October meeting in the Credit Union offices discussed the upcoming publication of the Review 2006 journal. There were updates on the Vida Lentaigne memorial and a cheque for €500 was presented to Juliet Lush, representative of the Termonfeckin Old Graveyard Wall Restoration Committee, from the Society.



## 50 Years Ago

### *Nuptials, Bereavements and Local News*

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January 1955 - PUBLICAN'S MISTAKE LED TO PROSECUTION.

At Drogheda District Court on Friday Garda P.J. Bradley, Clogherhead, Inspector of Food and Drugs, summoned Colm Patton, Termonfeckin, for on November 14 selling whiskey 28.28 degrees under proof - 25 degrees being the standard in this case. Mr. M.S. Matthews, Solicitor defending, stated that this was the first prosecution on this premises for as long as records went back. It was the first prosecution of any description. When the Guard came into the shop there was no available whiskey to give him a sample. Defendant buys the whiskey out of bond at proof and mixes it himself. He mixed some and came out and told the Guard it was 28 proof. He was under the impression that that was correct.

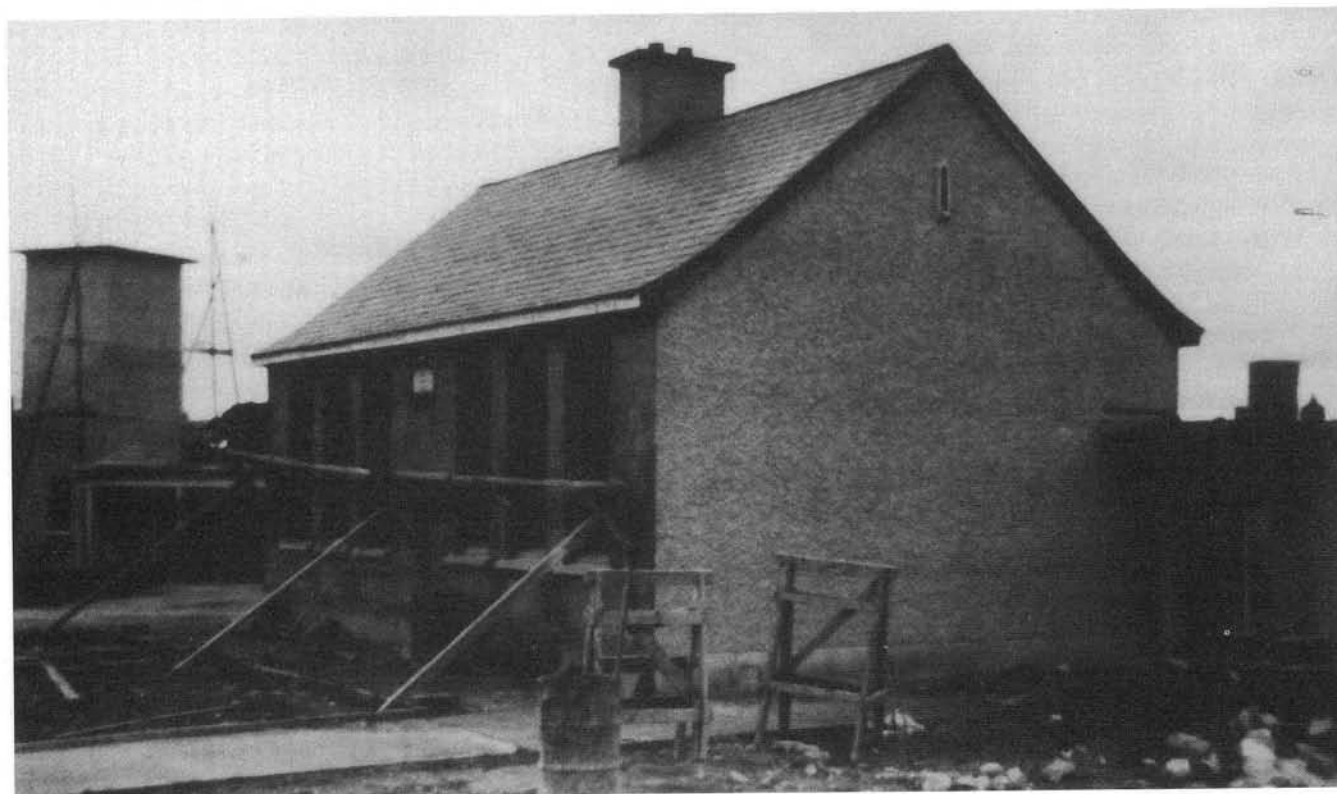
4 February. Mr. J.F. Liddy was elected Captain of County Louth Golf Club at the Annual General Meeting held at Baltray on Friday last. The new Captain paid tribute to his predecessor Mr. R.E. Healy, who then vacated the chair.

Widespread regret has been occasioned by the death which took place at her residence, Termonfechin, on Saturday 4th February of Mrs. Nellie Feran. A native of Gorey, County Wexford, deceased taught in Termonfechin National School for over thirty years, retiring in 1940. Earlier she had been teaching in

Letterkenny and Kilkenny. Her husband, Mr. Edward J. Feran, who died in 1951, also taught in Termonfechin for a long number of years. The late Mrs. Feran was a lady of great charm and she was held in the very highest esteem. She was an outstanding teacher and as a wife and mother she was a model of domestic felicity and kindness. The very high regard in which she was held was amply demonstrated by the attendance at the removal of the remains on Sunday evening to Termonfechin Church and again at the Requiem Mass and funeral the following day to Monasterboice Cemetery. Chief mourners were Rev. E. Feran C.C., Louth, Mr. J. Feran, Solicitor, Drogheda, Mr. Bernard Feran, Hibernian Bank, Loughrea, (sons), Mr. James Feran, ex-N.T., Terenure (brother-in-law) and Mr. Dan Feran, Camlough, (cousin).

FERAN (February 4, 1956) - At her residence, Termonfeckin, Nellie Feran, ex-N.T., relict of Edward J. Feran, ex-N.T., mother of Rev. E. Feran C.C., Louth. Deeply regretted by her sorrowing sons, relatives and friends. R.I.P. Funeral took place to Monasterboice Cemetery on Monday, 6th February 1956.

McKEON (February 13, 1956) - At her residence, Sandpit, Termonfeckin, Jane, relict of Patrick McKeon. Sincerely regretted by her sorrowing family, relatives and friends. R.I.P. Funeral took place on Wednesday, February 14, to Termonfeckin Cemetery. Very Rev. P.



Cartown National School as it appeared shortly before it's opening in 1956.  
(Photo courtesy of Tommy Simpson)

Canon McKeivitt P.P. officiated at the grave, assisted by Rev. Fr. Domigan, P.P., Tullyallen, Very Rev. Fr. Malachy O.F.M., Very Rev. Fr. Coyle C.C., Clogherhead.

### 31 March - TERMONFECKIN SHOW WAS TOPS

The Parochial Hall in Termonfeckin was packed to capacity for the Baltray Development Association Committee production of "The Message of Fatima" and a full supporting programme. Taking part in the play were the members of the Baltray Junior Dramatic Class and their producer Mrs. Polly McDonnell.

In addition to the play, which was very well acted, the concert items included a Tableau of St. Patrick with the choir singing "Hail Glorious St. Patrick" and "The Dear Little Shamrock"; a reel by Miss A. Breen and Miss P. McLeer; songs by Tommy O'Brien; recitations by Moira McDonnell; Musical selections by Miss Sheila Duff; Irish Dancing by Patsy Mc Leer and Danny Aspel and songs by Liam Branigan and the O'Brien Brothers in harmony.

CLAYTON-LEA (April 18, 1956) - At Lambert Hospital, London, to May (nee O'Connor) wife of John C. Lea, Clapham Road, London - a son, John Anthony. Deo Gratias.

9 June - Cardinal at Termonfeckin. Blessing of New School, Sandpit.

7 July - I.C.A. Fete at Termonfeckin was gay and colourful.

14 July - Termonfeckin won but Clogherhead crashed at Drogheda.

28 July - American Ambassador pays tribute to I.C.A. New Hall at An Grianan opened by Mrs. O'Kelly.

Her Excellency, Mrs. Sean T. O'Kelly, wife of the President, received a very warm welcome from about 200 Irish countrywomen who had gathered in the picturesque grounds of An Grianan, Termonfeckin, on Friday to greet her as she arrived to open the newly erected Kellogg Hall.

This fine Hall, which makes a charming addition to the I.C.A. College, was financed by the Kellogg Foundation of America, who in the past have co-operated so generously in the great work being done by the I.C.A. Work was commenced on about a year ago and during the completion a further grant was received from the Arts Council.

A Drogheda taxi-man, John Carter of 217 Pearse Park was last week the hero of a dramatic and daring rescue at Termonfeckin. He saved five young children, including his own two daughters, Rosemary and Ann Jane, and three others, Ann McCormick, Marian Lamb and Cepta Clark, all of Pearse Park, from almost certain drowning in one of the roughest seas experienced this summer.

DEVINE (October 8, 1956.) - At Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital, Drogheda, John Devine late of Belcotton, Termonfeckin. Sincerely regretted by his sorrowing wife, daughters and son.

Funeral took place on October 9 from Church of the Immaculate Conception, Termonfeckin, to the family burial ground at Mayne Cemetery

13 October - Mr. Alfred McGlew, Termonfeckin. Widespread sympathy has been occasioned by the passing last week at Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital, Drogheda, of Mr. Alfred "Alfie" McGlew of Coolkirk, Termonfeckin. The late Mr. McGlew was a well known member of the farming community and was a keen sportsman. In his youth he played Gaelic football with Dreadnots, being captain of the side and manning the centre half back berth. Up to his death he was a keen follower of the present day Dreadnot side. Deceased is survived by his widow and a family of thirteen - three boys and ten girls - to whom sympathy is extended.

When the remains were removed from Hospital to Termonfeckin Church there was a large and representative attendance. Very Rev. P. Canon McKeivitt P.P. Termonfeckin, received the remains at the Church assisted by Rev. S. Crowley C.C. The funeral took place to the family burial ground at Drumcar, where Rev. S. Crowley C.C., Termonfeckin, officiated at the grave assisted by Very Rev. L. Domigan P.P., Tullyallen.

CUMISKEY (Termonfeckin) - November 18th, Mary Gabriel (Fiona). Deeply regretted by her parents, brothers and sister. Funeral took place to Termonfeckin Cemetery on Tuesday 20th November 1956. R.I.P.

24 November - St. Mochtas and St. Fechin's must meet again to decide the destination of the Ranafast Cup this season. At the Grove Field, Castlebellingham, on Sunday before a very fine attendance, the teams finished all square at 2-6 each. The II Division Champions put in a storming finish to secure the all important goal per full forward O.J. Martin only minutes before referee Nicky Roe sounded the final blast on his whistle.

BYRNE (Termonfeckin, Co. Louth.) - December 1, 1956, at her residence Termonfeckin, Teresa, relict of Michael Byrne. Deeply regretted by her sons, daughters, relatives and friends. R.I.P. Funeral took place on Sunday last, 2nd December 1956, to Termonfeckin Cemetery.

15 December - Termonfeckin Team thrilled the Fans and won Ranafast Cup.

St. Fechin's thrilled a large following at the Grove Field, Castlebellingham, on Sunday 9th December when they scored a decisive 1-7 to 0-3 victory over the II Division Champions St. Mochtas in the Ranafast Cup Final replay, played in very fine conditions considering the time of the year. The victors left absolutely no doubt as to their superiority on this occasion. After a nervous opening they warmed to their work, outplaying their rivals in practically every sector. They were yards faster to the ball, jumping higher to the catch and their winning margin in no way flattered them.

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Seamie Briscoe, Drogheda.**



