

wrote Governor King. The floggings continued. The Irish were convinced that the masters of convict ships had been under orders to starve and murder them on the outward voyage. They had reason to think so. Many masters took less than half of the required food rations to make room for rum to sell to the English soldiers on arrival. When the "Hercules" arrived from Cork in 1802 it showed a 37% death rate: on "Atlas 11", 65 of 181 Irish convicts died.

The surprising fact is not that the Irish eventually rose but that they took so long before doing so. It was not until 1804 that rebellion finally broke out. On 5 March 1804, 266 poorly armed Irish rebels faced the redcoats on a knoll which later became known as Vinegar Hill, after the site of the famous battle in Wexford 6 years before. An interesting aside is that the name **Vinegar Hill** has nothing to do with Vinegar. It is an English corruption of the Irish placename **Fiodh na gCaor**, the wood of the berries. This misleading distortion of a name symbolises the alien oppression, the contempt for their language and culture and for the Irish as human beings, which drove our countrymen to strike a blow for liberty and risk everything to end their colonial bondage.

The rest of the story is easily related. Major Johnson, the English leader, said that he wanted to parley. When the Irish leaders, Cunningham and MacSeáin stepped forward, Johnson arrested them and then ordered his men to open fire on the now leaderless convicts. Very few survived. Nine of the rebel leaders were hanged and their bodies left to rot on the gallows, as a deterrent to further rebellion.

On 4 March 1991, at a commemoration of the Castle Hill Rebellion, Brigadier O Sullivan of the Australian Army said that, today's army would have been on the side of the rebels, as it saw its duty as the protection of Australians, not their suppression. Is éachtach an t-athrú a thug 200 bliain ar an Astráil. Mar a raibh mion-choilíneacht tá náisiún 17 milliún duine, 42% acu de bhunadh Éireannach. Ach is mó fós an t-athrú meoin a thug Éirí Amach 1804. Maolaíodh go mór ar an gcos ar bolg. Tugadh i bhfad níos mó saoirse do na daoránaigh. Agus sa tsí sin leag íobairt na nGael cróga sin, beag i líon ach mór i misneach, bunchloch na hAstráile daonlathaí. Chailleadar cath ach bhuadar cogadh.

The Families of O' Dwyer & O'Brien of Cullen

By Gerard Riordan, Cullen.

In October 1989, an American couple, Robert and Barbara Lake, visited Ireland to research their roots. They brought with them two letters written in 1898 by a remarkable man whose knowledge of his own ancestry enabled them to complete the early part of their family tree without encountering the difficulties usually associated with genealogical research.

Both letters, which I have re-produced in full, were written by Barbara Lake's great grandfather, Bryan K. O' Dwyer, who was born in Cullen in 1838. A third letter, written in January 1898 and which Mrs. Lake forwarded to me in 1990, has also been included, not for its historical or genealogical significance, but for the purpose of completing the story with a brief insight of the writer's views on the 1798 commemoration and his own exile from the land of his youth.

The letters, all addressed to his daughter Kit, have not been edited and any word which I have been unable to decipher has been omitted from the text.

3422 Centre Street,
Washington D.C.
Nov. 6th 1898.

My Dear Kit,

I saw a letter from you to Mama a day or two ago in which you say you would like to have a letter from me and paid me a very high compliment by saying I can, if I wish, write very interesting letters. Thanks, and from such an intelligent source I assure you its praise indeed. But now comes the rub. The subject, and truly I am entirely 'at sea' for a subject, and you know that a writer with no subject is like a storm tossed ship without a rudder. Let me see. 'By gum,' I have it. I shall try to give you a short sketch of your 'Progitors'. Say, ain't 'Progenitors' good. I might say its 'great', but I won't. Let me see. Yes, I'll commence with the O' Dwyer wing, so here goes.

You are the lineal descendant of 'The Shaun O' Deir' Clan. (pronounced O' Thier). In former times, before the hated Britton set foot on our dear old Irish soil, the people were divided into clans or tribes (if you will), factions some would call them. These were very formidable and war-like people, and like the Indians had their chiefs and head men, and were almost continually at war with each other. And of these, 'Shaun O' Dier a Glanna' (In English, John O' Dwyer of the Glen) was a leader of the largest clan in all Munster. Munster is a large province in the south of Ireland, and contained six counties. They are Tipperary, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Kerry and Clair. Morgan O' Dwyer¹ of Cullen House, my grandfather, was in his day a very wealthy man and was Stipendary Magistrate for the counties of Tipperary, Limerick and Cork. He married a Miss Keating². She was a sister to General Sir Henry Sheehy Keating³, who took the Isle of Bourbon from the French in 1792, and for which he was made a Knight Commander of Bath. (K.C.B.)

This title was given to him by the then King of England. He also had a brother, Roger Keating,⁴ who was a great-historian and his 'History of Ireland' is referred to by all judges and courts in nearly every English speaking country under the sun. Keating's 'History of Ireland' is used in public schools in England, Ireland and Scotland. My grandfather (and in this I include grandmother too) had 21 children, 18 boys and 3 girls.⁵ Nearly all of them lived to be men and women. Uncle Thomas⁶, the oldest, was educated and ordained a Catholic priest in Rome and was one of the most brilliant men in Europe in his day. Then there was Roger, John, Morgan, Henry, Anthony, Denis, (my Father) and so on down the line. They were so numerous that I have forgotten several of their names. Yes, there was Bryan, after whom they called me. He was a captain in the British army and was killed in a duel with a fellow officer in India. He had 16 gun shot wounds in his body, but the 17th was too much for him and he was compelled to submit to the inevitable. I used some of his beautiful India silk sash for 'whip crackers' in Virginia, for which I got a very good 'pounding' from father, as he prized it very highly. But all the same it made magnificent 'crackers'.

Of Father's 3 sisters only one married, she was Aunt Jane⁷ She married Michael Doheny⁸, who was then a very promising young lawyer. He had a good practise in the 'Four Courts' in Dublin, in fact all over Ireland. But in the 1848 Rebellion in Ireland he joined the cause of his country against English tyranny and lost all, and had to flee to France as an exile from his home and country. He came to New York from France and practised law there up to the time of his death in 1862. After his death Aunt Jane went back to Ireland and got back a part of the old Rock of Cashel property, but only a small part. It had all been confiscated by the British Government when Doheny became a rebel. Poor dear soul, she died in the old homestead, 'Halla Ailien', or in English, 'The Hall of Ellen'. Aunt Ann⁹ died young in Ireland. She never married. Aunt Ellen¹⁰ came to this country with Doheny's family and died an old maid in New York. Uncle Morgan¹¹ was one of the best if not the very best race rider in all Europe in his day and rode all over Ireland, England and Scotland. That is, he did in Gentlemen Rider Races. For there are two classes of races there, the one Gentlemen Riders, the other jockey riders. No Gentleman will ride in a jockey race, nor can a jockey ever ride in a Gentleman race. Uncle Morgan always rode for other Gentlemen as well as riding the race horses belonging to the Cullen House 'Stud', of which there were a great many. Some of the racers belonging to the O' Dwyers of Cullen were well known in the Three Kingdoms, and known too to the cost of English Lords, Dukes and Earls who bet their money against the bloody 'Hirish Orse', and almost invariably lost, particularly so if Uncle Morgan was the rider. Should it ever be your luck to go to Ireland, ask some of the very old people in the vicinity of 'Cullen House' about such horses as Mavoomien, Brigand, Trustee, The Light of Other days, Arraguth Shease (this last is an Irish word and in English is Money Down), White Stockings, Nancy Dawson and a host of others. Brigand and Trustee both belonged to Father. I remember them both well. The first horse back leap I ever took in my life was on Brigand. I was on him behind the groom. He dared me to take the leap with him and I said 'Let her go', and she went. I was then about the age Weimar is now (3 or 4 years). Enough horse eh.

Let us go to the mother side of the question. But first let me say to you that Grandfather O' Dwyer and wife are buried under the alter of the Catholic Church in Cullen¹². He donated an acre of land to the church for a building lot and in return the church people honoured him and wife by having their remains interred inside the building and under the alter. This is a very rare occurrence and cannot be done except by dispensation from the Pope, as none but a priest can be given this great honour in Ireland except by dispensation from Rome. Now of the O'Brien wing of our family. I know nothing beyond my grandfather Kendall O'Brien. He was a large butter merchant, bought butter all over Ireland and shipped every pound of it to England.¹³ Irish butter always brought larger prices in England than any other, and in this trade he became very wealthy. His wife was a Miss Jennie Franklin. Of her people I know nothing either. Their issue brought forth five children. They were Richard, John, Mary, Jane (my Mother)¹⁴ and Eliza. Grandfather O'Brien died a young man and left all his wealth to Grandmother. And at her death she divided the property equally between the five children, share and share alike that is. She deemed that the girls get their share in cash, they all being then unmarried. She made Uncle Richard executor of her will, he being a lawyer by profession, and as big a rascal as ever lived. Perhaps I ought not to say this to you, but I am stating facts, pure and simple, and want you to know the truth or nothing. Why grandmother made him executor of her will I can't see, as even she at that time doubted his honesty, for on her death bed she called him to her bed-side and said to him in these exact words: Richard, as you deal with my children, may God deal with you'. To which he answered: 'Amen'. And after all he robbed every one of them from John down to Eliza. Uncle John was a grand man. One of those 'easy going' Devil may care sort of a man who took no care for the morrow, so he had a fine horse to ride with the hounds and hunt, and have a good time generally. He cared little whether school kept or not. A great boy after the girls. He had no less than half a dozen fine horses. He married Miss Watson from the County of Clair¹⁵. She too belonged to a wealthy family and when Uncle John threw away most of her fortune he came to this country and died in Missouri. She died there too. But of Uncle Richard, who was nicknamed 'Dickey Snap', and rightly so too, for he snapped everything he could from all the rest. He was what they call in Ireland, an incumbered estates lawyer. Here it would be called a bankrupt court lawyer. He owned property all over Ireland. He always attended the bankrupt sales and in that way became very rich. He married a Miss Byrne, the daughter of one of the most wealthy mill owners in Ireland and beat his wife's father out of a lot of property. They had two children, John and Richard¹⁶. They are still, I think, in Ireland, worthless drunkards who have squandered all, or nearly all of the ill-gotten gains of their rascally father. Perhaps I ought not to say this of my own uncle, but Kit, facts are stubborn things. Mother got £300, Mary £300, John £300 and Eliza, the youngest, never got one cent. They ought to have gotten £1,200 each. Mary married one, Richard Corwan and came to Canada, they both died there. Eliza was with them. After they died Eliza came to live with us in New Jersey, where Father had a R. Road contract. While there she married one, Richard Nagle, a very fine man. He worked for father. They bought a farm in Michigan and were doing well when Nagle died. And, don't you know, I never learned what became of Aunt Eliza. She too may be dead for all I know. Strange too that I should know nothing of her. For if she died without a will, I would be the nearest heir at law, as they never had any children. Kate may know

something of her, I mean Aunt Kate. Ask her in your next letter. Strange if I should own a farm and not know it, but stranger things than that have happened. Say, old man Peter Jackson is dead. Mama sends you a paper about it. Did you get the books.

Company just came in so I had to cut this thing short. Aren't you glad.

Fondly
Papa.

Centre Street,
Washington D.C.
Nov. 11th 1898.

My Dear Kit,

I got your postal a few days ago and am much pleased to find you so much interested in the few items concerning your Irish ancestors. But on reflection I find that I omitted some things that might be of still some more interest to you. So here goes.

This time it shall be with the O'Dwyer 'wing' of the family. Uncle Thomas, as I told you in my other letter, was a priest and died young. I don't know if he died at home in Ireland or not, but think he died somewhere on the Continent, as he was thoroughly conversant in most of the European languages. And think he was in charge of a church in some non English speaking community. Roger Keatinge¹⁷, (in fact all 18 of the boys were baptised Keatinge as a middle name) was next to Thomas in age. He married one, Miss Corbett. Don't know if she was in any way connected with Jim the prize fighter, but think not. She was of very wealthy parents, was born and reared in historic Cashel, or as it is called by Irish writers, 'The City of the Kings'. St. Patrick built a magnificent church there, one of the finest of its kind in Ireland. The ruins still remain there, round which I, in my boyhood days, played hide-and-go-seek. Uncle Roger never did anything in this life that we in America would call work. He was, so to speak, 'A real auld Irish Gentleman'. After his marriage he lived continuously in Cashel and died there. His wife died some years before he did. They bred some 8 or 10 children, Cousin Kitty¹⁸ being the eldest. When an old maid, she married a tea and spirit merchant. That's what I suppose we in this country would call a 'grocer'. She lived a very short time after her marriage. She was the only one of the children that ever did marry. Morgan¹⁹ and Bryan²⁰ are both priests. Bryan is a mission priest and is somewhere in England. Morgan is Superintendent of the old Irish college of Maynooth, near Dublin, Ireland. It's a college on the same order as the university here in Wash. All young men who go there are inducted for the priesthood. He has been head of this institution for several years and is, I think, there now. Cousin Alice became a nun and is superioress of a convent in England. Our Alice was named for her. The rest of the children are, I think at home in dear old Cashel.

Uncle John²¹ next. He was married, but I don't even know the name of the lady²² he married. He lived in the City of Limerick and was for a great many years the Excise Officer for the government there. Don't know what his duties were, but do know that it paid him well. He had, I think, 3 children. Cousin Edward²³ the present Bishop of Limerick is his son. You already know something of him. Ned Murphy (Peter's father) called on him when on his recent tour of Ireland, and Ned told me that he lives in all the pomp and splendour that could be imagined. He has a magnificent residence outside the city. Ned called it a palace. He said the Bishop treated him regally on account of his knowing us. Anne, another child of Uncle John's became a Sister of Charity. I don't know what became of the third child, or whether it was a boy or girl, in fact I don't know if there was a third at all, but I think I heard my father say there was. Those, with my father, were the only ones of the 18 brothers which ever married. I remember Uncles Morgan and Henry well, particularly so Uncle Henry²⁴. He was the youngest of the boys. He never had any settled home or occupation. He was so to speak a walking gentleman and where ever he hung up his hat, there was his home. But he always called our house his special home, and spent most of his time with us. If in this country, it would be said that he had 'bats in his ganet'. But in magnanimous

Ireland, it was only said he was 'somewhat peculiar'. He came and went when and where he pleased, and was always welcome as he was considered excellent company and could sing a good song, and was a fine judge of a 'tumbler of punch', and was quite a poet. He was blind in one of his eyes, and I used often have a lot of fun getting up on the blind side of him to put mud on his walking stick. He was the most tastey man I ever knew. I have seen him black his shoes 3 and 4 times a day. He could not bear to have a speck of dust anywhere on his clothes. He even washed and scrubbed his stick. This was when I got my --- in. He never would hit me and I knew it. He would always call Mother and say, 'Jane, Jane, make this infernal villian behave himself'. But all the same the mud got on the stick. Uncle Henry spent a great deal of his time visiting at the houses of all the priests and was well known to every priest within 40 miles of Cullen. And in all that entire circle there was only one priest (a Father Hickey²⁵ whom he did not like. He called him a Jack-Ass. Here is a poem he composed one evening as he was walking along the road from Emely to Cullen.

I went to Emely town today, the march it was quite right.
In drinking 'Punch' I bore the sway at Father Paul's tonight.
And then I turned straight about 3 miles for Cullen street,
Resolved to light my old grey pipe with every 'spark' I'd meet.

Those cures? with me are always gay and they are also kind.
There is one Jack-Ass, but let him bray, it's all to please his mind.
I drink and sing and everything of amusement I enjoy,
Those parish priests and curates think that I'm a darling boy.

With Professor Brett? of Kiltreeley I smoke the 'grass cut' gay
And I ask of you is not that too, a passtime quite Aw Fait.
Then here's to all my comrade priests with whom I daily lunch,

But above them all 'Poor Father Paul' for tis there I drink the 'Punch'.

There are some more verses to the above, but I have forgotten them. Aren't you glad. The word aw fait is French and means well informed. Should you desire to sing the above, use the 'Tune of Auld Lang Syne'. Uncle Henry died in Ireland since we came to America. So did 'Uncles Morgan, John and Roger. So you see all of the 18 have gone to their last resting places. May they rest in peace.

Hell, it's now 8 p.m. and I must take a peep at the stars. So wishing you all health and happiness, I am

Fondly
Papa.

All are well and join me in love and best wishes. Mama will look up those things, as soon as she gets time. She is all the time on the go, having no help at all since Alice went to work. We have some few more of those books, will send them too. About a dozen of them here yet. Glad to hear Dempsey is doing so well.

Papa.

3422 Centre St.,
January 23rd 1898.

My Dear Kit,

Yours of the 21st reached us here yesterday, and to say that I was pleased would be putting it very mildly indeed. We all thought so strange of your not answering my last letter, that I was much pleased to get this one, even if it did come at the 11th hour. You speak of not hearing often from Alice, perhaps she is paying you back in some of the same coin you gave us, that is slowness in writing. I got a paper from you some days ago in which you ask me if a Judge Edward O'Dwyer of N. York is, or might be, a relative of ours. Although I never heard of him before, I am just as positive, as positive can be, that he is not. Let me give you a little history of our family on the O'Dwyer side. Then you will agree that I am right in saying he is not. My father Denis Keatinge O'Dwyer had 18 brothers and 3 sisters. Only 3 of the brothers ever married, they were Denis, Roger and John. The girls were Anne, Ellen and Jane. Jane was the only one of the latter who ever married. She married Col. Doheny. Anne died young in Ireland and Ellen died in N.Y. in 1862. She never married. John had only one son by his marriage, he is Cousin Edward, the present Bishop of Limerick, Ireland. Roger had two sons and several daughters by his marriage. Both the sons, Bryan and Morgan are Catholic Priests and as such are not likely to leave an issue of any sort. So you see that to Denis and his issue alone remained the only chance of perpetuating the once grand and historic name of the descendants of Shaun O' Deier of Glanna, which in English means John O'Dwyer of the Glen.

I too would like very much to be able to 'claim kin' with this man O'Dwyer especially as now that ---- is 'on top', he has the pull and lots of it, but all the same he is not of us. Tipperary, our county in Ireland, is as full of Dwyers, not O'Dwyers, as an Indian village in old times was full of papooses. But the real descendants of Shaun O' Deier were very few, and are now almost, if not entirely extinct and more is the pity too, for if I am rightly informed, and I know that I am, to be a true decendent of that branch, was, (in Ireland), to be an Irish noble of the first water, and not muddy water at that.

Speaking of the Irish (or '98) centennial, and of going there to celebrate it. Nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure. You, born here as you were, can't for a moment realize what pleasure I, as an Irishman, would derive from such a trip. Nor can I express in words to you how overjoyed I would be, were I able to 'take it in'. You would have to be born over again, and that too in Ireland, that land of sages, saints and patriots, before you could attempt to realize what the feeling would be. And then again, when we come to look at it, it seems strange that the Irish should want to celebrate a defeat, as '98 surely was a defeat for the Irish and Ireland's great cause. But even in defeat there was no dishonour as they fought against odds of ten to one. Yes, and in most cases twenty to one. But

1. Who fears to speak of '98,
Who blushes at the name.

When cowards mock the patriots fate,
Who hangs his head for shame.

2. He's all a knave or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus.
But true men like you men
Will fill your glass with us.

3. They rose in dark and evil days,
To right their native land.
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.

4. But alas, that might can vanquish right,
They fell and passed away,
But true men like you men
Are plenty here today.'

Kit, you might think your old dad is getting somewhat poetic, but no, it's not that, but somehow you can't help thinking, poor old Ireland. Yes. I love the dear old land and as I grow older I am more anxious than ever to see the dear old land of my birth once more before I too am called to rest. I feel I could die happy if I only could once more gaze on the scenes of boyhood days

and take one more grand chase over the fields and meadows where, as a barefooted boy, I used to roam at will and chase bees and butterflies through the bogs and meadows of dear old Tipperary. For Kit, you may not know it, but

'The sweetest sod that 'er was trod
By Sashenach or fairy,
O'er the sun shone down upon
'Twas dashing sweet Tipperary.'

But speaking seriously, it does seem strange that 'The Irish' should want to celebrate '98. It would be like as if the Confederates of the late war should wish to celebrate the surrender at Appomattox. Don't it look that way to you, for in both cases, it was defeat, and neither had any cause to be ashamed, for very often defeat in a just cause is more honourable than victory in an unjust one. Say, where in history can you find anything to equal the Irish defence at the Siege of Limerick, where

'The women fought before the men,
Each man became a match for ten,
And back they drove the villains then
From the City of Limenock Lionach Tus' ???

The last three words here are in the Celtic tongue, don't know their meaning. But it is an historic fact that the men at that siege had stakes driven in the ground so they could hold on to them when they were unable, from wounds, to stand.

'Remember the wounded companion
Who stood in the hour of distress
by our side, when the moss of
the valley grew red with their blood,
They fled not, but conquered or died.'

Yes Kit; yes my dear daughter, I am going to this centennial, but it will only be in my mind.

All join in fond love to you, Weimar and Dempsey.

Fondly
Papa.

The writer of these letters, Bryan K. O'Dwyer, went to the United States with his parents in the early 1850's. He worked with his father on railroad contracts in New Jersey and was also a close friend of Buffalo Bill Cody. He married his German-born wife, Rosena, in 1863. The couple had four children - William, Alice, Kendall and Roger. Bryan K. later lived in Washington D.C. where he worked as a clerk in the War Department. He died there in 1906.

Notes

1. **Morgan O'Dwyer 1754 - 1842.** Son of Thomas Dwyer (no "O") whose name appears on the Milton Rental Roll as leasing lands around Cullen in 1767. He was also a member of Cullen Protestant Church Vestry Committee until his death in 1810. The land lease was renewed the following year by Morgan O'Dwyer. These lands were in the townlands of Cullen, Forty Acres and Longstone, a total of 102 acres. Morgan graduated from Trinity College with a B.A. degree in 1774 and subsequently studied law at Lincoln's Inn. He was an officer in the Coonagh Calvary Corps in 1798 and the following year was appointed a magistrate for counties Tipperary and Limerick. He, too, was a member of the Cullen Church Vestry Committee until the late 1820's.

Archdeacon Begley in "**The Diocese of Limerick From 1691 to the Present Time**", pub. 1938, states that: "*This Morgan also kept a large stock of horses employed carting the produce of the locality to Cork and was as extensive as Bianconi in the commercial line.*"

Morgan O'Dwyer died at Cashel in 1842.

2. **Catherine Keatinge.** Daughter of Bryan and Ann Keatinge, Bansha Castle and Cork. Her mother, Ann, nee Keatinge (1749-1833), was a granddaughter of Roger Sheehy of Drumcollogher, one of the wealthiest men in the south of Ireland in the Eighteenth century. The Sheehys were a Catholic family who provided financial backing for a number of Protestant families, most notable Lord Muskerry. Morgan O'Dwyer's appointment as a magistrate probably owed much to this influential family. Ann Keatinge, who died in Cullen was the joint executor of Roger Sheehy's last will, dated 1794.

Catherine O'Dwyer had five brothers: Roger of Cork; John, Drumcollogher; William, who was killed in a duel; Henry, (vide infra); and George, an officer in the British army. Her sisters were Theodosia, who married M. Bluett of Newcastle West; Ann, who died unmarried; Jane, who married John Terry of Castle Terry, County Cork.

3. **Sir Henry Sheehy Keating(e) 1777-1847.** Brother of Catherine O'Dwyer. Became British Governor of Mauritius following its annexation from French rule in the early Nineteenth century. Married Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Captain James Singer of Annadale, County Dublin. Their third son, Sir Henry Singer Keatinge 1804-1888, was Solicitor General of England on two occasions in the late 1850's.

4. The writer may be referring to Geoffrey Keating's Seventeenth century history of Ireland, "*Foras Feasa ar Eirinn*". During the course of his introduction to John O'Mahoney's translation of this great work, Michael Doheny does trace the Keating relationship back to this illustrious historian.

5. This seems highly unlikely. Morgan O'Dwyer and Catherine Keatinge were married in August 1798 and their eldest child, Thomas, was born in 1800. The youngest member of their family was Henry who was born in 1811. We know the names of eleven of their children; Thomas, Anna, Morgan, Ellen, Bryan, John, Roger, Anthony, Denis, Jane and Henry.

6. **Thomas Keatinge O' Dwyer.** Born 1800, eldest son of Morgan O' Dwyer. Entered Trinity College on 3rd May 1819, but did not graduate. Went to the Continent where he attended the College of De Propaganda Fide and was ordained for the priesthood. Returned to Ireland, but no further details of his subsequent career are available.

7. **Jane Doheny 1810?-1885.** The O'Dwyer's youngest daughter married Michael Doheny, probably at Cullen in 1837. (Catholic records for the parish of Lattin and Cullen begin in 1846.) Their first child, Catherine, was born in Cashel on 14th March 1838. Jane Doheny is buried with Roger Keatinge O'Dwyer in Cashel's Catholic Cemetery.

8. **Michael Doheny 1805-1862.** Born at Brookhill, near Fethard, son of a poor tenant farmer. A prominent member of the Young Ireland movement. Received a prison sentence for his involvement in the Cullen anti-tithe meeting of July 1832. Is buried in Calvary Cemetery, New York.

9. The following notice appeared in the **Cork Morning Intelligence** in 1821: *'On Saturday, by the Rev. T. O'Keffe, T. Cussen, M.D., to Anna, eldest daughter of Morgan O'Dwyer of Cullen, County Tipperary'.* In 1840, an Ellen Cussen, with John Keatinge O'Dwyer, was named as godparent at the baptismal ceremony of Roger Keatinge O'Dwyer's daughter, Ann.

10. **Ellen O'Dwyer 1804?-1862.** Michael Doheny's house in Cashel, Alla Alleen, was named in her honour.

11. **Morgan O'Dwyer** was probably the second eldest son in the family. He is buried in Cullen Graveyard, where the inscription states that he died on 6th April 1846, aged 43 years. In his letter, however, Bryan K. writes that his Uncle Morgan died since he came to America, which would place the date of death after 1852.

12. In 1954, during renovations of Cullen Church, two graves were found near the junction of the nave and transepts. According to workmen who uncovered the skeletons, the head of one of the bodies lay towards the altar, while that of the other body was towards the door. The position of the first body would indicate a priest, but there is no record of any such burial. There were no traces of coffins, but pieces of hair and boots were found. Was this the final resting place of Morgan O' Dwyer and his son, Father Thomas?

13. In the early Nineteenth century, Cullen butter market was reputedly one of the largest in the south of Ireland. Its decline began with the growth of a rival market in nearby Tipperary Town.

14. **Jane O' Brien.** The following notice appeared in the **Limerick Chronicle** of 3rd March 1838: *'On Thursday last, by the Rev. William Scott, Rector of Pallasgreen, and afterwards by the Rev. T. Mahoney P.P., Denis Keatinge O' Dwyer Esq., son to Morgan O' Dwyer Esq., of Cullen, to Jane, second daughter of the late Kennedy O' Brien Esq.'*

The couple had at least three children: Bryan K., born 1838; Jane, born 1848; Mary, born 1852. Bryan mentions an "Aunt Kate" in one of his letters, possible another member of the family.

It is interesting to note that Denis and Jane were married in an adjoining parish, Pallasgreen, and that the marriage ceremony was performed in both the Protestant and Catholic churches. Their first daughter, Jane, was baptised in the Protestant church at Cullen, and their second daughter, Mary, in the Catholic church.

In the 1900 Census for Washington D.C., Bryan K. states his year of immigration to the U.S. as 1850. As his sister was born in Ireland in September 1852, it seems likely that the family didn't arrive in that country until 1853 at the earliest.

15. **John O' Brien.** The following marriage notice appeared in the **Limerick Chronicle** of 3rd March 1838: *'On Monday last, John O' Brien of Cullen, Tipperary, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late George Watson Esq., Garrykennedy.* One of Mary Ann's cousins writing from Philadelphia in 1863 mentions that *'John O'Brien is as lazy as ever'.* ("The Fitzwilliam, O' Brien and Watson Families" by Dorothy Garesché Holland, printed privately, St. Louis, 1973.)

16. **Richard O' Brien** had a third son, **Kendal E. O' Brien 1848-1909.** Educated at Clongowes Wood College. he was Chairman of Tipperary R.D.C. from 1888-1909 and M.P. for Mid Tipperary from 1900 until his death. He married Annie Clayton, Knockatoor, at Golden on 17th February 1896. They had one child, Catherine Jane. Richard O' Brien Jnr. 1827- 1914 was a member of the Board of Guardians and Tipperary Urban Council. He had four sons; Richard, Patrick, John and William.

17. **Roger Keatinge O' Dwyer 1807-1887.** Received a prison sentence for his involvement in the Cullen anti-tithe meeting of July 1832. He married Ellen Corbett at Cashel in 1834 and was a member of the Cashel Town Commissioners until that Body's abolition in 1840. They had two sons; Morgan and Bryan, and five daughters; Catherine, Alice, Theodosia, Ann and Ellen. His wife, Ellen, died 30th August 1868 and is buried with her husband in Cashel's Catholic cemetery.

Traditionally, Roger was said to have been offered the Governor-ship of Vancouver, but declined to remain at home on the family business.

18. **Kitty O' Dwyer 1835-1882.** Born in Cashel, eldest daughter of Roger Keatinge O' Dwyer. She married Patrick Hackett 1833-1894, son of William and Catherine Hackett, Ladyswell, Cashel on 12th November 1874. Kitty died in Cashel in 1882, twelve years before her husband's death. The couple had no children.

19. **Morgan James O' Dwyer 1840-1894.** Eldest son of Roger Keatinge O' Dwyer. Entered the Oblate Order and was raised to the priesthood at Marseille in 1864. Returned to England to minister in London and later at Leith in Scotland. Spent his final years at Belmont House, Stillorgan, County Dublin. He is buried in the Oblate cemetery in Inchicore. The shops in his native Cashel remained closed on the day of his funeral.

20. **Bryan Patrick O' Dwyer 1845-1895.** Entered the Oblate Fathers novitiate in 1862

and was ordained six years later at Autun. Ministered at Leeds, Liverpool and Inchicore. Returned to Leeds where he became ill and died on 15th September 1895. He is buried in St. Mary's cemetery, Kensal Green.

Mrs. Catherine Jane Hogan, nee O' Brien 1896-1988, Golden Hills, had in her possession a framed scroll containing a photograph of Father Bryan O' Dwyer which was presented to him by the Liverpool members of the Holy Cross Young Men's Society on the eve of his departure from that city in 1887.

21. John Keatinge O' Dwyer 1806-1872. Employed as an excise officer in Holycross, Limerick and Mallow. Received a six months prison sentence for his involvement in the Cullen anti-tithe meeting of July 1832. He is buried in Cullen cemetery.

It is traditionally believed that his body was disinterred and brought back to Limerick for re-burial in a city cemetery. His son, then Bishop of Limerick, had expressed a wish to be buried with his people in Cullen. As this was out of the question, a hearse was sent to Cullen early one morning and his remains, together with some of the clay, were brought back to the city.

22. Ann Quinlivan 1811-1889. Married John Keatinge O' Dwyer at her mother's residence, William Street, Limerick, in February 1840. She was a sister of Laurence Quinlivan, mayor of Limerick in 1850 and subsequently High Sheriff for that city. They had three children; Edward Thomas, Ann and Kate Mary. Ann became a nun with the Sisters of Charity in Bunbury, England, where she died in the early years of this century. Kate Mary died unmarried, aged 26 years, at Mallow, County Cork, in 1870. She is buried in Cullen cemetery.

Ann O' Dwyer died in Limerick City in 1889 and is buried in Mount St. Lawrence cemetery.

23. Edward Thomas O' Dwyer 1842-1917. Eldest son of John Keatinge O' Dwyer, was born in Holycross on 22nd January 1842. He was educated in Limerick and Doon and was ordained at Maynooth in 1867. He served as curate in Rathkeale, Bruff, St. Patrick's (Limerick), Adare, Newcastle West and St. Michael's (Limerick). Appointed Bishop of Limerick in 1886. Died 19th August 1917 and interred in St. John's Cathedral.

Incensed Nationalist opinion by his opposition to the Plan of Campaign, but voiced his support for the 1916 Rising following a demand by General Sir John Maxwell that he discipline two of his priests.

24. Henry Keatinge O' Dwyer 1811-1862. The following obituary notice appeared in the *Munster News* of 24th May 1862: *'After a long and painful illness, at Cullen, Henry Keatinge O' Dwyer, youngest son of the late Morgan O' Dwyer J.P.'*

He is listed as a member of Cullen Protestant Church Vestry Committee until 1831.

25. Probably Fr. Patrick Hickey P.P. Doon and Castletown from 1824 to 1864. Fr. Hickey was at the centre of the famous "cow incident" during the tithe war in 1832. Certainly, there was no love lost between Fr. Hickey and John Keatinge O' Dwyer as is indicated by the latter's letter to the *Limerick Chronicle* following the above incident.

Mount Buis Graveyard Inscriptions

By David Leahy, "Knocknagow", Dundrum Road, Tipperary.

Mount Buis Graveyard inscriptions were recorded by David Leahy in 1990. Due to pressure of space, this article does not include the index and plan as contained in his "Survey Mount Buis Graveyard - 1990"

In loving memory of
Thomas Purcell
Mount Buis
Died February 6 1989
Rest in Peace.

~~~~~  
**Ellen Barlow - Unmarked**  
~~~~~

In loving memory of
David Leahy
Rathkea
Died 19th July 1935
And his wife **Nora** who died June 26 1981
R.I.P.
Erected by his family
Pray also for the members of the **Leahy** family
interred in Sologhead. R.I.P.

~~~~~  
In loving memory of **John Doherty**, Toor, Lattin, died 30th Dec. 1930. **Sheila Doherty**, Toor, died 14th January 1940 aged 11 years, daughter of **James** and **Catherine. Patrick Doherty**, Henry Street, Tipperary, died 11th May 1954. Sons **Walter** died 11th Oct. 1935 aged 9 years, **Patrick** died 17th July 1952 aged 16 yrs.  
R.I.P.

~~~~~  
In loving memory of **James K. O' Donoghue**, Farnacliffe, died 8th May 1930 aged 56 years, his wife **Dora**, died