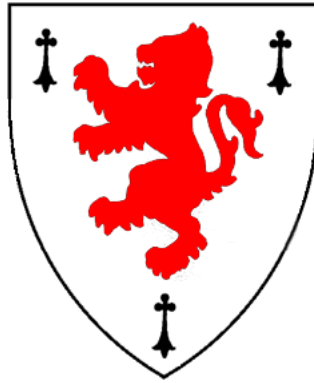


O'Dwyer Clan Newsletter



Nuachtlitir Mhuintir Dhuibhir

Volume 2, Issue 4

Virtus Sola Nobilitas Spring 2015

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Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, close to where Michael Dwyer surrendered on 14 Dec 1803.



O'DWYER CLAN RALLY 2015

**WE ARE BACK TO IRELAND FOR
THE NEXT RALLY.**

**TULFARRIS HOTEL
BLESSINGTON,
Co. WICKLOW
IRELAND**

SEPT 25-27TH 2015

MARK THE DATE!

Clan Rally 2015

A warm welcome to our newsletter for this year. We head back to Ireland in Sept for our next clan gathering - to 'the Garden of Ireland' County Wicklow, just south of Dublin on the east coast.

Much of the focus this time around will be on the life and times of the well-loved Wicklow Chief, Michael Dwyer, who ran an insurgency campaign for over 5 years in his native mountains, despite the toughest efforts of the British forces to dislodge him. For anyone interested in his life history, see our 2012 newsletter or the article in *The O'Dwyer Diaspora* edited by Mairin Ui Dhuibhir.

We have a full schedule of events lined up and it will be a great opportunity to renew friendships, enjoy the countryside and get re-immersed in the history of this great clan.

In this edition we also have some interesting and important information from contributors regarding new sources now becoming available online to trace your family roots, which are being enabled by modern technology and the goodwill of data owners.

We hope you enjoy it, and as usual, please keep articles coming for future editions.

Tom O'Dwyer

Clan Rally 2015



Tulfarris Hotel and Golf Course
Blessington Lakes,
Co. Wicklow, Ireland

Sept 25-27th 2015

Schedule of activities	
Fri 6pm onwards	Registration and informal social gathering
Sat Morning	<p><i>The Life of Michael Dwyer – from Imaal to Syndey</i> <i>Dr. Ruan O'Donnell, University of Limerick</i></p> <p><i>Michael Dwyer – a local perspective</i> <i>Speaker to be confirmed</i></p> <p><i>DNA testing update</i> <i>Secretary Padraig O'Duibhir</i></p>
Sat Afternoon	<p>Bus tour of the historic sites of West Wicklow, with emphasis on places of interest in the life of Michael Dwyer, including</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The Glen of Imaal where he was born • The Dwyer cottage at Derrynamuck • The McAllister memorial in Baltinglass • Dunlavin Green, scene of the 1798 massacre
Sat Evening	Clan dinner with musical entertainment
Sun Morning	Family networking
Sun Evening	Rally close

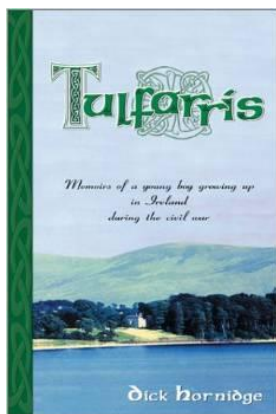
Accommodation:

For those who would prefer upmarket accommodation, we recommend that you stay at Tulfarris Hotel itself (address above. See website: <http://tulfarrishotel.com/>). There are only a few reserved rooms left, so please act quickly. Reservations can be made directly with the hotel by asking for Anne Marie Nolan (anolan@tulfarris.com).

For those on a budget, Bed and Breakfast (B&B) accommodation is recommended. These have a more intimate family atmosphere. Some examples can be found at: <http://visitwicklow.ie/category/accommodation/?town=blessington>.

Tulfarris House in the Irish Civil war

Tulfarris House where the rally takes place, has its own place in history. Originally a manor house and seat of the Hornidge family, it began its decline with the passing of the Wyndham Land Act of 1903 and other measures which enabled tenants to buy out their holdings from landlords with government assistance. The young Dick Hornidge was about 8yrs old when the Irish Civil War between the IRA and the Free State army took place in 1922-23, and later wrote a book of his experiences. "Tulfarris – memoirs of a young boy growing up in Ireland during the Civil War" gives interesting insights into the times. The following humorous, and at the same time deadly serious, account of one episode extracted from his book illustrates the family tragedy of civil war, which so often seems to be an unfortunate outcome when the yoke of the oppressor is cast off.



It was a dreary, lazy sort of day. The sun shone weakly through the low grey clouds and the line of oak trees, on the far side of the cow pasture, shimmering in the uncertain light. Even the cows, most of them, were lying down in the damp green grass instead of lining up at the gate to be led in for milking. I was standing by the gate and my sight could penetrate the haze just enough to see across the pasture into the hayfield that lay beyond. The farm workers had finished stacking the hay into the conical shaped haystacks and were trudging slowly across the pasture, lunch boxes swinging at their sides and the pitch forks over their shoulders. I heard the rumble of the tractor, with the large hayrake hitched on behind, that my father was

driving but could not see it through the haze.

A band of some eight IRA troops were lazily passing the time between trips to the kitchen for cups of tea and sitting around the watering trough in the yard smoking cigarettes. They were waiting for the return of the lorry, which was out on a provisioning expedition. Because of the Garda Barracks and the chance of bumping into an army patrol, the IRA could not safely enter the village. They depended on a sympathetic farmer who went in with his donkey and cart to get supplies while they waited at his cottage with the lorry.

I was on my way back to the house when Freddie Lawlor, a well-known character in the county, came pedalling furiously into the yard. He aimed straight for the IRA men, still lounging around the watering trough, leapt off his bike before it had stopped and stumbled alongside it for several steps. Freddie spent much of his time, during opening hours, at Halloran's Pub from where you can look down over the far corner of our hay field.

"There's a lorry load of Staters just drove into the pub. They know you fellows are here," he gasped breathlessly.

"Why do you think they know we're here?" demanded one of the IRA getting up from his seat by the watering trough.

"I'd just finished me porter and was outside preparin' to mount me bike when I heard the sergeant givin' his orders. They're planning an attack and that surely is what I heard. So I jumped on me bike, pedalled like hell and here I am."

I drew closer to the men and was standing right amongst them as they stubbed out their cigarettes and surrounded Freddie. They glanced nervously at each other.

"What's their plan? What else did the sergeant say? Tell us more Freddie, quick

now."



Tulfarris House circa 1920s. Photo: Blessington.info

"Sure an' I wasn't going to hang around the pub to hear every bloody word he said. Wasn't I strainin' to get away," said Freddie plaintively. Being urged to be more specific had made him feel unappreciated. But after a moment's hesitation he continued. "There's a bunch of them going to cross the hayfield. The sergeant said to hide behind the stacks and get to the cow pasture without bein' seen. An' that's all I remember, so help me."

After a few glasses of porter Freddie was never very lucid. But the IRA had heard enough. They drew closer together for mutual support and were now a frightened group of men.

"They may be half way across the hayfield right now. We could spot 'em if it wasn't for this bloody mist."

"We're trapped without the lorry. They can head us off whichever way we try to get out."

"How about the back way over the bog and across the Liffey?"

"Sure an' you'd drown in a bog hole if you missed the path. If you did get through the bog, you'd be drowned in the river."

"And anyway they'd see us from the high ground back of the house. There's only one thing we can do. We've got to fight our way out."

This idea, at first, shocked the men. They glanced furtively at one another and waited for someone else to state their mind. With the leader away with the lorry they had to make the decision themselves and there was no time for discussion. First one and then another nodded their heads in agreement. In a few seconds all had agreed. They rushed to the kitchen, collected their rifles and the bandoleers full of ammunition and then ran back across the yard to the cow pasture gate.

Father had stored the tractor in the shed for the night and now joined me. He was mystified by all the rushing around so I explained as happening while we followed the IRA out to the gate.

The man who said they must fight their way out had assumed leadership. He turned to the others at the gate.

"Now listen. When you're in the cow pasture crouch down low and make for the nearest tree. If a Stater fires at you fall down flat and fire back. And don't be shootin' one of the bloody cows," he added as an afterthought.

"What do we do when we reach the hay-field?" asked one of the men as they filed through the gate.

"Dodge behind the hay-stacks. Run from one to the next. If a Stater shows himself, shoot. We'll try to break through them and make for the road at the other side of the field."

Father and I and some of the farm labourers watched the IRA run across the pasture using the trees for cover. They reached the row of oaks bordering the hay-field before

the first shots were fired by the army troops. The bright flashes of the rifle fire stabbed through the mist, and the sharp crack of the explosions didn't reach us until seconds later. The IRA ran several yards from the protection of the oak trees, fell to the ground from where they returned the army's fire and then dashed for the shelter of the nearest haystack.

We gradually lost sight of them in the mist as they worked their way across the hayfield. The army fire was coming closer so very soon the two sides would meet. Gradually, the firing tapered off and after a lingering shot or two ceased altogether. The silence was broken only by the loud squawking of the crows preparing to roost for the night.

"What could have cut off the firing so sudden?" asked one of the farm workers.

"Maybe the IRA couldn't break through the army lines and they've all been captured," suggested my father.

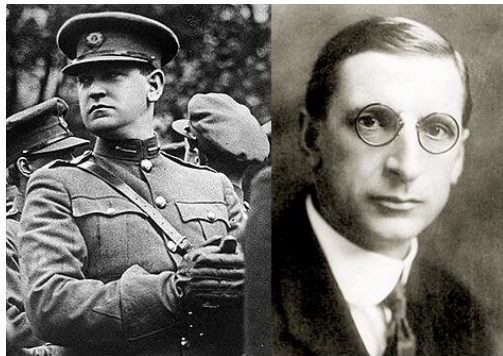
"No! No! Sure an' that's not what's happened at all," broke in another man, known for his IRA sympathies. "I bet you they made it to the top of the hayfield and now they're racing along Featherbed Lane hoping to meet up with the lorry."

"Pat Flanagan lives up beyond the pub. Maybe he could drop in there on his way home and find out what happened," said my father.

"That he could surely. He's still with the cows but I'll tell him to do just that."

"Pat's a great one for a story. I bet he'll have a good one for us when he comes in tomorrow."

Next morning Pat arrived a half-hour early and went straight to the kitchen. Father was already up and met him there. One of the maids came to my bedroom and called through the door.



Opposing Civil War leaders Michael Collins and Eamon de Valera

"Hurry up and get dressed Master Dick. Pat Flanagan's here and him rarin' to tell us what happened yesterday." Within minutes I joined Pat and father in the kitchen. Pat needed no encouragement to get started on his story.

"I pedaled me heart out to get to the pub as quick as I could. I opened the door a crack and heard a powerful lot of noise, shouting and singing and laughter. Then I went all the way in and what do you think I saw?"

Pat had a keen sense for the dramatic.

"Of course we don't know what you saw. Get on with the story, Pat," exclaimed my father.

"I will. I will. Don't be rushing me. Well now, there were the Staters and the IRA all lined up at the bar buying each other drinks. Who'd of thought they'd been shooting at each other a half-hour before."

"What happened to stop the fighting?" asked my father. "They surely didn't stop for no reason."

"Ah sure an' there was reason enough, surely," Pat continued, "and it had to do with the Delaney cousins. Now Pete Delaney is one of the Staters. I got him off in a corner with a couple of glasses of stout set down before him, and he told me what happened. He said the sergeant ordered a couple of men to go on down Featherbed Lane to where the front avenue from Tulfarris joins in. They were to fire their rifles in the air if the rebels tried to escape that way. Two more were sent the country road to the back avenue for the same purpose. Then Peter told me how they all leapt over the

hedge and started down the hayfield. The Staters didn't know the IRA had already been warned by Freddie Lawlor so many of them were careless about seeking cover. Half way down the field didn't the rebels start firing on them. Some of the army chaps dashed for the nearest haystack and others flung themselves down flat on the ground. Peter said he was edging around his haystack ready to let off a shot at the IRA man he knew was hiding behind another stack a few yards ahead. He saw the fellow run out, fall to the ground, let off a shot, then spring to his feet and dive behind the next haystack. Peter got only a glimpse of the fellow, but enough to recognise his own cousin. He knew his cousin was in the IRA, but was mighty surprised to see him here in the hayfield. Maybe there was a civil war going on, he thought to himself, but to shoot his own cousin.....that was unthinkable.

"Hey Mike! This is Pete. Your cousin. What the bloody hell are you shooting at me for," Peter said he yelled. Then he went on to describe what happened next.

"Holy Mary! Sure I'd no idea it was you Pete," Mike shouted back. "Wouldn't me father and me uncle give me holy hell if I ever hurt you."

"Sure an' it's the same with me, Mike. What do we do now?"

"Here's what we'll do. Call out to your sergeant and have him stop the firing. I'll do the same with the lads over here."

The sergeant was only a few haystacks over from Pete and he answered immediately.

"I heard you Delaney. Sure an' the troubles are winding down and who would want to be the last man to find his grave. Stop firing all of you," he shouted. Mike had no trouble with the rebels. They were only too willing to put an end to it.

"We're comin' out with our guns unloaded," shouted Mike.

They came out cautiously into the open, the muzzles of their rifles pointing down towards the earth. Some of them feared it might be a trap, and came out reluctantly. The army looked over at the IRA and the IRA looked back at the army with nobody willing to make the first move. They eyed each other suspiciously, like the Kerry and Cork hurley teams before a championship match. Then, and this is the way Peter explained it, "We sought their eyes and saw the fear change to relief, and not a trace of hostility at all." There was a gradual mingling with people shaking hands and then slapping each other on the back.

"Now why in the bloody hell were we fighting at all," someone called out.

Mike and Peter linked arms and marched up to the pub with the rest of them following.

"And that's what Pete Delaney told me ," said Pat. "It took three glasses of stout to see him through to the end, and didn't I get hell from me wife because I was so late getting home from the pub."(!)

Tulfarris by Dick Hornidge can be purchased at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com).

oOo

Puzzle Corner



The following people are at a family reunion:

1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 fathers, 2 mothers, 4 children, 3 grandchildren, 2 sisters, 1 brother, 2 daughters, 2 sons, 1 father-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, and 1 daughter-in-law.

What's the fewest number of people who could have attended the reunion, and who were they? (Ans. at end of newsletter)



Find your Irish roots through family naming patterns.

Stephanie Varney

Many genealogists use surnames to dig up Irish roots. This is an important and sound technique, because surnames can often point to the Irish county from which your ancestors came.

However, surnames are not the only type of name you can use to trace your Irish ancestry. Thanks to common traditional naming patterns across the country in the 19th century, first names can also often provide an important clue as to the identities of your elusive family member.

Here's how:

Nineteenth-century Irish family naming patterns usually follow the guidelines in the list below pretty closely.

1. The eldest son was named after the father's father.
2. The eldest daughter was named after the mother's mother.
3. The second son was named after the mother's father.
4. The third son was named after the father.
5. The fourth son was named after the father's oldest brother.
6. The second daughter was named after the father's mother.
7. The third daughter was named after the mother.
8. The fourth daughter was named after the mother's oldest sister.

As you can see, this type of naming pattern can potentially provide important clues to your Irish roots. It's especially useful in cases where you don't know the names of the parents of a particular ancestor.

By looking at how he named his children, you can have an idea as to what his parents (and siblings) names may have been. While the above guidelines were by no means set in stone and sometimes varied, the pattern was usual enough in the 19th century to be of real use to genealogists searching for Irish ancestors.

By looking at naming patterns when searching for the parents of an ancestor, you can keep a close eye out for potential candidates by looking at their first names.

Of course, you should always verify and document all information, and never assume to know an ancestors name simply by what it would be according to the above list.

But, for example, if you're looking for the parents of an Irish ancestor named Michael Donnahue, and you know Michael's first-born son was named Martin, then this might be a clue that Michael's father's name was also Martin. In this case, you can look more closely at men by the name of Martin Donnahue who lived in the same area as Michael and were of the right age to be Michael's father.

Knowing the traditional naming patterns helps you find your Irish roots by alerting you to clues of identities you may have otherwise missed. Use it cautiously, but do use it! It can help you tremendously.

oOo

Catholic parish records going online!

It has finally happened! Thanks to the good offices of the [National Library of Ireland](http://www.nli.ie), copies of the Catholic parish register records will be available to the public online. These records are far and away the best primary source for tracing your Irish family tree. The span of the records varied considerably from parish to parish, but in many cases stretched back to the early 1800s.

The records will be in the form of copies of microfilms which they have in their possession and will be of particular interest to anyone searching their roots from abroad. Current access requires a trip to Dublin to access the records first-hand.

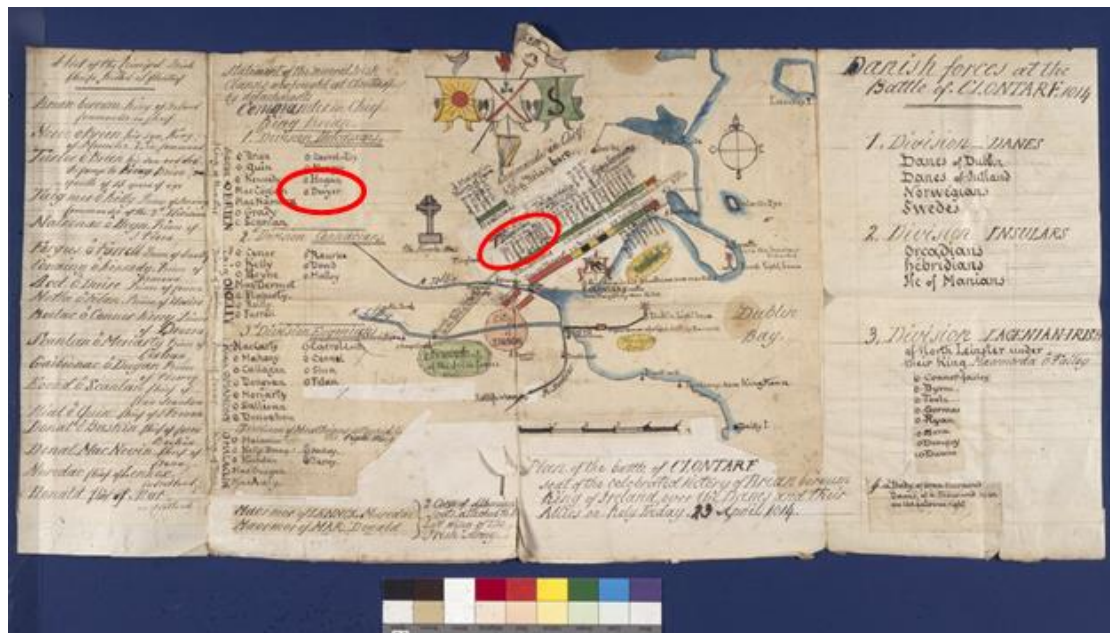
The work is expected to be completed later this summer, and the new website containing the information is due to come on-stream July 8.

oOo

Dwyer Clan at the battle of Clontarf in 1014

We are very grateful to Mike Dwyer of our US branch organization for bringing the following extraordinary map to our attention. As many of us know from Sir Michael O'Dwyer's seminal work on the history of our clan, the O'Dwyers fought alongside of King Brian Boru at the watershed Battle of Clontarf (Dublin) on 23 April 1014. Boru was victorious and the victory permanently broke the power of the Vikings of Dublin, but alas he himself was slain in the battle. The details are still preserved in old Irish and Norse accounts.

Galway Celtic scholar Denis Henry Kelly compiled a map of the battle alignment based on these sources in the nineteenth century. One probably has to allow for some degree of license in his portrayal but it is interesting nonetheless. By his account, the O'Dwyers were arrayed with the Dalcassians on the right flank of King Brian's forces (See red below). The map is apparently preserved at the University of Manchester. For a more detailed account of the battle, [P.W. Joyce's account](#) is worth a read.



Nineteenth century draft of the battle forces at Battle of Clontarf by Denis Henry Kelly

Have you got a story, joke, recipe or enquiry you would like published? Please forward it by e-mail to oduibhir@eircom.net. Published by the O'Dwyer Clan, a non-profit organization devoted to O'Dwyer family history - www.dwyerclan.com.

[Puzzle answer: Seven people, 2 girls, 1 boy, their parents and their father's parents.]