

Introductory note: In 1898, at the age of eighty years, my great-grandfather, Michael Joyce of Glenosheen, County Limerick, composed a 'Pedigree' of his family. I have transcribed two copies of this pedigree, one dated March 31, written for his grandson, Robert Michael Joyce, and another dated October 6, written for his brother, Patrick Weston Joyce. There are significant differences between the two versions, with the later one containing a good deal more information, but as the earlier also has some extra detail at a few points, I give them both here.

— *Trevor Joyce*

Oct 6 - 1898

M. Joyce

A Short Pedigree of Our Immediate Family

This little Pedigree of our family looks perhaps rather awkward commencing as it does at the foot and ascending through seven generations up to big Jack Joyce – Shane Mor Sch??? – the first of our family who settled in Lixna, Co. Kerry – I will here remark that it is a lamentable fact that the Irish of the present time have so completely forgotten their pedigrees (at least in this aristocratic County) that very few of them can trace their descent further back than their grand-fathers – and some not so far – There seems to be an utter indifference in that line which seems to be the offspring of the present system of N. Education which has all but quenched the fine tongue of the Gael – There would be a great awkwardness to a modern english speaker in say-ing that his father's name was Tadg or Dhiarmuid, or that his mother's name was Nora or Breedh or any other of the fine expressive old Irish names which make such a figure in our fine old history and literature..

Seeing with regret that my own family is no exception to the general tendency in that direction, and being the oldest of the family and (but the law of Tanistry would be against me in behalf of an infinitely greater man) Chief of the Tribe in this part of the Country – being the eldest son of the eldest son, and so on up through seven generations – I will commence with my Brother Patrick Weston Joyce L.L.D., M.R.I.A. of Lyre-na-Greine, Rathmines, Dublin, for whom this copy is specially written. I will have the pleasure of preserving from the general wreck even so much of our own family history, giving as far as I know or have any means of knowing a full (?) truthful account of the different individuals mentioned herein.

P.Weston Joyce is one of a family of eight brothers of whom the writer is the eldest, he (PWJ) is the fourth son of Garrett, who was certainly the natural scholar of our family, as well as, perhaps, the greatest genius. He had a profound memory, was a fine speaker and was also a great polemical champion who often knocked to flitters the flimsy arguments of the New-Lights of the district. His taste for poetry was so great, and his retentiveness so vast that he could repeat the Poems of the Iliad and Odyssey with but very few mistakes. He was a very formidable antagonist for any preacher of the new faith who would be so hardy as to try an encounter with him, for he had the controversy between Pope and

McGuire at his fingers' end. I remember well the year 1829, so memorable for the passing of the Act of Emancipation, when politics ran hot and high, to have one of the fraternity of New-lights after his discomfiture by my Father, to compliment him on the extent of his knowledge and to Christen him - Garrett the Scholar - a name by which I hope he will be passed down to posterity.

Then we shall say that P. Weston Joyce is the son of "Garrett the Scholar" who was the eldest son of Robert – better known among his compeers as Ribbaird-na-Gadelgoir – This Robert, my grandfather, died in the year 1828. The writer remembers him well, he was a tall handsome man, blessed with a fine voice, and well versed in Irish history and legend, and all the delightful traditions of the country. He came from Athlacca, Co. Limerick, in the year 1783, and settled down in Glenisheen on a piece of land he got by marrying Anne Howard, who was the daughter of John Howard, Shane Rua O'Hewer, who was originally from Kinsale, but in consequence of a calamity that occurred to him (his home and premises being burned by some accident) he came and settled down in Kilfinane, whither he was invited by old James Bible, his first cousin.

This John Howard had four sons – Garrett, Richard, James and John, who were all skilled musicians, and hence the taste of some of their descendants of the present day.

This Shane Rua was a very large man, as well as the old Joyces, but from the fact of their marrying small women, the present generation are not so large as the old stock.

Ribbaird na Gadelgoir (my paternal grandfather - P.W.J.) was the eldest son of Garodha Mor, who came from Lixna with his father in the year 1750, and married Mary-Ane Hogan of Ath-lacca.

This Garodh Mor was the last of the big men of our family. I often heard his daughter-in-law (my grandmother) describe him, and surely I shall never forget his description of him. He was the son of Bernard Rua, who was married to Breedh McAuliffe of Newmarket, Co Cork, and they were buried in Athlacca.

Bernard Rua was the son of Risteard Caol whose wife was from Lixna, but whose name I quite forget. This Risteard the Slender was the son of Big Jack Joyce who came direct from Joyce Country in the Co Galway, and took a great tract of land from the Earl of Lixna, who also gave him land at Athlacca, Co. Limerick, which afterwards fell into the hands [of his] Great Grandson (Garodh Mor).

I regret deeply that I didn't commence this little account of our ancestors at an earlier date when circumstances and dates were greener in my memory. I also regret that I cannot give a more copious pedigree of our family – that I can't go back to the year 1261 when our tribe, under the guidance of Thomas Joyce (De Jorse) came to Connaught and got incorporated with the great sept of the O'Flaherties. This Thomas compelled O'Flaherty, King of Iar Connacht, to give him his daughter in marriage with a good stial of the province for a dowry – a settlement which was productive of petty wars between the two tribes on the arrangement of boundaries, until in the end of the last century and beginning of this, these quarrels degenerated into the greatest faction fights that ever disturbed the

western province. The big Joyces and the O'Flaherties whacked each other to their hearts' content.

Now for the female side. Our dear mother was Elizabeth O'Dwyer. She was born at Keal in the Parish of Glenroe in the year 1795. She was a small woman, remarkable for her intelligence, and also for her devotedness as a wife and mother. She died in 1872. She was the daughter of John O'Dwyer of Glendara, better known as John O'Dwyer of the Glen – not the Tipperary hero. He was the son of William O'Dwyer of Keal, where he had a large tract of land and a beautiful residence. This William came from Castle-Hyde, where he had another fine property. He was married to a Miss Casey from Caher-drimna who was the mother of this celebrated John (our grandfather). He was an only son, and in order that he should be accomplished, he was sent to some University in Dublin where he spent about three years. He was a remarkable man as well for his fine physique and manly beauty as for his rollicking free-and-easy manners. I often heard my mother say that his mother spoiled him as only sons generally are. She gave him his own way. He was deeply skilled in music. From all I have heard about him he was a most accomplished and fascinating young man, a second Willie Reilly, and was the idol of his neighbourhood. He got acquainted with our grandmother, May Rosaleen Weston, the daughter of that fiery old warrior, Major Weston, took her away from the great dancing school in Kilfinane where he first met her and was captivated by her beauty. He married her privately, and took her away among his people, for his father couldn't venture to entertain them, and were it not for the influence of Captain Oliver of Clonodfy, he might have been hanged, as the penal laws were very bitter at the time.

The Westons repudiated the marriage of their daughter and heiress with an Irish papist, but Captain Oliver exerted his influence to save O'Dwyer who was his neighbour and a great favourite besides. He coaxed the old Major to allow him to bring O'Dwyer (under his guaranty) for an introduction, and the result was that the Major was so highly pleased with O'Dwyer for his splendid appearance and fascinating manners, that he at once acknowledged him as his son-in-law.

But O'Dwyer was a spendthrift and very soon spent his patrimony on balls and parties, his health was undermined by nightly revels, and the melancholy result was that he was laid prematurely (at the age of 36) in Dara churchyard, leaving mother, his only daughter two sons, John and William, to mourn for him. His son John died at the age of 18, but William lived to the age of 70.

I should have observed that old Major Weston had his principal estate at a place called Balli-nacurragh-Weston in this County. He also had a property in Kilfinane where he generally re-sided during the summer months. The family were strongly attached to the Protestant religion. Still, grandmother reformed with O'Dwyer and became a sincere Catholic. The writer of this sketch was 21 years of age when his grandmother died in 1838 in the 70th year of her age, and was buried in Ardpatrick because O'Dwyer's grave couldn't be made out, so she went with the children of her second husband, O'Donnell. She was a very handsome and accomplished Lady, of rather slight figure, but very pleasing in

appearance and the gentleness of her manners. Her mother, the wife of the old Major, was Eliza de Belligarde, daughter of Sir Richard and Barbara, his wife, and her maiden name was Barbara Wolley. These were a very grand family, the Belli-gardes and the Wolleys, but I know very little about them except what I heard from my grand-mother, Mary Rosaleen Weston.

The latter had one brother, called John, who lived on Grand Parade in Cork, and had house-property on the Parade, and, although he was not an Orangeman in the strict sense of the word, his house was the rendezvous of that blood-thirsty society. He died in 1840 and left the bulk of his property to one Solomon, a Jew, who ingratiated himself in his good opinion for his own par-ticular interests.

Mr Weston had three daughters and two sons – doctors who with their sisters emigrated to Aus-tralia in 1830 – these were Henry and Michael Weston. They did well in the new colony, one of them became Governor of a certain district of the country, but were lost sight of after the death of their father. Two of the sisters were married to two brothers – doctors, whose name was Webb. natives of Cork City. The third never married.

Grandmother had two sisters, one of whom, named Anna, was married to Roger Hendley of Downing in the County of Cork and near the River Blackwater, a very respectable gentleman, but they died without issue and his property passed to his brothers. Jane, the younger of the two, never married. I have a very good recollection of her for she often visited at grandmother's. Mrs Hendley, mother's aunt, visited her, I think, in 1850, and ??? here for three months.

Grandmother had a first cousin, daughter of Counselor Colebrooke of Cork. She was married to Doctor Gibbings of Gibbings Grove near the town of Charleville. They had issue one daughter who inherited all her father's riches as well as her mother's beauty and rare accomplishments. This young lady happened to be at a grand Military Ball in Dublin, at which Sir Stapleton Cotton, then Commander of the Forces in Ireland, afterwards Lord Combermere, presided, and the re-sult was that she became Lady Combermere. This Lady, or Marchioness, was as you see, second cousin to mother who knew her well before she became Lady Combermere.

This venerable old lady died a few years ago at the great age of 98, and left among other be-quests, £3000 to the public charities of Cork, her native city.

To return to our own family of the Joyces, two of the eight brothers rose to great eminence, and by the strength of their genius placed themselves in the front rank of literary and scientific men. Of these two, one is still alive – Patrick Weston Joyce L.L.D. who has immortalised himself by his Irish Names of Places, his Old Celtic Romances, and his beautiful History of Ireland, as well as his Ancient Music of Ireland – hope you won't be offended with me. The other – the lamented Robert Dwyer Joyce M.D., author of the beautiful epics, Deirdre and Blanhaid, Stories of Irish Chivalry, and a volume of stirring Ballads, etc. Robert was a fine type of an Irishman, generous and genial and loving as a child – he died at an early age at the house of his brother P.W. Joyce in Dublin, and was

buried in Glasnevin. I shall say no more on Robert as I leave him in better hands (your own) to do him the justice he deserved.

Then there was Brother John the Handicraft who left a real proof of his ingenuity and perseverance in the shape of a most elaborate sundial – Died Sept 23, 1844 (aged 24 - P.W.J.) – of poor Richard and Gerard, two accomplished young men, I need say no more than that they died at a very early age in the year 1872. Should I be asked as to from which side the family derived their talent, I should at once say from dear poor Father, "Garrett the Scholar", but the music from the Howards.

I leave you room for any remark you like to make.

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A Short Pedigree of Our Family

Commencing rather awkwardly at the foot and ascending through seven generations up to big Jack Joyce, the first of his family who came from Connemara and settled down with the Earl of Lixna in the County of Kerry as agent and general manager of his Lordship's estates. – In the first place I will remark that 'tis a lamentable fact that the Irish of the present time have so completely forgotten their pedigrees that very few of them can trace their descent back farther than their grandfathers. – Even there seems to be an utter indifference in that line which appears to me to be most inexcusable as 'tis the result of carelessness, as well as of the present system of National Education. The fine old tongue of the Gael (Gadheil) is now almost universally ignored and there would be an awkwardness to a modern english speaker in saying that his father's name was "Taag" (Theigue) or Dhiarmuidh (Darby) or that his mother's name was Nora or Breedh (Bridget) or any other fine expressive old Irish cognomens which make so creditable figure in our fine old history, literature and nomenclature.

Seeing with extreme regret that my own family is no exception to the general tendency in that line and being the eldest son of (the oldest member of the family now alive) of the eldest son of the eldest son and so on through seven generations being therefore (without dispute or cavil) chief of our tribe in this part of Ireland, I will commence with my little grandson Robert Michael Joyce who is the son of my beloved son of my beloved son Robert and his wife Margaret O'Donoghue of Charleville, Co Cork, and for whom this little pedigree is specially written. In doing this I will have the pleasure of preserving from the general wreck even this little sketch of our own family history, and giving as far as I know, or have any means of knowing, a truthful account of the different individuals mentioned therein: –

As already mentioned my beloved grandson Robert Michael Joyce is the son of Robert, the fourth son of Michael the writer of this sketch and of his beloved wife Catherine Lyons

of Ballinguroe, County Cork. Michael Joyce is the eldest son of Garrett (the scholar), so called because he was a man of deep research, of rare genius, and of a most profound memory. This Garrett (the scholar) had eight sons, prominent among whom were P. Weston Joyce and Robert Dwyer Joyce, two men who rose to great eminence in their professions, as well as their literary pursuits, one being a poet and the other famed for historical productions.

Garrett (the scholar) was the oldest son of Robert Joyce, better known in his time as Ribhaird na Gadhelgoir (of the Irish). This Robert died in the year 1828: – The writer remembers him well, he was a tall handsome man, was gifted with a splendid voice, and was well versed, as his name implies, in Irish History and legend and all the delightful traditions of the country. He came from Athlacca (Co. Limerick) in the year 1790, and settled down in Glensheen, marrying Anne Howard who was the daughter of Shane Rhua O'Huir (foxy John Howard) who was originally from Kinsale. This was a very large man, as well as the old Joyces, but from the fact of marrying small women the present generation are not so large as the old stock. Robert (of the Irish) was the son of Garrett Mór, who was born in Lixna, Co. Kerry, but settled down in Athlacca, marrying Mary Anne Hogan of that place: – He was the son of Bernard Rua, who was the son of Shane Mór (big Jack) who came direct from Joyce's country, Co. Galway, and lived to a very advanced age.

I greatly regret that I can't give any more copious Pedigree of our own tribe, that I can't go back to the year 1261, when our own ancestors under the guidance of the celebrated Thomas Joyce or De Jorse came into Connaught and got incorporated with the O'Flaherties of that province. – Thomas Joyce compelled O'Flaherty to give him his daughter in marriage with a great tract of his kingdom as a dowry, a settlement by the way which was productive of sanguinary petty wars between the two tribes on the arrangement of boundaries until in the end of the last century and the beginning of this these quarrels degenerated into the fiercest faction fights that ever disturbed the western province. The O'Flaherties and the big Joyces whacked each other to their hearts' content.

At the female side our mother who was married to Garrett (the scholar) was Elizabeth O'Dwyer, and was born at Keal in the parish of Glenroe, Co. of Limerick in the year 1795. She was a small woman but remarkable for her intelligence, she was the daughter of John O'Dwyer of Glendara, better known as John O'Dwyer of the Glen. He was the son of William O'Dwyer of Keal, who came from Castle-Hyde near the Blackwater, Co. of Cork. This O'Dwyer was a remarkable man as well for his great size and manly beauty as for his scholarship and many other fine qualities. He died before I could have any appreciation of him, but from all that I could hear, he was the Willie Riley of his time and place. At one of the great Academies of dancing which was then held in Kilfinane, he became acquainted with Miss Mary Rosaleen Weston, daughter of that fiery old warrior. – Major Weston who had a property in Kilfinane, he induced her to elope with him from her father's house. They got married privately but the Weston family strongly repudiated the connection with a rebellious Irish papist. O'Dwyer would have suffered severely for his

gallantry, but that Captain Oliver of Clonodfy, through the great friendship he had for him, interfered and effected a reconciliation between them. After the introduction the old Major (our great grandfather) was so pleased with O'Dwyer that he fully acknowledged him in public and in private, but O'Dwyer was a real spendthrift and very soon wasted his property. He contracted a disease which sent him to his grave in Dara churchyard at the early age of forty years, leaving two sons and one daughter (who was our mother) to bewail his loss. The estate held by old Weston in this Co. was called "Ballinacurragh"-Weston. The family were of the old Cromwellian settlers and very strongly attached to the Protestant Religion. Our grandmother Mary Rosaleen Weston went to mass with O'Dwyer. The writer of this sketch was twenty one years of age when our grandmother died. She lived to the age of seventy and was buried in Ardpatrick in 1840 with some of her children who were the offspring of a second marriage. She was a very handsome and accomplished old lady of rather slight figure, and of remarkably pleasing manners. Her grandfather and grandmother at her mother's side was Sir Richard de Belligarde and his wife Eliza de Belligarde, whose maiden name was Woolly who was daughter to Robert and Barbara Woolly who lived near Carrigtwohill near Cork. These were a very grand family but further I know but very little of them. Mary Weston, our grandmother, had one brother called John, a very respectable gentleman who had a fine property on the Grand Parade where he lived. He died in 1840. There were Anne and Jane Weston, sisters to our grandmother, the former married to Roger Hendly of Downing near Fermoy. She had no issue, and Jane never married.

Grandmother had a first cousin, daughter to Councillor Coleburne of Cork. She was married to Dr. Gibbings of Gibbings-grove, near Charleville, and had one daughter who inherited all her father's wealth as well as her mother's beauty and rare accomplishments. This young lady happened to be at a great Military ball in Dublin, at which Sir Stapleton Cotton, then Commander of the Forces in Ireland, afterwards Lord Combermere, presided. She became acquainted with the General and the result was that in a short time she became Lady Combermere. The Marchioness was therefore second cousin to my mother and the latter was acquainted with her before she became the wife of a Marquis. She died a few years ago at a very advanced age, leaving amongst other bequests, £29,000 to the public charities of Cork, her native City.

Michael Joyce

Glenisheen

March 31st 1898