

THE PRENDERGASTS
1169 to 1969
The 800 Year History of a Family

by

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The PRENDERGASTS

John

Fred

Joe

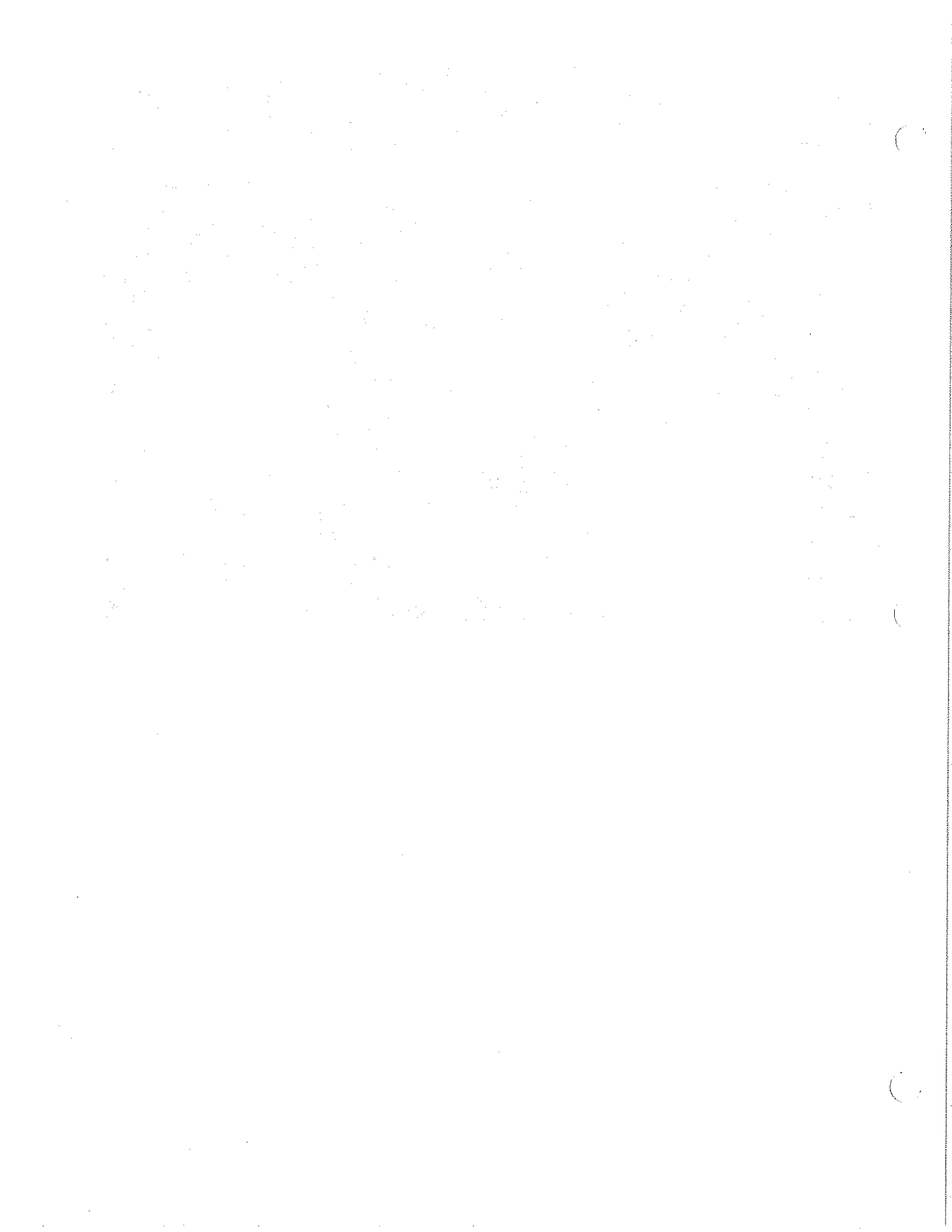
Jeffery

Lucretia

Ruth

Mary Childs
Prendergast

Arthur



INTRODUCTION

Caroline (Mrs. Jeffry J.) Prendergast said in 1970 that she spent eight years in preparing to write this "study" as she once described it. During four trips to Europe she did research for it at the British Museum in London, at the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth, and in Dublin at the National Library, at Trinity College, at Kings Inn Library and at Dublin Castle. Also she actually visited the places she wrote about.

In 1959 she wrote THE PRENDERGASTS; A BRIEF SKETCH. This is a 13 page, double-spaced, mimeographed account about the Prendergasts and about the Ensors of Ardress, County Armagh, Northern Ireland.

In 1962 she and Jeffry wrote SOME ANCESTRAL HOMES OF THE PRENDERGASTS. This is a 12 page, single-spaced, mimeographed description, illustrated with colored photographs which they took, of Enniscorthy Castle, Kilcoman Castle, Newcastle, Kilkenny Castle, Cahir Castle and Adare Castle in Ireland and a page about the Viscounts Gort.

In 1963 she obtained from the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth a photostatic copy of a Ms book A HISTORY OF THE PRENDERGAST FAMILY FROM THEIR FIRST SETTLEMENT IN IRELAND COLLECTED AND PRESENTED TO LORD BARON KILTARTON 1811. This she had nicely bound.

In May 1969 she made a trip to Ireland to celebrate the 800th anniversary of Maurice de Prendergast's landing in Ireland from Milford Haven, Wales, on May 11, 1169. Caroline, I suspect, was the instigator of this gathering of 27 interested relatives at Baginbon Beach where Maurice de Prendergast landed at the head of the first wave of The Invaders just 800 years before to the day. She read from and distributed a two page, single-spaced, mimeographed account of the Invasion which she had written for the occasion, and several others there added appropriate speeches.

During her 1969 trip she suffered a very slight stroke and when she returned home to Redlands late in June she was much fatigued. A few days later she suffered two severe strokes that nearly completely paralyzed her and from which she has not recovered. She has been hospitalized ever since.

About nine months after she became ill she realized she could no longer afford to let her lovely home stand idle. While preparing her house to be rented unfurnished, I discovered her manuscript. Caroline had completed a type-written draft of this family history on which she had written in, in ink, countless words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs and footnotes, mostly in the margins and between her single-spaced typing. Although I knew she was writing a history of the family, I had not realized she was so far along with it. She once remarked that she planned to write a final chapter about her husband, Jeffry Joseph Prendergast, who was my oldest brother.

So I decided to typewrite a final draft of her study and have it printed and bound for private distribution among the family.

Joseph S. Prendergast
October 1971

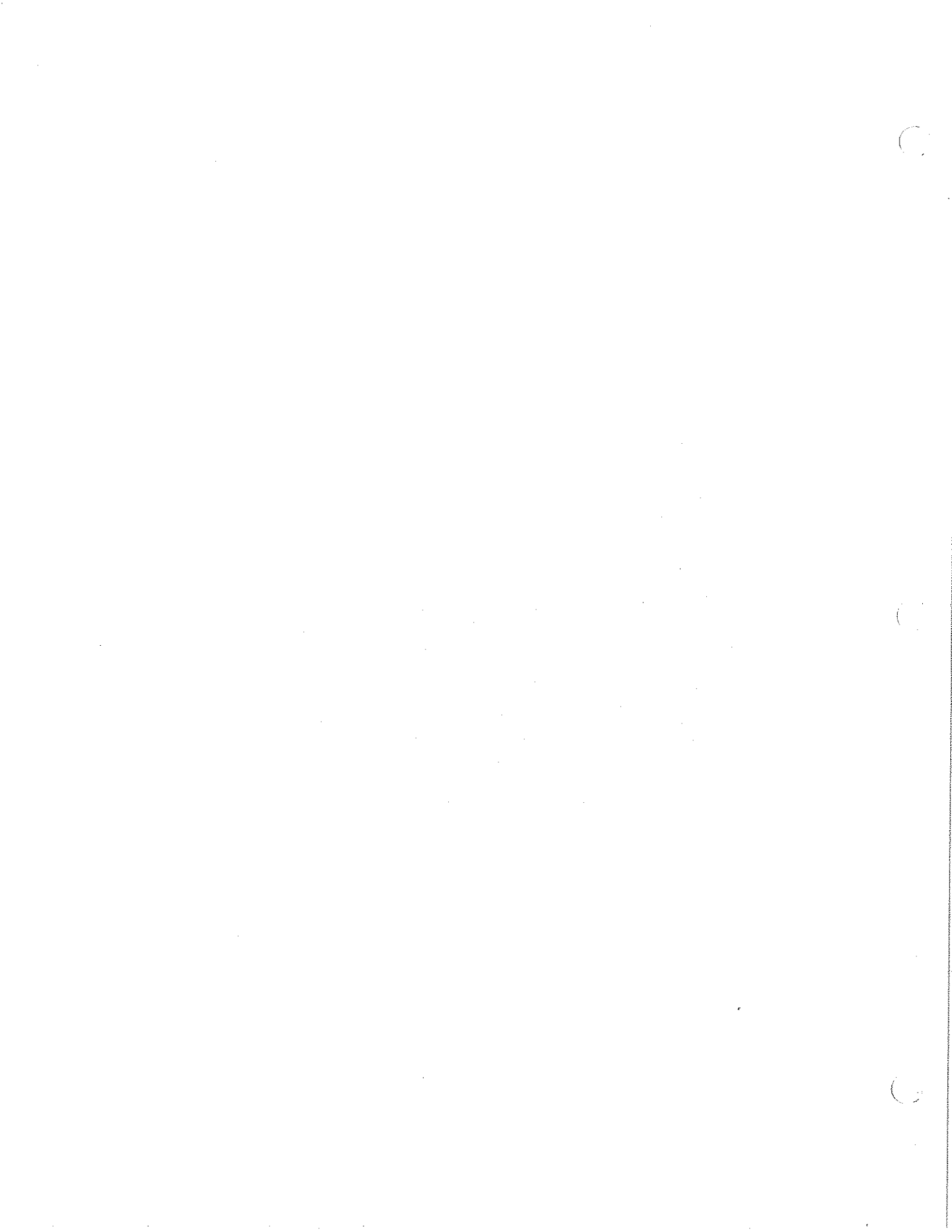
No doubt at times in many families
Some scholar rises, to find recompense
In poring over genealogies
And striving from confusion to make sense.

He corresponds, seeks out rare libraries,
And checks old cemeteries to repletion.
Research is his real joy; his worry is
That time may not be granted for completion.

His thoughts are on old glories and disgraces,
Still hoping to evaluate them well;
His quest in greater tolerance embraces
All that man's little trying life can tell.

He is quite sure that everyone he knows
Has an ancestral history as vast
As that which is his field, and pities those
Whose negligence conceals their distant past.

He works not for himself, but the unborn.
(Dear future Prendergasts, spare me your scorn!)



THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER I

One of the most fascinating studies in the world is that of family history, although it is often clouded over with contradictions of fact and interpretation. When possible, it should be supplemented by the recollections of persons still living, but it must necessarily depend most upon the printed page. Since one should not be unduly credulous of any sources, there has to be much sorting out and evaluation of materials when they are ample, and some careful conjecture when they are scanty or imperfect.

A great charm of the Prendergast family as a subject is its researchibility; the data and the resulting pages burgeon as related families come into scope of the study. True, there is some lack of needed items, but one can always be grateful that so much more remains than is usually found these days.

Much of the material for the medieval section, with which this work properly begins, is from five sources:

(1) A little known narrative poem (a *chanson de geste*) of 3459 lines rhymed octosyllabic couplets, and lacking either a beginning or an ending -- a mutilated form. It is written in a 14th century hand on vellum in Anglo-Norman (or is it Norman-French? It is described as both.) a language which continued to be used for such purposes until well into the 14th century. But this is no 14th century poem. It deals with events in the years 1152-1175, and was obviously written by someone who had witnessed much of what is here recorded. The single manuscript in which it has survived the centuries once belonged to Sir Henry Carew, a descendant of the Robert Fitz-Stephen who figures in the narrative. As MS #596 it is part of the collection in the Lambeth Library in Lambeth Palace. It has had two 19th century publications: as The Conquest of Ireland 1837, London, and as The Song of Dermot and the Earl 1892. The copy I have bears the traditional armorial bookplate of J(effry) F(rances) Prendergast and the inscription "Bath Mar 25 1862". This 1837 edition is a fine one, done by the great French scholar in the medieval field, Francisque (Xavier) Michell¹ with an introduction by the famous medievalist Thomas Wright². The notes are so adequate that teaching one's

1. 1809-1887

2. 1809-1884

self to read the Anglo-Norman poem is comparatively simple³.

(2) The Prendergasts of Newcastle, County Tipperary, 1169-1870, a handsome leatherbound typewritten folio, 1879, by Lord Viscount Gort (Standish Prendergast Vereker 4th Viscount Gort). He relies much on the researches of John Patrick Prendergast, partly upon the 1837 edition of the poem just mentioned, as well as upon a 51 page manuscript called -

(3) History and Pedigree of the Prendergast Family from their First Settlement in Ireland -- Collected and Presented to Lord Baron Kiltarton as a Mark of Esteem and Respect A.D. 1811. The Lord Baron Kiltarton, John Prendergast Smyth, like many of his kind, indifferent to family history, was a great-uncle of the 4th Viscount Gort; he was created Baron Kiltarton 1810 and 1st Viscount Gort 1816, according to Burke's Peerage.⁴ Dying unmarried and childless, he was succeeded by his nephew, the distinguished soldier (no financial genius) Captain Charles Vereker who probably wrote the little book in question. Gort says it is based on the indifferent authority of MSS by Mrs. Howell and Lady Anstrutha. In 1935 the Sixth Viscount, the famous Field Marshall, sold

3. For the best discussion of this type of poem, see M. Dominica Legge: Anglo-Norman Literature and its Background, Oxford 1963. On pp 227-303 is mention of this poem, with the suggestion that it was probably based on a contemporaneous Latin chronical, now lost, and information given the poet by Morice Tegan, secretary and interpreter to King Dermot MacMurrough of Leinster.

See Battle Abbey Roll 3 vols. by Barbara Duchess of Cleveland 1889. Vol I, XXV is list used by Holinshed, incl. Prenlirlegast. See article on family in Vol. III, pp 42-45 (British Museum). John Patrick Prendergast, who will be often mentioned in this study, did much more than that -- he even translated whole sections of the poem into modern French verse. A copy of Goddard Henry Orpen's carefully translated and edited The Song of Dermot and the Earl (London 1892) has been a belated but fine help. The great value of the poem for this writer is not only the picture it presents of warfare nearly 800 years ago, but the fact that it has a hero, that hero is the family's first historical ancestor, Maurice de Prendergast, by far the finest man portrayed there.

4. John Patrick Prendergast remarked that Sir Bernard Burke's Peerage is Ireland's greatest work of fiction. Joseph Foster made aspersions upon it -- see his Introduction.

the manuscript to the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth. It is there that I saw it and had a photostatic copy made. (When I asked the present 7th Viscount, the Field Marshall's brother, why he had ever consented to the selling of such a treasure, he replied that he had never heard of it until then.) Another source for Gort's book is in the research done for it by his often and gratefully acknowledged "friend and kinsman" John Patrick Prendergast of Dublin, author of the classic The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland 1867. Fortunately John Patrick Prendergast is always both knowledgeable and quotable, and worked prior to 1922 when the rich treasure of the Four Courts in Dublin was burned. He was the grandfather of my husband, Jeffry J. Prendergast.

(4) The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland by the Four Masters, from Manuscripts in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation and Notes by John O'Donovan, LL.D. M.I.R.A. Second Edition 1856, 4 vols. about 2500 pages. The compilers of this mass of material are chiefly concerned with the areas north of Limerick and Dublin, so the Prendergasts are seldom mentioned, except at the Mac Maurices of County Mayo, but an unforgettable picture of medieval Ireland appears.

(5) The Conquest of Ireland in the Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis (1146-1223), whose chief concern is glorifying the feats of his kindred, the Fitzgeralds (the Geraldines) in the Conquest. He mentions the great Maurice de Prendergast only once: "on the next day (the calends of May 1170) Maurice de Prendergast, a stout and brave soldier from the district of Ros in South Wales, following Fitz-Stephen and having embarked at the port of Milford with 10 men-at-arms and a large body of archers in 2 ships, landed also at Banne" (p. 190). It is perhaps due to Giraldus scornful neglect of Maurice and the Flemings, whom he called "the curse of Wales"⁵ -- he even fails to mention that Maurice had been there in the earlier Invasion wave of 1169 -- that the author of an article in the files of the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth, on "The Slebech Commandery and the Knights of St. John", becomes confused in his notes on p. 109: "Circa 1175 Maurice de Prendergast confirmed to the Hospitallers the Church of St. David in the vill of Prendelgaste (sic) . . . Maurice was the second son of Gerald de Windsor and Nesta, and consequently brother to David Fitzgerald, Bishop of St. Asaph's and half-brother to Robert Fitz-Stephen." Then follows a long paragraph about Maurice which can refer only to Maurice Fitzger-

5. altho he admits they were brave, robust, industrious and tireless.

ald -- all of which furnishes a sad commentary on the error of even serious scholars. While on the subject of error in identity, there is another striking one in the inscription on the wall of the church of St. David at Prendergast, Pembrokeshire, Wales -- Maurice de Prendergast's home town. "Prendergast Church was given by Wizo, the Flemish Lord of Wiston, and his son and grandson, to the Knights Hospital- lers of St. John of Jerusalem. The church was entirely re- built in 1867 with the exception of the west tower. The first Rector in 1272 was one Adam, a deputy of Bishop Rich- ard Carew". However, in a book entitled A History of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in Wales and on the Welsh Border by William Rees, Cardiff, 1947, the following prop- erties are listed as having been given to the Slebech Commandery by Maurice de Prendergast:

1	Prendergast, Church of St. David	1162-1176
2	Uzmaston Church of St. David	1162-1176
3	Boulston and Church with chapel Picton (Pincheton) of Picton	1162-1176

The authority given by Dr. Rees is the confirmation of Bishop Peter (1176-1198) which is incorporated in the Char- ter of Bishop Anselm (1231-1247) and printed in Archaeolo- gices Cambrensis Fifth Series, Vol. XIV, London 1897. But strangely enough in the Charter, which is at least a half-century later, the name of Maurice de Prendergast does not appear; the three gifts are there attributed to Walter, son of Wizo, and Walter, son of Walter (still differing from church inscription quoted above, which could possibly be of a later date -- even of 1867, when the church was rebuilt). In a Latin schedule of about 1600, there is a reference to grants and confirmations to the Hospitallers at Slebach, with a "grant by Maurice de Prendergast of ecclesia Sancti Davidis de villis Prendergaste." Therefore K. Monica Davies, Assis- tant Keeper of the Department of MSS and Records at the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth concludes that "it appears certain that the church at Prendergast was original- ly the gift of Maurice de Prendergast." Or almost certainly.

The origin of the Prendergasts can be traced defin- itely only to the year 1169, when the family's great hero, Maurice de Prendergast, took a prominent part in the so- called Invasion of Ireland. Thanks to the poem already mentioned, The Conquest of Ireland, we know more of him than any other member of the family for five hundred years -- un- til Sir Thomas Prendergast I of Gort, who died in 1709. But some of the allied families with whom these pages will necessarily deal, go well back into pre-1066 Normandy. And by the fact -- so fortunate for research purposes -- that through the de Bohuns and the Butlers, the Prendergasts de-

scend from Edward I of England and his first wife, Eleanor of Castile, there is a firm line leading back to all sorts of historical characters, many of whom are not only important, but are interesting as well. (Some are fine people, and others of course disreputable.) To be mentioned are William the Conqueror, King Edgar and his murderous Aelfrieda, not an admirable ancestor,⁶ Charlemagne, King Alfred, Cedric the Saxon, etc. The Courtenays bring us to the Crusade kings and earlier. Then there are some whose traditional claims may well raise a smile; the Anglo-Saxon line, it is said, has been traced back 9 generations beyond Cedric the Saxon⁷ to the chief Germanic god Woltan or Odin and his wife the goddess Freia (whom we commemorate on Wednesday and Friday). And Charlemagne's line perhaps derives from Mark Antony and the great Julian gens of ancient Rome.⁸ And of course anyone whose education has included Vergil's Aeneid knows that the Julian gens derived from Julius, descendant of Aeneas, whose parents were the Trojan prince Anchises and no less than Venus herself, goddess of love and beauty. Much to be preferred to the legendary is the family's actual descent from an authentic Christian saint commemorated in one of the 18th century California Franciscan Missions as San Fernando. Ferdinand the Saint was King Ferdinand III of Castile, who made one of the first successful efforts to drive the Moors out of Spain. He was the father of Edward I's Eleanor; his huge tomb in the Cathedral at Seville (opened every year so that his still uncorrupted corpse proves him a real saint) is one of the great sights there. However, descent from Edward I is nothing remarkable, according to an article in Time in April 1960, when genealogists were expecting to find something notable for Anthony Armstrong-Jones when he was to marry Princess Margaret, and the best that they could come up with was Edward I, "from whom much of upper middle class society likewise claims descent."

As remarked earlier, the Prendergasts can be traced definitely only to 1169. But a century before Maurice de Prendergast left Milford Haven in Wales for Ireland with his 10 knights and 60 archers in 12 ships (Conquest of Ireland XV) a possible ancestor of his was in the Norman Conquest of England -- one Prenlirlegast, who is listed in the Battle Abbey Roll (see footnote #3) by both Holinshed (16th cen-

6. The first chapter in her unpleasant career is the subject matter of the opera, The King's Henchmen, by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Deems Taylor.

7. Cerdic Elesa, Esla, Giwis, Wig, etc. -- David Starr Jordan: Your Family Tree, New York 1929 p. 54

8. Ibid. p. 61

ture) and Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland (1889 3 vols.)⁹ which L.G. Pone in They Came with the Conqueror, London 1954, p. 223 cites as the best edition. The Battle Abbey Roll was compiled at William the Conqueror's command, so their souls could be appropriately prayed for by the monk of the Abbey he erected on the site of the battle; in later years the Roll was tampered with by the newly-rich, when the old noblesse had died out. Lord Gort says Harris Prendergast Q.C. (1805-1878) had a manuscript of the family which stated their ancestor had been a marshall in William's army. It is of course a well-known fact that many of the Normans were not interested in their Duke's cross-channel venture and refused to take part in it, so that he was obliged to seek men elsewhere; any "tall and stout man who could fight with speer and bow" was offered the "plunder of England" as a reward for his services, so the soldiery came from many places, including Flanders, which had been the home of Williams wife Matilda, whom he induced to marry him under rather strange circumstances. (When, after several times she still refused his offer -- he was a bastard and besides she had another man in mind -- he beat her publicly.)

Legend continues that Prenlirlegast's son Philip went out to Wales in 1102 with Gerald de Windsor (ancestor of the great Geraldines), settled there, and married a de Clare, one of the Conqueror's cousins, and Maurice was their son. But could there have been an intervening generation? Philip would have been a mature man in 1102; Maurice certainly had grown sons in 1169. There was (and still is) in south-western Wales, an area called Ros, "Little England beyond Wales".¹⁰

If there was a Prenlirlegast, his original home is open to some conjecture. Lord Gort quotes John Patrick Prendergast, who made no small study of the subject -- his monograph on the matter was bequeathed with most of the rest of his papers to the legal library in Dublin--Kings Inn -- to the effect that there is a place in Normandy called Prendergast, and there is also a Prentegast or Brontegeest near Ghent in Belgium (it does not appear on the modern map, but I can testify that the Prendergast name still sounds Flemish to the Dutch.) John Skelton, the 16th century English poet says the name means "proud, or peevish", a statement which causes one to surmise that he was perhaps familiar with the Anglo-Norman Conquest of Ireland, where (II. 3044ff.) Maurice's son Philip is described as surly before breakfast, but

9. Vol. III, pp 42-43

10. Thierry: Conquest of England by the Normans, book III p. 62, Whitaker, London. In 1931 at Falaise and 1951 at Caen Commemorations of William were held.

afterward there is not a man under heaven more gay -- "Quant au matin fut dine Sous ciel n'y avait homme gai", is John Patrick Prendergast's rendering of two of the lines into modern French. To proceed: until he had put on his gown, Philip was quickly angered; but from that hour he was frank and kind, courteous and openhanded to all and of all beloved. He was of high courage and had a great following or vassalage...The suffix "gast" may be translated as "owner" -- Prendergast would be the owner of the district called Prender. It was soon after the Norman Conquest of England that the surnames began to be desirable status symbols; there is the amusing tale of the great heiress Mabel Fitz-Hamon (a Prendergast connection) who refused one suitor because he had only one name. When did the Prendergasts first use their surname? No doubt after 1066; Gort thinks the family gave their name to their Welsh possessions, rather than the reverse.

The first two Norman kings of England, William I and II, had their problems with the obstreperous Flemish followers, so some were sent out to Wales early in the 12th century -- 1102? -- where their talents could find a useful outlet in helping to subjugate the Welsh. Soon one of the great periodic floods swept into Flanders -- they still do -- and many of the homeless Flemish fled to England, there to cause more complications until Henry I sent a great part of them to Pembrokeshire in southwestern Wales -- an area still called "Little England beyond Wales." In one of those migrations, Maurice's father or grandfather came to the old settlement of Haverfordwest, now the county town of Pembrokeshire. Haverfordeast would have been Hereford¹¹ site of the first Norman Castle in England. Then the great castles began to arise¹²: William Marshal's Pembroke Castle at Pembroke, now an impressive ruin, looking its centuries of exciting history; Gilbert de Clare's great castle on the most commanding site in Haverfordwest, a part still in fair condition and used as police headquarters; the ruined Carew Castle between Haverfordwest and Pembroke, and still beautiful; the nearby great tall tower of Roche Castle, and recently restored and now lived in once more. The much smaller Prendergast castle is a mile or so north of Haverfordwest in the separate village of Prendergast -- now the

11. Harold I (Fairhair) united Norway at battle of Haversfjord, 672.

12. It is interesting that the great Norman names survive in Pembrokeshire today only among tenant-farmers. (J. Tombs: Concerning Pembrokeshire Haverfordwest 1863, p. 12) In the cemetery surrounding the medieval Church of St. David, at Prendergast, only one Norman name appeared -- Devereux -- on a very plain and inexpensive stone (1963).

two places have grown together. What remains of its one-time fortification is a wall or so against which some farm machinery is leaning, and behind the new metal chicken-house a taller wall with a few openings in it for purposes of warfare. As has happened in so many places, the castle has virtually disappeared because it has been used as a quarry for the construction of later buildings. Young Mr. Williams, the present owner of Prendergast Place, who showed me around it proudly in May, 1963, knew of the Prendergast origin of the castle, but had no idea it is 800 years old; it had long been his dream that someone of the name would appear to inquire about it. Since my driver, a native of Prendergast, had never heard of the family's almost vanished castle, I found my way there only by the grace of an 1871 newspaper clipping preserved by Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast, who died at Bath in 1899. Luckily a contemporary of his had been interested enough in the place to hunt it up almost a century ago; it is not much changed today: "From the church a narrow and very antique road with a causeway of several feet on one side, for some 300 yards, led to Prendergast Place. In a field beside the dwelling is a remnant of ivy-covered ruin (the wall back of the chicken-house?) and again about 100 yards in front are the still existing walls of the old castle, enclosing a long space now used for haystacks, of 100' by 12' -- possibly a hall for feasting. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

As of now it is impossible to ascertain when the castle of Prendergast was built, and by whom, but probably about 1100 by Maurice de Prendergast's father or grandfather Philip. Maurice certainly owned it in 1169, must have lived there before going to Ireland. He returned home briefly later that year, but took up his permanent residence in Ireland in 1170. In 1176 he made a journey to Normandy for Henry II; he must have stopped off at his castle then, in order to convey title in it and the churches listed in page 4 to the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (in other words, the Knights Templars); the gift was made to the nearby Consistory of Slebech. By this time his parents and wife must have been dead, along with any children he had in addition to the two sons who went to Ireland -- Philip (the one who was surly before breakfast) and Gerald.

Since what we know of Maurice is largely by the part he played in the Conquest of Ireland, the circumstances which led to the event should hold some interest for us; and family ancestors play the leading roles: in addition to Maurice de Prendergast there are Devorgilla and King Dermot MacMurrough, Eva and Strongbow, the Fitzgeralds and Henry II.

In the last half of the 12th century, among the five

separate kingdoms of Ireland,¹³ Mclaghlin MacColeman, King of Meath, had a beautiful daughter -- still beautiful at 42 -- married to one-eyed Tiernan O'Rourke, Prince of Breffny. In 1152 she eloped with the widowed 60 year old King of Leinster, Dermot MacMurrough. Giraldus Cambrensis disapprovingly says, "Rapta quia et rapi voluit," which was probably true, since she took along her dower of jewels, cattle and furniture. The Four Masters (vol II, p. 1103) says "She was procured and induced thereto by her unadvised brother Mclaghlin for some abuses of her husband Tyernan done to her." At any rate the lovers and their young child lived together in his capitol at Ferns in County Wexford until one day during Dermot's absence Tiernan forced her to return with him to Meath, where he placed her as a virtual prisoner in the convent of Mellifont near Drogheda, to live the rest of her life -- a long sentence, since she lived to be 85. Her charities to the older famous monastery at Cloomasnoise are recorded by various authorities. (Mellifont today is a fascinating ruin).¹⁴ She surely had ample time to repent, if so interested. Tom Moore in his Irish Melodies No. 5, 1813, presents "The Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni," in which the bereft husband laments a much younger wife than Devorgilla actually was:¹⁵

The Valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
 That saddened the joy of my mind.
 I looked for the lamp which she told me
 Should shine when her Pilgrim return'd;
 But though darkness began to enfold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burn'd!
 I flew to her chamber -- 'twas lonely
 As if the lov'd tenant lay dead!
 Ah would it were death, and death only!
 But no - the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the lute that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss,
 While the hand that had waked it so often
 Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.
 There was a time, falsest of women!
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought
 That man, through a million foemen,
 Who dared but to doubt thee in thought!
 While now - oh degenerate daughter
 Of Erin! how fall'n is thy fame!
 And through the ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

13. Leinster, Munster, Connaught, Meath, Ulster.

14. Her fine tomb there was later carried off by English Adventurers (where?)

15. See Lady Gregory's play Devorgilla

Already the curse is upon her
 And strangers her valleys profane;
 They come to divide -- to dishonor,
 And tyrants they long will remain!
 But onward! the green banner rearing,
 Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
 On our side is Virtue and Erin!
 On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt

In his notes on the poem, Moore quotes O'Halloran:
 "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearthorgill, and though she had been some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, and conjured him to embrace the opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. MacMur-chad too punctually obeyed her commands and had the lady conveyed to his capitol of Ferns. The monarch Roderick O'Connor, High King of Ireland espoused the cause of O'Ruark while MacMur-chad fled to England and obtained the assistance of Henry II."

That departure of Dermot MacMurrough for England is presented in an old Irish song as a calamity for his subjects:

O Mary, O Mary
 It is a great thing that has been done in Ireland,
 On this day of the Kalends of Lunaga (August)
 Diarmud Mac Donnchadhe Mhic Murchadha,
 King of Leinster and the Danes,
 To have been banished by the men of Ireland
 Over the sea eastward:
 Och, Och, O Lord, what shall I do?
 Och, Och, O Lord, what shall I do.¹⁶

At what period the unwilling Devorgilla was reclaimed by her husband is a question; one account states she was entertained at Bristol Castle when MacMurrough went to England to seek help, but another states that it was because of O'Rourke's seizure of her that MacMurrough realized he needed help. At least there is no question that O'Rourke did not care to seize Devorgilla's little daughter by MacMurrough -- that redoubtable ancestress of so many of us, Eva. There is no evidence that Eva was other than the couple's only child. MacMurrough had two illegitimate sons, grown men at the time of the Conquest of Ireland, one of whom, as a hostage, was blinded and killed by King Connaught, and a daughter, of unspecified status,

16. from All for Hecuba by the great Irish author and actor, Michael MacLiammoir, 1961, p. 83 - "from the Old Irish, translated by the author".

married to Duvenald, King of Limerick. Apparently Devorgilla had no children by O'Rourke - none are ever mentioned in the old accounts of her. When Dermot went to England for help in 1166, Eva was well enough grown to be marriageable, and considered a fit subject for political bargaining. Was she beautiful, as the old accounts state? If so, that would have helped her horrible father (one of the least desirable of our ancestors) who was on uncertain ground. According to The Four Masters, O'Ruark was killed in a quarrel with the Norman master of Meath, Hugh Lacy, at the Hill of Ward, in 1175. As for Dermot, he lived to see his wishes come true, and died a natural death, which seems to have been rare for a fighting man in those days. (His father, slain in Dublin, was buried below the city wall, with a dog.)

The 11th and 12th centuries excelled in the production of exceptional women, said Henry Adams in Mont Saint Michel and Chartres: "The men were amazing and the women excelled all the rest." Devorgilla of Ireland certainly belongs in that category and two other contemporary ancestors of the Prendergasts might as well be mentioned at this time.

Nesta of South Wales was of the same general period as Devorgilla of Ireland. Her career offers several parallels with Devorgilla's: both endured flight, capture, and parting more than once. Both their stories might well have been commemorated in the great Celtic verse of the day. Nesta too was a king's daughter. At 16, when her father, Rhys ap Tewdor of South Wales, was defeated by Henry I of England, Nesta became a hostage for him, and soon was Henry's mistress. Of the 20 illegitimate children Henry acknowledged at the time of his marriage in 1111, Nesta's sons were the most famous: Meiler FitzHenry, who played a great part in the Conquest of Ireland, and Robert of Gloucester, one of the greatest knights and gentlemen of the period. (Henry's by-blos were superior to Charles II's 14 bastards of the 17th century in both quality and quantity.) After Nesta was returned to her people, Henry arranged for a marriage for her, c. 1095, to Gerald of Windsor, his friend and liegeman and lord of Pembroke Castle. Her three children by him were Maurice Fitzgerald, one of the leading men in the Conquest of Ireland; David Fitzgerald, Bishop of Saint David's, the greatest bishopric of Wales; and Angarath, who married William, the Norman lord of Tenby, and had warrior sons and Giraldus Cambrensis, the clerical historian of the Conquest. Giraldus' chief aims were to be Bishop of Saint David's -- a goal he never achieved, although he is buried there, and to glorify the Fitzgeralds¹⁷ -- he had much

17. The Fitzgeralds from Giraldus Cambrensis p. 267: What

material to work on, for it is said there were over 40 of Nesta's descendants in the Conquest of Ireland.

If Henry I had thought marriage to Gerald de Windsor would end Nesta's romantic adventures, he was wrong, and he was enraged about the next chapter in her story. At a banquet at Pembroke in 1108, her cousin Owen, son of the Prince of Cadogen (whose descendant Penelope Cadogan in 1697 would marry Sir William Prendergast I of Gort) first saw Nesta, and acted almost at once. That night he set fire to the castle in order to seize her. She must have had some idea of what was coming, for she managed to help Gerald escape (rather ignominiously by a latrine) before she was taken with her two little sons, whom Owen soon returned to their father. She had at least two sons for Owen before she too was returned to the castle. Later, in a minor skirmish, Gerald had what must have been the undoubted pleasure of killing Owen. After Gerald's death she lived with another Norman knight, Stephen the Constable -- whether as wife or mistress is uncertain; at any rate their lively and rather unstable son Robert FitzStephen was also in the Conquest of Ireland. That really great fighting man Raymond le Gros was her grandson. But for some untoward circumstance -- Strongbow's lack of decisiveness -- the Geraldines would surely have been kings of Ireland, rather than mere Earls of Desmond and Kildare, and Irish history would have been a much more pleasant bit of reading.

The third great lady and ancestress of our family in the 12th century is much better documented than the other two just discussed. (For secondary books, the most readable are Henry Adams' Mount St. Michel and Chartres, Cambridge, Mass. 1905 and Amy Kelly's Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings, Cambridge, 1950.) From all accounts Eleanor was the richest, the most beautiful, the most talented and spirited, most sought after and most unfortunate woman of her age. She was also a famous poet and the heir of a shocking father and grandfather. At 16 she married the inappropriate and monkish Louis VII of France, whose life she embittered by producing only 2 daughters in 15 years, and criticizing him most of the time. Much against his wishes, she even went on the 2nd crusade with him,

shall we say of so many of the same kindred whose chivalrous deeds will make their name memorable to the latest posterity? O Family! O Race! Indeed it is doubly noble, deriving their courage from the Trojans and their skill in arms from the French - a race remarkable not only for its innate valor, which would have been equal to the conquest of a kingdom had not envy and malice succeeded in lowering its high estate.

probably to avoid accidie (boredom) one of the seven deadly sins, which then beset her life. Travel, she thought, would be exciting. And it was. (Did she have an affair with her husband's youthful Moslem opponent, Saladin?) At any rate, when they returned home, the marriage was impossible for both of them, and Louis managed to obtain from Rome a divorce on the same grounds that Eleanor's descendant Henry VIII would use against Catherine of Aragon in the 1530's -- consanguinity. But in one sense, at least, the richer and more attractive Eleanor was more fortunate than poor Catherine. She was 32 in 1152 when she became free once more. In 6 weeks time she amazed and scandalized Louis VII by marrying 19 year old Henry Plantagenet, heir to the throne of England, who would in time be one of the greatest of English kings as Henry II; the worst of it was that her great possessions now passed to him.

A great king, but not a wonderful husband. First Eleanor's many children filled her time, then her quarrels with Henry, who was no meek and monkish Louis VII. For 14 years before he died in 1189, she was his helpless prisoner.¹⁸ But her sons Richard the LionHearted and the incompetent King John adored her and fought against their father. She long outlived any possible happiness, dying in the midst of warfare at 83 in 1204 in her own French dominions -- a nun at the last. Her tomb at Fontevrault, near the Loire, is beside that of Henry, Richard and John's last wife, our ancestor Isabelle de'Angouleme. Eleanor's beautiful recumbent statue has a serenity that her own life never permitted her to achieve. She is reading a book with such a look of delight that one suspects it is no prayer book or missal but rather some love poetry -- some of her own or some that she inspired in the greatest of the troubadours. But it must not be forgotten that two of her grandsons became saints -- Ferdinand III of Castile (San Fernando, already mentioned) and crusading Louis IX of France -- the San Luis Rey of the Franciscan Missions of California.

Since the Prendergast family history ties in with these three famous 12th century women, the question arises as to whether Maurice de Prendergast, their contemporary could ever have seen them or talked with them. As for Devorgilla, she had been a virtual prisoner in Mellifont Abbey for probably 14 years when Maurice arrived in Ireland in 1169, and there she would stay until the end. Maurice certainly knew her big hoarse-voiced King Dermot MacMurrough of Leins-

18. See The Lion in Winter a successful play of 1965 by James Golding, N.Y. Also Queen in Waiting by Norab Lofts, London 1953

ter, and for a time worked with him. Nesta's sons and grandsons were in the Conquest of Ireland with Maurice, and it would have been a possibility for him as a young man to have seen her at Pembroke Castle, not so far from his own ancestral castle. Eleanor of Aquitaine had become her husband Henry II's prisoner in an English castle at the only time Maurice is known to have been in England and Normandy in 1176. He of course must have known Henry when he was in Ireland in 1171-1172; he would have seen him, even if there was no occasion for them to talk together. But according to all accounts, Henry liked above all other people good fighting men with sensible ready tongues, and there Maurice certainly qualifies.

It is a question too whether Maurice had talked with King Dermot when he made that ominous trip to see Henry II in 1165. Dermot had hoped to find Henry in Bristol, but learned on arrival there that he was engaged in some of the all-to-usual fighting in Normandy, where he followed him. There Henry refused him direct help in his venture, but permitted him to ask help from his Normans and Flemish in Wales. So on the return trip Dermot met at St. David's in Pembroke-shire with some of the leading Geraldines, who agreed to join him in Ireland. Also he received a promise of aid from that discouraged ageing financial failure, Richard de Clare, Earl of Strigila and Pembroke, later to be famous as Strongbow (a name his father had carried too, for good reason). Strongbow's assistance would be a stiff price: Eva Mac-Murrough's hand in marriage, and the reversion of Dermot's Kingdom of Leinster when he should die, a strange promise, for the Kingship of Leinster was elective, but Dermot was desperate. Dermot also had Papal approval indirectly -- the only English Pope, Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspear) had suggested Henry II take over Ireland because the Irish were not interested in paying their papal tithes; the papal bull "Laudabiliter" had made that clear.

So in the first wave of the Invasion of Ireland, Maurice set out from Milford Haven on the west coast of Wales, at "The Banne" near Wexford in the Kalends of August 1169, with "10 knights and 60 archers" -- one account says 200 -- in a number of boats varying from 2 to 12 -- it depends on who tells the story. The author of that Anglo-Norman poem, The Conquest of Ireland, which distinctly favors him, gives the larger numbers. The Norse-style boats they used were long, open, with one mast and square sail; oars were used as required. Shields hung along the sides to protect the rowers. The boat was steered by a large oar on the right side. Three boats carried 100 knights and men-at-arms in coats of mail and 600 archers. 19

19. Brian Fitzgerald: The Geraldines London 1951, p.36. In this book, Maurice is never mentioned and some of his great deeds are attributed to Maurice Fitzgerald.

As soon as the Invaders arrived, Dermot MacMurrough, who had come home secretly some months earlier, arrayed himself in royal robes and with the aid of his illegitimate son, Donal Kavenagh,²⁰ led the newcomers against his chief enemy, the King of Ossory, who was among those who had turned against Dermot at the time of his seizure of Devorgilla; the Ossorians were soon defeated. Now occurred an event which appears in both the manuscript History of the Prendergast Family and in The Conquest of Ireland by Giraldus Cambrensis. From the manuscript history: De Prendergast was "disgusted at the cruelties he witnessed after that Battle, particularly when Dermot's Army, elated with Victory and just returning from Carnage, produced to that Chieftain three hundred heads of the slaughtered enemy. Dermot turned and examined each distinctly, and in all the infernal Triumph of Revenge he clasped his hands passionately and returned thanks to Heaven. Then, horrid to believe, on discovering the head of one of his mortal foes -- this Monster seized it --fastened his Teeth upon the ghastly Visage and mangled it in all the Phrenzy of savage Malice." Giraldus's account: "As he (Dermot) danced exultingly among the heads of his foes, he suddenly seized upon this one, raised it by the ears to his mouth, and, with a barbarous joy, bit off the nose and part of the lips." To resume from the manuscript: "De Prendergast with his followers immediately renounced the services of this Monster, and that Lord joined the Ossorian standards -- a hasty Determination which involved them in great Difficulties." (pp 4-5)

Unquestionably barbarous though this incident is, it can perhaps be better understood in the light of folkways of the period, as recorded in The Four Masters. For instance in Vol. III, p. 481: "Sir Pierce MacFeoris (a Norman relative of the Prendergasts) slew his Irish guests at a banquet in his castle and sold their heads at a dear price to their enemies." (Query: and what did the enemies then do with them? Imagination falters.) In Vol. IV, p. 889: "Manus MacMahon made great and frequent depredations upon the English, many of whom he slew, and he placed their heads upon the stakes in the garden of Baile na Lurgan, his own mansion-seat -- a hideous and horrible spectacle to the beholders." When Devorgilla's unloved husband, Tiernan O'Rourke of Breffni, was slain at Tara by Hugh de Lacy, the Invader who had seized his possessions, Tiernan's head was sent to King Henry II and his body placed feet upwards upon the Dublin gate -- a tale which recalls the heads of the four revolutionary leaders of Mexico which decorated the

20. ancestor of the Leinster Kavenaghs, who get considerable coverage in the 1959 edition of Burke, The Landed Gentry of Ireland

corners of a great building at Guanajuato 150 years ago, until freedom came; and the indignity offered Mussolini's body not so many years ago. But all this is comparatively modern, if Kenneth H. Jackson is to be believed (A Window on the Iron Age), a Bede Lecture at Cambridge University 1964. "Head Culture", says he, was an established Celtic custom as early as the third century B.C. He quotes Polybius III 67, Livy XXIII 24, and Strabo IV 5, to the effect that continental Celts cut off their enemies' heads for display purposes. One Poseidonus confessed himself at first sickened by such sights but in time became hardened to them. Various archaeological discoveries in recent years have confirmed the Celtic habit of affixing skulls to buildings as a means of proving a victory.²¹ As late as 1671 in County Fermanagh two heads of "notorious rebels" were brought into court, Tory War of Ulster, John Patrick Prendergast 1868. This scholarly excursion is no attempt to make Dermot MacMurrough look better, but at least it explains he was not especially original.

What happened next in the story of Maurice de Prendergast differs in different accounts of him. In the MS version quoted above, Maurice withdraws from the service of Dermot MacMurrough in disgust with his savagery; in the poem, The Conquest of Ireland he and his men leave because Dermot refuses them permission to return to Wales briefly to visit their wives -- they go, anyway. Whatever his motives, Maurice left Ireland with some difficulty; near the Wexford coast a spot is still commonly pointed out as the scene of his escape from an ambush set up by Dermot. He did not return to Ireland until May of the next year, in company with Strongbow,²² a distant cousin of Henry II, who had deprived him of his inheritance. (Both were descended from illegitimate lines of the Dukes of Normandy.) As we already know, Strongbow had made hard terms with Dermot; as for Strongbow's eventually succeeding him as King, Dermot surely knew that was impossible -- the king had to be elec-

21. More on Early Irish "Head Culture", from Old Celtic Romances translated from the Gaelic by P.W. Joyce, first published 1870, Reprinted 1965 by the Talbot Press, Ireland:

"To break an evil spell over Finn and his imprisoned friends, the blood of the Three Kings of the Torrent must be sprinkled over the mud on the doorstep of their prison in the Palace of the Quicken Trees, so the heads of the three were stricken off and carried all gory as they were, the blood was sprinkled on the prison floor until it opened, then holding the gory heads by the hair, Dermot and his father sprinkled the earth under each prisoner with blood, and so they were freed from sorcery."

22. "tall, generous, ruddy, freckled, weak of face, voice and nature"

ted. So when Dermot died in 1171, Strongbow became merely Earl of Leinster. Whether Strongbow had been previously married is unknown, but he did have a half-grown son who went to Ireland with him and proved to be a coward in battle. The legend is that the boy returned later to congratulate his father on his victory, whereupon Strongbow, in a rage, "cut him in two in the middle" with his sword. The inscription on Strongbow's fine tomb in Christ Church Cathedral in Dublin bears the story out -- and even the taxi-drivers repeat it to their fares: "Nate ingrato mihi pugnanti terga dedisti, non mihi sed gente regno quoque terga dedisti." This tale, if true, would furnish an added reason for Strongbow's lasting unhappiness. And he barely escaped still more: when his arrival in Ireland was so long delayed, Dermot, believing he had been deceived, offered the pretty young Eva first to sober Maurice Fitzgerald and then to his half-brother, the irresponsible Robert FitzStephen. Both these heroes had to confess to being already married and with plans to bring their wives to Ireland. Thus the way was still clear for Strongbow to become the ancestor of some countless thousands of us.

Next Maurice de Prendergast found himself involved in the siege of Dublin where, with Dermot's brother-in-law, Archbishop, later Saint, Lawrence O'Toole, he carried on negotiations with the enemy, in the course of which the King of Ossory was asked to answer for certain conduct of his. Only when Maurice offered him an authorized safe-conduct did he dare to appear before the dreadful Normans, but when the session was in progress, various of the Norman lords decided to kill Ossory at once. It was then that the most famous event in Maurice's long life took place (The Conquest of Ireland 11 2087-2154). Maurice put his hand on his sword and denounced the faithless knights in the presence of Strongbow (who was indecisive, as usual) and swore that the first man to lay hand on the King of Ossory would pay dearly for it. Strongbow then declared there was no intention of injuring Ossory, and turned him over to Maurice to escort back to his camp in the woods, where he spent the night. His reputation for probity must have been enormous, for he returned to the Normans the next morning without having to face any unpleasantness from them. No wonder he appears in the Anglo-Norman poem henceforth as "Maurice Ossoriat" although he did not like the name. Even today in Ireland school-children know and quote the poem by Aubrey de Vere (1842-1902), "The Faithful Norman":

Praise to the valiant and faithful foe!
 Give us noble foes, not the friend who lies!
 We dread the drugg'd cup, not the open blow,
 We dread the old hate in the new disguise.

To Ossory's King they had pledged their word;
 He stood in their camp and their pledge they broke;
 Then Maurice the Norman upraised his sword:
 The cross on its hilt he kissed, and spoke:

"So long as this sword on this arm hath might,
 I swear by the Cross which is Lord of All,
 By the faith and honor of noble and knight,
 Who touches you, Prince, by this sword shall fall!"

So side by side through the throng they passed,
 And Eire gave praise to the just and true.
 Brave foe! The Past truth heals at last;
 There is room in the great heart of Eire for you!
 from Inisfail, n.d.

It was only after the hardwon victory at Waterford²³ --the town in smoking ruins after great slaughter -- that Strongbow and Eva MacMurrough were married in the still standing church in the center of the place (23 Aug. 1170). Dermot died the next year, and Strongbow did not long survive him. The Four Masters of course deals with those matters: "Diarmid MacMurdadcha made a trembling sod of Ireland. He died 1171 at 80 unshriven and intestate. He became putrid while still living." (Vol. II p. 1183) "The English Earl (Strongbow) died in Dublin of an ulcer which had broken out in his foot, through the miracles of St. Bridget and Columkille and of all the other saints whose churches had been destroyed by him. He saw, he thought, St. Bridget in the act of killing him." (Vol III p. 25) However, it should be remembered, the Irish too plundered churches -- The Four Masters furnish many instances of such acts. On 1 June 1176 Strongbow's sister Basilia wrote from Dublin to her Fitzgerald (second) husband, Raymond le Gros: "My great jaw tooth which used to give me so much uneasiness, has fallen out. Therefore if you have any care or regard for me or even for yourself, return with all speed." Thus cryptically worded, the news of Strongbow's death came to the man who had only recently given Strongbow his much-needed help only for a price -- Basilia's hand. Raymond hurried to Dublin before the death had become known, so all went smoothly. The funeral and burial took place in old Christ Church, which Strongbow had just had renovated and completed; the great Archbishop Lawrence O'Toole conducted the services. (Giraldus Cambrensis: The Conquest of Ireland, p. 272) As for the young widow Eva, who would die after 44 years of widowhood in 1222, she must have been fortunate to be out of this

23. which, with other defeats, if the Irish had only been willing to unite, might never have occurred (Vol II of The Four Masters)

greedily arranged marriage so soon. She was left with an only child, Isabel, who would marry the great William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, and transmit the de Clare and MacMurrrough blood to so many 20th century people.

Even before Strongbow died Maurice de Prendergast had decided on a vastly different way of life. The nagging question remains: why did Maurice, in 1196, give up the world in which he had been a success? Had he been an involved religious man earlier, he would not so much have been a part of the world, and so successfully at the time of the Conquest. May the cause be found in the death of someone dear to him -- his wife perhaps? Or a deep disappointment in the people or the conditions around him? Judging from the location of the Pembrokeshire churches -- widely scattered -- on his own lands, he must have owned much property which now became valueless to him. We know that he spent some time in Normandy in 1176 at Henry II's command; he and Robert FitzStephen took the Earl of Essex there as a prisoner (Gort: Prendergasts of Newcastle, p. 14). It was probably on the return trip that he stopped in Wales to give the castle, the three churches and properties to the nearby Slebech Commandery of the Knights Templars. That same year he renounced the world as he had known it to join the Order:²⁴ he was to die in 1207 as Prior of Dublin Commandery of Kilmainham,²⁵ where Phoenix Park is now located. His age, which is never stated, may be conjectured from the fact that when Robert de Quency was slain -- Basilia de Clare's first husband -- quite early in the Conquest, his young daughter and heir, Maude, and her considerable fortune were granted to Maurice's son, Philip, when he should be of age to marry. In the meantime new stepfather, Raymond le Gros, had the highly profitable wardship for perhaps 12 years dying in 1182. So Philip must have been born at least in the 1150's, and Maurice perhaps 25 or 30 years earlier. As for Raymond le Gros, he was long listed as a Prendergast ancestor, from being the founder of the Grace family Courtstown Castle, County Kilkenny -- Eleanor Grace, daughter of Sir John Grace the bearded of Courtstown, County Kilkenny, was the mother of the Jeffry

24. The 3 knightly monastic orders resulting from the First Crusade were: (1) the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre -- white surcoat with Red Cross of Jerusalem, founded by Godfrey de Bouillon about 1100, (2) a few years later: the Order of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem -- Godfrey gave them his estates in the Low Countries -- black robes with a cross of 8 points over their hearts (Hospital=Hostel, a place for pilgrims) and (3) Knights Templars, confirmed as a regular Order in 1128, with headquarters in the so-called Temple of Solomon. Very rich and proud. From Jay Williams: Knights of the Crusades, London 1962

25. Founded by Strongbow 1174

Prendergast who died in 1615, of whom more later. But now recent research recorded in R.A.S.I. Journal, 2 Oct. 1900 and 25 Feb. 1902, by Richard Langrishe, records Raymond le Gros as childless, and substitutes for him a much more distinguished line from the Grace family -- the Dukes of Normandy, through Count Odo of Champagne who married William the Conqueror's full sister Adeliza.²⁶

The MS History of the Prendergast Family next goes into a partial listing of the disposal of the lands of the conquered Irish into the grasping hands of the Invaders. The poetical version of The Conquest of Ireland pursues that matter much more fully, but the really detailed material is found in Eric St. John Brook's: Knights' Fees in Counties Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny, Dublin Stationery Office 1950. Of some importance is Strongbow's bestowal upon Maurice of Fernegenell, to add to his possession of Hy-Kinsellagh. Some other of the family ancestors who were there too of course had their hands held out, ready to be filled. Robert FitzStephen got Ardfinan on St. Finnen's Hill on the River Suir, where he built a castle. When did the Prendergasts acquire that property? They certainly had it in 1682, after Cromwell and his son-in-law General Ireton had used it as headquarters in the 1650's. The present castle was built in 1186 by King John while he was still "John Lackland", the Earl of Montaigne. One old book²⁷ lists Ardfinan as a ruin; who repaired it to its present excellent condition? When the late Admiral Sir Robert John Prendergast was born there in 1864, it was his generation-long family home and so remained until he sold it in 1919 after the death of his only son. Owned now by the Mulcahys, it is a delightful place to live. It is interesting that the Duffrey, the fine wooded section west of Enniscorthy, County Wexford, came to the family through Strongbow's grant to Robert de Quency, whose daughter married Philip de Prendergast.

Philip seems to have been a good and successful man who was a bit put upon by the Church; with all his excellent points, he does not compare with his father Maurice. In

26. Saint-Simon: Memoirs of Louis XIV and the Regency Vol I, Chapter XXXVII tells of a cardinal's forged genealogy. He wished to be recognized as descended in the male line from the Counts of Auvergne. (Cardinal de Bouillon) De Bar, the forger, was spared the death penalty called for by his crime, and given imprisonment instead. Yet a later book on the history of the House of Auvergne by Baluza (commissioned by the Cardinal) used the forgery. Vol II, Chapter XIV: Later after the Cardinal deserted to the English, Baluza was deprived of his Chair at the Royal College and driven out of the Realm, and orders were given that all copies of his book be burned.

27. The Four Masters 1848 Vol III p. 67

a day when the good life was that lived by the warrior and the churchman, Maurice was distinguished in both fields of action. All the comments upon him are favorable. From the poetical Conquest of Ireland, even in the brief period that is covered, Maurice's qualities may be easily classified.

Maurice was, like the other Invaders, a brave man. The paramount instance is the one previously covered -- his protection of the King of Ossory when the other Norman knights wished to violate his safe conduct and kill him. His famous power of persuasion appears here too; whenever he spoke, people heeded him, as at the siege of Dublin when he was selected, along with Archbishop Lawrence O'Toole, to treat with the Irish. His integrity prevented the death of the King of Ossory; his sagacity prevented the ambushade of his men. He must have had personal charm or he would not have been warmly welcomed after escorting the King of Ossory back to his people. His deeply religious nature shows itself in his giving up a highly successful life in the world, to cast his lot with the Order of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. His generosity shows itself in the gift he made the Order of all his Welsh properties at Prendergast. Without powers of organization and the ability to get along with people, he could never have risen to be Prior of the Kilmainham Commandery. The Conquest of Ireland refers to him by more than one name; he is Moriz Ossoriath, Morice de Prendergast, and li Barun de Prendergast. Did he act on the basis of reason or instinct? His decisions were so quickly made and acted upon that it must have been instinct. But what truly marvellous instinct! An example is when he urges his men to fight: "Kar rien n'i ad de fuir? U vivere u muir." We know nothing of his appearance, so he might as well be idealized as a typical Fleming of that day, tall and strong and fair.²⁸ At least we know he used the customary battle-cry of the Welsh fighting men, "St. David!" And we know the name of his warhorse, which must have been white: Morice s'en turne a iceste part
La reine tire de Blanchard.
E sein David al reclame.²⁹

28. We know more of the others: Maurice Fitzgerald and Robert FitzStephen were short and thickset and dark; Strongbow was tall and strong and fair; Raymond le Gros was fat; Devorgilla and Eva were beautiful and generous. Dermot was hoarse-voiced and tall and strong.

29. the wellknown South African author, Stuart Cloete, recently asked in the columns of a literary magazine for help in listing famous warhorses and their owners, for a new book he is doing. It will be interesting to see whether he uses the names of Maurice de Prendergast and his steed Blanchard. He was certainly told. Also of Sir Harry North Prendergast's horse "Engineer".

It is statistically interesting that so many of Maurice de Prendergast's descendants should have been like him distinguished fighting men or writers, the names of many of whom appear in the files of authors represented in the British Museum. Another list is to be found in the National Library of Ireland at Dublin. It was once thought that every one named Prendergast must be a descendant of Maurice's,³⁰ but as Lord Gort suggests, there were too many prominent Prendergasts in the 14th century Ireland to have been descendants. Perhaps in Maurice's train of followers were some kinsmen of that name, so, to many today, Maurice might be merely a collateral ancestor. The family's standard of honor seems to have remained high,³¹ and that is important; it is still after so many years, a proud name.³²

30. In 1957 a Miss Prendergast, daughter of a Hawaiian mother and an Irish father held one of the government positions in Hawaii. The Los Angeles Times in 1965, in the midst of the turmoil about housing, carried a story about a negro named Wilfrid Prendergast and his white wife, who were suffering discrimination. Jeffrey Prendergast of London told me in 1965 about a West Indian dancer -- named Prendergast. Some questions naturally arise.

31. Jeffrey J. Prendergast of Redlands, California (1875-1962) always enjoyed telling of a walk he took with his father about 1887, when the senior thought it was time to mention a few matters. "Jeffrey," he said, "you bear a proud and distinguished name; you must never do anything to stain it. I know of only one Prendergast who was ever hanged, and that was for treason, which has always been considered a gentleman's crime." To date, no research has turned up that deceased Prendergast's name, but the boy was permanently impressed.

32. "Madame", the man at a head desk in the British Museum said to the writer when processing her reading permit in 1963, "do you realize you carry one of the great historic names of the British Empire?"

THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER II

For the two sons of Maurice de Prendergast there is a fair amount of information, although nothing comparable to what is known of Maurice.

(1) Philip, the elder son (and heir), of whom we know more, died in 1229. He has already been mentioned for his entirely affable nature, once he had put on his robe and breakfasted -- but not before. (How many modern Prendergasts come to life only with their morning coffee?) Also his financially fortunate marriage has been mentioned -- how fortunate in other respects there is no way of knowing; "what goes on behind locked doors" is a largely unanswered query still, even in most divorce cases. As the heir of Maurice, Philip no doubt inherited the greater part of his father's wealth which had been given to him by Strongbow -- traditionally 10 knights' fees or 2 baronies, a knight's fee being one square mile of land, in Hy-Kinsellagh and Ferne-genel, which was later alienated to the Roches in 1324. Certainly Philip's marriage in 1190 to Maude,¹ only child and heir of Robert de Quency, one of the younger Norman invaders, who had been killed in 1172 in a fight with the O'Shaughnessys, brought to Philip not only her wealth but also her father's position as Constable of Leinster. (The interim holder of that office had been, as might be expected, Maude's guardian and stepfather, the Geraldine Raymond le Gros, up to 1182.) But who had the income from Maude's great estate for the 8 years before she married Philip de Prendergast?

The greater part of Maude de Quency's dowry seems to have been the Enniscorthy area in Wexford, including 15 knights' fees in the rich darkly forested Duffrey, slightly west of the town, of which the late sixteenth century owner, Sir Henry Wallop, that rough-handed but always ailing soldier, whose conduct gave both a verb and a noun to our language, reported: "It has as great and good a store of plank and of timber needful for a shipping to be had as in any place I know, either in England or Ireland." In 1639, just one of the Duffrey woods -- Killoughrane -- was valued at L 6,000.

Philip and his Maude, who would be buried at St. John's Abbey, Enniscorthy, had troubles with both State and Church. In a quarrel with King John (and who didn't have one?) Philip's two sons were held for a time as hostages; the younger one was not freed until after the forced granting of Magna Charta in

1. After 1066, Matilda (nickname: Maude) became the popular name among the great and the near-great, because of William the Conqueror's wife, Matilda of Flanders.

June, 1215. With the Church they were not so successful; it was showing its least attractive (grasping) side at that time. After the Pope had interfered in the Prendergasts' quarrel with the Church, "for peace sake" they were compelled to give up 29 scattered corucates of land² to the Bishop of Ferns.³ Gort suspects Philip's lack of effective resistance may have been due to the fact that he was at that time on his deathbed.

It was Philip who built (1199-1201) the neat small symmetrical Enniscorthy Castle half way up the hill.⁴ If Philip de Prendergast began the building of Enniscorthy Castle, it was his son-and-heir Gerald who completed it. When he died in 1251 without male heirs, his son-in-law Maurice Rochford soon took over. (Maurice was the guardian of the young heiress and soon succeeded to the position of husband.) But within the next century the earlier owners of the area, the royal Irish Kavenagh-McMurrough descendants of King Dermot MacMurrough, regained possession and lived in the castle as Kings of Leinster until 1518. After the property passed to the English Crown in 1551, it was sacked by Edmund Butler. After 13 years of vacancy, when it had already become ruinous, it was leased by Sir Walter Raleigh's assistant, the famous English poet, Edmund Spenser, who however was frightened out and has his unhappy connection with Kilcolman Castle instead -- another Prendergast castle near Buttevant. In 1595 Queen Elizabeth granted Enniscorthy and the Duffrey to her bully-boy, Sir Henry Wallop, already mentioned. He lived there until his death in 1624; his descendants, the Dukes of Portsmouth, have continued their ownership of the town and area nearby -- no very gentle landlords, according to informants. (But the Wallop name should set a certain standard!) The leading hotel in the town is of course the Portsmouth Arms. The old castle was leased in 1745, was used as a prison by the Insurgents in the 1798 Rebellion, had many uses in the 19th century: estate office, printing office, police barracks, etc. Then in 1898 Mr. P.J. Roche, who had long admired the place, bought it and used it as his home until his death. In 1963 the Roche heirs finally sold it to be used as a County Museum, owing to the influence of the remarkable late Father Ransome of the Enniscorthy Cathedral, who became the first Curator. "Faith," said Mr. Roche's daughter-in-law to the writer in 1960, "Father did a lot for that old castle. He put in at least one partition on each of the three floors, along with some panelling, etc." Although the still handsome fairy tale

2. Gort. p. 35: A corucate was the land a team of oxen could plow in a year; That meant 120 acres in mid-12th century -- 10 corucates was the equivalent of one knight's fee. In 1284 there were 418½ knights' fees in Ireland (?)

3. Brooks: Knights' Fees in Wexford, Cork and Kilkenny, p.137

4. C.L. Adams: Castles of Ireland pp.168-206

castle assuredly looks most uncomfortable to modern eye -- Mrs. Roche found it so, during the several years she lived there -- the shortage of enough fireplaces to take off the chill (it was very cold there in late May 1963) the winding pillar-staircases, the general lack of facilities demanded today, present a grim picture of the life so long lived there. One may assume however that it compared favorably with the others built and occupied by the Prendergast family and other medieval worthies of Ireland. About this time (1207) Philip and David de Rupe (Roche) were intriguing against that very powerful nobleman, William Marshall, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke who married Strongbow's and Eva's daughter Isabel, one of the best of our ancestors. The fact that the Prendergast properties were held feudally under the Earls Marshal may have been partly responsible for tensions. But despite the terms that "Inescorthy should remain in Prendergast hands forever," the actuality was very different -- chiefly because the family soon found itself left with heiresses rather than heirs.

Philip's heir was Gerald (1192-1251), who had some good properties in County Cork as well -- Beaver and Shandon. The younger son David and his wife Devorgila appear in the old records as a highly litigious couple. Gerald's two marriages with two ladies named Matilda were daughter-producing only. When he married Matilda Butler, sister of Theobald Butler ("le Botilier") it was the first of many marriages between those two families. One historian has stated that the history of Ireland is really just the history of the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds (the Geraldines). That is hardly true of course; among the many others, the name of the Prendergast family, so often allied with both those families, should certainly be included. Matilda Butler left only a daughter, Maria, who married in 1240 Sir John de Cogan, rich from lands in Cork and from one of the great Invasion Families. Maria's great granddaughter Elizabeth de Cogan, who died in 1392, took half of Gerald's lands to her husband, Sir Hugh de Courtenay, who died in 1424.

Gerald's second marriage, to Matilda de Burgh, daughter of Richard de Burgh of the influential Ulster family, produced a daughter, Maude, born 1242, who was ten years of age when her father died. Her guardian, Maurice de Rochford, the King's groom, of the de Lacey family of the Earls of Lincoln, saw no point in wasting time and risking the loss of her fortune, so he married her the next year. Maude's 14 year old great granddaughter Margaret, married in 1381 Gerald FitzMaurice, 5th Earl of Kildare, and endowed him with the other half of Gerald de Prendergast's fortune.⁵ It is in-

5. Brooks: Knights' Fees in Counties Wexford, Carlow and Kilkenny

teresting that almost 5 centuries later, when the Church of Ireland was disestablished (1871) at least one of Gerald's possessions which he had inherited from his father Philip in 1206, was still in the hands of the Kildare heir -- the Duke of Leinster (22nd Earl of Kildare): the right of presentation (selection) of the livings of the Shandon (Cork) churches of St. Anne, St. Mary, and St. Paul.⁶

With the male line of Sir Philip de Prendergast and his wife Maude de Quency dying out eventually in daughters who took the family's chief properties -- Enniscorthy, the Duffrey, etc. -- to their de Cogan and Rochford husbands, it becomes necessary to follow the line of Philip's younger son William (founder of the oldest "cadet line" in the family) for the transmission of the noble name which Maurice had brought from Wales to Ireland in 1169.

Williams's dates are about 1200 to 1268. His life is notable in these annals for three things, one of which was his starting that once litigious family in its longest series of lawsuits -- 73 years, from 1238 to 1311.⁷ Connected with that are the other two items: his acquiring Eskertenen, later called Newcastle (Irish: Castel Noo) which would be the family seat for over the next 400 years, and his giving to his second son the name of Jeffrey, thus making him, who died in 1289, the first of the long list of Jeffrey Prendergasts, a name which continues to the present day.

The whole matter of the great lawsuits with their attendant violence, can easily be traced back to the unreliable and even treacherous nature of our ancestor Prince John, later King John, youngest son of Henry II, so unadmirable a character that during the 750 years since his death, no English king has wished to bear that name.

When Henry II came to Ireland in 1171, after having authorized Strongbow's invasion there a year earlier, it was chiefly to make sure that those competent fighting men, the Geraldines (or Fitzgeralds, descendants of Gerald de Windsor, one of Henry I's nobles, and the amazing Nesta) should not get out of hand and assume the kingship there. He had evidently little fear of Strongbow's doing just that; the weak voice and delicate features and generally discouraged attitude of that worthy did not indicate a forceful disposition. Henry II, feeling the need of strengthening his hand in Ireland, gave away various Irish properties his men had taken over -- a good old English custom, it was to prove. Among the recipients was a Flemish warrior in his train, one Ar-

6. Gort: The Prendergasts of Newcastle, p. 47

7. Details gleaned from many pages of Gort's book.

chambault (the Prendergasts were not the only Flemings to serve him) who received the manors of Eskertenen and Astmayne in Tipperary, and Slane in Meath -- virtual baronies. A few years later when Henry's youngest son Prince John visited Ireland, Archambault's son, Stephen le Fleming, was with him, but nevertheless John deprived Stephen of his inherited Eskertenen etc. in order to endow one of his current friends, Philip de Wgornia (or Worcester). However, John's customary fickleness soon showed itself, so his next move was to take Eskertenen from Philip so as to favor a still newer friend, William de Braose (another ancestor of ours). But when the moment of truth arrived for de Braose, much more was involved than the mere loss of estates: he was exiled penniless to France, where he died in poverty, and his wife and oldest son were seized and starved to death in Windsor Castle. But by the time of de Braose's exile, Philip de Wgornia's men had already pushed the de Braose retainers out of Eskertenen. When de Wgornia died, his claim to that property then came in time to be represented by his son-in-law Meyler de Bermingham, son of Piers de Bermingham (whether the lord of Athenry or of Thetmoy is uncertain) and husband of Basilia de Wgornia.

The Berminghams⁸ of Warwickshire (cf. Birmingham, of course) do not have an easily traceable history, though they were in Ireland and already powerful there by the 13th century, and still are represented today by Bermingham Tower at Dublin Castle and by entries in the current telephone directory. Their claim to Eskertenen came to be held by Meyler's sisters' husbands (why? Meyler and Basilia had sons who lived to maturity.) Eva de Bermingham had married Geoffrey de Marisco⁹, and her sister Alianore had contracted another of those rather usual Austrian-type marriages with William de Prendergast. Geoffrey de Marisco (one of my kinsmen too), who was twice Justiciar (Viceroy) of Ireland, appears to have been clever but untrustworthy -- traits that may explain his two rises to and descents from power. It was when Geoffrey traded his wife's share of the Wgornia interest in Eskertenen to William de Prendergast for some lands nearer Clonmel (probably all that had been left this youngest son by his wealthy parents, Sir Philip Prendergast and Maude de Quency) that the Prendergasts were at last on their way to be Lords of Newcastle. It must be confessed that what would today be regarded as clear title was missing; future complications would in-

8. The Irish version of the de Bermingham name, taken from the family's favorite givenname, Piers, is Feoris, or Yeoris, MacFeoris or MacYecris, as in Monasteroris.

9. Geoffrey de Marisco, once owner of Adare Manor below Limerick, was a nephew of John, Archbishop of Dublin: he married Eva de Bermingham in 1218, was in and out of office and was even once excommunicated "for oppressing the Church." But in Geoffrey's better days, no less a person than Philip de Wgornia had thought it advisable to be on good terms with him, and of course there was a family marriage.

evitably result.

The first complication was a lawsuit (recorded in the Calendar of Documents) between the two brothers-in-law -- the beginning of the record litigation -- but not until after William had named his second son for Geoffrey. (The Irish spelling of that name has always been used by the Prendergasts; even today it is still Jeffrey or Jeffry.) As for the de Berminghams, they probably lost little in letting Eskertenen go without much of a struggle; in time a fair part of County Tipperary: Cashel to Caher to Ardfinan, between the Butler and Prendergast lands was theirs. By 1550 much of it would belong to the new Butler Barony of Caher-dun-Eiske, and through marriage of the heiress to the Jeffrey Prendergast of that day it would seem to be set apart for Jeffrey's heir. But it was not to be; in 1586 Queen Elizabeth I would take the property for her own good reason. It is interesting to note that at its greatest extent "Prendergast Country" included lands from Ardfinan to Farfane, and from Caher to Cashel to Mitchelstown.

The de Flemings of Slane Castle in Meath,¹⁰ who also had long memories, now entered the fight with a court action against Meyler and Basilia over the ownership of the Manor of Astmayne which, it will be recalled, had been given by Henry II to the de Flemings' ancestor, Archambault, a century earlier. And the de Berminghams had filed suit against the de Prendergasts for 3 villis of the Eskertenen estate. By this time William de Prendergast and his Alianore were dead -- he had closed his life as a monk in 1268, and their eldest son John had died without heirs in 1261. So now the second son, Jeffrey, was Lord of the Prendergast properties and living at Mullough (Moylake) the old Eskertenen castle on a little rise on the north side of the River Suir, perhaps 9 miles south of Clonmel. It was there that those men of action, the Flemings, struck, burning down the castle -- an act for which they were duly fined in 1277. Rebuilding on the old site had no charms for Jeffrey; only the ruins of a medieval abbey grace the knoll now, with a tall stone crucifix and an interesting little cemetery. So Jeffrey selected a spot about a mile to the south -- a flat island place set in the wide curves of the Suir, and there built his new castle, still known today as Newcastle (Irish: Castel Noo). It would remain the family headquarters for nearly 400 years, until by Oliver Cromwell's orders it was destroyed in 1656. Today there is left a lonely tower, short

10. Still a Slane property, now in ruins, near the family's present seat on the River Boyne, where in 1690 was fought that decisive battle which would change the lives of several Prendergasts, as well as those of many other adherents of the Stuarts.

and rather thick and draped with ivy, to remind the family of those particular longpast glories. The ruins of a nearby church enclose some traditional grave sites.¹¹

It had of course become Jeffrey's responsibility to carry on with the family lawsuits, which he did with vigor, always aided by his younger brother William, with whom he was on confidential terms. Meyler de Bermingham died in 1262, but still the fight went on. In Dublin courts in 1269 the victory belonged to Jeffrey until the next year when the de Berminghams appealed the case to the Lord Chancellor of England. In 1275, Jeffrey, apparently tired of it all, arranged for a hearing before the highest authority, King Edward I, at Westminster. Here he was victorious, receiving the award not only of the Eskertenen lands, but of 1,000 marks in damages. But even then matters dragged on.

The most dramatic action -- only the burning of Muloough Castle is comparable -- came in 1278, when for another brief period the issue seemed settled by judicial duel or trial by combat¹² at Drogheda, when Jeffrey, as Challenger or Appellator, defeated a de Bermingham relative, Pagan de Interberg, as Defender or Appellee. Here is one of the scenes that would be worth an excursion into the past; all was of course done with the full panoply of feudal forms. After this very public success, Jeffrey even dared in 1280 to dispute, and victoriously, with the King himself over his seizure of certain of Jeffrey's mother's lands. Here he could hardly have been at a loss from the family's long blood-connection with the powerful Geraldines. In 1281 he was fined 100 shillings for failure to attend Parliament as a representative of County Tipperary. In a few more years the great families of Tipperary -- the Prendergasts, Percells, de Berminghams, Condons, etc. would no longer be invited to those lawmaking sessions, although the Prendergasts for some time longer were considered titular Viscounts of Clonmel. The reason lay in the creation of Tipperary as a County Palatine under the Butlers.

In the last year of his life, 1289, Jeffrey had his trusted brother William accepted as his attorney for negotiations in England, when by special license from Edward I he was absent in Ireland.

11. Gort tells of seeing some gravestones, badly defaced in 1844; shortly afterward, he says they disappeared. My husband (another Jeffry Prendergast) and I could find none whatsoever in 1960; the local blacksmith assured us that was the Prendergast burial place -- "The old people told me so when I was young."etc.

12. a form of settlement going back at least to 501A.D. when Gundebald, King of the Burgundians, established this form of judicial duel. Dr. Robert Baldick: "The Duel", 1966.

Jeffrey's son and successor Philip was head of the family for 15 rather quiet years. When he died in 1304, his son-and-heir Jeffrey was still a minor, so his wardship and marriage were granted to Piere de Bermingham, who soon married the rich young man to his daughter Isolda. Naturally de Bermingham claims to Newcastle now ceased, altho Richard le Fleming, 4th Baron of Slane, took advantage of a new regime by instituting suit to claim certain portions of the Newcastle lands. Now the de Berminghams became the peace-makers. In 1311, when Jeffrey had become of age, his wife's relatives of Ardfinan Castle (later to be a Prendergast property) invited Baldwin le Fleming, 5th Baron of Slane, to a meeting at this powerful castle on the River Suir, to discuss with Jeffrey a coming to terms. So at last the 73 years of litigation ceased, with Baldwin agreeing, for a sum of money for himself and his heirs, never to disturb Newcastle again. And so it remained indisputably Prendergast until Cromwell's coming in 1656.

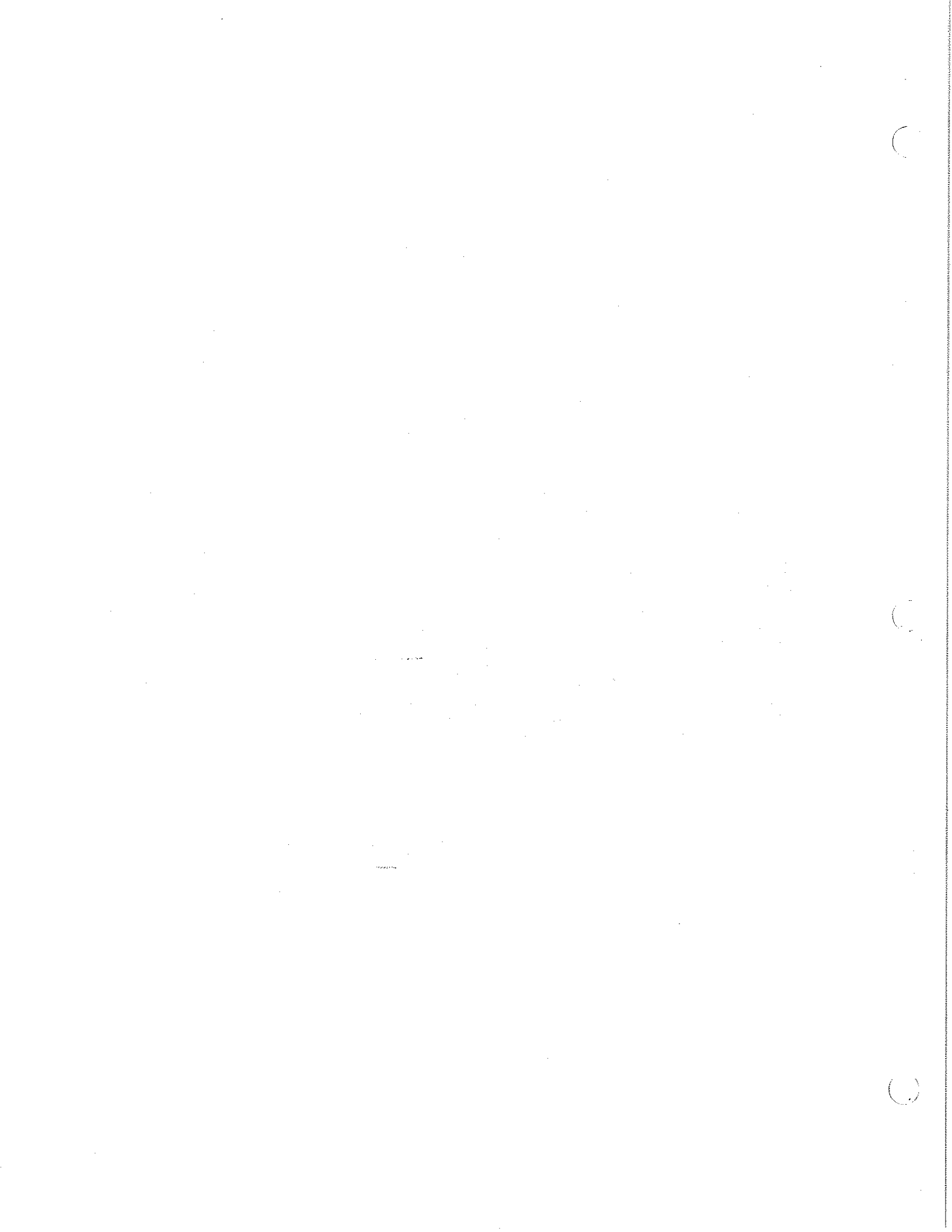
(2) Not so much, as might be expected, is known of Maurice de Prendergast's younger son Gerald. Since he was not the heir, he had to look out for himself, and he seems to have done quite well. There is no record of his having received anything at all from his father's estate, but he compensated by joining forces with Richard de Burgo (Burke) in his expedition into Connaught in 1215; in the course of the next 11 years, de Burgo obtained grants of all of the old O'Connor realm of Connaught (the O'Connors were the High Kings of Celtic Ireland) from King John and his son Henry III. There were intermarriages between the two families and Gerald received wide lands in the rich plains of Mayo. Then because of a quarrel with the king, the de Burgos decided to adopt Irish dress, speech, name and customs, and Gerald followed suit, so that he and his family became the Clan Morris, with the surname MacMaurice, a designation they kept until about 1600, when they became Prendergasts once more. Gerald (called "the Merry") died in 1251 and was succeeded by his son David, who was killed by the O'Briens before the year was out. David's grandson John was the chief in 1311. Many of the MacMaurices appear in the pages of the Four Masters, as when William de Peregras (sic) was forced to forfeit 2 corucates of land for supporting the Barons against King John. Much later, in 1515, in the State Papers of Henry VIII, the Mayo Clan Morris is described as "Sir Morres Pryndyrgas' sonnes of Brya" (their chief seat). Richard MacMaurice, chief of the clan in 1585, came to an agreement at long last with Queen Elizabeth by means of Sir John Perrott, but within a few years the MacMaurice property went by marriage to the Moores (1603) and then 200 years later to the Lynches. The junior or cadet branch of the family, headquartered at Castle MacGarrett (Garrett is Irish for Gerald, the founding father) came to an end when Mary married Dominick Browne in 1563, who

thus acquired the family's long-cherished "Lands of Corbally", still in 1870 the seat of Mary's descendants, the Lords Granmore.¹³

(3) Before following the main line of the Prendergasts, it might be advisable to do as Lord Gort did and mention the Prendergasts of Northumberland and Berwickshire, whose medieval doings may be readily traced. In the 14th century the family was quite notable, but no connection with the Irish Prendergasts can be ascertained. They may have taken their name from their property, Prenegast, near Colldingham Abbey in Berwickshire. They adhered to the Scottish cause against the English -- one of them was beheaded for it beside the sea -- "Prendirgest ran on the sea, also," says Harding's Chronicle. By 1544 their lands had been absorbed by the Home family.

(4) So, by Edward III's day, in mid-14th century, the northern Prendergasts were finished; the Mayo group had become the Irish MacMaurices; the Wexford heirs of Gerald de Prendergast -- the Rochfords -- had been reduced in power by the crowding in of the ancient Celtic ruling family of the MacMurrrough-Kavenaghs -- witness their taking over Ennis-corthy Castle; Gerald's de Cogan heirs of Cork and the borders of Limerick had been absorbed by a cadet line of the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Desmond, the Fitzgibbons (the White Knights) whose seat was Mitchelstown, as it still is of their descendants and representatives, the Dukes of Kingston. The palmy days of the Prendergasts were apparently finished, when the Prendergast Country had extended from Clonmel to Mitchelstown and from Ardfinan to Farname. But were the good days of the Prendergasts actually ended? Time would tell.

13. Gort: The Prendergasts of Newcastle, p. 15 ff



THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER III

In 1327 a marriage took place in the family of the Prendergasts' feudal lords, the Butlers, that would materially affect our family's blood stream, standing and political affiliations. It was when young James Butler, head of the line of Theobald Walter (le Botilier)¹, first of the Butlers in Ireland, took as his wife Eleanor de Bohun, a daughter of Humphrey Bohun VIII, Earl of Hereford and Essex and Lord High Constable of Llanthony Castle,² Monmeathshire, Wales, and Elizabeth Plantagenet ("the Welsh-woman" - from her birth at Rhuddlau) daughter of King Edward I of England and his first wife Eleanor of Castile. De Bohun was the greatest of a long and famous line of warriors descended from a first cousin of William the Conqueror; they had of course been in the Conquest. Through this marriage the Prendergasts would eventually trace their descent from Dermot MacMurrough and his Devorgilla, Strongbow and William Marshall, the de Braoses and the Courtenays, etc. as well as from the royal names mentioned earlier in Chapter I.

James Butler did not live many years to enjoy his enviable position as husband of the King's cousin, as his tomb in Gowran Abbey, County Kilkenny, indicated.³ His widow then married Sir Thomas Dagworth one of the great fighting men praised by Proissart. But there were some Butler children to profit from their father's rise in position, for the king had not only created his first Earl of Ormonde, but also had made County Tipperary a county Palatine (or a Palatinate) for his benefit, which gave the Butlers much greater powers over their feudal vassals, i.e., the Earl had his own court of barons and greater tenants, offenses which were committed were against his peace rather than that of the king, writs ran in his name rather than in the royal name, and he could grant knighthood. This constituted a considerable centralization of power. As for the Prendergasts, they now perforce had to own a stronger feudal allegiance to the Butlers than in the past and as a result had to break strong centuries-long

1. Theobald and James are still the preferred given names in the ruling branch of the Butlers.

2. A place which would eventually be used as one of the Butler titles (Baron of Llanthony).

3. The real array of Butler tombs is in St. Canice's Cathedral at Kilkenny. Only the Butlers, of all the great Anglo-Irish families, came out undamaged from the Cromwellian disaster, an amazing circumstance considering the exemplary loyalty of the head of the house, James (later 1st Duke of Ormonde) to the Stuarts.

ties to their kinsmen the Geraldines,⁴ who continually were at outs with the Butlers. There was in time a series of marriages between the Butlers and the Prendergasts, which otherwise might not have occurred ... With the creation of the new County Palatine, various feudal offices as might be expected were abolished, including that of Sheriff of County Tipperary; Jeffrey de Prendergast, the one in justice by combat (p. 30), was the last to hold that office. Another general effect of the change was a diminution of importance among all the leading Tipperary families; it is no doubt for this reason that the Prendergasts, along with the Purcells, Condons, etc., remained untitled.

Sheriff Jeffrey and his Isolda (de Bermingham) having died without heirs, the Newcastle property and the headship of the male line of the family went, so far as can be learned,⁵ to his younger brother Maurice's son John, who was blind from his youth. Many unidentified or unplaced Prendergasts appear in old records; one that is most interesting is another Maurice, who in 1381 was Prior of Kilmainham (founded by Strongbow two centuries earlier) and Master of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem -- a name and position duplicating those of the founder of the family in Ireland -- Strongbow's contemporary.

It must have been the physical handicap suffered by John de Prendergast which prevented him from making one of the traditional grand marriages of the family. Instead he married an O'Hartigan nurse, one of the native Irish who would have been quite poor and outside the pale socially. Their son Elias' maturity would come in the period of the Wars of the Roses, that long struggle of the 14th and 15th centuries between the descendants of Edward III, in competition for the English crown. Here was the issue where the Prendergasts would have to give up their long alliance with their kinsmen the Fitzgeralds, who were Yorkists, and support the Lancastrian policy of the liege lords, the Butlers, whose kinswoman, Mary de Bohun, had married

4. Altho it has been pointed out that the Prendergast coat-of-arms is like that of Kildares, Desmonds and FitzMaurices, it is related to, if not derived from, that of the Geraldines.

5. The Butlers, as practically absolute lords, regarded all public papers, which could no doubt answer so many questions, as their private property, so they were not all available to Lord Gort and John Patrick Prendergast in their researches for their book. However some of them -- the Carte Papers -- had been placed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford by Carte, where for several summers John Patrick Prendergast was employed in reading and cataloging them (published as The Carte Papers) in the late 1860's. Other papers today are in the National Library of Ireland, in Dublin, having been placed there when the current Marquis of Ormonde (the dukedom died 20 years ago) decided to live in England in 1936.

the Lancastrian leader, Henry IV.

It was in this unsettled period that a Sir John Prendergast, probably a younger brother of Elias, became a famous man. He had all the dash and elan that anyone could ask. In 1400, say Monstrelet and Rabelais, he fought a great Spanish knight in single combat. In 1401 in an English ship he cleared the nearby seas of pirates, but soon, in spite of everything, he fell out with the king and had to spend 2 years in sanctuary in Westminster, in fear of his life. But in 1403 he was back in favor and in charge of 40 ships which took many prizes, says Holinshed. Sir John's patrons were the Beauforts, Dukes of Somerset and Dorset. Then in 1434 something drastic had occurred which caused him to leave the world and join the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem and become Praeceptor of the Hospital of the Order of Grenham. The explanation of this drastic change in the current of his life may perhaps lie in the shabby and unbeautiful little Norman church of Shebbeare (Beaworthy), a dreary village in a wild and lonely part of Devon, between Exeter and Bideford. The only monumental effigy in the church is the recumbent figure of a young woman wearing the early 14th century dress of a great lady, with a small infant lying near each shoulder. There is neither inscription nor armorial bearing to identify her, but she has always been referred to as Lady Prendergast of Ladford Manor -- a place not traceable in The Victoria History of Devonshire. In Shebbeare area the story is that she was killed in an attempt to defend her children when Ladford Manor was attacked. Further research in the British Museum also failed in its purpose, but it is Lord Gort who speculates that she may have been the young wife of Sir John, who, after perhaps losing his family in some epidemic, found peace, as others of his race had done, in the Order of the Knights Templars.

Elias, probably Sir John's older brother, had only two children: Thomas the heir, and Walter, ancestor of the Frehans Castle branch of the Prendergasts -- the oldest cadet line of the Newcastle House. Walter and his descendants did very well until Cromwell's day -- Gort has a long section about them.

Thomas the heir led a vigorous life, fighting in France in the Hundred Years' war under the contemporary Earl of Ormonde, who was clever enough, although a Lancastrian, to keep on fairly good terms with the Yorkists whom he later fought. There are to be found in the few existing records of the period some scattered references to men who were obviously "Castle Prendergasts". For instance, there is Thomas' son-and-heir Jeffry, of whom nothing is known except that his successor as head of the male line of the family was his son

Thomas, who was Lord of Newcastle 1519-1549, when the modern age was beginning and a bit more can be learned about the family.

This Thomas was foreman of one of the Presentment Juries (an equivalent for our Grand Juries?) which in 1537 tried to curb some of the powers of the Butlers of Caher (of whom more later), relatives of the Earls of Ormonde. One necessarily wonders what other attempts, left unrecorded, were also made in that direction in the 200 years after the establishment of the Palatinate. Thomas' son-and-heir James seems to have caused him no trouble, but his younger son John was cut from a different pattern. In 1551 John had a "General Pardon" -- for what offense? Gort, providing no references, remarks that "he allowed himself the Celtic excitement of a good fight and an occasional lifting of Prey." It could well have been John's grandson who was the Thomas Prendergast later dispossessed by Cromwell of the Spittel Lands (Hospital, from earlier ownership of the property by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John) below Ardfinan Castle on the River Suir.⁶

Thomas' son James became Lord of Newcastle in 1549 and was soon to find himself, like earlier Prendergasts, involved in a struggle with the autocratic Butlers. But this time it was not with the Earl of Ormonde, the head of that great House, but with a fast-rising aggressive cousin Sir Thomas Butler, created first Baron of Caher by Henry VIII in 1543. In 1562 James Prendergast was complaining to his liege lord, the Earl of Ormonde, that the Caher crowd, aided by his own brother, that blacksheep John, had carried off from Newcastle

6. No research in the National Library of Ireland at Dublin has been able to turn up any sort of history of Ardfinan Castle. The few facts known are that it was built in 1186 by the Earl of Moreton (or Mortaigne) before he became King John; it was used by Cromwell and his son-in-law General Ireton as head-quarters in the 1650's; an 18th century book refers to it as a ruin, but it must have been restored -- by whom? -- by 1810, when Edmund Prendergast was born there, and was to inherit it. (He was great grandson to another owner of the Spittal Lands, John Prendergast.) His son, Surgeon General Robert Keating Prendergast, who died 1890, would leave Ardfinan to his only surviving child, Admiral Sir Robert John Prendergast (1864-1946) who would in turn sell it when his only child died young in 1919. Mr. Mulcahey, the purchaser, did well by the fine old place, adding more rooms, installing 3 bathrooms, and putting in a superb garden. The furnishings are 18th century antiques. The ugly village below is blocked out by fine trees. With the exception of Enniscorthy mentioned in Chapter II, it is the only habitable Prendergast castle.

100 brood mares. It would be very interesting to learn just what negotiations were carried on, for in only a few years James' son-and-heir Jeffrey would be marrying Sir Thomas' co-heir, Joan Butler. Was it a romantic marriage, or one based on the old-fashioned ideas of making a deal?

The date of James' marriage cannot be absolutely ascertained, but it was probably about 1545. His county Kilkenny bride, Eleanor Grace, was from another untitled family called by courtesy the Barons of Courtstown, just as the Prendergasts by courtesy were the Viscounts of Clonmel. An early 19th century family historian, Sheffield Grace, F.R.S.⁷ credited the Graces as coming from Raymond le Gros, the great Geraldine who married Strongbow's sister Basilia and thus became the step-father and guardian of Maude de Quincy, later to be the wife of Philip de Prendergast. But early 20th century research explodes this theory in favor of something much grander in the way of ancestors: the de Clares again, who go back to an illegitimate line of the Dukes of Normandy long before William I's day. (It will be recalled that the supposition is that Maurice de Prendergast's wife was of that family of the de Clares too.) But whatever their background may have been, the Graces in themselves were amply landed people, with a big castle called Courtstown Castle near Tullaroan, a few miles north of Kilkenny. Although most of their possessions were in County Kilkenny, since the 14th century now completely vanished, through a de Bermingham marriage they had also owned Castle Grace in County Tipperary, which is listed today in The Landed Irish Gentry as the seat of the family. As for Courtstown Castle, when through stupid conduct in early 18th century, the castle was lost to the rightful owner, the tenants at once unroofed it, taking the lead to Clonmel for sale, and the stones which had so long composed the old place were used to make other buildings and repair roads -- the usual fate. Today not one stone is left standing upon another, in that beautiful country-side, just as Sheffield Grace prophesied 145 years ago.

The Graces had intermarried with such powerful clans as de la Poer (Power) and Walsh. Eleanor's father was Sir John Grace the Iron Belted, her mother was Eleanor de Poher of the Curraghore family; his son-and-heir was Sir John the Great, best known member of the family, an MP at the time of his death in 1568. His tomb in St. Canice Cathedral at Kilkenny is one of the great sights in a church full of effigies. Naturally the Earls of Ormonde, whose traditional burial place it is, have the most impressive tombs, such as that of Piers Butler, 8th Earl of Ormonde, a Prendergast ancestor, and his cruel Countess, but the tomb of Sir John Grace the Great is the most interesting in that it was most mutilated (face, feet and hands missing) by Cromwell's soldiery when they stabled their horses

7. Sheffield Grace: Memoirs of the Family of Grace, London 1823

in the Cathedral and used this mailed effigy for target practice. Sir John's wife Honora (one of 22 children), undamaged, lies on the opposite side of the church.

When James Prendergast died in 1575, he was a rich man, with estates not only in County Tipperary, but in County Waterford as well. His two sons were Jeffrey, the heir, and Edmund, who as younger son inherited the Tullymelan estate in the parish now called Tullaghmelan, appears often in the records, and served as member for County Tipperary in the famous Parliament of 1585. Edmund's three sons' properties would be forfeited in the coming days of Cromwellian trouble.

When following the fortunes of a family, it is necessary to follow those of their properties as well. In better days, as has been pointed out, Maurice de Prendergast was well endowed by a properly grateful Strongbow, but the greatest of these properties fell from Prendergast hands when for a period the family produced only heiresses. But a few prudent marriages of the male heirs of the cadet line gained other lands, the last one of real importance before this time being that of William de Prendergast (died 1268) with Alianore de Bermingham, which in time brought him Newcastle, destined to be the family seat for nearly four centuries. James Prendergast, it is true, had married well born Eleanor Grace in 1545, daughter of Sir John Grace the Iron Belted of Courtstown Castle, County Kilkenny, but she brought no dowry of record to her husband. So when their son-and-heir, young Jeffrey Prendergast, married Joan Butler, co-heiress to the Barony and lands of Cahir about 1575, it may have looked like a long-delayed return of the good old days. Actually it was to lead to one of the most saddening and dramatic events in the family's long history.

Again one asks: was it love or money that made the match? Fatherless Joan, much in need of protection, was probably too young to know the answer at perhaps fifteen. But for Jeffrey it was quite possibly both. At least when he died in 1615 he had lived a widower for probably over thirty-three years; and it should not be forgotten that Joan was really a great heiress for County Tipperary.⁸

Joan's father Sir Thomas Butler, from an illegitimate line of the Earls of Ormonde, a pushing aggressive man -- Butler traits -- who had inherited Cahir Castle as well as other properties long in possession of his branch of the family

8. Dates here are so much on conjecture. Thomas died 1558, his son Edmund 1559, and Jeffrey in 1615. Birth and marriage dates can only be surmised, along with some of the deaths. Joan's mother was Ellen Fitzgerald, sister of the 13th Earl of Ormonde.

was happy to be made Baron of Caher⁹ by Henry VIII in 1543 for a mere annual "creation fee" of L 15. The usual terms of the creation unique in Ireland were that, in the absence of heirs male, daughters and their sons might succeed to the title and estates. That was an irrevocable grant and set of terms, says Gort, with consequences that still hold. Caher Castle, a few miles west of Newcastle, with Ardfinan halfway between, is a huge handsome old pile, largely ruinous, beside the River Suir. Its great hall has been somewhat restored in recent years, and is used by the town for various meetings. Time was when it was considered the best fortified place in all Ireland and proved its worth by successfully withstanding three sieges. It furnished a great contrast to the lonely ruined tower above the Suir which is all that remains of the Prendergast Newcastle.

At the time Thomas Butler became first Baron Caher, he had no worries about lack of heirs male; his wife Ellen Butler, daughter of Pierce, 8th Earl of Ormonde, had brought him five sons. But after his wife died and four of the sons died young, he had other thoughts, and hopefully married again, perhaps about 1551. However his second wife Ellen Fitzgerald, granddaughter of Thomas, 11th Earl of Desmond, gave him only two daughters, still very young when he died in 1558. Now his only son Edmund succeeded him as second Baron Caher, but died childless within a year, with the rumor persisting that an unloving relative had sent him on his way. Of course the intriguing question is left: who would most benefit from his departure? From the sequel, the answer seems rather easily found.

Both the girls -- their half-brother's co-heiresses -- deprived of their natural protectors, were married off quite young. Young Joan's marriage to Jeffrey Prendergast brought her four sons and an early death; Eleanor's two marriages were both childless -- she too died rather young. So there seems an amazing lack of stamina among Thomas Butler's seven children. It was not too many years before Joan's eldest son, little Thomas Prendergast, was not only next in line, after his father, to the headship of the Prendergast family, to Newcastle and its estates, but was actual co-owner of the much more important Barony of Caher and its fine properties.

The successful villain of what at this remote distance can be described only as a melodrama now comes on stage to cast an envious eye on the lot of Joan Butler Prendergast's oldest son. Theobald Butler, in the light of his acts, can be readily imagined. He was the landless son of Sir Thomas Butler's younger brother, therefore a first cousin to Joan and

9. Various spellings will be noticed, as copied from old records. Today's spelling is Cahir; the word in Irish means stone fort; there has been one on this site since neolithic days. Present castle is Anglo-Norman.

Eleanor and had been knighted by Sir Henry Sidney in 1576. An intrepid bold fighting man, he had wit enough to take full advantage of the winds of change now blowing in from a new reign -- Elizabeth I had succeeded to the throne in 1558, the year of Sir Thomas' death, and she cared little for some of the ideas of her father, the late Henry VIII. A dynamic leader from among those difficult Anglo-Irish who were often so difficult would be worth some concessions to legal right. Theobald, assured, self-confident, a hail-fellow-well-met, was commended by Sir Henry Sidney¹⁰ as one who "Better deserveth Title of Honour than any of them (other English-descended Irish) ever did, for who am I entende more especially to write, for truly his Deserts he is worthy my commendation."¹¹ He also had the approving words of Sir Henry Wallop.¹² But even then it all took time. Elizabeth was the world's best-known vacillator in her day, and one can think of her at any one of her palaces, thoroughly enjoying, over several years, the delightful occupation of unmaking up her mind about Theobald Butler.

It was not until 1583 -- how slow the years must have seemed to him since in 1559 when the death or possibly murder of Edmund Butler, 2nd Baron Caher, had begun to rouse his ambitions, or serve as the first step toward the realization of his dream (as Baron of Caher #3) -- that at Dublin "the solemnity of his creation was performed in Christ Church." But there was still a catch and three years later he was still working on it: "But the title having been granted to the said Thomas Butler and his heirs general, a Release thereof was made by the heirs of the said Thomas to the said Theobald, confirming the Dignity to him, bearing Date of 14th July 1585 in these words: Unto all Christian Peoples to whom these presents shall come - Ellen Butler one of the daughters and heirs general of Sir Thomas Butler Knt, late lord Baron of Cahier, deceased, and Thomas Prendergast. Son and Heir to Joan Butler, another of the Daughters and heirs general of the said Sir Thomas, do send greetings in Lord God Everlasting - Know ye, us the said Eleanor and Thomas, for us our Heirs and assigns, to have given granted bargained sold confirmed released and admitted and by these presents to give grant bargain sell confirme release and remit to our well beloved Cousin (!) Sir Theobald Butler of the Cahier Knt the Name Dignity Estate Lordship Degree Creation Prehemminences and Privileges of Lord Baron of Cahier descended and come to us from the said Sir Thomas Butler as his Heirs, and the Letters patent whereby the sd. Sir Thomas Butler was made and created Lord Baron of Cahier together with the annuity contained in the said Letters patent (it eventually amounted to L 25) to have been granted to the said Sir Thos. Butler upon his

10. A very much rougher character than his more famous son, Sir Philip.

11. MS History of the Prendergast Family, pp 17,18

12. See Chapter II p. 25

Creation, with the acreages (?) thereof and all our singular thing and things, whatsoever granted contained and expressed in and by the said Letters patent, and also all and singular Manors Castles Lordships Messuages Lands Tenements hereditaments Rights Titles Interests Demesnes Terms Goods Chattles and Other Things, wheresoever with all and singular their appurtns (sic) which we the said Ellen and Thomas or any of us have had or ought to have as heirs or Execrs to the said Sir Thomas in any place of the World, to have hold use occupy enjoy, all and singular the profits above recited expressed and specified with all and singular their appurtns unto the said Sir Theobald his heirs and assigns forever, to the proper use and Behoof of the said Sir Theobald his heirs and assigns, and we the said Eleanor and Thomas and our heirs for us, and our heirs shall warrant and acquit and defend all and singular the presents above specified and expressed in these presents with all and singular their appurtns (appurtenances?) unto the said Sir Theobald knt his heirs and assigns forever, by these Presents. In witness thereof we have hereunto put our Seals, and for that our Seals are unknown to many, we procured the Town Seal of Clonmell to be put hereunto, Dated at Caher the 14th Day of July in the 27th Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lady Q. Elizabeth and in the Year from the Reincarnation of our Lord 1585." Then follow the mark of Eleanor Butler, the signature of 10 year old Thomas Prendergast; and the names of the witnesses, headed by Jeffrey Prendergast.¹³

This document has been submitted in its entirety as a supreme example of man's inhumanity to man, a truly blood-curdling piece of work. Theobald Butler had not yet done enough when he deprived the rightful heirs of their Butler properties -- a process that took 23 years to accomplish. What a coil it must have been, and how widely known, and what unexpected resistance and frustrations he must have met, probably supported by an outraged public opinion. Matters like that are not kept dark. But rapacious "well beloved Cousin Theobald" could not be content so long as anything whatsoever was left to the rightful heirs. No suggestion is made of payment of any sort; he prefers to bleed them white, and he does so. One winces over whether they were even permitted to take anything from Cahir Castle, for after all everything they had there had come to them as Sir Thomas' heirs. Eleanor was lucky that she had a husband to take care of her, and young Thomas Prendergast still had his apparently ineffectual father. There is more here than mere greed; malevolence speaks in every line. The only real surprise is that Theobald made no attempt to seize Newcastle as well, for Jeffrey Prendergast was obviously doing nothing about the matter -- nothing effectual, at any rate. Seizure might have been very easy. Sir John Perrott

13. MS History of the Prendergast Family, pp 18-24

was responsible for all this, and Jeffrey's younger brother Edmund, who was an MP that year, must have acquiesced.

What manner of man was Jeffrey Prendergast anyway? He had at least enough life force to live to an age of probably 70 -- a very ripe old age for that period. But why did he do nothing to help his son and sister-in-law? Was he afraid? Did he feel himself to be friendless and therefore helpless? Was he too discouraged by his young wife's death and his responsibility for a houseful of small boys to be able to exert himself? Was he able to live with himself acceptably afterward, or was he beset by regrets over his failure? At least Elizabeth considered Theobald the better bargain for her. It is impossible to believe he did not care. Or perhaps was he not very bright. Jeffrey Prendergast furnishes one of the enigmas of his family's history.

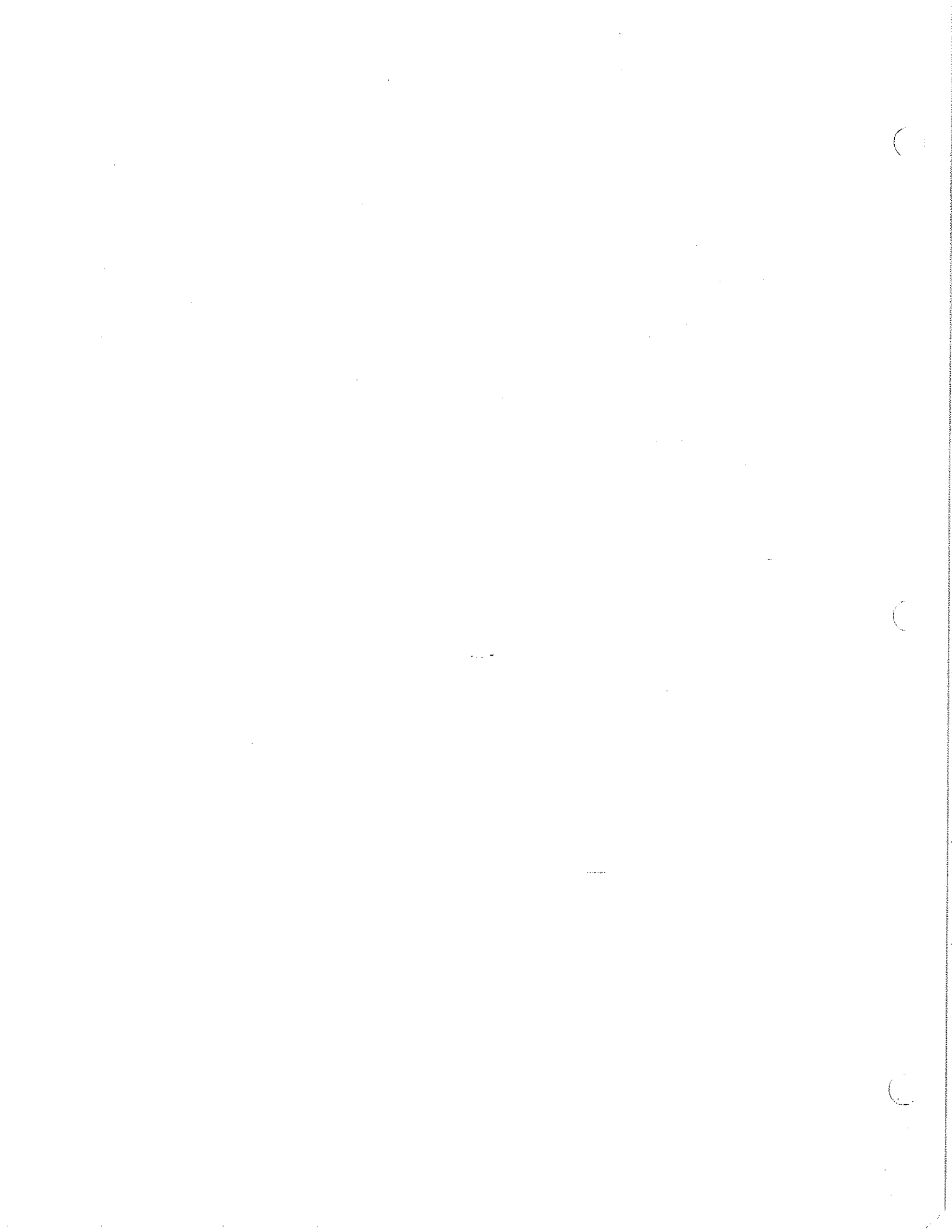
It is significant today that all this old tale of chicanery and force is forgotten by Theobald's successors and fellow-townsmen. Witness the new Cahir Castle booklet, bought at Cahir in 1964: "As early as the 14th century it (Cahir) was the residence of James Butler, son of James Galdie Butler, son of James the third Earl of Ormonde by Catherine, daughter of Gerald, Earl of Desmond, by whose descendant Thomas Butler, ancestor to the late Earl of Glengal, was advanced to the peerage -- 1543 -- as Baron of Cahir."

Actually Thomas Butler 1st Baron of Cahir was the grandson of Pierce Butler, 8th Earl of Ormonde, and he was no ancestor to the Earls of Glengal; he was the uncle of their ancestor Theobald Butler, something quite different, when one remembers the circumstances of Theobald's accession to the family dignities. Either it has all been forgotten or no one is interested in the facts of the case.

The remainder of Theobald's story is anticlimactic; he died in 1596. His son Thomas 4th Earl lived "in great splendor" until his death in 1626. That account tells of his being involved in a 1599 revolt against a lady who had done a great deal for his family -- Elizabeth I. That part of the story is highly credible. At any rate in 1627 at Cahir his son-in-law killed his guest James Prendergast, Jeffrey's grandson, in a quarrel over the rightful ownership of the property. To follow the family further; in the early 19th century, the Prince Regent (later George IV) gave the chief of Theobald's descendants the title of Earl of Glengall. Books of the day mention his "insolent and second-rate intelligence" in no uncertain terms. At one time he is said to have been the "protector" of a badly abused young woman, Marguerite Power Farmer, later to be famous as "the most gorgeous Lady Blessington." His son the second Earl of Glengall died without male heirs, so the title died

with him.¹⁴ His daughter, Margaret Butler, married in 1834 Lieut. Col. Richard Charteris, son of the 9th Earl of Wemyss. Their son, Lieut. Col. Richard Butler Charteris, died without heirs at Cahir in 1946, at 96, generally loved for his kindness, his interest in everyone, his generosity. His fine house, Cahir Lodge, was sold after his death for a hotel, but was soon burned. His grandfather's big old square house on the Square, with its magnificent gardens, is now an excellent hotel. Col. Charteris left his Cahir Castle to the town of Cahir; its great restored hall is used for many town meetings. It is pleasant to think of him as bringing his branch of the family to such a fine close. Theobald's sins were certainly not visited on him or on Cahir in the twentieth century.

14. When he died 22 June 1858 the Earldom Viscounty of Caher died with him, "but it is possible Barony of Caher may still be successfully claimed." Legal baron is still head of male line of Prendergast family - Gort.



THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER IV

There is presumably no one who has not wished at times for a glimpse of the always uncertain future. But those who say mankind is better off without prescience could be right, in spite of the fact that most of our worries prove unjustified, and that the truly shaking events come to us usually as a complete surprise, with which we cope as best we can, but often not effectually.

Had the 17th century "castle" Prendergasts known what the century would hold for them, they would have been utterly miserable when at midcentury they reached their nadir. Life had never been too easy, but their troubles had been chiefly personal; now they would have to learn to survive in a time of national disaster. In that context, their own distresses must sometimes have seemed rather unimportant -- provided they were really aware of the world around them. But in a day of slow and uncertain communications, what could they know of the world outside County Tipperary? Their medieval ancestors, not so long before, had fought in single combat to settle property issues, had engaged in the Hundred Years War in France and had been involved in that struggle between Yorkists and Lancastrians for the English throne (the War of the Roses). But now that was past, and they seem to have more or less bogged down into petty quarrels with neighbors and even relatives over cattle, horses, and property. The loss of the fine Cahir inheritance (so briefly held) to Theobald Butler, has been recounted in the last chapter. Now widowed ineffectual Jeffrey Prendergast would be living at Newcastle, looking after the estate and the tenants, and probably feeling pleased when his son-and-heir Thomas -- the oldest of his four sons, the one who had signed away Cahir -- married in a manner that must have been advantageous in some ways.

We can know nothing nor can we even guess what Thomas' bride Eleanor Butler looked like, or what sort of disposition or intelligence she had. Her interests in that day would necessarily have been domestic and narrow; one view of the Prendergast Enniscorthy Castle, modernized in a way over sixty years ago convinces one that the life of any woman -- lady or servant -- lived within those walls in the 16th century would have been the reverse of comfortable or easy. (Now Ardfinan Castle, between Newcastle and Cahir, and, like them, on the bank of the River Suir, is a very different story; its rather recent modernization is attractive and successful, with an easy stair case, comfortable furnishings, several handsome bathrooms, and some heating arrangements, all go to prove that life in a 12th century Irish castle can be much better than enduring.) But envisioning Newcastle when Eleanor Butler

came there as a bride in 1594 entails no pleasant picture. For one thing, Newcastle had long been without a mistress, and Jeffrey's ideas of housekeeping, cookery, and comfort must have left much to be asked.

Even the amount of dowry the bride brought with her is unknown. But her father Sir John Butler of Kilcash, a younger brother of the 10th Earl of Ormonde, would provide her at least with blue blood -- nothing to be scorned. The later history of Sir John's son and heir, Walter Butler, makes one suspect Sir John's share as a younger son was far from impressive. Eleanor's brother would have a life packed with circumstance, including years of imprisonment in London for his political activities, often knowing hunger and other deprivation, but finally seeing victory for his cause, inheriting the Ormonde Earldom, and seeing grow up beside him his cherished and talented grandson, the future famous first Duke of Ormonde, whose life reads like an old-fashioned romance, complete with sorrow, successes, fame, a wonderful marriage with his true love (a very rich cousin), faithful adherence to the then lost cause of the Stuarts, but finally victory and the greatest title in all Ireland -- in fine, a blaze of glory. At the old Butler Palace at Carrick-on-Suir, it seems very easy to see old Earl Walter in his good last days, his grandson with him.

Thomas and Eleanor Prendergast had, as far as the record shows, three sons, all of whom would in time be lords of Prendergast Newcastle. The eldest, James, was the first head of the male line to die a violent death. (Chapt. III) It is true that many of the family have been fighting men like Maurice, the founder of the family in Ireland. One wonders of course whether they chose that life or were forced into it by circumstances beyond their control, and whether finally, like Maurice, some may have quit it in utter disgust. But few records show members of the family dying in battle, although they so often took part in fighting.

Thomas Prendergast, it will be recalled, had been forced by Queen Elizabeth's wishes, when a ten year old child, to sign away his dead mother's rights to Cahir Castle and the Cahir Barony to her first cousin, Sir Theobald Butler. But Thomas would nevertheless die a wealthy man¹; James would in due time -- 1626 -- pay a livery of L 210 at his death (the inheritance tax of that day) and L 210 was a very large sum for the time and place. It may well be believed that the wrongs suffered

1. Eleanor Butler had died several years earlier, and he had married Ellen White, from a wealthy merchant family of Clonmel -- not blueblooded like the Butlers. However her coat-of-arms could once be seen, says Gort, on the wall of the chapel at St. Patrick's Well, a marshy pilgrimage place near Clonmel. It was not there in 1963.

by Thomas remained a rankling subject of conversation at his earlier home at Ballymorris near Clonmel, and at Newcastle after 1615, when he succeeded his father. There was a suspicion that his death at only 51 might have been hastened by his worry over the worsening situation between his family and that of Theobald. Theobald was now long dead (1596); his only child Thomas, 4th Baron of Cahir, had died recently, also much concerned over the family quarrels. He left an only daughter as heiress and Baroness. She had married Edmund Butler, 3rd Lord Dunboyne, one of the many Butler cousins of both families, and furthermore she was a niece of James Prendergast's wife Lady Catherine Butler, daughter of the Fitzgerald Lord of the Decies. Now Lord Dunboyne, despite James Prendergast's protests, continued to hold Cahir as his wife's property by right. James contended that since his grandmother's unquestioned rights to Cahir had been abrogated for a male heir, a mere female was therefore not qualified to hold it, and he was the next heir male.² All this stir was over matters that had been settled fifty years earlier -- but who of us does not have relatives or friends who still bitterly fight the American Civil War of the 1860's? At any rate, after the deaths of his own father and Lady Dunboyne's, James went over to Cahir to have it out with Lord Dunboyne, only to be killed for his pains. It may well be understood there was some excitement in County Tipperary over the matter, and other ancient animosities were revived.

In time Lord Dunboyne was tried before the House of Lords of Ireland, not for murder, but for treason (not clear why) and acquitted. He did have the right of the matter, or was it the Butler ascendancy that governed the decision? The Prendergasts had certainly begun their slow decline in the world considerably before Cahir was lost to them in 1583.³ But it is perhaps significant of a bad conscience -- or was it merely social pressure? -- that twelve years later Lord Dunboyne mortgaged a castle and some other properties in order to raise L 300 needed by the Prendergasts to pay the annual contract due James' widow, who had since remarried, but continued to be a drain upon the family throughout her long life. The later history of Sir Theobald's descendants has been sketched in the preceding chapter. They did very well.

James Prendergast had been childless, so at his murder

2. "the heirs male of his body." Also the lady's grandfather Theobald 2nd Baron Cahir's grant had stated it was to "the heirs male of his body".

3. Only the Newcastle branch of the family held a good position after the 14th century. Their coat of arms (much like those of the family today - a variant on the Fitzgerald arms, also used by the Gorts) were recorded in 1670 List of Peers in the British Museum.

the ownership of the Newcastle properties and the headship of the male line went to his next brother, Robert, who had been mentioned in his father's will as "of weak mind", and who should be treated kindly. (Did Thomas lack confidence in James' kindness and sense of responsibility?) Now Robert, who fortunately never married, very properly made over his rights to his younger brother Edmund, who thus became the 14th and last Lord of Newcastle, doomed to be in charge of the family when it reached its nadir, but long before that happened, he must surely have seen the handwriting on the wall. (It should be noticed that the 1630's found another young man -- who would become famous -- also filled with presages of trouble. His sympathies were not with Charles I, as Edmund's and his family's would be in the forthcoming struggle between King and Parliament, but John Milton gave up the only happy time in his life, in order to return to England from Italy and face whatever difficulties might arise.)

Wishing to break up the ancient feudal order in Ireland, and raise more money for the king, Charles I's friend Strafford forced the Irish to turn over their estates to the king, who would then regrant them, thus making the lords his men, who would have to pay him rents on their ancient patrimonies. So Edmund Prendergast complied in 1639, giving over his properties to the Commission of Grace, which returned them as the Manor of Prendergast, to him on their own conditions. Parliament confirmed this arrangement two years later. But soon those papers were meaningless. The great English Civil Wars broke out, with the Parliamentary forces in revolt against Charles I, and in time successful under Cromwell's great generalship. The King Charles I was beheaded (the first thing of the sort that ever happened and which the French regarded as setting a precedent for their beheading of Louis XVI and his Queen Maria Antoinette a century and a half later.) The Stuart heir Charles II fled to the Continent where he remained until his Restoration in 1660.

As for the Prendergasts, they were undeviating Royalists, and so came to more grief. Through the rest of that troubled century they would fight for the incompetent Stuarts and for their sake suffer exile, death, and confiscation of properties. The first Parliamentarians they ever saw would have been the English soldiers who crushed the Irish Rebellion of 1641; the next group would have been the soldiers and Adventurers whom Cromwell himself led into and through Ireland in the 1650's. Cromwell had no money to give his followers, so he promised them the Irish lands which they would take. But first of all to be paid would be the Adventurers, who had risked their money to finance the expedition in the first place.

All through Ireland one can follow Cromwell's destruc-

tive route by using the ruined castles as guideposts. But not quite always were the resisting castles destroyed. When he took Kilkenny, after long resistance from Walter Butler, later to be the 11th Earl of Ormonde (see p. 45) the castle was spared. But the horses of the soldiery were stabled in the Cathedral -- St. Canice's, Ireland's finest -- and the men amused themselves by using Ireland's best collection of tomb statuary as targets though the great Butler tombs were spared. Perhaps for its location almost opposite the main door and in good position for target practice from most angles, the recumbent figure of Sir John Grace the Great proved the most attractive object. As late as 1960 some excellent restoration work was being done at St. Canice's, but Sir John had to be left with hands, nose, feet, and much of his legs missing.⁴ (He was a brother of that Eleanor Grace of Courtstown Castle who married James Prendergast about 1545.) Cromwell's harshness was, it must be admitted, seasoned with justice as much as he found possible, but nothing could ever make the Irish like him, either then or today.

When town after town, castle after castle, had fallen to the Parliamentary forces, the defeated Irish were then moved out -- "transplanted" -- beyond the River Shannon, largely to Connaught. Peasants, whose services were needed, were permitted to stay in their old homes, if they would become Protestants, but the landholders were transplanted west, and given acreage -- much of it not good -- in accordance with their original holdings.⁵ Edmund Prendergast apparently was not transplanted; he probably died in the midst of that operation, and his burial place is unknown. But his son Captain Jeffrey, as chief of his clan, was given a very large holding -- 800 acres -- which he sold when in 1661, after the Stuart Restoration, he was permitted to return to County Tipperary. The unpopularity of the newcomers in Connaught may be easily imagined, and their bitterness may be taken for granted. Their one-time homes were apportioned out to the victorious army by lot, and in a like manner they found their places in Connaught, Leinster, Munster and Ulster. The doctrinaire nature of the leaders of the Parliamentary cause was very evident in this connection. The various courts set up for the allotments tried at first to follow the procedures inspired by the Oceana of Sir James Harring-

4. Sir John's wife, Honora, on the opposite side of the nave, is undamaged.

5. "Over 40,000 military men were banished to Spain, orphans were transported to serve in English plantations in The West Indies; while the conquering army divided ancient inheritances of the Irish by lot." (John Patrick Prendergast) And hoped to change Irish names, religion, manners, - nothing had been seen like it since the Vandals.

ton, a then new book picturing an ideal Constitution. Harrington's State would be administered by a perfect lawgiver -- obviously Cromwell. It is interesting to note that this book, so dull today, was behind much of the planning for the Constitution of Massachusetts as well as for the Constitution of the USA. So, minus a Cromwell, Harrington's dream eventually came true to a much greater extent than do most Utopian dreams. It was no doubt a good basis for a new and free country, but for conquered and unhappy Ireland it proved not to be applicable, and soon its ideals had to be discarded by the new Parliamentary rulers for more pragmatic and unpleasant means. (It must be recalled that the first country ever to have a Constitution or be set up with one was the United States of America, well over a century later.)

What happened in the notorious Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland may be read in two very different books: John Patrick Prendergast's incomparable Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland 1865⁶, and John Anthony Froude's 3 Vol. The English in Ireland 1874, where the author attempts a justification of all the unjustifiable happenings in Ireland for over five centuries. The two authors agree on what happened, but disagree radically in their interpretation of those events. As Froude says, he speaks as a non-Conformist Englishman, and Prendergast speaks as an Irish patriot. One interesting statement made by Froude (Vol. I) is that the Irish have never been so well governed and prosperous as they were under the Cromwellian regime, but it must be confessed that still most of the people in this world prefer some misgovernment by their own to the considerably better rule of foreign conquerors. Cruel and harsh deeds will be found under any conquest, as Froude admits.

Most of the Prendergast castles became mere ruins during this period. The only exception is Ardfinan, which Cromwell and his son-in-law General Ireton used as their headquarters in the south of Ireland. Built by the Earl of Mortaigne, later King John in 1185, it was later a de Bermingham property. Its history for a long period is unascertainable even in the National Library of Ireland at Dublin. "Ardfinan" means "the hill of Finan", who was an early Christian hermit there. The crossing of the beautiful River Suir (which also flows past other castles in the family history -- Newcastle and Cahir) has a famous crossing there, where a number of well-known people have been drowned. Just when it came into Prendergast hands is uncertain. Probably Cromwell took it from the family; at any rate a few years later, in the early 1680's, the nearby Spittal lands and the Mullough property just across the river from Newcastle, belonged to the family, and Ardfinan probably did too.

6. inspired by research into his own family history, he says in Introduction.

Had it all been given back to them by the Restoration of 1660? In 1849 Samuel Lewis in his Topographical History of Ireland⁷ refers to it as a ruin, a fact that seems strange today. Certainly it was in use in 1801 at the time of the birth of Edmund Prendergast. He was descendant of the great beauty, Mary of Mullough, and her second husband, John McCaffrey of Limerick, who took the name of Prendergast. (He had been her steward during her six years of widowhood.)⁸ Gort says that if any of her heirs still exist, they are the rightful holders of the Barony of Cahir.⁹ But Edmund's son Surgeon General Robert Keating Prendergast, who died in 1890, was an only child, as was his son, Admiral Sir Robert John Prendergast, 1864-1946, long-time friend of George V, who sold the castle when his only child, a boy 10 years old, died in 1919. (The Admiral had a very distinguished career. His pretty little widow, much younger than he, was still living in Eastbourne, on the south coast of England, in 1963 when I called on her in her beautiful home, surrounded by devoted servants and an indifferent cat. She and her husband had lived in many interesting places, so she has some fine collections -- embroideries etc., and a Sir Peter Lely of James II's wife Anne Hyde) The present owners of Ardfinan, the Mulcaheys, have done much for it (see Chap. III, Note 6). An interesting bit of decor in the entrance hall are two 17th century prints of Cromwell and Ireton - "not here because we love them but for historical reasons," explained the chatelaine.

Newcastle has been, since in the early 1650's a depressing ruin. The one remaining tower is in use for storage today; it was once used as a stable. The ruined chapel nearby was used as a place of burial for the family after their traditional place of sepulture, St. Francis Abbey at Clonmel, fell into lay hands with the English takeover. Alderman Ken-

7. Based on Sir Wm. Petty's famous Down Survey of 1654, still used largely in Irish ordnance maps.

8. Another source states that the Ardfinan Prendergasts are descended from Mary and her first husband, Patrick Prendergast. Their only child was of course that fine fighting man Jeffrey "The Captain" buried at Newcastle. Born in 1684 he had entered Marlborough's army at 13, aided by his relative Sir Thomas Ist. He was highly honored for his services. His elaborate epitaph at Newcastle was not understandable by Gort in 1839 until an obliging onlooker fetched a missing piece of the gravestone from doing valuable service on a potato ridge.

9. Mary was the daughter of Captain Jeffry son of Edmund, who had spent several years unwillingly in Connaught. His sons chose exile on the Continent after the Stuart cause was lost -- they were all fighting men.

drick's properties eventually fell into the possession of 19th century heirs, the Perrys, who had a fine square house in the village of Newcastle which was burned out in 1922 at the time of "The Troubles". Old Col. Perry (who was now in his 90's) decided then to move into Clonmel, where he was still living in 1964. The house, roofless and windowless, makes an interesting contrast to the nearby castle that the Colonel's ancestors were happy to have destroyed. So the circle of history continues. The old Prendergasts were of course bitter about what had happened to them.

The fate of Prendergast Newcastle has been very different from that of Ardfinan. Newcastle today is just one lonely ruined tower once used as a stable, and more recently for storage. Green growth covers a portion of it, but nothing can conceal the beauty of the Suir, which winds around the island on which the castle is located, and separates it from the ruins of that onetime family property, Mullough, now crowned by a ruined church and an interesting little cemetery. When the castle was taken by Cromwell in the early 1650's, it was permanently lost to the family, except for some years in the 18th century. It then passed to Alderman Kendrick, one of the Adventurers, but he too was unlucky with it, for part of his holdings went to endow the Duke of York (later James II) after the 1660 Restoration.¹⁰ So when many of the Anglo-Irish families had their properties restored to them, the Prendergasts remained unlanded; who could do anything against the King's brother? Even their powerful relative, the great first Duke of Ormonde, could do nothing to help them. As for the Kendricks, they kept such lands as they could, and in time they went thru the female line to the Perrys. I question whether the Kendrick-Perrys ever lived in the old castle, even in the beginning, for in the nearby village of Newcastle there is a handsome square stone house of the obvious late 17th century vintage, which was their home until "The Troubles" of 1922, when it was burned. Now it stands windowless and roofless -- as desolate as the lonely tower of Newcastle Prendergast, after the rest of it was used, according to custom, as a quarry from which to build village houses. A few years ago the present owner, 90 year old Col. Perry, now living in Clonmel, sold the castle and the 2,000 acres around it to the Land Commission of Ireland, which then parcelled it out. At present the castle tower and the 30 acres surrounding it belong to a John Condon, from a family which he probably does not know (or care) intermarried with the Prendergasts 350 years ago. How bitter is Col. Perry, as history turns its wheel? One may be sure of the bitterness of Edmund Prendergast when he lost it all. At least Col. Perry has a house to live in, and means to support himself,

10. He lost Ballybeg, Tulloughmelan, Robesa, Burgenland

but Edmund's son Captain Jeffrey lived with his mother in a one room cabin with an acre of ground around it to support them.

The liveliest tale of the takeover under Cromwell, showing him not so unfavorably, comes from a manuscript in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth, Wales.¹¹ Copied by Col. Vereker, who later became the second Viscount Gort, a descendant of Sir Thomas Prendergast I, of whom much more later, and presented to his uncle John Smyth Prendergast, the first Viscount in 1810, it is based on a probably faulty pedigree but the story is still distinctive. The tale: Having taken Newcastle Prendergast, Cromwell marched away with his army, leaving a detail of a few men to destroy the place, when he heard a general shout, which seemed to indicate that his remaining men had been attacked. He returned at once, but found the noise had been made by a pack of buckhounds which had been confined within the walls during the assault. "At first chagrined he ordered the dogs to be killed, but at the request of one of his officers, he directed Mr. Prendergast to accompany the army, and after a few hunts and that intercourse for some days with the officers, they petitioned Cromwell in his favor, and he received a License to return to his Estates of Newcastle, Mullough, and the Frehans only provided all castles and strongholds therein were destroyed at his private Charge, within one month." But this could not have been the Lord of Newcastle -- his name was Edmund. It could have been James of Mullough, his descendant. Or it might explain the fact Edmund's son Capt. Jeffry got all of 800 acres when he was transplanted to Connaught.

There were of course other ruined Prendergast castles: Kildonaghey, Curraghclooney, Frehans (probably the finest, after Newcastle) Curraghmemoney, Carrigearty, and Keale, most famous. Starkly on its hilltop several miles east of Michels-town, which the Prendergasts lost to the Cogans by marriage of an heiress in 1418, stands Kilcolman, where Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney were visitors, known to all lovers of literature because Sir Walter Raleigh's subordinate, Edmund Spenser lived there until it was burned over his head in the 1580's; much of the beautiful scenery in his THE FAERIE QUEEN is a description of the country around Kilcolman -- today another lonely tower, propped up by its abundant covering of ivy. There is a certain irony here too; the poet's son William inherited it, and as a staunch supporter of the Stuarts he too was transplanted to Connaught. His feelings on the subject, probably untempered by a view of history, can be imagined.

When Captain Jeffrey Prendergast, son of Edmund last

11. This manuscript History and Pedigree of the Prendergast Family (see p. 2) is the basis of the horrible story (p. 15) of King Dermot MacMurrough's behavior when the heads of his enemies were brought to him.

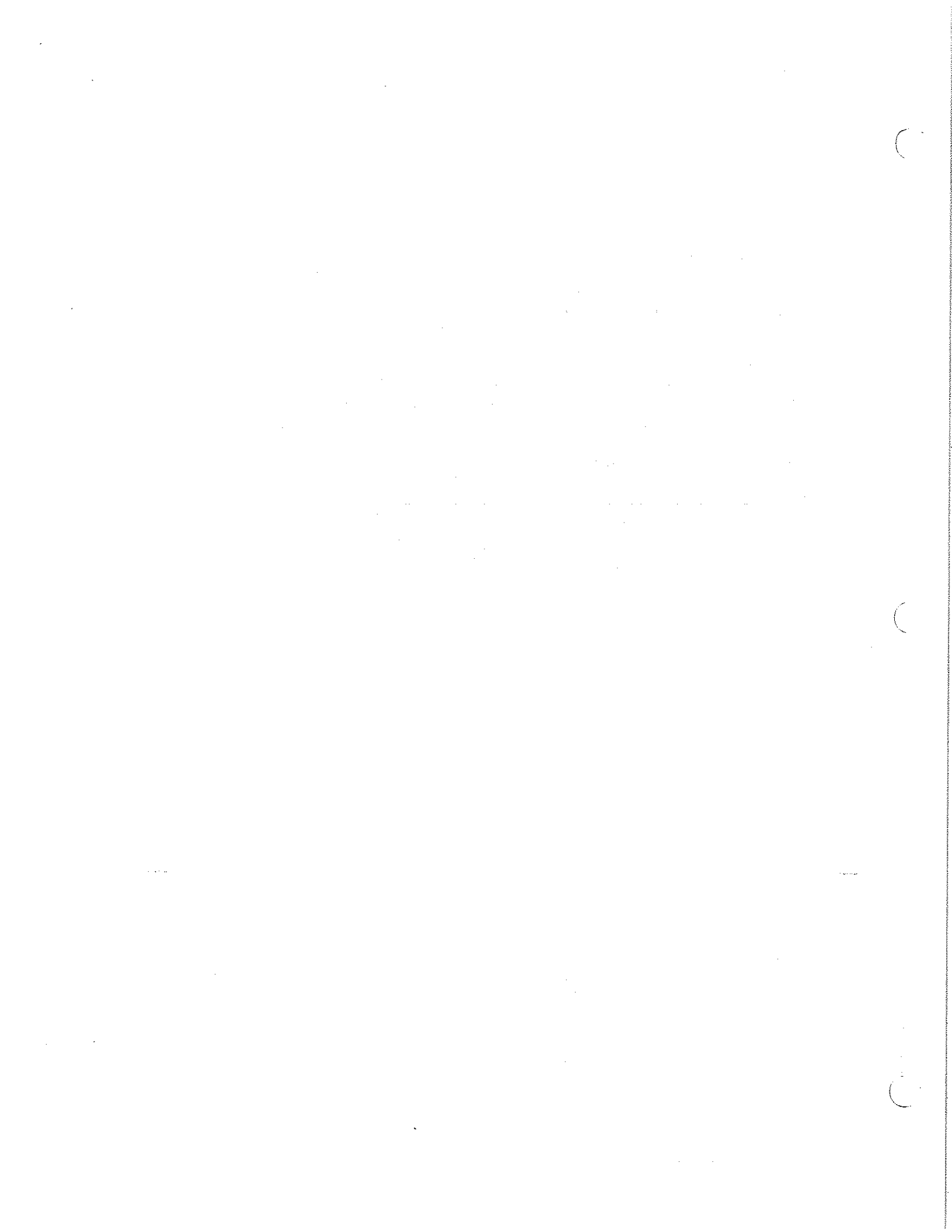
Lord of Newcastle, died in 1670, only a few years after his return from Connaught, the headship of the male line of the family shifted to his younger brother. "Old" Thomas Jeffrey's sons after the Stuart debacle, had chosen exile in France and Spain; only his daughter, the famous beauty "Mary of Mullough" remained in Ireland. "Old" Thomas is so-called because his gravestone at Newcastle stated he lived to be 111 years old.¹² Gort doubts that figure, but thinks he could well have lived to be 100, so the adjective would be an earned one at any rate. He lived out his last years at Croane in a good house (now vanished) on one of the old family properties on which he took perpetual leases from his oldest son, the successful Sir Thomas. Obviously a very strong and healthy man, he was probably illiterate. About 1660 he married Ellen Condon, daughter of "the attainted chief of an unfortunate clan." Their three sons would be caught up in James II's unavailing attempt to regain the throne of the Stuarts 1688-1690. A younger brother of Charles II, James was no statesman and had alienated so many of his subjects that the great mass of them were quite agreeable to having his son-in-law, "William the Dutchman", take over throne and country as William III -- "The Glorious Revolution." But James could not at first accept that fact, so many more men suffered and died before he was finally defeated at the Battle of the Boyne, north of Dublin, in 1690, when he too departed into permanent exile in France. All three of "Old" Thomas' sons were in that battle. Thomas the oldest was a captain there, and his story will be followed in the next chapter. James, the youngest, at once left Ireland for France, where after a military career he would die. Jeffrey, 19 at the time of the battle, stayed on with his father at Croane -- firm, sincere, responsible. In time he would marry a Clonmel girl, Margaret Daniel, bring up his family there, and survive his father.

12. Gort saw the somewhat damaged gravestone of "Old" Thomas and his son Jeffrey in the northeast corner of the ruined chapel at Newcastle in 1834, and fortunately copied the remaining inscription which, he says, had been in quite good condition in 1819. Gort had to have a large heap of soil removed before he could find the gravestone, which may not have helped it. When John Patrick Prendergast and his brother Francis were there in 1844, it had become illegible. When my husband and I were there in 1960, it had entirely disappeared. "How do you know they were buried there?" we asked the village blacksmith who had directed us to the spot. "Because the old folks told me so when I was young." Both Gort and the Prendergast brothers had been obliged to rely on that sort of intelligence too. It is pertinent to mention here that in the climate of the British Isles, gravestones soon deteriorate unless they are under shelter, as in a church. Jeffrey J. Prendergast paid well in 1960 to have some gravestone inscriptions renewed on 1879 and 1899 graves.

only ten years, to be buried in the same grave with him at Newcastle.¹³

13. Multiple burials in a single grave seem still not at all uncommon in the British Isles. To cite relatives: In Bath, England, "the three amiable Prendergast sisters" lie in a common grave in Bathwick Hill Cemetery; members of the Ensor family are buried together in Loughgall Cemetery, County Armagh, Ulster; John Patrick Prendergast and his wife Caroline Ensor Prendergast and one of his relatives Samuel Gordon occupy one of the layered graves (3 feet apart is the rule) in Mt. Jerome Cemetery, Harold's Cross, Dublin; William and Francis Prendergast are together in Dean's graveyard, Dublin.

The traditional burial place of the family was at St. Francis Abbey, Clonmel until the Cromwellian upset caused that building to be secularized. After that event, the ruined chapel at Newcastle became the place. The first known family burial there was that of another Capt. Jeffrey Prendergast, a wellknown officer of the Duke of Marlborough's, in 1712. He was the son of "Mary of Mullough" and her husband and cousin, Patrick Prendergast, who died in the Stuart cause.



THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER V

But that bitter defeat of 1690 would ultimately and strangely lead to the renewal of the Prendergast fortunes by way of "Old" Thomas' eldest son, the later Sir Thomas Prendergast I, the most notable member of the family since Maurice de Prendergast arrived in Ireland in 1169. The two younger sons of "Old Thomas" would have a very different history after the Battle of the Boyne; the youngest, James, who must have been all of 17 when he took part in the battle, soon left for France as a soldier of fortune, and died there. The middle son, Jeffrey, who was 19 in 1690, and would be the ancestor of our branch of the family, returned to County Tipperary to stay close to his father, while still keeping up his close personal relationship with his much more successful elder brother, whose business manager he became. Sir Thomas eventually named him in his will as one of his executors with reversion to him of the entail of his great properties, in case there should be no son-and-heir. However in time Sir Thomas had a son who survived him and who inherited the headship of the male line of the Newcastle Prendergasts from "Old" Thomas. (Sir Thomas had then long predeceased his father.)

Sir Thomas' descendants, the Viscounts Gort, have never chosen to make known, in the editions of Burke's Peerage, the circumstances by which the impoverished County Tipperary gentleman attained to wealth, lands, titles, and a high position in the British Army -- he became a Brigadier General, no less. DNB comments upon this fact and adds that for many years scholars were unaware of the story since in the State Papers of the late 1690's his name appears as "Prendergrass". And of course it is thus that Macauley spells it in his detailed HISTORY OF ENGLAND. However, Sir Thomas' great grandson, Col. Charles Vereker of "Colony" fame, is frank and justificatory in his MS HISTORY OF THE PRENDERGAST FAMILY, and so is the Fourth Viscount Gort in his important work to which so many references have already been made. (He quotes for pages from Macauley, Vol. III).

This most notable event in Sir Thomas's rather spectacular life occurred when he was perhaps 35, and a deeply discouraged man. In 1686 he had been dismissed from Byerly's regiment of Horse because of his Catholicism. After taking part on the losing side at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, he dropped out of sight for a time, perhaps to join his brother James in France as one of the "Wild Geese" -- the disgruntled Irish glad to fight in Continental Wars, preferably against the English. And Thomas had every reason to feel disgruntled: the restrictive measures of the dominant English government against the oppressed Irish Catholics were both wide and deep. No

practice of their religion, no education of their children unless they turned Protestant, no rights to inherit or acquire property in excess of five acres, no commissions in the army -- and of all these the last would cut Thomas Prendergast the most deeply, for as his most famous descendant, the great Field Marshall Gort of World War II fame would be, he was completely the military man.

It was early in 1696 when he was staying with one of the Byerlys in Hampshire, that he received an urgent message from another oldtime friend -- had he known him at the Boyne? -- Captain George Porter, a Catholic and, as Macauley makes it quite clear, decidedly a ne'er-do-well, asking him to join a group of men at the Blue Posts Tavern in London on a matter that would offer him a great opportunity. But the opportunity proved to be only partly to Captain Thomas Prendergast's taste. He was perfectly willing to join this group of conspirators in an effort to restore the Stuart line to the English throne. (James II's able illegitimate son, of the brilliant Churchill family, was already in London, to lead it.) But he was horrified at the plot-within-a-plot, probably originated by Porter, that it would all begin with the murder of King William III a few days later, when he should be driving near lonely Turnham Green.¹ Of the 30 or possibly 40 men present, Thomas Prendergast was chosen to be the one of the eight to stab the King. He did not refuse, but later that night decided to warn the King, on his own terms that he refuse to name the plotters. He held out until he learned that three of them had already turned state's evidence on promise of safety including Porter who had given his name in the listing. On the King's advice, he joined the group at the appointed time, was arrested and for a time imprisoned. On 25 February in his report of the matter to the House of Lords, the King mentioned Captain Pendergrass as obviously a man of honor. Both Houses of Parliament in England as well as the Irish Parliament voted him resolutions of thanks for having preserved the royal life and government, and prayed His Majesty would confer upon him some mark of royal favor.

A reward of L 1,000 having been offered for the apprehension of each of the plotters, soon those who had not managed to flee the country were in custody. Some, like Thomas Prendergast, were freed within a few months, but several were hanged, and one, Sir John Fenwick, who had always played his cards very badly indeed, was beheaded. Thomas Prendergast's evidence was important against all of them, says DNB. John Evelyn so cold hearted about everything except his family and

1. Macauley ties in this plot with the censure of John Dalrymple, 2nd Lord Stair, for his responsibility for the Glencoe Massacre of the Macdonalds by the Campbells. Dalrymple was an ancestor of Sir Harry North Dalrymple Prendergast (Chapter VII)

beautiful objects, lists in his Diary all the executions, one after another from 8 March 1696 to 17 January 1697. Why such especial brutality was shown in the instances of the aged Sir Thomas Perkins (Parkyns) and Sir John Friend, does not appear. Evelyn merely remarks, as of 10 April 1696, that "the quarters of Sir William Perkins and Sir John Friend, along with Perkins' head, were set up at Temple Bar - a dismal sight which many pitied, not seen since the time of King Charles II, namely Sir William Armstrong in 1684". Jeremy Collier, the pugnacious Nonjuring divine still so well remembered, with two other clerics escorted Parkyns and Friend to the gallows, to grant them a form of absolution certainly not in THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, for which all three of them suffered imprisonment, and Collier was outlawed for the remaining thirty years of his life. Evelyn lists the conspirators as "about thirty knights and gentlemen, many of them Irish and English Papists and Nonjurors or Jacobites." He records that as a result of the plot the King's popularity increased.

As for Thomas Prendergast, as soon as he was released from prison, his upward climb began. He was restored to his earlier position in the Army, and was soon a Lieutenant Colonel. (He would die a Brigadier General.) At first he refused tangible rewards, but soon lost that shyness. When the expropriated O'Shaughnessy lands in County Galway (was it 4,000 acres or 7,000? Accounts differ.) were offered him, he accepted the patent to the Gortinchegorie properties (later shortened to "Gort"). His son would in time find himself burdened by the O'Shaughnessys during many years of litigation, but nothing to be compared with the Prendergast-Fleming quarrels over Newcastle, in the 14th and 15th centuries. However, it would be an expensive nuisance. The King made Thomas Prendergast a grant from any of his family's old properties which might be unclaimed in Counties Tipperary and Waterford, and his father and brother received some lands they could very well use. Also Thomas was given some of the forfeited Barrymore lands near Butevant. The Barrymores were distant relatives who had lost everything by their adherence to the Stuarts; did he ever feel uncomfortable over acting a part that not so many years earlier had been acted against the Prendergasts? Then within two years he was knighted and made a Baronet, and a Groom-in-Waiting at the King's court. In 1703 he was elected a Member of Parliament. His marked military ability soon attracted attention of William Cadogan, who as the first Earl of Cadogan would succeed the Duke of Marlborough as Commander-in-Chief of the British armies. It was thus that he met Sir William's only sister Lady Penelope. Their father, Henry Cadogan, a Dublin attorney, descended from one of the Welsh royal houses as were the Prendergasts, had married Bridget, the brilliant daughter of the Regicides,² Sir

2. The men in authority who had voted for the death of Charles I in 1649.

Hardress Waller, Major General of the Cromwellian forces in Ireland. Sir Hardress' other daughter, Elizabeth, Baroness Shelbourne, had married a truly great man, Sir William Petty, another Parliamentarian, whose maps of Ireland were the first really modern work of the sort. This was the family into which Sir Thomas Prendergast now decided to marry, and it would be difficult to find one more different from his own interests and history, let alone religion. No doubt because of his new matrimonial ambition, Sir Thomas now conformed (became Protestant) and his ever faithful brother Jeffrey went along with him. They must have concluded justly that outside the Establishment, they could never really rise. As the old Western frontier adage has it: "If you cain't lick 'em, then jine 'em." The King approved the move and gave Thomas L 3,000 which he used as a jointure for Lady Penelope. His new coat-of-arms, still used by his descendants today with but few changes, was based like that of his own family, on those of their Fitzgerald kinsmen, the Desmonds and Kildares, later the Dukes of Leinster. The marriage took place in 1697, and the couple lived in some style in a pleasant house facing St. Stephen's Green in Dublin, and later in London. Thomas must have been not only an ambitious man, but a highly practical one intent on implementing that ambition; his sentiment shows itself only in his feeling for his brother Jeffrey, and in his buying back in such a way as to cripple him financially, still more of the ancient Prendergast lands in County Tipperary.

In the intermittent fighting against the French in the Low Countries in the first decade of the eighteenth century, he took an active part, only to die under strange circumstances at the battle of Malplaquet on 11 September 1709, before he was fifty. It seems an appropriate finish to his action-filled life, though more like the exit of a folk-hero than an actual person. To quote Col. Charles Vereker, later the second Viscount Gort, in his 1810 MS HISTORY OF THE PRENDERGAST FAMILY, page 47: "The following circumstance attending the death of Sir Thomas Prendergast was found noted in his Tablet after his Death and dated a Year before. It appeared as follows: Being in bed with my wife last night in this my house in the City of Dublin, I dreamed that James Crosswell, a native of Clonmell in Ireland and who had died in my service three years ago, appeared in my Livery and told me to prepare -- for that I would die this day year. Tho' having no Superstition on the subject, I note this as a curious Memorandum, if such an event should happen to me. Thomas Prendergast 11th 7ber 1708." It was to reassure his wife and urge her to cast aside superstitious fears, that he was writing a letter to her when he was killed while being chaffed by officer friends on the subject. This strange story must have had a rather wide and long circulation for years later, General Oglethorpe, the founder of the Georgia Colony in

America related it, with a few changes, to Dr. Samuel Johnson.³ He added that the fatal shot had come from a French battery which had not yet received orders to cease firing. The French account of the battle lists among the slain "Prince d'Egast, Brigadier," someone's error in reading handwriting. He was no doubt buried on the battlefield with others slain.

Even today, after two and a half centuries, Sir Thomas continues to provide a genuine enigma. Men of action -- and he certainly was one -- are presumably simple and uncomplicated people. He was not at all in that category. From our first real knowledge of him, when he betrayed the assassination plot to William III, until his dramatic end, he provides plenty of problems, such as his abrupt change of religion for prudential reasons (surely) when he had been so devout a Catholic, his marriage to the granddaughter of a Regicide when he and his whole family had been so excessively faithful to the Stuarts, and his acceptance of forfeited properties when the Prendergasts had lost everything by forfeiture not so many years earlier. Like Scarlet O'Hara, he may merely have decided he would never go hungry again, and this was the price he had to pay. His descendants were obviously none too happy about the original cause of his advancement, as witness Col. Vereker once again -- for the last time in this study -- when he offered a sort of apologia: "We enter on the history of this Family at that period with a mixture of pleasure as well as pain, for censure and praise have been alike bestowed by the historian. All that we shall premise is that it is not allowed to Man to know the heart of man - Man can alone be judged by his actions, and if Good follows the act, the Deed speaks for itself. This Age will never believe that the deliberate Assassin could become the Confidential Companion of the person the poniard was aimed at, or that, that Person filling an ordinary Situation in life could climb to court favours unless honest and true Principles directed and stopped the uplifted Arm that would have deprived England of a Deliverer, a Constitution and a Religion -- if that Deity who commands all human events had not in his wisdom decreed that one honest Man, perhaps tempted by those Allurements which few can resist, should be seduced for a time from the true paths of rectitude and Honour until the contrite heart shrinking from the black Deed at the moment of Execution, stopped the Act⁴ and thus preserved the life of not only a fellow creature but a King and thus saved England from Popery and Tyranny forever, and usurpation."

Sir Thomas left three small children for his widow to look

3. Charles Rykamp and Frederick A. Pottle: BOSWELL: THE OMINOUS YEARS 1774-1776, New York 1963, Footnote p. 92

4. The Colonel seemed to think Thomas Prendergast had no thought of getting out of the assassination plot at first. Could he have been right? Family gossip, by any chance?

after: Thomas, then aged seven, and two little sisters. Juliana would marry Chaworth, Earl of Meath and die childless. Elizabeth, whose first marriage was also childless, would then marry Charles Smyth, barrister son of Thomas Smyth, Lord Bishop of Limerick, and provide the needed heir to her brother's wealth -- for he too was childless. Lady Penelope took her responsibilities seriously; various records of her efforts to keep everything in order are to be found in the National Library of Ireland at Dublin. No comment is ever made that she inherited any of her mother's famous wit; she was quite possibly a bit dull. She survived Sir Thomas for 37 years, dying in 1746. From the evidence of her will, her last years were sad and lonely, and clouded by a certain distrust of her children. She left L 5 for the support of one of her pet dogs, but for the favorite, "My poor little dog Trow, L 20 sterling to maintain the poor creature, my poor little faithful companion, who whenever she heard me complain, would cry out and lament for me as if she had been a human creature."

The descendants of Sir Hardress Waller did in the main very well. Penelope Prendergast's descendants are the Viscounts Gort. Her aunt Elizabeth, Baroness Shelbourne, is the ancestor of the rich and important Lansdowne family today. Her brother William, first Earl of Cadogan, was succeeded in his title by a younger brother whose heirs today are the Earls Cadogan; his two daughters married well and interestingly. Sarah became Duchess of Richmond and Lennox by her marriage to the second Duke, a grandson of Charles II and Louise de Queroualle. Of their many handsome children, the eldest son of course is the ancestor of the present Dukes of that line. Of the daughters, Emily married the first Duke of Leinster, head of the Kildare branch of the Fitzgeralds -- a match arranged by the two fathers to pay a gambling debt⁵ - and thus in time became the mother of the great Irish patriot and martyr, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Another daughter Sarah, once loved by the young George III, later married the Hon. George Napier and had the three sons so famous in the 19th century as soldiers, administrators and writers. Was Lady Penelope Prendergast ever in touch with any of this brilliant circle? If so, could she have carried it off well? It would be a pleasure to know at least that she was at times entertained at her niece's beautiful home, beautiful Goodwood House in Sussex, and could briefly forget her cares.

When one recalls the difficulties faced by Sir Thomas Prendergast I from his earliest days, one should expect that his only son, Sir Thomas II, would be a very different sort of person. Everything seems always to have been done for him. Never in his whole life did he have to make any sort of struggle except in the endemic difficulties with the O'Shaughnessys, which fomented by his political enemies, eventually cost him so

5. Brian Fitzgerald: EMILY DUCHESS OF LEINSTER London 1948 p.11

much that he had to sell the County Tipperary properties that his father had amassed with so much pride and pleasure and had left him always embarrassed for ready cash. However, Sir Thomas II still had much wealth. (Lord Gort says that in 1760 -- the year of his death -- Sir Thomas II sold property to a Mr. Austin of Cork for a reputed price of L 19,738. Gort figures that if those lands could only have been kept together for another century, they would have been bringing in an annual income of at least L 12,000 and Sir Thomas II's Uncle Jeffrey's heirs would have profited equally). Sir Thomas II was so fond of the flesh-pots of London, that according to one witness, "he and his wife are in Ireland now and then only for a month or so." So his name should probably be added to that long list of absentee landlords whose indifference to Ireland did much to add to its troubles. When he was in Dublin he of course lived in high style. Mehetable Patrick Canning, mother of the diplomatist, Lord Stratford de Redclyffe and cousin of Esther Patrick who married Francis Prendergast (our ancestor) still remembered in her old age how grandly Sir Thomas drove his coach-and-four through the fashionable streets of Dublin. In time he married Lady Anne Williams, daughter of Sir Griffith Williams of Conway Castle, which she eventually inherited from her childless brother, Sir Robert Williams, and is said to have left to her second husband, Captain Terence Prendergast of Col. Rigane's Regiment whom she married "with indecent haste" in five months time. Both her marriages were childless; all one can be sure about in her case is that she liked a certain name.

One should give Sir Thomas II due credit, however, for what he did in those intervals he managed to spend in Ireland. He showed considerable interest in the estate of Gort, had roads and bridges made, erected mills, and built the "neat modern town of Gort." His portrait now owned by the seventh Viscount Gort shows him as a young man with long waving hair, leather gloves, and sword. He was in his late fifties when the Whig Ministry decided to reward him for his consistent and enthusiastic support by elevating him to the Peerage, under the appropriate title that had belonged unofficially to his ancestors: Viscount Clonmell. However in 1760, before the patent could be completed and conferred, he died in his house on Merion Square, Dublin -- still, after 200 years, an excellent address. Without a son or brother to succeed him, his knighthood and title as a Baron died with him. The headship of the male line of the Prendergasts then left his branch of the family permanently, to lodge among the descendants of Sir Thomas I's faithful brother Jeffrey, where it still is.

Unlike his father, Sir Thomas II took much interest in politics, and had experience of its workings by serving in Parliament and as Postmaster General for several years. But he had scarcely reached his majority when it was his bad fortune, perhaps through his position regarding tithes, to attract the

malevolent attention of one of Ireland's most talented sons, Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. Poor Swift in 1725 was in the beginning stages of that insanity which would wreck his great genius, when in "The Legion Club" -- his name for the Irish Parliament -- he attacked Sir Thomas as well as his ancestors on both sides, being particularly vicious with Sir Thomas I. An example, no more revolting than most, is found in the following section a perfect paraphrase of a passage from Horace, called "Noisy Tom" taken, notes and all, from Thomas Roscoe's Edition of SWIFT'S WORKS, Vol. I, p. 557 (the parenthetical sections are by this writer).

If Noisy Tom (1) should in the senate prate
 "That he would answer both for church and state;
 And further, to demonstrate his affection,
 Would take the kingdom under his protection;"
 All mortals must be curious to inquire
 Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
 "What! thou, the spawn of him (2) who shaped our isle,
 Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
 Though by the female side (3) you proudly bring,
 To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
 What was thy grandsire (4) but a mountaineer
 Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
 Whose master Moore (5) preserved him from the halter
 For stealing cows! nor could he read the Psalter!
 What, durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chase
 Thy founder's grandson (6) and usurp his place?
 Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 Survive in thee, and make the proverb good?"(7)

(1) Sir Thomas Prendergast II. (2) The father of Sir Thomas, who engaged in a plot to murder William III, but to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate and baronetcy. (3) Cadogan's family. (Actually this is a reference to Sir Thomas' maternal grandfather, Sir Hardress Waller, the Regicide.) (4) A poor cottager condemned at Clonmell to be hanged for stealing cows. (Gort says of course the Prendergasts were poor, after the Cromwellians had taken everything from them, and there may well have been some cattle-stealing raids by Tory retainers of the family.) (5) Mr. Moore, the landholder. (Gort knows nothing of this incident. "Mr. Moore" was a Cromwellian newcomer who was made High Sheriff of County Tipperary, a position earlier held by the Prendergasts.) (6) Guy Moore, his grandson, M.P. from Clonmell, was petitioned against by Noisy Tom (and defeated by him in the next Parliamentary election.) (7) "Save a thief from the gallows and he will cut your throat."

The power of the printed word, so often doubted today, may still have considerable influence, no matter how untrue or calumnious. Swift's remarks about Sir Thomas and his family

were still being quoted nearly 175 years later, in the 2 May issue of the scholarly London publication, "Notes and Queries." Someone signing himself "Sigma Tau" (S.T. in plain English) wrote from Hobart, Tasmania reiterating all Swift's charges, and adding that Sir Thomas I could not possibly have been one of the Newcastle Prendergasts, or the recipient of a Barony, etc. Did any interested reader ever reply to all this farrago? And what did Sir Thomas II think of such an attack? As was remarked earlier Sir Thomas I is still a controversial character.

Thomas (Fitz-Jeffrey) next head of the male line of the family, had a daughter-in-law Jane Gordon who would bring into the line one of those ironical situations, so dear to lovers of co-incidence -- another unpleasantness with Swift.

Jane's great-aunt was Jane Waring of Ulster, one of whose brothers had been Swift's roommate at Trinity College, Dublin. In the 1690's Swift, always lonely and unhappy, formed a strong attachment to Jane; an engagement took place, and for four years the pair met at intervals, corresponded, bickered over his severe demands, including giving up her family completely. Swift's attitude toward women was always anomalous: he had to be with them, but must always make them suffer. The three to whom he was most attracted had certain resemblances in that they were fatherless, and complained of ill health much of the time. And in deference to the current style, he gave them all Latinized names, probably for purposes of correspondence. Hester ("Vanessa") Homrighouse followed him from London to Dublin and died there, presumably of unrequited love. Esther ("Stella") Johnson also followed him there -- perhaps his true love -- and devoted her life to following his directions absolutely, and for a reward no modern woman would ever think commensurate. Jane ("Varina", based on her surname) Waring he jilted brutally -- his letters to her are published in even the modern books about Swift, such as Acworth's and Van Doren's. A recent writer, Dennis Johnstone, has proved that Swift was not the posthumous son of Jonathan Swift, but probably the illegitimate child of the rich prominent Sir John Temple of Dublin. Thus the famous Sir William Temple, who showed such lasting kindness to Swift, would have been his half-brother. And as for "Stella", listed in Sir William's will as "servant to my Lady Gifford," she was no doubt his daughter and therefore Swift's niece, whom he could never have married, no matter what his wishes. But that still does not explain his bad treatment of "Varina;" it merely points out the fact that Swift had troubles of his own. Did "Varina" later marry a Mr. Houston, as one 19th century member of her family Col. James Graham claims? Records do not state --

As has been already stated, Sir Thomas II's titles died with him, but despite all the O'Shaughnessys, egged on by his enemies, could do to annoy him, he still had much wealth to pass on to the son of his younger sister Elizabeth. By the

terms of the will, John Smyth took the surname and arms of Prendergast and then settled happily at Gort, in a pleasant house he built there, to lead a gay easy hospitable bachelor life .. In 1810 he was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Kiltarton, taking his title from a nearby ancestral castle of his ancestor the de Berminghams. In 1816 he was created Viscount Gort; the appropriate title of Viscount Clonmell, which he may well have preferred from his uncle's days, had long since been bestowed upon another prominent son of County Tipperary -- the rough and brilliant Lord Chancellor John Scott, of whom so many lively anecdotes were told; the Clonmell title became extinct in 1935.

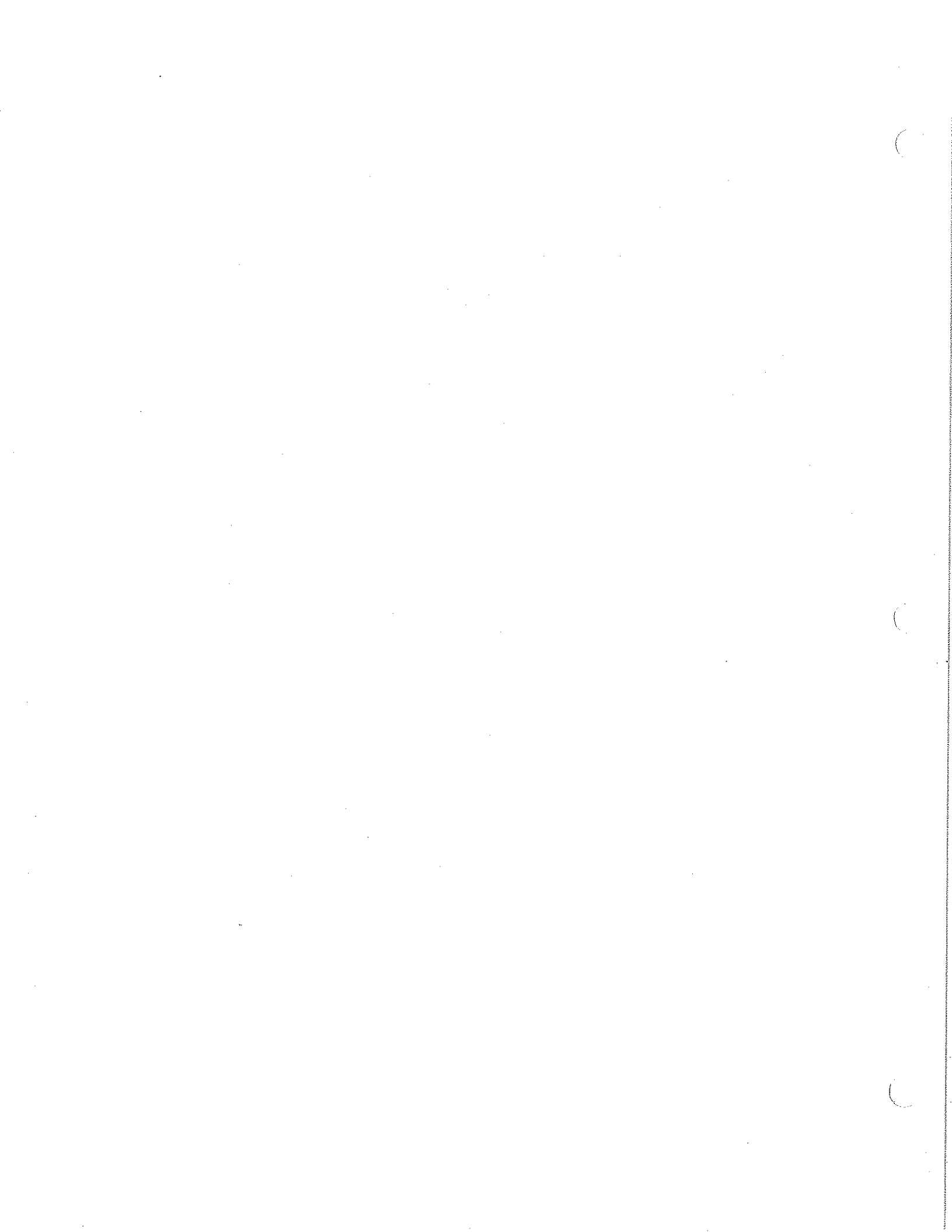
The first Viscount Gort died in 1817, to be succeeded by his nephew Col. Charles Vereker (Juliana Smyth had married into one of the Dutch families which had come into Ireland in the train of William III in 1688) the same Col. Vereker who had devotedly written the MS HISTORY OF THE PRENDERGAST FAMILY, several times quoted in these pages. He had obviously inherited some of the military talent of his great grandfather, and particularly distinguished himself in the late 18th century fighting against the French at Coloony. It was he who built the rather small but handsome John Nash house on Lake Cutra -- Lough Cutra (Loughcooter) Castle. It was his son the 3rd Viscount who was obliged to sell to the head of another Anglo-Irish military family -- Field Marshall Gough -- reputedly because he over-extended himself in his help to the poor peasant sufferers from the potato famine of the 1840's. His son, the 4th Viscount, was the author of that other much-quoted and much more ambitious book, THE PRENDERGASTS OF NEWCASTLE 1169-1870. The 5th Viscount's two sons distinguished themselves in both World Wars (true descendants of Sir Thomas I); the 6th Viscount was the famous Field Marshall Gort whose son pre-deceased him, so his younger brother inherited (1946) the family title and properties.⁶ Since he is childless, the heir presumptive is his cousin's son, a greatgrandson of the 4th Viscount.

The Field Marshal's daughter, who also had her share of the family talent, held a distinguished position in her work in the A.T.S. in World War II. She married the head of the Shelley-Sidney family, the Viscount de L'isle, like her father a recipient of the Victoria Cross⁷; he was Governor General of Australia in the early 1960's. His family home is the famous medieval Penhurst in Kent.

6. In 1952, he bought back from the Goughs Lough Cutra Castle, which is scarcely habitable today, but has a strong interest from its history.

7. Britain's greatest decoration, first awarded by Queen Victoria for deeds beyond the call of duty in the Crimean War 1854. The number of holders of the Victoria Cross is still not large, so many years later.

In his detailed and valuable book of 1879, the 4th Viscount Gort apologizes for some of its lacunae, explaining that as a rule his branch of the family has cared nothing about family papers and records. His grandfather the 2nd Viscount (Col. Charles Vereker) furnishes a pleasant exception to that rule. Was his MS HISTORY based on the defective 18th century work of one Farrar? That is not made clear in Gort's book. The 6th Viscount, the late great Field Marshall, seems to have conformed to family mores; at least it was he who sold Col. Vereker's MS HISTORY to the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth in 1935. Whether it was due to indifference to such things, or to the current tightness of money, he parted with a number of valuable books at that time; those now in the University of California Los Angeles Library were bought in London then. His brother and heir, the 7th Viscount, had not known of the existence of the MS HISTORY until this researcher wrote to him about it.



THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER VI

As has already been stated, the recorded history of the Prendergasts for the last 800 years and none of their legends from a still earlier time have ever revealed them in such low estate as in the mid-17th century. Chapter V follows the dramatic rise of Sir Thomas Prendergast I, and the ability of his descendants not only to hold to his position, but to improve upon it. But the career of his younger brother Jeffrey would be very different, tho always honorable.

Of all the roads to improve status, the one most generally acknowledged is money. Did Jeffrey, moping at times on one of his successful brother's leases in County Tipperary, ever try to analyze the few honest time-tested ways to wealth? Such meditation would have been of little help to him. No device can possibly compare with unquestioned inheritance, but winning large sums in some game of chance or skill has appeal altho observation finds it nerve-wracking and often habit-forming. For the conservative person, hard work and careful investment is the desideratum, altho the young of that group may very well regard coupon-clipping as the ideal form of effort. Marrying for money is the last method to be recommended because of its inevitable built-in problems.

As for Jeffrey, hard work formed his only recourse, what with no rich relatives to endow him, nothing to gamble, and no wherewithal to entice the rich father of eligible young ladies. When totally discouraged, he must have wondered just how much his conversion to Protestantism and conforming to the Establishment had profited him, for one may be sure these moves had definitely made him unpopular among his neighbors -- in 1965 rural Prendergasts in County Tipperary still had nothing kind to say of Protestant bearers of the name. But within a century Jeffrey Fitz Thomas's descendants would be well educated townsmen, some even intellectuals, and in their number would be distinguished writers, diplomats, civil servants and officers in the Army and Navy; some would even have money. Looking down upon the Irish scene from some Protestant Valhalla, he would then at last feel gratified that his bold act of 1697 was at last paying off.

Undistinguished methodical dutiful Jeffrey lived to be perhaps 70, dying in 1735 and, it will be recalled, he was buried in the grave of his father, "Old" Thomas at Newcastle. Not for him was there any Lady Penelope Cadogan; he contented himself with a Clonmel girl, Margaret Daniel, daughter of William Daniel, Esq. The eldest son of their marriage was Edmund, who died without heirs in 1739. The next son, Thomas, of whom more hereafter, would carry on the male line and headship of the

family when Sir Thomas II died without sons in 1760. The youngest son, James, must have been the favorite, for he inherited most of his father's perpetual leases, which had been the gift of Sir Thomas I, to the lands around Newcastle. Gay, casual, extravagant, long before he died in 1770 James had, as might be expected, serious financial troubles. It was his son, Captain Terence Prendergast, who married the quickly and easily consoled widow of Sir Thomas II in 1761. Another son, Thomas, became a Major General in the Indian Army, dying in 1799. It is his son, Lieutenant James Prendergast, who lies dead in the center of Sir Robert Ker Porter's notable painting of the 1799 battle of Seringapatam in India, between English forces and those of Tippoo Sultan.¹

Thomas, Jeffrey Fitz Thomas' second son, born 1703, made his way in the world by the way least recommended in the beginning of this chapter. In 1725 he married an heiress. But Mary Keating was a family connection, so Thomas did not have to seek her out. She was the only child of the late John Keating² of Rochestown (Reechstown?) 2 miles northwest of Ardfinan, on the River Suir. After Mr. Keating died, his widow married a Mr. Daniel, "a close connection of Thomas' "mother" (brother? cousin? uncle?) and one of Mary's guardians was an intimate friend of Sir Thomas Prendergast II. One account states that the young couple then went to live at Ballinomona, which is on a hill overlooking Newcastle from the north. The writer, having visited both places, credits rather the other account, which places them at Ballilomisma in the County Tipperary "Keating country" near Tubrid, which Mary Keating had inherited and would eventually leave to her youngest son, John (whose grandson Lieutenant John Prendergast, RN, would be killed in 1814 in the action between HMS Avon and the American Privateer Wasp) The pleasant 18th century house on its wooded hill looks out over the village of Tubrid and its ruined Gothic church.³ It should be

1. Sir Robert Ker Porter (1775-1842) was one of the most fascinating characters of a most fascinating age. Even in the formal account of him in DNB, his warm adventurous nature shows forth. In his 125-foot long picture of Seringapatam he originated a still used style of panoramic painting. The picture was long since burned, but Sir Robert's sketches for it may still be seen in the British Museum. His two sisters, Jane and Anna, were famous novelists.
2. One pedigree, which must be unreliable, states John Keating was a Baron of the Exchequer. Impossible! In those days a Roman Catholic could not even vote, let alone hold office.
3. Famous for the tomb of the bestknown member of the once great Norman family of the de Cauntetons. Geoffrey Keating (1570-1644) wrote, in Irish, the greatest history of his country -- today a very rare book indeed. My folio copy of the 1723 translation by Dermond O'Connor, first English edition, had hand written marginal glosses in Irish. Geoffrey Keating's recently

no surprise that the present owners of Ballilomisma, Keatings themselves, know nothing of its history. It could well be that a daughter or granddaughter of John, Mary's son, brought the place back to the Keatings by marrying one of the cousins.

Thomas, who seems to have been popular, took an active part in county politics -- he was Deputy Sheriff of County Tipperary for several years -- but he was on the losing side in a contest in 1760 over which there had been much feeling. When a Parliamentary election was called on 18 May 1761 because of the accession of King George III, and Thomas appeared in Clonmel to cast his vote, his right to do so was challenged by an Opposition lawyer, Daniel Gahan, on the ground that Thomas' wife was "a lapsed Papist", which meant that having married a Roman Catholic, he had not induced her within six months to "conform", as the law required. (No Catholic of course could vote in the British Isles in those days.) Since his marriage to Mary Keating had taken place 23 years earlier, it would appear he had had ample time to comply with the law. However it may have been merely that Mary was remiss in church attendance, and Gahan wished to make trouble. At any rate, Thomas regarded Gahan's words as fighting words, gave him the lie, and offered to meet him at once on the usual duelling ground -- the Clonmel Green, just back of the chapel, on the Tipperary side of the River Suir.⁴ The Election Day crowd followed them there. Unfortunately the place was full of skittle holes, for (between duels) the place served as a playing field as well. Just as Thomas, at the usual 12 paces, was ready to fire, he tripped in one of the holes and fell. Gahan (that true sportsman) wasted no time in shooting the fallen man fatally. The enraged crowd then attempted to seize Gahan, but he jumped into the river and swam across, despite a butcher's attempt to seize him by the skirt of his coat. Amazingly enough, his servant was there with a horse ready for him. Thus he escaped perhaps permanently, for the records have nothing more to say of him. As for Thomas, he was carried, living or dead, to the home of his second son Thomas in Church Lane, and here his story ends. As so often happens, there are some unanswered questions. Had he actually induced his reluctant Mary to conform? Or had she conformed and then been remiss enough in church attendance to cause unfavorable comment?

Thomas had been head of the male line of his family for only a year. Now his oldest son Jeffrey, who had married Elizabeth Hobson, a granddaughter of Sir Thomas I, would hold the position until his death. When his only son Major Thomas Prendergast died without heirs in 1816 at his Larch Grove estate

restored gravestone bears inscriptions in both Latin and Irish.
4. The river, furnishing a boundary between Counties Tipperary and Waterford here, flows thru the town.

near Clonmel, the title would then revert to a first cousin, another Thomas, oldest son of that Thomas Prendergast to whose house in Church Lane, Clonmel, the victim of Daniel Gahan's pistol had been carried.

Thomas at the time of his death-by-duel in 1761, had been head of the male line of the family for only a year as the successor of Sir Thomas II. Now Thomas' oldest son Jeffrey succeeded him as head. Very little information is forthcoming about him and about his son and successor, Jeffrey is listed in Foster as "of Ballinomona", which may easily be in error for, as earlier pointed out, Ballilomisma, near Tubrid, County Tipperary, is the much likelier place for a Keating heir -- Keatings still live there. He married a distant cousin, Elizabeth Hobson of Muckridge, a granddaughter of Sir Thomas I. When Jeffrey died, his only son Thomas succeeded him. A major in the Tipperary Militia, he died without heirs at Larch Grove, near Clonmel, in 1816. So now the succession went to the line of Thomas, Jeffrey's next brother, the one who became Deputy Registrar at the Court of Chancery in Dublin, about 1774. Thomas, it will be recalled, had died in 1802, so the rather empty title now descended to his oldest surviving son Thomas, the fifth son of Thomas Prendergast and his wife Jane Gordon, but the second one to live.

Born in 1764 at either Clonmel or Johnstown Park before the family's climactic move to Dublin, he surely lived for a number of years in the family's new home in Kildare Street, where he would be within easy walking distance of Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1784 he was the first of many Prendergasts to take a degree. Then in 1792 he married Charlotte, daughter of Charles O'Neill, KC and MP, and the young couple settled in at Johnstown Park, where their three sons were born. But within six years Charlotte was dead and Thomas was faced with a real responsibility, which he did not solve by marrying again. One wonders whether his mother helped him in any way, at least after she was widowed in 1802. However he still managed to enter the Irish Parliament for two terms -- from Castlemartyr in 1796-7 and from Clonakilty 1799-1800, and to serve as Cursitor for the Court of Chancery. One knows nothing further of his life until he achieved another "first in the family", by going to Genoa in 1830. Until that date, no Prendergast seems to have travelled for pleasure or even health; only service in the Army, the Navy, or the East India Company could get them out of Ireland. Perhaps Thomas had gone there in unavailing search for health; at any rate he died there that year.

By 1830 Thomas M.P.'s oldest son, Charles O'Neill Prendergast, born 1793, was already doing well in the Army, and had seen service in the Peninsular War. There is of course a full account of his military advancements in the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane, even to his being given a war medal

with four clasps -- not the only Prendergast to have one. He died unmarried in 1854 and was buried in a sort of Prendergast-Gordon enclave in Mt. Jerome Cemetery, Dublin. His next brother, Thomas Guy, a barrister-at-law of King's Inn, Dublin, had died in 1852, unmarried. So now the headship passed to the youngest of the three brothers, Jeffrey Samuel. Probably inspired by the success of his oldest brother, he too entered the Third Foot Guards (Scots Fusileers) at an early age, and at 18, in 1816, he was already a captain serving in the roughest part of the great struggle at Waterloo, where he saw so many of his comrades killed or seriously wounded at the Chateau Hougomont. As for Jeffrey Samuel, he came out of the action without a scratch. If communication with the dead were only possible, it would be gratifying to learn what the Iron Duke really said when he commanded the Guards to go into action. What the nonchalant confident gentleman, complete with eyeglass on the battlefield, said on that occasion has never been satisfactorily settled. More formal accounts credit him with very formal language, others suggest he said, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" But it may really have been part of the "vehement vernacular" which his friends were fond of quoting.

In 1826 he decided he had had enough of the Army, so he resigned his Commission, to live for many years as a country gentleman on his Fortmoy estate near Johnstown Park, which he must also have owned as his brother's heir. This pleasant comfortable two-story house still stands, enjoyed and kept up with pride by its present owners, the Kings, who learned of its Prendergast background when they bought it. Like his brothers, Jeffrey Samuel was obviously unused to women and may actually have distrusted them. At any rate he did not marry. In his old age, just before the land agitation started in Ireland, he decided to sell out, and did so advantageously. He then went to live at Melville House, on Avoca Avenue, in Blackrock, near Dublin, where he died in 1884 as the oldest surviving Guards officer of the Waterloo days, nearly 70 years after the great battle. Newspaper accounts of his latest years and his death do not give the impression that he was lonely or given to gloom. One hopes that he had a better disposition than his two older brothers, who were described by a first cousin, Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast, as "coldhearted disagreeable fellows", when he heard of General Charles' death. Jeffrey Samuel Prendergast is buried near his brother Charles in Mt. Jerome Cemetery, Dublin.

His 1884 death brought the headship of the male line to the family of Francis, the next brother to Thomas M.P., as far as descent goes. There had been an intervening brother, Samuel, born 1765, who had died unmarried in 1823. He was another of those city-based men of the law which the family was now beginning to produce and in time he became Crown Solicitor for Munster. He lived simply, saved his money, and showed at least one

truly sentimental attachment -- for the family's traditional Newcastle lands. It will be recalled that when Sir Thomas Prendergast I at last attained position and the wealth to support it (Chapter V), one of his first moves was to buy back some of the County Tipperary properties that his ancestors lost to Cromwell's Adventurers, a half century earlier, and he obtained some leases as well. His son, Sir Thomas II, was forced, toward the end of his life, to part with much of that accumulation. It was some of those leases that Samuel Prendergast now acquired. Not surprisingly he left them to his oldest nephew, General Charles O'Neill Prendergast. The surprise is that when General Charles died in 1854, he passed over the eldest son of his father's next brother, Francis, and gave the legacy to Harris Prendergast, Q.C., the eldest son of the next younger brother, General Sir Jeffrey Prendergast, who was then still living. It is probable that General Charles felt a greater rapport with General Sir Jeffrey than he possibly could with Francis, who was a barrister-at-law and what we should call today a bureaucrat. At any rate Harris talked over those leases and rentals with the Fourth Viscount Gort in 1870. Harris' son Arthur Dalrymple Prendergast inherited them in 1878, but when he died in 1910, they appear not to have had much monetary value. His heirs were his two younger sisters, both unmarried. Miss Dora left her share of AHDPr's considerable wealth to her younger sister Miss Alice in 1919. Twenty years later Miss Alice, whose whole heart was with the suffering poor in London's East End, left everything (£ 17,500) to various foundations for their benefit. But all this area, it must be remembered, was within two years to be rather completely bombed out by the Nazis. Fortunately she did leave something to the Prendergast Home for Ladies, which is still in existence today. Otherwise, that is the end of the annals of the Barrister Samuel's legacy.

Incidentally Samuel, who bought those leases back over 150 years ago and died in 1821, lies with his nephew Thomas Guy, who died in 1852, in the little cemetery surrounding a small greystone church near Johnstown Park. Their vault -- or possibly multiple grave -- is the only one there surrounded by an iron fence -- now sadly rusted. It is surmounted by a 4 by 7 foot stone slab, possibly 6 inches thick, resting on 4 sturdy legs. The years long accumulation of moss and leaves had to be scraped away before the inscription could be read. But it still proved to be a rewarding task, because Samuel was recorded as having died at Johnstown Park. So the family still owned the place at that time. Later on, when General Charles died in 1854, Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast wondered to whom he had left that property, so he must still have had it then. Since the youngest of the three brothers survived Charles for 30 years and lived much at nearby Fortmoy, he may well have owned Johnstown Park too -- the natural thing to be expected.

Before proceeding to deal with Francis' family, the next in line for the unremunerative headship of the male line, it

might be well to point out that a fairly good record remains of the 14 of the 19 of Thomas and Jane Gordon's children who lived. Only one, Isabella (1776-1840) died unmarried. The information for this section necessarily comes from Foster's invaluable book. He traces the descendants of the 13 children who married, through 3 and sometimes even 4 generations. It should be mentioned that the longevity rate is amazingly high. Certain professions stand out, with army and the law predominating. As one writer remarks, Thomas and Jane Gordon Prendergast virtually founded a military dynasty, with a fine array of top-ranking officers. Churchmen are few, and that would suit Francis' taste. Trinity College, Dublin, is the great favorite for higher education, but Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh are not slighted. Many have followed in General Sir Jeffrey's footsteps, to find fame and fortune in India.

Two of the girls married titles; Margaret (1774-1865) married 1799 Major General Sir William Clarke, Bart. Sarah (1777-1865) married 1803 Sir Alexander Anstruther, Chief Justice of Bombay, whose descendants are still listed in Burke, 1959 edition. The others' mates were not so outstanding: Jane (1759-1837) married 1783 Joseph Tyndall; Anne (1767-1848) married Fownes Disney. (Their granddaughter Margaret Cambie married 1854 her cousin Col. Hew Lindsay Prendergast. Another cousin, Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast thought it very unlady-like to go out to India to be married). Euphemia (1771-1858) married 1792 the Rev. John Walsh; their son John Prendergast Walsh, after losing a leg at Waterloo, took holy orders. (All this and heaven too!) Catherine, the youngest child (1779-1860) married 1800 John Rothwell of Cannanstown, County Meath.

As for the younger sons of this tremendous family, Guy Lenox Prendergast, MP (1773-1856) was much in public life and was the most productive of progeny of any of them. His first wife was Dorothy Christian Lushington, a sister of Stephen Lushington, Lady Byron's attorney, whom Lord Byron so detested at the time of that much publicized separation in 1817. Guy Lushington Prendergast, son of the first marriage, was a wellknown scholar who wrote concordances for both Milton and Homer. A younger son was Col. Lenox Prendergast who managed to survive the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava in 1854 -- he was invalided home, and was still alive forty years later.

The duel which caused the 1761 death of Thomas Fitz Thomas -- the only one recorded in the family's history -- is related to the judicial duel, or trial by combat, fought in 1278 (Chapter II) by Jeffrey de Prendergast over the ownership of Newcastle. The results of his victory lasted only a few years and then the struggle was on once more, finally to be settled by a lawsuit after 70 years of conflict. Jeffrey's method of settlement was finally ruled out by Queen Elizabeth I in 1591. Dueling as we know it became the accepted means of adjudicating per-

sonal matters in the 16th century in the British Isles as well as on the Continent. Both judicial and personal duels were based on the truly naive idea that might determines right. Cromwell so disliked the system that he put an end to it late in his career, but kings both before and after him were long powerless. Only in 1844 was Queen Victoria's War Office effective in the matter. The old order of "pistols for two and coffee for one" now virtually ceased.

But 1844 was much too late to save the life of Thomas Prendergast in 1761. He had plenty of distinguished company, however, in literary society alone. In 1712 Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton killed each other (see Thackeray: Henry Esmond). In 1765 the 5th Lord Byron (great uncle of the poet, the 6th Lord) killed his cousin Mr. Chaworth in a darkened room in the Star and Garter Tavern Pall Mall over a quarrel about the best method of preserving game. This duel, fought by the light of a single candle and without seconds, was the last great sword duel in England; oddly enough the victory went to the inferior swordsman. Admirers of the 6th Lord Byron may well regret he was out of the country when his only challenge to a duel was received -- the would-be opponent cooled off during the poet's long absence. But it is sad that he had to miss any experience of life! In 1837 the great Russian author Pushkin was killed in a duel in 4 feet of snow; in 1841 Mikhail Lermontov, another Russian great, was killed by a fellow-officer in precisely the way Lermontov had described a duel in his A Hero of our Time, (pushed over a cliff by pistol fire). By this time pistols had superceded swords as the weapon par excellence. It was of course by the pistol that Vice President Aaron Burr of the United States killed his chief political rival, Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury in 1804 -- the most notable but certainly not the last American duel.

The seriousness of the Irish regard for duelling appears in Arthur Young's comment in his 1771 A Tour of Ireland: "Duelling is a charge long alleged against the gentlemen of Ireland and was carried to an excess -- and is yet more common among people of fashion than in England." Nowhere is that seriousness more stressed than in the Irish Code Duello at Clonmel Summer Assizes in 1777 by the gentlemen of Counties Tipperary, Galway, Sligo, Mayo and Roscommon. Its 26 commandments, had they been in existence 15 years earlier, might well have saved Thomas Prendergast's life, especially the one requiring the presence of seconds. Since the insulted Thomas reacted automatically, no time was spent over gentlemanly formalities. There was certainly no opportunity to heed the advice of the later The Art of Duelling, where the gentleman is advised to keep his composure by giving a gay dinner on the night before, with whist; if sleepless, read a Scott novel or "Childe Harold", having coffee and a cigar while awaiting the meeting, and if hit or

dying, to remember to be a gentleman.⁵

Duelling, however illegal, still remains today a way of life among a few groups, such as certain university students in England and Germany, and among high tempered politicians in France and Italy. The writer recalls seeing a fair amount of blood on the floor of a hall where duelling traditionally took place at Heidelberg, on Saturday nights some years ago; scarred faces, so much admired for their evidences of aggressive masculinity, were in evidence on Rhine boats.

Thomas Fitz Thomas, to whose Church Lane house in Clonmel his dying father had been carried on a door from the duelling field, had been born in 1728 at Johnstown Park, according to the only available information. That place, tho still in County Tipperary, is perhaps 45 miles north and west of Newcastle, to the east of Lower Lough Derg, and up some lanes from Puckan -- not too easy to find even with the aid of an ordnance map. Was it one of his rich mother, Mary Keating's possessions? It is now only a symmetrical cream-colored shell of a once fine early 18th century house of three storeys, with 6 windows across the front on each floor. But the windows are now mere frames, and the roof has been removed in order to avoid heavy taxes since the house is no longer occupied. (The present owner lives in a modern bungalow at the rear.) It stands in a commanding position overlooking the magnificent Golden Vale of Counties Tipperary and Limerick. When did the Prendergasts part with it? At least, not until 1823, as will appear hereafter.

Our portrait of Thomas Fitz-Thomas, painted perhaps rather soon after his marriage to 14 year old Jane Gordon of Spring Garden, Clonmel, in 1758, shows a chubby, goodnatured, blue-eyed, bewigged young man; the portrait of Jane, which must have been done at the same time is much better work, perhaps because the artist had a better subject in the pert, fashionable, pretty young woman. It could easily pass for a Gainsborough or a Reynolds, but must have been done in Dublin, for it appears that neither one of the couple was ever outside Ireland.

Jane had come from a good family, resident in Clonmel since the beginning of that century. Her grandfather, Samuel Gordon I, who claimed to be a scion of the Kenmure Castle branch (in Kirkenbright) of that important medieval Scots family -- at least he bore a Christian name common among them -- had come from Dublin, where his father, Alexander Gordon was Sword Bearer to the Honourable City of Dublin, in 1690-1700. Samuel made a financial success in Clonmel as tanner, sadler, and farmer, as his will indicates. Dying in 1742, he left one son, Samuel II, and 5 daughters. One granddaughter, the heiress Mary Millet, was later carried away and kept for a year by an importunate suitor -- a fate not uncommon in Ireland at the

5. Notes from Robert J. Baldick: THE DUEL New York 1966

time. (See Margary Weiner: Matters of Felony New York 1967). Altho a reward of L.1,000 was offered by the Privy Council for the apprehension of her captor, identified as a Mr. Hamerton of Orchardstown, the young lady must have stayed on with him and eventually married him (by choice or by force?) for General John Millet Hamerton, who died an old man in 1855 after a distinguished career in Egypt, the West Indies, the Peninsula, and at Waterloo must have been their son.

Much of our information about Samuel Gordon II comes from the Blackrock MS quoted in the Philip Crossle Ms on the Gordons at Dublin Castle. It states he married in 1732 Miss Jane Kennedy (of Dublin?) an heiress with L 8,000. Her mother who had the money was twice widowed Femmoken⁶ Waring⁷ Green Kennedy⁸, the youngest sister of Jane Waring of Belfast, the "Varina" of Jonathan Swift's strange story, referred to in Chapter V. Jane Kennedy Gordon lived out her 20 years of marriage to Samuel Gordon II at Spring Garden, Clonmel, a house no doubt named for the well-known Spring Garden in London.⁹ On the south of County Waterford side of the River Suir, its grounds are still very pleasing, with a terrace, complete with urns, statuary and garden furniture, sweeping down to the river. The rather narrow conventional house with its handsome fanlight over the door, and large chimney at each end, goes rather well back on the lot. It continued to be owned by Gordons at least until 1818 when Frances, daughter of Samuel Gordon III was born there, as her gravestone in Mt. Jerome Cemetery at Harold's Cross, Dublin, testifies. (The earlier British custom of listing place of residence on gravestones is a great help to the researcher.) No Gordon lives in Clonmel today (1965) according to the postmaster. One-time owners were named Kingston, Casey, and Grubbs. The present owner John Brady bought the place in 1932. When some surprise was expressed over how the Gordon family of 14 children could have grown up there over 200 years ago, Mrs. Brady said, "I brought up 12 children here myself, and it was no trouble at all." But she added that now the house is well modernized.

6. This strange name is first seen in family annals in the wife of Peter Westenra of Dublin (Westenra -- a Dutch name -- also recurs.) who was Femmoken Kennedy's grandmother. Her descendants would carry the name well into the 19th century. Variants in the spelling are: Fenoken, Femmican, Fanicon, Venetrim.

7. The Warings came to Ulster early in the 17th century from Lancashire, buying extensive properties and marrying into prominent families. There are still outstanding descendants in the area. Waringstown and Waring Street, Belfast, are named for the family.

8. Unfortunately the first names of Femmoken's two deceased husbands are not known.

9. Diary of John Evelyn 2 July 1661: I went to see the new Spring Garden, Lambeth, a very pretty place.

Mrs. Samuel Gordon II died in 1752 at the birth of her 15th child, who also died. Jane, her ninth child, was then nine years old. Then the grandmother, Femmoken Kennedy, moved into the home to look after the many children. Five years later when Jane married Thomas Prendergast, she took her grandmother to live with them for the remaining years of her life. In the meantime Samuel Gordon had died in 1757, leaving many possessions as listed in his very interesting and touching will, which shows his great concern to provide justly and adequately for all his family. Among his other properties beside Spring Garden was a house in Church Lane (could that have been the house where Thomas and Jane were to be living in 1761 at the time of the duel?) money, lands, silver plate, including a silver punchbowl, are all carefully designated. Jane was to have his "small gold watch." Most moving is his reference to "the jewels which my late wife wore on her person;" his mother-in-law is asked to distribute them among his daughters. One would like to think that the jewels Jane Prendergast wears in her lovely portrait are a part of that legacy. Samuel II, the oldest son and heir, of course inherited Spring Garden, but he later sold it to his younger brother Thomas. It was his son Thomas who established the family interest in the practice of law in Dublin which lasted until 1935 (always at 16 Molesworth Street) until the death of old Samuel Gordon. One important scion of the family was the wellknown and much loved Dublin Physician, Dr. Samuel Gordon.

It should be noticed that one of Jane's brothers was named Guy - the first appearance of that name in the family; in less than a century there would be at least 8 Guys among Jane's descendants. Jane's sister, Anne, married James L. Higgins of Mount Mellick -- a family later to be heard from in this study.

Jane Gordon and Thomas Prendergast set the family record for productivity. In the course of 22 years after their marriage in 1757, they had 19 children, none of them multiple births. (Did family size then go by style, as it so often does now? For instance, in that same period, the solid Bowens of Bowen's Court, County Cork, had 21 children. (See Elizabeth Bown: Bowen's Court New York 1942) And the first Duke of Leinster, head of the Fitzgerald Family, and his beautiful Duchess Emily (a relative of the Gort's) had 19 children; by her second marriage she had three more. (See Brian Fitzgerald: Emily Duchess of Leinster London 1949). Five of the older Prendergast children died young, but when Jane died in 1818, having survived Thomas by 16 years, she was survived by 13 children, all of whom had turned out well. Her grandson John Patrick Prendergast, the historian, used to enjoy remarking that he had over 80 first cousins, but never stated how many of them he actually knew.

Three places of residence of Thomas and Jane are known, and in the days of less fluid population, that could well be the entire list for them. They were certainly living in Church

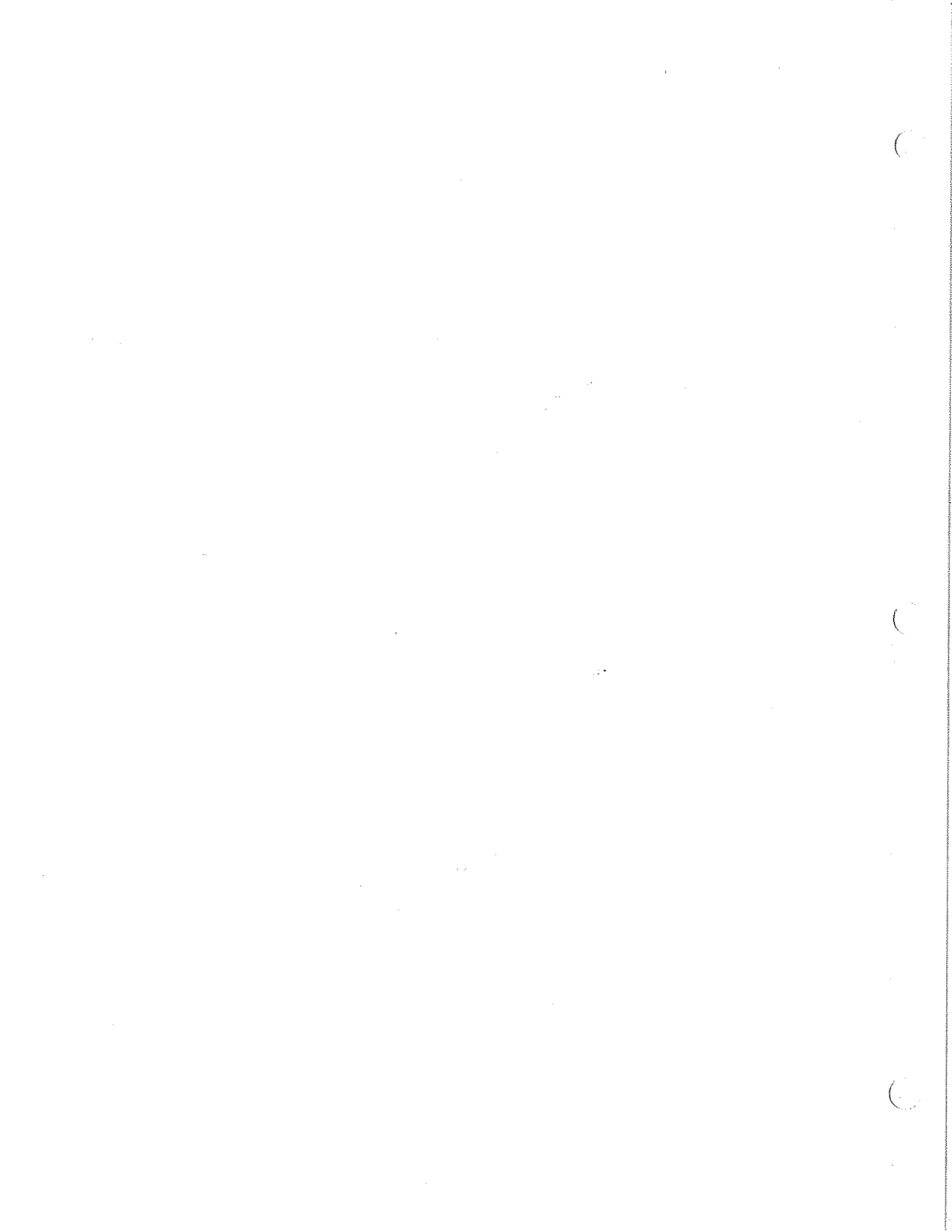
Lane, Clonmel, in 1761 when Thomas' father was killed in that duel. They were living at Johnstown Park, his presumed birthplace in 1768, at the time of the birth of their sixth son Francis (the third one to survive.) It is quite possible that some others of their many children were also born there. (Had it come to him by the terms of his father's will?) Then in 1774, as nearly as it can be calculated, something unprecedented in the Prendergast family history occurred; a good political appointment was offered by the government. So Thomas and Jane and their numerous progeny moved to Dublin and set up their new home in Kildare Street. Thomas remained Deputy Registrar in the Court of Chancery for many years, until in 1802 he chose to relinquish it to his son Francis, who kept it until his own old age. John Patrick Prendergast gives one little picture of Thomas as an old man: "My grandfather was always dressed in a great coat, with powdered hair, and a pigtail (just as he appears in his portrait¹⁰). He carried a goldheaded cane and he had as companion a little dog named Pompey.¹¹ He was buried just within the entrance at the front of St. Mary's churchyard." Joseph Foster gives his place of burial at St. Bride's churchyard, which the writer is inclined to credit, as it was the more fashionable place. Some of Thomas' daughters had been married in St. Bride's church, so there was a family connection with it.

After Thomas' death in 1802, Jane in time went to live at Cannanstown, County Meath, with her youngest child, Catherine, born 1779, who married in 1800 John Rothwell, Esq. who provided her with two daughters -- not a good score as against the over 80 first cousins mentioned by John Patrick Prendergast. However Catherine proved her right to the family name by living until nearly 80. It was in her home that Jane died in April 1818. Foster in OUR NOBLE AND GENTLE FAMILIES OF ROYAL DESCENT London 1884, records her as buried with her husband at St. Bride's. And one may be sure that "with" means "with" and not "beside".

10. The Romney-esque portraits of Thomas and Jane, mentioned earlier in this chapter were eventually traced down over a two year period by the writer. They were known to have been in the Jeffry Francis Prendergast Villa Bianca in Bath in 1900, when they were given to General Sir Jeffrey's grandson Arthur Hew Dalrymple Prendergast. Reading the wills of wealthy A.H.D. Prendergast and his heirs, his spinster sisters, offered no help. But an educated intuition suggested they might well have been given by him to another fancier of Prendergastiana, his first cousin General Sir Harry, who had the dining room furniture from the Villa. True enough; and the general's widow had left them in 1927 to her youngest and only surviving son, whose widow now owns them. Theo generously offered them to the childless writer, who felt that Theo's son should have them. But an Exeter artist made some fine copies for me!

11. Vol. I of John P. Prendergast's Letters to Philip Bagonal

And one may well wonder how many of her so numerous descendants were there for the last scene in her long career.



THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER VII

Of all the 14 children of Thomas and Jane Gordon Prendergast who lived to maturity, there is at least a statistical record. Thomas, MP, the eldest, who became head of the male line in 1816 and died in Genoa in 1830, has already appeared in these pages, with his three sons who will be discussed later. Samuel, the next son, who died in 1823, leaving his wealth to his nephew Harris Prendergast, eldest son of his younger brother Jeffrey, also has appeared. Now it seems advisable to follow Jeffrey, later General Sir Jeffrey, and his line in this chapter, although he, like Sir Thomas I of Chapter V, was never head of the male line of the family.

The best known was Jeffrey (1769-1857), 4th son to grow to maturity. His life was to leave the longtime Prendergast pattern. While still a young man living in his father's house in Kildare Street, Dublin, he made the decision to follow a line no recorded Prendergast had ever made: to follow a trade. But it should be remembered he was a younger son -- there were 3 older ones living -- and his father was certainly not a rich man. The inducement was no doubt the offer of a relative of his mother's to obtain a position for him in San Domingo. So, full of hope and with much gaiety he set out in July 1794 on the Belmont, to find life on shipboard very pleasant indeed until a French privateer appeared and captured it. The unlucky passengers, now prisoners of war, were landed at Brest on 20 September. Jeffrey, and a group of others were then walked over France for months. Often cold and sometimes hungry, he was never abused, and often treated with kindness by sympathetic townspeople. Once he was invited to an evening party, where he was provided with a very good supper, and had the pleasure of acting in a play. "I never laughed or enjoyed anything so much," he reported later. Luckily he had managed to hide away 20 guineas (about \$100) by concealing them in his cravat. Knowing very little French and feeling the need of it, he pretended illness so he could be separated from the English prisoners, and talk French. (A few years later, as an officer in India, he would attract the favorable attention of Sir Arthur Wellesley -- later the Duke of Wellington -- by his competence in that language.) Even under the hard circumstances of that time, he saw and appreciated the famous sights of Caen, Rouen and Chartres. Like other later members of his family, he kept a careful record of places where he stopped, and the distances between. On 9 Feb. 1795 he and two others managed to escape from the eastern part of France, and by 22 Feb. they were in Berne, where the German ambassador befriended them.

This detailed information, and naturally much more, comes from a long letter that Jeffrey wrote his mother in Dublin as soon as he could do so. This letter along with some biograph-

ical information, was published, no doubt in London, and probably by a grandson, after Jeffrey's death in Brighton in 1857. It appears that he wrote his mother at least one later letter, giving an account of events after leaving Berne, enroute home. Unfortunately it disappeared over a century ago. It is interesting that, although without particular education, he showed the gift for writing that so many Prendergasts have evinced.

The devotion he shows for his mother is surely at variance with the current teachings on child-care, which make it very clear that lasting affectional relationships can be established between mother and child only if the relationship is extremely warm and close from the very beginning. The biographical preface to The Prisoner of War quotes Jeffrey's later statements to his grandchildren that for the first five years of his life he was, according to the custom in his class of society, fostered in a peasant home. He attributed his lifelong remarkable health and vigor and fresh coloring to that circumstance, - growing up in the open air on a diet of butter-milk and potatoes, and running about with bare feet. His earliest recollection seemed to be of his classic tantrum when his pretty and fashionable young mother came with coach and four to separate him from the only home he had ever known, with its two muchloved cats, and take him to Dublin. He says he was then five, so that would have been in 1774. This is the only date that has been turned up as the possible time of Jeffrey's father Thomas' appointment as Deputy Registrar of Chancery in Dublin (a position he would hold until he relinquished it to his son Francis in 1882). Jeffrey's mother Jane Gordon Prendergast was evidently a virtual stranger to him at the time.

When 26 year old Jeffrey finally returned to Dublin from his unscheduled travels, the only future opening up for him just then was still in another country, and in another sort of life. It was a cadetship in the service of the great East India Company, with good pay and an eventual pension. Of course he accepted it, and soon was on his way to Madras, where he entered the armed forces of the company as an Ensign in the Madras Fusileers.¹ Once, marching troops up country to a distant station, he was put in charge of all expenditures, and kept an accurate account of every rupee spent -- an unheard of procedure, which is still characteristic of some of the Prendergasts - and thus early he became marked for advancement. He became, and was for many years, the Military Auditor of Madras. Probably the most interesting action of his long career was taking part in the famous siege of Seringapatam under General Lord Harris. (He was not the only Prendergast present -- a cousin, Lieutenant James Prendergast was killed, see p.67). When the

1. C. Woodham Smith, in The Reason Why (on the Crimean War) mentions the scorn in which officers in the Indian Army were held. Why?

opponent, Tippoo Sultan, was killed early in the engagement by Kirkby Dalrymple, Jeffrey was one of the guard placed over the body of the foe. Among his intimates who were there were Kirkby, Hew and Sam Dalrymple, reputedly the tallest men in the British army, all of whom would die unmarried. They were the sons of Hew Dalrymple of Nunraw (Scotland) a great grandson of the controversial first Lord Stair. In 1804, when Jeffrey had become ADC and military secretary to Lord Harris (a career man who had worked his way up from the ranks) he married Elizabeth Dalrymple, the sister of his three great friends.

He spent 40 years in the difficult climate of Madras without once returning home; his three furloughs were spent in China and at Capetown. He probably never heard of John Jacques Rousseau, but he would have agreed with him that his early life in a peasant family gave him his great stamina.

In that long letter to his mother in 1795, he expressed the wish to see France again under happier circumstances. He finally had that wish in 1835, when he spent 3 months travelling there with a new acquaintance, his older son Harris, who had been sent home to England for upbringing and education, like a child in a Kipling story, and whom he had not seen in 30 years. It speaks well for their native sweetness of disposition that they became close and lasting friends -- again contrary to modern theory about the generation-gap. In time Jeffrey had been knighted (1838) and become a Lieutenant General (1854) -- a great success. His last home would be at Brighton, where he was most hospitable to his grandchildren.

Harris would receive an excellent education, become a Barrister-at-Law or Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, almost blind in old age like Thomas, and a QC (Queen's Counsel) and achieve a splendid reputation and much popularity. His children would be Arthur Hew Prendergast, another London Barrister (mentioned in Chap. IX) and two daughters ^Uora Elizabeth Lindsay (1845-1939); Alice Margaret Dalrymple (1849-1939) (also mentioned in Chap. IX). A big tin box of the ladies legal papers was still conspicuous in the offices of Smiles and Co., the longtime family barristers in London in 1960. There was another son, Capt. Charles Middleton of the 52nd Light Infantry, who died unmarried in Genoa in 1867 at age 27. Mr. Arthur (as the American Prendergasts called him) had a beautiful singing voice, very well cultivated, which he used to advantage in various musical organizations; he was a consistent enthusiast for the music of Richard Wagner, and attended the Bayreuth Festivals for years.

General Sir Jeffrey's second son was Thomas, for over 30 years a member of the Indian Civil Service until he retired in 1857. A remarkably handsome man, he chose, like his father, to marry one of the Dalrymples; his Lucy Caroline was a relative of his mother. She died young, leaving him with two small

boys who would in time enter the army and become famous. But he, strangely enough, would become even more famous than they, but only after retirement had come and his eyesight had entirely failed. Back in England, at Cheltenham, he at last remarried in 1868. His new wife was Theresa Drummond, from a London banking family of famous Scottish background descendant of the 4th Viscount Strathallon, slain at Culloden, and a niece of Lord Auckland, a Viceroy of India, and of Miss Emily Eden, the still well-remembered author. (Sir Anthony Eden is of that family.) Theresa Drummond's invalid sister lived for years with them until her death, and filled the Meldon Cottage with boys from nearby Cheltenham College. One can only conclude that Thomas had his own good share of the Prendergast sweetness of nature.

Luckily Thomas had other matters to occupy his mind. In his retirement and blindness he thought much about the methods of teaching foreign languages then current in England, and decided he could and should improve upon them. When his first book, The Mastery of Languages appeared in 1864, it caused quite a ripple; by 1872 it was in its third edition. It dealt with Urdu; its successors which also went through many editions, dealt with French, German, Spanish, and Hebrew. He died in 1886 (buried in New Cemetery, Cheltenham); his Theresa lived until 1890; one of her last acts was to found the Prendergast Home for Ladies in London on Ossington St., Bayswater. The writer has read with care Thomas' first book, which set the pattern for the rest, and suggests quite the same technique developed in the US Language Schools at the time of World War II and still in use today. The only real difference is that Thomas, over a century ago, could not recommend the use of records and tapes. It all seems too much of a resemblance to be entirely coincidental; it is likely that one of Thomas' books fell under some perceptive eyes, but no point was seen in crediting a longdead scholar in England with the basic idea.

Thomas, like his father, sent his small boys back to England to be educated. They spent some years at the famous Cheam School, south of London, where they both were outstanding athletes. Both Hew Lindsay (b. 1831) and Harry North Dalrymple (b. 1834) had an admirable homebase in Brunswick Square, Brighton, only a few miles away, with their always amiable and loving grandfather, General Sir Jeffrey. It was most natural that they too should choose army careers -- in their instance, with the Royal Engineers -- General Harry becoming the more famous, but Col. Hew more than once took his place when he was on leave. Harry had the wider experience, serving in China, Persia, Malta, Cyprus, Abyssinia, as well as India and Burma. In 1859 he received the highest British military award, the Victoria Cross -- an early one, for the Order had been founded only in 1854² --

2. Elizabeth II celebrated the founding of the Victoria Cross in 1954, inviting holders of the Cross and their survivors to

for saving the life of a brother-officer Lieut. Dew at Mundsore, and for his bravery in leading a charge (on his favorite charger, Engineer) at the time of the Indian Mutiny.³ (The sixth Viscount Gort, Field Marshall, was a later Prendergast descendant to be so honored. See Chap. V) Harry received a number of battle wounds, from which he always recovered perfectly. In time, like his grandfather, he was the recipient of a knighthood. He also was made a KCB. In times of peace he was a successful administrator in India. It seems to have been Sir Randolph Churchill's idea that he should do something about Theebaw of Burma in the 1880's. (Remember Kipling's references to "Supiyawlat, Thebaw's Queen" in "On the Road to Mandalay?" When he had once taken over at Mandalay, he gave Theebaw just ten minutes to resign and start to leave the country, and take his queen with him. Col. Le Messurier on the SS Thooreah thereupon issued a receipt for "1 King, 3 Queens, 1 Prime Minister, 2 Members of Council, 16 Princesses, 2 Maids of Honour, and 43 Followers." When Gen. Sir Harry then became Administrator, and had the pet elephant's silver feeding bowl removed and placed under guard, it refused to eat from an inferior vessel!)

Then in 1886 his fine military career was ended when he was unjustly withdrawn from the Burma Command, it seems largely because he had offended a correspondent of the London Times, who made much of the fact he had not disarmed the Burmese Army after Theebaw's withdrawal. The official History of the War in Burma slighted the part he had played, in spite of the support of Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India. Then he was given political work to do. In 1890 he took his family to England and left them there for a time. In 1892 he became philosophical about it all and settled at 2 Heron Court, Richmond, writing articles, giving speeches, and being involved in public service. His 1864 wedding to Emily Simpson, niece of General G.W.G. Simpson of Madras was a very grand affair; the marriage turned out well. Their best days were probably when he was Resident at Bangalore -- "a delightful station; the sportsman could shoot elephants, tigers, and panthers; there were great race meetings; there was a pack of hounds; football occasionally

be her guests for 3 days. Fanny Prendergast aged 87, Sir Harry's oldest and only surviving child was there (she died at 90)

3. In 1900 Lord Wantage, VC, decided to honor other early VC's by building the Victoria Cross Gallery at Wantage, Berkshire. He hired an eminent artist, the Chevalier LW Desanges, to do 46 paintings of the feats which won the Cross. Sir Harry's is #43. In 1939, with old Lord Wantage long dead, the Gallery was taken over for war uses, and still is used by the town. The paintings have been distributed to appropriate museums; Sir Harry's is in the Engineer's Museum at Chatham. The picture shows a handsome bearded officer slashing away manfully from a firm seat on Engineer.

and polo." His daughter-in-law (the only surviving one, Theo, Arthur's widow) recalls him as the best tempered man she ever saw. In 1912 he had the great pleasure of visiting the site of Maurice de Prendergast's castle near Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, and the family's longtime headquarters in County Tipperary, Newcastle Prendergast. He died July 1913 and was buried grandly in Richmond Cemetery. His widow lived until 1927; by that time 3 of her 4 sons were gone, and 1 of the 4 daughters. Three of the children did not marry, including Fanny, the last survivor. Only 4 grandchildren: Jeffrey, son of George, and Arthur's 3 children, Col. Evelyn, Charmian Gladstone, and the son who died in WW II.

The personal data are from Theo and Jeffrey; the life of General Sir Harry is taken from Col. Henry M. Vibart, RE: The Life of General Sir Harry N.D. Prendergast London 1914.

4. None of the children laid away any money, but 4 of them married into it. All the sons were, like their father, sportsmen. George (Jeffrey's father) was the true intellectual of the family, with his grandfather Thomas' gift for languages -- he spoke Turkish, Arabic, French, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Russian, Italian, Spanish. At the time of his early death in 1903, he was British consul in Albania. Harry lived in Uganda, Herbert in India. Arthur was the only son who chose to follow his father into the army, where he saw much action in Borneo, South Africa, the Spanish Civil War and World War I. He died in 1955. Amy died young in India, where she had married Hugh Gough of the Indian Army. Ella married Sir Harry McLean, with his houses in Tangiers, Marrakech, Richmond, and had a very social life. Fanny very religious and dutiful, acted as her father's military secretary for a time. Maude, the youngest girl, a god-daughter of Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast of Bath (of whom more later in Chap. VIII) always wished to be a nurse, but did not get her wish until World War I when she ran a military hospital in Richmond as Commander MBE and received many honors as a result. Both she and Ella died in 1950.

A RECORD OF THE FAMILY OF
GENERAL SIR HARRY N.D. PRENDERGAST

(Provided by Victor Jeffrey Dalrymple Richards
Prendergast, July 1967)

General Sir Harry North Dalrymple Prendergast married Rose
Emilie Simpson. Their children were:

1. Amy. I never knew her -- she died after marrying Hugh Gough -- Irish? -- of the Indian Army, who looked after the horses of the Nizam of Hyderabad. After she and her baby died in India, he married Violet Mandeville, RC. 7 handsome children.
2. Harry had a job in Uganda looking after the King's family, "bear-leading" them over here. Shot hippopotamus. Married Annie Cook from a business family in Leeds. Divorced. No children. He died of sleeping sickness about 1908. Like all men in the family, he was a sportsman - his father's favorite.
3. Fan, who died unmarried. Grannie was bed in wishing not to marry off her daughters -- otherwise she was a darling. Fan was Grandpa's right hand -- military secretary. Social in her tastes, very religious. Died in 1957 at 90. The food lovers were Harry, my father, Ella and Arthur -- all were tall with good figures.
4. George, my father, died at 29 in 1903. Very distinguished looking and elegant. A diplomat he was often taken for a Frenchman, great fun, loved parties, the only true intellectual in the family. He spoke Turkish, Arabic, French, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Russian, Italian, Spanish. Nobody in the family laid away money. Father, Arthur and Harry married it, also Ella. My mother married 1916 Courtland Luck of New York, who died insane 1926.
5. Ella, my father's favorite sister and my favorite aunt -- gay, social, attractive. Married 1913 kind Sir Harry Maclean, a famous character, very rich, with houses in Tangier, Marrakesh, Richmond. (The last named he lent to King Manuel of Portugal or rather Queen Amelia, who wouldn't budge for years. Damn!) I visited Ella in Tangiers for 2 months. They entertained a great deal, international guests. No children -- she adopted a no-good girl who died. Ella died about 1950. I asked her once if she knew General Lord Wavell; she said, "Shut up! When he was a little boy I used to give him a cup of tea." (A family friend, now 94, Lady Swayne, says to me, Don't argue with me, Jeff. When you were a little boy, I used to give you your bath." Very deflating at 64). Ella was gay and charming.

6. Herbert, unmarried. Was with Indian Railways and Ferranti Co. Football in India and hunting in Ceylon. Arthur and Theo's best friend. Tactful and always giggling deliciously. Died 1928.

7. Maude, also unmarried. Always wished to be a nurse. Not allowed to train for it -- it was not smart in those days. But in World War I she ran a military hospital in Richmond as Commander MBE and later had many honors. Later had a private hotel with a nice garden near Guildford, Sussex. Was rather good with money, worked hard, and died c. 1950. Her father kept her from marrying a Greek Prince. What a pity: I like princesses.

8. Arthur, died c. 1948. Served in Borneo, South Africa, Spanish Civil War, World War I -- Captain. Married Theo c 1913, then gave up flying and lived off Theo -- Country life, hunting, etc. Abandoned Theo. I once met one of his mistresses -- a nice County lady, married, loved horses, dull. Theo was on good terms with her -- she is a miracle of courage of course and generosity. Pretty and attractive, clever, had a ghastly collapse in appearance from 35 to 65. Had a splendid family life, but no interesting events or friends. Hospitable. Disapproves of me -- singular. Likes UK politics.

THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER VIII

The fifth child of Thomas and Jane Gordon Prendergast was Francis (1757-1846). Not the heir -- that was Thomas, B.A. and M.P., already mentioned -- and not the most distinguished of their 14 children who lived -- that was General Sir Jeffrey, Francis lived, like them, in Dublin from early childhood -- but his family is the most easily researched because of their letters. He might well have followed Thomas to Trinity College, Dublin, or Jeffrey to India and a military career, or his other brother Samuel into the practice of law. What he did professionally until 1802 when his father retired from his years-long position as Deputy Registrar of the Court of Chancery, and Francis succeeded him in that post, is not to be learned now. Twice married, he was the father of many children, 8 of whom lived to old age -- 80 or better. His only surviving letter, written in a very neat clerkly hand is to his "dear children", and shows clearly his sweetness of nature and agreeableness. His miniature, painted in Dublin about 1805, is to the same effect. (His great grandson, Joseph Samuel Prendergast of Redlands, California, looks remarkably like him.) It appears Francis was no manager, as his second wife soon discovered, and then decided to act. "Since my mother," her eldest child wrote 75 years later, "realized my father could and would not save money, she made him give his five sons first-class educations as the best available investment for them." Francis obviously never managed or cared to own his own furniture, inasmuch as the family always lived in furnished houses. But he always had a good street address on either Dawson Street or St. Stephen's Green, and lived very well indeed, so that his many guests showed every sign of being happy to return.

Francis' first three children were born to his first wife, Maria Reynolds, whom he married in 1797. When she died early in 1807, she had more than just those three children who lived. One may guess that the cause of her early death was either childbirth¹ or that all too frequent disease, tuberculosis. Within 6 months, Francis married again, this time to a much more durable person, Esther Patrick. They lived together for nearly 40 years, both dying in 1846, and were buried in the same grave in Mount St. Jerome Cemetery at Harold's Cross, Dublin, leaving five children.

All actually known of Maria Reynolds comes from two sources -- take your choice. John Patrick Prendergast, the second wife's oldest child who would become Ireland's most famous 19th century historian, said Maria was a Roman Catholic and a sister of Thomas Nugent Reynolds, "the Informer", who was

1. It was the birth of Henrietta, who lived to be 87.

largely responsible for the capture of the great Irish patriot, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.² Records in the National Library of Ireland in Dublin indicate a quite different background for Maria, from the rising Protestant merchant class (from which Francis' second wife came). But if John Patrick Prendergast was right, then Maria's children were connected with some truly unfortunate people, for one of Thomas Nugent Reynolds' sisters had certainly married Theobald Wolfe Tone, and Francis Prendergast, as a member of the Establishment, must have suffered at least much embarrassment from the connection. Incidentally, none of the many surviving letters mention the matter, but that proves nothing.

Francis' second wife was one of the daughters of John Patrick, a prosperous Presbyterian merchant whose family had settled in Coleraine from London in the 1600's. They came south to Dublin from Ulster in the early part of the 18th century. She was well-connected, for a cousin, Mehitable Patrick, married Stratford Canning, whose nephew George was the famous Foreign Minister of the early 19th century. Mehitable's son, another Stratford Canning, who when honored by the Queen, took the title "Sir Stratford de Redclyffe" to point out his connection with the great Canning family of medieval Bristol, was one of the notable diplomats of the Victorian period. Esther told one of her sons that she probably would not have married Francis, and certainly not so soon, had her sister not made life at home so miserable.

In addition to the big folio Bible,³ some other of Esther's books have come down: 2 small leatherbound poetry sets -- the Works of the Rev. Edward Young, London, 1784, and Poems of William Cowper, London, 1800, both inscribed "Esther Patrick." Then there are two books she must have acquired after her marriage: Domestic Cookery, and Buttel's Vermin and In-

2. Helen Landreth in her In Search of Robert Emmet states that over the years Thomas Nugent Reynolds received L 30,000 from the British government for his nefarious work. His son, in a biography of his father, is bitter over the fact he was generally scorned in good society afterward, both in the British Isles and on the Continent. But why not?

3. Esther Patrick's grandmother, Mary Galt of Coleraine, married first Sherrard a very strange person, as his third wife. His big folio Bible -- 17th century -- contains the disheartening record of the many births, christenings and early deaths -- the christenings all set by the period of the moon. Mary was lucky -- he died when she had had only one child; otherwise she too would have become a mere source of statistics. The Bible was taken by her to her new home in Dublin as Mrs. Alexander Patrick, and today is in the possession of her descendant, Arthur C. Prendergast in San Francisco -- the 7th owner.

sect Killer, which even in good homes was much needed. But even here the element of mystery enters in, with a muchworn leatherbound copy of Liturgies ou Formulaires des Prieres Publiques, London 1759. On the fly leaf, in Esther's neat script: "My dear mother's prayer book." As far as can be ascertained, Esther's mother's name was Kerr, also from an Ulster Presbyterian family, who would scarcely have used a prayer book under any circumstances, whether in English or French. Perhaps the Miss Kerr whom John Patrick married was not Esther's mother; there were quite a number of French refugees living in Dublin in those days, altho most of them were Huguenots. So the mystery continues.

Esther was, according to her oldest son, "a most charming and interesting woman," and at least in her later years -- the 1830's, when the children were no longer underfoot -- did some travelling in France as well as Ireland.

It seems a better plan, in following Francis' 8 children, to acknowledge in the first place that little research is needed, since there is an ample supply of letters. Let us first move along in company with the three daughters -- two being Maria's and one Esther's. They did not marry, and spent all their long lives together, so they may be considered as a unit. Their habitat was first London and then Southampton and Bath and its environs. With "sweet and kindly natures", as their brother Jeffry Francis remarked in his will, their lives were centered in the family. Their religious tendency appears in their unsuccessful attempt to get their dying father, Francis, a regular old Protestant who never went to church, properly prayed over.⁴ They saw little of the world, but, like all the Prendergast ladies, they read a great deal and carried on much correspondence. Their surviving books would indicate that the eldest, Eliza Marian, was the blue-stocking of the little group -- she owned a Greek-English Derivative Dictionary, for one thing.⁵ She also played the harp most pleasingly, a brother recalled. She probably never saw her "cousin" Charles Richard Weld's widow, but through letters they were close enough for Mrs. Weld to send her a properly autographed copy of Charles Richard Weld's Notes from Burgundy, published posthumously 1870. There was also a photograph of the Weld's only child, Agnes.⁶ However Charles Richard Weld

4. When the attending minister asked him if he did not need salvation, he said in a strong voice "no". John P. Prendergast to Philip Bagenal PRENDERGAST PAPERS Vol. I

5. He also wrote articles for the Tract Magazine according to Joseph Samuel Prendergast.

6. Anne Sellwood Weld was one of three sisters who all married writers -- Emily married Alfred Lord Tennyson, another married Charles (Tennyson) Turner, Alfred Tennyson's older brother. In 1963 in London the writer had an interesting visit with the

was not actually related to any of the Prendergasts; his older half-brother and half-sister were, through their mother, Margaret Kerr, cousins of Eliza Marian's half-sister. But in those letter writing days, the interest felt between two intellectuals like Anne Weld and Eliza Marian Prendergast is easily understood. No books of the youngest of the three sisters have come down, but there is a good copy of Thomson's Seasons which belonged to Henrietta; published in 1820, she acquired it in 1824. Much later --1848-- she received the very sentimental Wild Flowers and Their Teachings as a gift, but if it is like certain gifts received these days it may in no way reflect her taste.

After their parents died in 1846, the ladies were at Woodside House, Southampton in the 1850's and at Combe Down in 1860. Their eldest brother, Jeffry Francis, settled in Bath in 1865; then they lived not far from his villa on Bathwick Hill; at least in 1871 their nephew's wife saw them walking up the hill with ladylike mincing steps. Then for a time they lived in the charming nearby village of Combe Down, which they liked so much that it was only with reluctance that they accepted their brother's offer of a home with him. And there they stayed until the end, with the fine household goods he left them, along with generous legacies. As might be expected, they were devoted communicants at St. Mary's Bathwick, at the foot of Bathwick Hill, where, after they were gone, their brother, Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast, also their housemate, had a tablet placed on the wall to commemorate them:

90-year old Sir Charles Tennyson, the poet's grandson, who remembered Mrs. Weld and Agnes from his days as an undergraduate at Oxford in the early 1890's. (The three Welds are buried together in Lockbrooke Cemetery, Bath.) Sir Charles could not recall what difficulty caused Charles Richard Weld to lose his cherished position as secretary of the Royal Society, but thought it was something financial.

The Weld connection is fairly interesting. In the early 1630's the opinionated and disagreeable Rev. Thomas Weld, Cambridge 1613, and related to the still RC Welds of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, migrated to the new Massachusetts Bay Colony where he took a prominent part in affairs, and is best remembered for having collaborated on The Bay Psalm Book and for having treated Anne Hutchinson very harshly. He returned to England a few years later, leaving his son Thomas to become one of the New England's better known progenitors of famous men. His son Edmund (Harvard 1650) returned to Britain to serve as a chaplain in Cromwell's forces in Ireland, and stayed on there as minister of Kinsale and at Blarney Castle. Isaac Weld III and Charles Richard Weld were his great great grandsons. They and their sister Esther, who married George Ensor of Ardress, County Armagh, were first cousins of Esther Patrick Prendergast.

In Loving Memory of Three Amiable Sisters
 Eliza Marian, Henrietta, and Mary Jane Prendergast
 Who after a long residence in Bath
 Died at Villa Bianca, Bathwick Hill
 Eliza Marian in 1881 aged 81
 Henrietta in 1892 aged 87
 Mary Jane in 1896 aged 80
 Daughters of the Late Francis Prendergast
 of Dublin, Esquire
 They were buried in Bathwick Cemetery in this Parish

They occupy fittingly the same grave, beside that of their brother, Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast. It is interesting that of Francis' eight children who lived to maturity, and that meant old age in all of them, only two married. Perhaps the three ladies had no choice -- and no takers. Or was no one acceptable to them and the family? Was there a broken engagement or an untimely death to account for spinsterhood? We shall never know.

The eldest of Francis Prendergast's children was Jeffry Francis, 1799-1879, whose career called forth one of his namesake, Jeffry Joseph's comments, c. 1960: "No Prendergast acquires money unless he is attractive enough to marry it, and does not keep it unless his wife is brighter than he." Jeffry Francis' pictures are really attractive. A fine pencil sketch made of him by Weinhold in Dresden in 1855 shows him with neat regular features, a handsome head of hair, and a distinctly controlled mouth. He is in fact much better looking than the other brothers whose pictures have survived. And since by 1855 he had no money worries, he is of course handsomely turned out. But he did not have always the life indicated by that controlled mouth. As a result of Esther Patrick Prendergast's resolve (already cited) that at least all the sons of the family would have good educations, young Jeffry Francis was sent after Trinity College, Dublin, to Trinity College, Cambridge, to study law, where he made his only mistake on record.⁷ One of his new friends having run out of money (gambling?) Jeffry Francis co-signed a note for the young man, who then decamped hastily. Since he too had no money, Jeffry Francis saw another quick departure was the only way for him to escape the clutches of the law, which was strict on such matters. So he fled to the Continent and wandered about for a time until at Hamburg he found some unprecedented work for a Prendergast,⁸ as an employee of a successful "St. Petersburg" merchant -- one who made regular buy-

7. Mentioned by John Patrick Prendergast in a letter to his friend: Philip Bagenal, Vol I of Prendergast Papers.

8. His Uncle Jeffrey (later General Sir Jeffrey) had of course started out to San Domingo for such a career in 1794, but instead entered the Army (Chap. VII).

ing trips to Russia. Johann Friedrich Wehrtmann must have been pleased with the young Irishman, for in time he made him a partner in the firm and permitted him to marry Margaretta Sophia, the elder of his two daughters, in 1828 -- which makes it a real-life Horatio Alger tale.

The childless couple seem to have lived in Dresden most or all of their married life, where Jeffry Francis Prendergast had business interest in a bank. They spent many winters in Italy, where Margaretta made some interesting purchases, including a beautiful mahogany glove-box from Sorrento, with its inlays of mother-of-pearl flowers and her initials. Their frequent trips to England and Ireland are evidenced by the books they bought and inscribed there. Most of Margaretta's French and German books have gone into various libraries. One hopes her 1841 edition of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire -- 8 leather-bound volumes -- was to her real taste, as well as the daintily bound 2 vols. (1819) of Goldsmith's Citizen of the World. She enjoyed such Romantic poets as Thomas Hood and Tom Moore; her little 1825 edition of that once famous poem -- now a rare-book item -- Falconer's Shipwreck, seems an oddity here. It may have been a gift; she acquired it in 1842 while visiting her husband's relatives, the Major Leacocks at Westbrook, near Ryde, on the Isle of Wight. In the last year of her life, 1865, her brother-in-law, John Patrick Prendergast gave her a fine inscribed copy of the Earl of Charlemont's translation of Petrarch.

Jeffry Francis' taste in books was likewise eclectic. His huge folio of Hogarth's work were given in 1900 to the Public Library in Bath. (They are still there, and very valuable. A folio set of Dr. Johnson's Lexicon was disposed of in Los Angeles in 1959. His copy of Wallenstein's Camp by Schiller was a gift of the translator in 1877. In Dublin in 1833 he bought Lord Molesworth's small but now very valuable book, An Account of Denmark, which had gotten its author into some real trouble. It may have been the scholarly influence of his brother John Patrick Prendergast which caused him in 1837 to buy in London a new and important book, just published then under the name The Conquest of Ireland, an Anglo-Norman poem of about the year 1215, dealing with the Norman Conquest of Ireland. (It is discussed at some length in Chapter I). The editors made no attempt to translate it, altho John Patrick Prendergast put a few sections into modern French octosyllabic couplets (the original form, and no small feat.) It did not come out in Goddard Henry Orpen's translation until 1892, which was a few years too late for Jeffry Francis to enjoy it, under the name The Song of Dermot and the Earl.

Some comment on the many household goods of Jeffry Francis and Margaretta may give more clues to the sort of people they were. Perhaps about 1840 he had custom-made for his Dres-

den home -- a very large apartment -- quantities of heavy handsome furniture to be classified today as Biedermeier. Much of it is still in the hands of the family. Margaretta was surely consulted about the choices made. Some 1860 photographs show how it looked in the quarters for which it was made, all of which area was destroyed in the bombings of World War II. It must have been about this time that he had his bookplates made from the traditional Prendergast coat-of-arms, which has been in use at least since 1675. (The description is given in full on a manuscript, owned by General Sir Harry Prendergast's daughter-in-law, bearing that date.) Jeffry Joseph Prendergast would use that same device for bookplates over a century later. Still in the British Isles a use of a coat-of-arms or even a crest necessitates a government permit, of course at a price. A copy of one of those permits of a century ago still remains. Jeffry Francis made fairly lavish use of the privilege on table silver (Just try to find anything comparable to it today in antique shops here or in the British Isles!) It was used on his table linens woven in Ireland, and most spectacularly on his maroon-bordered Royal Minton china table service. One of his plates is now on display in the museum at Dublin Castle -- the gift of Jeffry Joseph Prendergast -- along with much other heraldic china.

When Jeffry Francis and his Margaretta were married in 1830, she brought to their home a fine painting made of her in Hamburg five years previously. (The painter is not to be identified, but the date can be checked easily in the excellent new costume books.) At the same time the same painter did an even lovelier portrait of her younger sister Caroline. The oils are about 2 by 3 feet; a dark curtain behind the heads is drawn aside to reveal the typical Romantic stormy landscape. The pretty serious-minded young ladies, with elaborately done brown hair, wear almost identical filmy white dresses; the arms showing thru their sleeves are decidedly plump. (Their photographs later show the ladies as more than plump.) For some reason Caroline never claimed her portrait, which was always with the Prendergasts. Jeffry Francis finally left it to her in his 1871 will, to no avail, and to the writer's great good fortune. Margaretta was painted again in 1850 by Henri Lehmann the well known Carlsbad artist.⁹ Still handsome and serene, in a light green silk dress, with the smoothest of brown hair and now well bejewelled, in middle age she is truly the "magnificent creature" that her husband's young nephew, Francis Ensor Prendergast, so admired in 1857. A pencil sketch of her by the same artist, a few years later, is not so flattering. The later photographs already mentioned show her sometimes with one of

9. The three portraits of Margaretta and Caroline are now owned by John Patrick Prendergast's grandchildren in Redlands, California. The furniture, china, linen, and silver are in family hands too.

the small pet dogs to which she was so devoted and which were in due time put to rest in the pet cemetery at Carlsbad,¹⁰ where the couple spent some time every year, and where Margaretta died in 1865.

It would of course have been in Ireland that she acquired some examples of that Victorian anachronism, mourning jewelry. (Was it bought when her father died in 1850?) These dull black pieces in large button size are of delicately carved bog-oak.¹¹ Much more attractive bog-oak is the shiny black carefully carved reproduction of Brian Moru's harp, now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. She also owned 10 of the now rare Tassie Gems, cut in a specially made glass, and meant for use as seals. Margaretta had a real collection of seals, but failed to get them mounted. Today they are museum pieces.¹²

Caroline Wehrtmann married Major George Anthony Aufrere, an older man from an important Norfolk family -- his father is even noticed in DNB. They settled in Bowness in the Lake Region on Lake Windermere in Westmorland. The big house they built, facing the lake, is now a hotel for retired persons, and much of the acreage they owned has been sold for real estate development, but in 1960 one could still hear tales there of the Major's fine horses used in hunting, and of another pet cemetery, near the house, where the hunting dogs -- Nero, Juno etc. -- repose. The Major's military record is given in detail in the Public Record Office in Chancery lane, London. He must have enjoyed more than just hunting, because when Caroline's sale took place in 1886 (the couple were childless) among the items listed were 60 dozen cases of wine, which is difficult to believe the old lady would have bought in her three years of widowhood. All the items listed in the sales notice were of course of the best quality.

10. At least this fact proves that the pet cemetery is not an American invention.

11. Bog oak is from oak trees long fallen in Irish swamps; when found by the peat-digging peasantry, they have become quite black, and have to be dried for several years before they can be carved. The modern work, to be found in a few shops on Grafton Street, Dublin, is very crude as compared with the pieces Margaretta owned.

12. The two Tassies, uncle and nephew, did their famous work in London in the late 18th and early 19th centuries; the largest collection of their work is in the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh; their fame today chiefly rests on the portraits they made of their contemporaries. Margaretta's gems were made by the nephew, William; he alone put mottoes on his work. The most amusing one, with its classical inspiration, shows an old satyr wheeling a sad little one of the amorini away in his cart, to the motto: Love in Jeopardy.

Both the Wehrtmann sisters and their husbands rest in a large lot almost in front of Brathat Church, just over the Lancashire border, a few miles from where the Aufreres lived out their married life. Incidentally, the admirable British habit of recording place of residence on gravestones enabled us to find their onetime home, "Burnside, Bowness", of which we had not known previously.

Anna Elizabeth Preusser, a relative of the Wehrtmanns, died at the birth of her second child, Annette. The baby lived and was brought up in the Wehrtmann home, and became a much better known person than any of them. She was intelligent, talented, public spirited, and a fine pianist -- she counted the Mendelssohns among her friends. She came in time to live in England, in Windermere, perhaps after Margareta died in 1865 and Jeffry Francis Prendergast left Dresden. She had a comfortable house called Annandale, worked for women's suffrage (was a friend of the two Miss Ashworths, Prendergast family friends) and finally gave herself to the good cause of finding proper country homes for the disadvantaged children of the London poor. Over 50 of those children were present when she was buried in Birthwaite Cemetery in Windermere in 1879.

The only real cloud in the Wehrtmann sky was the son Johann Michael Friederich, pleasant but mentally retarded, who was left by his father, who seems to have died in 1850, largely in the care of Jeffry Francis and a physician in Germany, perhaps near the family estate in Schleswig-Holstein. In Jeffry Francis' touching 1879 will, poor Johann Frederick Wehrtmann is still the chief concern. He hopes someone in the family would agree to see him every day, for only by that device could good care be secured. Perhaps his two sisters, "with their always kindly and gentle natures," would take some responsibility for him, who he knows he can not ask them to take him into their home. He dreaded that Caroline might predecease her brother, and she did, but luckily not for long, dying in 1885 -- he lived until 1886, and lies beside Annette Preusser.

Francis Prendergast's second son, John Patrick, 1808-1893, was the first child of the second wife. In him, since Jeffry Francis was childless and predeceased him, we again trace the main line of this ancient family. The headship of the main line came to him in 1884, when his 80 year old cousin Jeffry Samuel died childless. One of the letters in his files is from another cousin: "I take this occasion of congratulating you on your seniority, of which I have just learned." No mention is made of it in any of his correspondence with his only son -- why not? And certainly Francis Ensor Prendergast never mentioned the matter, which would have meant so much to him, to his own oldest son, and successor in

the position, Jeffrey Joseph Prendergast.

True to her ideas, Esther Patrick Prendergast saw to it that when her two oldest sons, John Patrick and Francis were 11 and 10 years old, they were shipped off to Reading for 7 years (which were not uniformly happy) to study in the school of Dr. Valpy, the famous Greek scholar. In 1825, returned to Ireland, they entered Trinity College, Dublin, close to the family home on Dawson Street, to be trained for the law. John Patrick graduated in 1828, was admitted to the Bar, and spent the necessary year of residence in the (Middle) Temple before beginning his practice as Barrister-at-Law. In 1834 he had the great good fortune to join the Leinster Bar -- "I never heard of or moved in a circle that surpassed the Leinster Bar in gaiety and life," he said years later. Here he quite lost his accustomed scholarly shyness, and in their mess at the still excellent Club House Hotel in Kilkenny he became one of the leaders.

Becoming interested in Irish history, he first traced the centuries-long chequered history of his own family before becoming involved in the various historical studies that later made him famous -- "The most distinguished man of the name since Maurice de Prendergast, the Founder, in 1169." is the uncompromising verdict of Dr. Edward MacLyshagt in his 1959 Irish Families (p. 248) In the 1850's and 1860's he collaborated with his kinsman, the fourth Viscount Gort, head of the line of Sir Thomas Prendergast I (Chap. V), doing much of the research for Gort's The Prendergasts of Newcastle, 1169-1870, which is a real mine of carefully ascertained information. Luckily John Patrick had his own copy -- typewritten only -- leatherbound, so that after nearly a century it is still in perfect condition, which cannot be said of other copies which were not so treated. Always with a fluent pen, he became a frequent contributor -- a good book could be made of those collected articles¹³ -- and was an authority on old Dublin houses, especially those with a fine 18th century plaster work decor. He must have properly appreciated the ancestral home of his bride, Caroline Ensor, Ardress House in County Armagh, which was recently (1959) bought by the National Trust because of the perfection of the Michael Stapleton pargetting work of nearly 200 years ago.

In 1848 he began the study of a long series of pamphlets in King's Inn (the legal library of Dublin) and of entry books long forgotten in Dublin Castle, and of London 17th century newspapers on file in the library of Charlemont House, of which Lord Charlemont eventually put him in charge. Also there were the extensive collections of his friend Charles Haliday of Monkstown. Then when he was on circuit in Kilkenny,

13. Now owned by Raymond Prendergast in Saratoga, California

the Marquess of Ormonde (another distant relative) gave him access to papers in his Muniment Room at Kilkenny castle, which dealt largely with the Margquess' 17th century ancestor, the great Duke of Ormonde. From all this welter of information emerged in time (1865) John Patrick Prendergast's major work, The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland which caused a great stir --favorable in Ireland, but largely critical in England, as might be expected, since his book was largely critical of England's dealings with Ireland. However, to receive a 3½ column review in The London Times is no small matter, and he was not neglected in The Edinburgh Quarterly Review, The Spectator, The Saturday Review, and The Economist. They were all to take much the same attitude as John Anthony Froude in his 3 vol. The English in Ireland: not to question John Patrick Prendergast's facts, but to try to refute, not too successfully his interpretations of them. After all, said Froude and others, England had meant everything for the best, so Ireland's unquestioned sufferings should have been accepted more philosophically. In the midst of the lively struggle, a poem appeared which became very popular in Ireland so much so that the first of its stanzas is here quoted:

When Froude with bigot fury blind,
To strike at Ireland felt inclined,
He wrote a book to ease his mind,
Crammed full of lies of every kind,
But tho his venom thus was cast,
Old Ireland's answer followed fast,
Rung out as by a trumpet blast,
By gallant John P. Prendergast

Both the first and second editions of the book did no more than pay expenses. An English rare-book shop in 1968 advertised a copy at L 7 10s for a remarkable advance over the 5s 5d for which John Patrick finally had to sell it in Dublin. A re-issue followed in the 1920's, many years after his death. Later historical works were Ireland from The Restoration to the Revolution, 1887, and The Tory War of Ulster, 2 vols 1888. For 5 summers (1865ff) sided by his wife as amanuensis, he worked with Dr. Russell of Maynooth College in the Bodleian Library at Oxford on the 8 vol. Account of the Carte Collection of Historical Papers.¹⁴ He was truly proud to have his name associated with that of his great friend Charles Haliday,

14. The contentious Royalist scholar, Thomas Carte, 1686-1754, had taken 3 cartloads of borrowed papers from Kilkenny Castle to Oxford when he was working on his Life of the Duke of Ormonde; they were never returned. They give an entirely factual account of Irish events in the period of the Civil Wars. He left his historical collections to his wife, who in turn left them to her second husband Nicholas Jernagan, who disposed of them to the Bodleian for a good price (DNB)

a successful Dublin merchant who would have lost caste in commercial circles had it been known that in strict secrecy he indulged a family taste for scholarship. His choicest treasure was probably the 1798 Secret Service Money Book, containing a detailed record of the services of Irish traitors in that troubled period. Stolen from Dublin Castle by a carpenter employed there, it was sold to a Chapel Street grocer and eventually came into Charles Haliday's hands. (Where is it now?) It was borrowed from the grocer and used by Dr. R. H. Madden in his standard Lives of the United Irishmen. After Haliday's death, John Patrick Prendergast completed and put thru the press Haliday's great work, The Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin. It was he who wrote the 123 page Notice which prefaced the book.

His liveliest exploit occurred in 1854 when Sir Charles Pelham Clinton, a younger brother of the 5th Duke of Newcastle, bought 3 supposedly clear estates in County Kerry from the 2nd Earl of Bantry, who assured Sir Charles that the peasant tenants owed him nothing. However, Sir Charles' agent, William P. Prendergast, John Patrick's youngest brother and also a barrister-at-law, soon learned the Earl was claiming L 1600 still due to him as rents, and was putting the poor tenants, who were of course not able to pay, out of their homes to live in the open field as best they could, and "was seizing everything of theirs not too large or too heavy to be carried or driven away." (John Patrick's words)¹⁵ William P. Prendergast asked him to investigate the matter when in a few weeks he took his wife and young son to Bereham Island (where one of the estates was located) on a holiday trip. What they found and saw was even worse than had been reported, and John Patrick's wife became so indignant that she insisted he do something drastic about "this tyranny". And he did, in the form of a pamphlet called An Open Letter to the Earl of Bantry, which he had printed and widely distributed.¹⁶ All this unfavorable publicity was so displeasing to the object of it that he sued John Patrick Prendergast for libel. However the suit never came to trial, because Sir Charles decided he himself would pay the rents demanded, and so save the poor peasants, and John Patrick decided to offer a very trifling apology. It must be admitted the Earl had impeccable taste and made a showplace of his house.

John Patrick must always have known the Ensors of Address House, County Armagh. George Ensor a large landholder and author of some wellknown books on economics, had married Esther Weld, a first cousin of John Patrick's mother, Esther Patrick.

15. Dr. Joseph Samuel Prendergast said the Earl's father had been very hard on the poor at the time of the Famine.

16. Copies are available in the National Library of Ireland and the King's Inn Library.

Caroline, the second daughter, who wrote a fine firm regular hand, often acted as her father's amanuensis. John Patrick seems first to have noticed her seriously when she began staying in the Prendergast house on St. Stephen's Green for a part of the lively Dublin social season in the 1830's, altho she was a few years older than he. She was certainly in Dublin before 1835, when Samuel Lover (1797-1868) that amazingly talented dramatist, poet, novelist, singer, and artist, left Dublin for a greater career in London. For before departing he painted one of his characteristic "miniatures" of Caroline. Dressed in a long white silk Empire gown -- a style of 30 years earlier, such as Josephine wore when painted by Prud'hon in 1805 -- she leans against a vase-crowned pillar (alabaster? porphyry?); she measures $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches from topmost brown curl (her hair is dressed in a perfect 1835 style) to the toes of her pink satin slippers. A scarf drapes her shoulders, a fan is in her left hand, two wide-arched doorways are behind her, she stands on a Persian rug, beside a draped table cluttered with papers and untidy books and a bud vase with a flower in it, along with a huge folio leaning against the table. It all makes for a crowded scene. But the girl is pretty and graceful, her hands and arms are lovely, and her expression is arch. The portrait was considered good enough to have engraved in London -- one of the engravings hang today in Ardress House. The original painting finally came into the possession of her descendants only in 1900, when Mrs. Charles Ensor, a nephew's wife, managed to obtain it for them, not too easily or pleasantly, from another nephew, Archdeacon Irwin.

Fifty years later, old John Patrick Prendergast recalled happily how he used to follow his Caroline to nearby Bray when she visited their hospitable relative, the famous author Isaag Weld¹⁷ in his big square house, Ravenswell, beside the sea.¹⁸ He recalled their wedding at Loughgall Church in 1838, the wedding breakfast at Ardress, and the long journey to Paris. In the course of the next few years, she bore 3 girls and two boys, but only the second child, Francis Ensor, long survived the perils of birth. When she would take little Frank on a visit to Ardress or Ravenswell, her every letter to her husband was cherished and later the entire collection was placed in a leather-bound book. As a young girl she had had very romantic feelings, as shown in the 85 pages of contemporary poetry she copied in her notebook in 1826. It was mostly the works of Lord Byron, then dead only 2 years, that she admired. She even had a fancy metal pencil, much like modern ones, with an easily recognized profile of Byron on the top, in intaglio, to be used as a seal. Did she ever dream, as

17. Weld was famous in his day for his travel books which he illustrated himself: KILLARNEY, and TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

18. Ravenswell, now owned by one of the Roman Catholic Orders is still beautifully kept.

young Elizabeth Barrett had done a few years earlier, of donning a page's suit and going throughout the world with his lordship? At any rate, her much later letters to her husband show her romantic disposition was still with her. She lived till 1875, happy that her son was able to bring his American wife to visit with her (Frank was the one member of the family to marry romantically) but she died a few months before her first grandchild was born. She and John Patrick share the same grave in Mt. Jerome Cemetery. While their son was still small, they decided a pleasant suburb would be better for him than down-town Dublin. So at 127 Strand Road, Sandymount, facing the sea and near one of the old Martello towers, they lived out their lives -- the neighborhood is still good.

In 1876, the year after Caroline died, John Patrick met a young man from one of the south-of-Ireland historical families of which he had written. With his wife dead and his only son living in the United States, this was a fine break for the ageing man; a close friendship grew up, which lasted until John Patrick Prendergast's death in 1893, nearly twenty years later. Many letters as well as visits were exchanged, and it is upon the letters to Philip Bagenal that much of the personal material about John Patrick is based. Handsomely bound in 3 vols, they were to have been the basis for a Life, but for some reason Bagenal did not carry the project to completion. But from those letters one learns of John Patrick's favorite authors -- Pope, Plutarch, and Rabelais, of his lasting conversational topics -- archaeology, politics, art and literature, of his love of food and drink -- "frugal in his habits but Epicurean in his tastes", of his fondness for entertaining in his "simple but comfortable home", of his devotion to Ireland -- he wanted fair treatment but not Home Rule, and of his definition for happiness -- a good fire, a good dinner, good wine and good company, or more simply, "the prescription for happiness is always having a hare to hunt."

In his day he had walked over all of Ireland, and later took his son everywhere, "so he may always carry a map of Ireland in his mind when he goes to distant lands." Concerning the 81 grandchildren of Jane Gordon and Thomas Prendergast, "of all the first cousins (males) only my two brothers and I, single men, are the remaining male residents of the land of our fathers, and we alone have not made fortunes of a sort." He left a large collection of Mss used in his historical works to the King's Inn Library; the mere catalogue of them fills 3 folio vols.

Of two of his three younger brothers, there is not so much available information. Like him, they were educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and were barristers-at-law. They travelled a bit on the Continent, in holidays. Francis, whom

John Patrick considered the handsome one of the family, lived with John Patrick at Sandymount from 1875 until his death in 1890. Willy (William), the youngest of the family, who acted as Sir Charles Clinton's land-agent¹⁹ was a knowledgeable lover of horses; his only surviving picture shows him as an older man handling a fine horse. When John Patrick was working at the Bodleian Library in Oxford in 1865, he found Willy well remembered there at Trinity College, which he had attended briefly 30 years earlier, "because of his handsome conduct in the matter of a horse." His tie to his next older brother Dr. Joseph Samuel was especially close, as one may guess that Francis' tie was to John Patrick. Toward the end of his life, when he had sadly deteriorated physically, the Yacht Club was probably justified in asking him to give up his membership; quite a correspondence remains on that unhappy subject. In his best years he lived at the Salthill Hotel, on the outskirts of Dublin, which still looks pleasant enough. He died in 1902, the last surviving member of his family, and was buried in the same grave with his brother Francis in Dean Grange Cemetery. His death brought the last of Jeffry Francis and Margaretta's money to the family of Francis Ensor Prendergast in Redlands, California.

The 4th son of Francis and Esther Patrick Prendergast was Joseph Samuel, 1808-1899. Many of his letters have been preserved, and some of his journals -- a real gift, since he had a far different life from the rest of the family. The most personal account is that of his student life at the University of Edinburgh, where he took his MD-degree in 1836, after some difficulties which sound quite modern. Once he was so discouraged, after having failed to do his work conscientiously, that he went across Scotland by stage to Glasgow, to find whether he might not obtain his degree there with less effort. Yes, he could, but he had set his heart on entering the medical branch of the British Army, which did not look with favor on a degree from Glasgow. So back to Edinburgh he staged, where he could no longer afford to spend so many evenings singing and drinking with his friends and occasionally having a girl in his room. That phase of his life continues to be recounted when he has joined up with the 77th Regiment permanently and is transferred to Dublin, and is on his way to be the best-travelled Prendergast of his day.

19. Sir Charles was so well pleased with William Prendergast's help in the quarrel with the Earl of Bantry that he thought a special present was called for, so he bought him a charming small castor set -- silver base with three cut-glass bottles, very rococo in style. It has always been called "the Lord Clinton", and is, for this person's taste, the most interesting of the family's many pieces of antique silver.

In his first assignment, to Dublin, Joseph Samuel spent more nights at home than in officers' quarters, where his young brother Willy often stayed with him. When the 77th was sent to Cork, Willy went along too, to stay until the regiment was shipped out. Francis happily paid the bills for his son. Again the family's sweetness of nature appears; a man of nearly 30 today would not bother to be responsible for a younger brother of 16, unless obliged to do so. An early photograph of Joseph Samuel is made on glass, and necessarily after Daguerre's great invention of 1848; it shows a round-faced young man, so determined-looking that he may be considered pugnacious. He has abundant brown hair and Dundreary whiskers. His scarlet dress coat fits well, and the gold epaulets and the gold badge with its 77 shines proudly. One of his dress uniforms is still in existence, owned by his namesake and great nephew. (When Jeffry Joseph Prendergast, 6' 1", posed in it in 1901, it fitted him perfectly.) A much later photograph -- 1875? -- shows the tall thin old man with now a long face and sad eyes which seem to have seen everything, and lost all the best part of it.

The 77th Regiment, later called by Queen Victoria "The East Midland Regiment" and "The Duke of Cambridge's Own" was to be his actual home for nearly thirty years and would remain the center of his life and thought. Its history went back well into the 18th century; it had been with General Lord Harris in his great victory at Seringapatam (See Chap. VII) on 4 May 1799, when Tippoo Sahib lost out by spending too long a time over his dinner. It was a soldier of the 77th who supposedly killed him -- legend says it was Kirby, one of the three tall Dalrymples, whose sister General Sir Jeffrey Prendergast later married. The 77th served in Spain in the Peninsular War under Wellington in 1810. From the time Joseph Samuel joined it as regimental surgeon in 1836, it was in Colonial service for nearly 18 years.²⁰ His devoted letters to his Dublin family are from Malta, the West Indies, India.²¹ (There is a delicate little miniature of the Taj Mahal which he later gave to Caroline Ensor Prendergast as a silver anniversary present in 1863.)

But the great experience of his life was unquestionably in the Crimean War, 1854-1856. Here the deplorable conditions (due to inefficiency as much as anything else) called for his continued greatest skill, which was not always effective. As personal physician to Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, he had to see his distinguished patient die at Se-

20. Nugent Tallefer: The Dear Old Regiment London 1879

21. His extensive journals also give a detailed account of his work and experiences at the time of the Great Irish Potato Famine in 1848; his compassion and efficiency are notable. (He happened to be home on leave.)

bastopol, probably of cholera. Joseph Samuel's account of his illness and death is on file among the many papers in the British Museum.²² (Every family has a few cruel jokes; one Joseph Samuel did not like was: "Dear Uncle Joe! Thirty years in the British Army, and the only man he ever killed was Lord Raglan!" The gay typical collegian of the early 1830's had, like most collegians, settled down. His close touch with his own family appears in his many letters to them; his lasting ties with the 77th Regiment appear in his many newspaper clippings about the men he had known there, and his faithful attendance at their annual reunion dinners in London each spring until old age forced him to stay at home. He was proud to be among those present when the memorial to the Regiment was presented to St. Paul's Cathedral in 1870's. His comments on that most famous Crimean War character, Florence Nightingale, were not flattering and most men of his generation agreed with him: a woman's place is in the home. Of the many friends he lost in the fighting, the closest was apparently Col. Thomas Graham Egerton, the particular hero of the Regiment, whose name heads the list on that Memorial in St. Paul's. He died at Sebastopol, in action.²³ Joseph Samuel had two good photographs of him -- one in uniform and one in mufti. The Egerton family put up a fine memorial to him in Chester Cathedral.²⁴

In those days army surgeons provided most of their own equipment; one list remains of the many needful things his sisters thoughtfully sent to him. There are two small crested silver items -- a "necessaire," with its tiny spoons for giving medicine, and a container for small surgical knives with tortoise-shell handles. There is much rust on the metal, whose source may be easily guessed. He received numerous medals and awards from his Crimean services: The Order of the Medjide from the Sultan of Turkey, the Crimean War Medal and Ribbon (pale blue) with four clasps: Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, Sebastopol -- the battles he had served in. There are two simpler medals -- one Turkish and one British. Toward the end of his long service, he was advanced to the position of Inspector General of Hospitals. By the time he retired, his parents were long dead, his Dublin brothers were involved in their legal careers, and he was soon glad to join forces with his oldest brother Jeffry Francis in Bath, where his three sisters had also settled. When Jeffry Francis died in 1879, the sisters moved into Villa Bianca too, and there they all died. He formed a very close tie with his only nephew, Francis Ensor Prendergast, whom he seldom saw, but with whom

22. Henry Clifford VC - His Letters and Sketches from the Crimea New York 1856.

23. Christopher Hibbert: The Destruction of Lord Raglan London 1961

24. Royal United Service Institution - Raglan Crimea Papers.

he carried on an extensive correspondence; many of his letters to "dear Frank" survive, along with those he wrote to Frank's widow and children later. In the late 1860's he even travelled to the United States and crossed the continent to visit Frank in Oregon where Frank was involved in laying out new railroad lines. Then they came down the coast to San Francisco, and across the continent by the new trains, and then travelled back to Ireland together. Frank later told his oldest son that he loved Uncle Joe equally with his father. In his very lonely last years Joseph Samuel found some comfort in the friendship of a second cousin, Margaret Clarke, a novelist under the name of "Marguerite le Clerc", who lived in Bath taking care of an invalid mother. Altho young enough to be his daughter, Jeffry Joseph Prendergast who met her there in 1900, thought it was too bad Uncle Joe did not marry her. Not used to literary ladies, Jeffry Joseph thought her a bit odd, tho very pleasant. She was one of Uncle Joe's legatees. In his will he remembered many cousins, in whose lives he had kept up an interest, as shown by his extensive file of newspaper clippings. One was his god-daughter, Maude, daughter of General Sir Harry Prendergast, who never achieved her desired role of nurse until World War I. (Could Joseph Samuel have inspired her with that hope?) Not many of his books have come down; the finest is an admirable edition of Gray's Elegy in 1846; with the finest of handtooled leather bindings -- a gift to him given in 1846 by a comrade who later died in the Crimean War. He loved the Prendergastiana with which his last years were surrounded, and even made a little catalogue of the pictures on the walls in Villa Bianca -- a great help today. His gravestone in Bathwick Hill Cemetery, Bath, not far from the Villa Bianca, was no doubt selected by him in advance; it was later copied for the family monument in Hillside Cemetery, Redlands, California. The writer has seen none others like it, except among the early Christian tombs in Denmark. Joseph Samuel was never in that country: where did he get the idea?

THE PRENDERGASTS

CHAPTER IX

The headship of the male line of the Prendergast family very nearly shifted from the line of Francis (1767-1846) to that of his next brother, General Sir Jeffrey (1768-1856). In retrospect it is still amazing that the headship, well over a century later, still remains in Francis' line.

It has already been pointed out that of Francis' eight children who lived to maturity -- even old age, 80 and more -- only the two eldest sons married, and Jeffry, the elder, was childless, but John Patrick, as a result of his marriage with his second cousin Caroline Ensor, had five children, only one of which had the vitality to survive the perils of birth -- Francis Ensor. Had the surviving child been one of the little daughters, the head of the house today would be Gen. Sir Jeffrey's great great grandson, Victor Jeffery Dalrymple Richards Prendergast of London.

Of all this interesting and usually charming family, Francis Ensor Prendergast seems one of the most attractive. Like his siblings, he must have suffered from a low vitality, for he died at a mere 56, and spent his last years in a state of semi-invalidism. It is cheering to note that most of his many children have reverted to the earlier standard of living at least to their eighties, and sometimes better. But according to his letters, FEPr in the years of his vigor was rather amazing. Example: in July 1863 (at 22) he and a friend with 2 young ladies walked 12 miles on a climbing expedition near Shrewsbury, then the young men worked on their employer's accounts until 5 AM, then walked till 6 and had breakfast, lounged until 11, then went on a 15 mile walk, went to a tea, played croquet, and were in bed by midnight. It is possible that pushing himself in this way (and this was no isolated instance) did something to contribute to his early breakdown.

His parents and the numerous adoring uncles and aunts could be expected to spoil him shamefully, but it is all too clear he was never spoiled. Luckily his father had a passion for keeping letters and later having them bound (over 1600 letters, 4 pages each, were written home to Dublin on Sundays, 1858-1889; they give a remarkably complete coverage of his life in those years, and then there are Uncle Joe's letters which mention Francis Ensor Prendergast as a small boy, and his mother's letters when she took him visiting in the 1840's to "dear Uncle Weld's" (Isaac Weld III, the wellknown author) at Ravenswell, near Bray, south of Dublin.¹ Uncle Joe writes from the Crimea in 1854 how pleased he is with Frank for help-

1. Ravenswell is a large square house beside the sea, kept up beautifully by the Roman Catholic Order which now owns it.

ing his father so much when John Patrick Prendergast was investigating conditions at Berenhaven, prior to writing his controversial "Open Letter to the Earl of Bantry." He had already shown a great and quite un-Prendergastian interest in mechanical matters, when he was sent to school in Dresden in 1858, at 17 -- it is at this period that his letters home begin. Enroute, he stopped to visit the three unmarried aunts who were then living at Woodside, Southampton. Then he went to Pondwell, near Ryde, on the Isle of Wight, to visit his mother's aunt, Martha Georgina Vaughn (Weld) Leacock. Her husband had considerable wealth from West Indian properties, but FEPr was shocked at their few books. Mrs. Leacock would live until 90, dying at Bath in 1872 -- she is buried beside her nephew Charles Richard Weld, the author, in Locksbrooke Cemetery there.

It will be recalled that the only financial success of the family, Jeffry Francis Prendergast was living in Dresden in considerable style, managing his father-in-law's bank and living with his Margareta in a large flat on the second floor of #2 Carola Strasse. Surviving pictures show its spaciousness, and much of the heavy furniture that still remains in the family. That area of course was bombed out in World War II when 135,000 people were killed. Uncle Jeffry had arranged for FEPr to live in a pleasant nearby house, and study fencing, drawing and horsemanship, as well as German, Latin, and some mathematics. He also learned to skate, and here began his lasting habit of taking long walks at a fast pace. Nearly every day he walked with Uncle Jeffry in the park, then took an 18 mile walk many afternoons. "Uncle Jeffry makes many jokes and puns which I enjoy, but he is past all this walking that I like so much. I wish Papa were here to walk with me." Once he neglected all his lessons for a fortnight in order to relish the perfect skating. Dancing was also a strong interest; he went to many balls where he would dance for seven hours. "My varsovienne and polka were very much admired." His father was disturbed by the boy's lack of interest in historical matters. "You speak of never forgetting the history of any place you have ever seen. This is not the case with me in history, but with regard to machinery or inventions, it is exactly the same with me as history is with you." His mother was inclined to worry over his becoming frivolous. "Do not worry about my going to the theater on Sunday," he re-assures her. The church-going habits she had instilled would last throughout his life, as the skating and dancing would not. As a young frontiersman in Oregon in the early 1860's he went twice every Sunday, if churches were available, preferring to sample the different faiths as much as possible. Brought up in the Church of Ireland, after his marriage, he would follow his wife into the Congregational Church; there is a handsome stained glass window to his memory in the Congregational Church in Redlands, California, 1901. His defective eyesight was more of a

nuisance to him in early life than it was in his maturity. Like Uncle Joe, with whom he always had an especially strong tie, he made observations on nature -- butterflies, birds, trees, shrubs, flowers. Like Uncle Joe, he did not admire strong-minded women. He referred to Margaretta's sister, Caroline Aufrere, as "Mrs. O'Frere", which reminds one of his grandson Frank E. Moore's reference to the Villa Bianca at Bath as "the Villa Bye Anchor." His second cousin Arthur Hew Prendergast of London (grandson of Gen. Sir Jeffrey) came to Dresden, where FEPr was proud to be thought his brother, tho later for some reason his opinion changed. "Arthur Prendergast is expected here to meet his intended -- a better match than I had expected. She is pretty, amiable and accomplished, and her father is chief of a government department. She is in every way Arthur's equal and probably a deal too good for him. Aunt Margaretta and Uncle Jeffrey object to her because she is a foreigner." (So was Margaretta!)²

Living in Dresden gave FEPr opportunity for much travel to Berlin and Prague where he thoroughly enjoyed the music, and then on walking trips with friends to Zurich, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Berne, Vevey, Fribourg, Lausanne, Montreux. Later still he walked alone to Lugano, Maggiore, Milan, Munich, Marienbad, and in Switzerland. He joined up with peasants on the road, making at least 20 miles a day. He finds his French not good enough for the educated classes. General Sir Harry North Prendergast, another second cousin, comes to Dresden to recuperate from wounds received in action in India; later the news comes that he will receive one of the new Victoria Crosses at Windsor. Frank forms a taste for museums and picture galleries too, which will stay with him, and be transmitted to at least two of his children. (He will always think the Dresden Gallery far superior to anything in Italy.)

By Christmas 1858, he was ready to return home. "An engineering school is the place for me, and I would rather take the work at home, tho I am willing to enter one of the great engineering schools at Karlsbad or Paris if you think that the best." The family was agreeable, so back to Dublin he went, via Cologne, Calais, Dover and Brighton, where he was a guest of old Lady Prendergast, widow of General Sir Jeffrey. Their son, Tom, the famous language expert, was visiting there from Cheltenham. "I had a long talk with Tom about his theory

2. Incidentally, Arthur Hew Prendergast did not marry the German lady. In 1876 he married Augusta Ellis Stedman of Horsham, Sussex; after her death he became engaged in 1890 but broke it off publicly, via newspaper announcement. Family gossip said he had learned she valued him only for his money.

of learning languages and he read me some of one of his pamphlets." In May 1863, having taken his BA and CE at Trinity College, Dublin, he began his two years of engineering apprenticeship by working at Ironbridge, Coalbrookdale, near Shrewsbury, for John Fogarty. He still kept his high spirits, as in his account of how he and six other young men, aided by a cook and a housemaid, put on a train-borne picnic for 60 people, at Mr. Fogarty's expense. It was very hard work, but with much dancing on the green to make up for it, and later too on the station platform, where one exuberant couple fell right across the rails, but were not too badly damaged. After 16 months at Coalbrookdale, in October 1864, he went to Blair's Lines at Glasgow to finish his apprenticeship in August 1865, and then began to look for work in London, after walking to Salisbury, Stonehenge, Gloucester, and then into Wales.

Since no work was available, in May 1866 he was touring southern France. Had he a little spot of tuberculosis? He was certainly very edgy when Aunt Leacock wrote someone that he was a very sick man. The area was agreeing with Captain Charles Middleton Prendergast, Arthur Hew Prendergast's younger brother, who would die of the disease in Genoa in 1867; he at least had enough energy "to abuse continental food most vigorously." With Charles Middleton Prendergast were his two sisters, Dora and Alice, whom FEP liked very much. "But I can not talk much with Charles -- I know nothing of military life and he is equally ignorant of engineering." Although he had earlier expressed his distaste for strongminded women, he also scorned the many "vapid ladies whose only aim is killing time." In southern France he saw for the first time adobe houses, "just as in California and Mexico. This romantic scenery interests me greatly. Having nothing to do here, and doing it, I find very little time to write." (His overburdened eldest son, Jeffry Joseph Prendergast, in 1901, taking two needed days at a California beach says, "I have nothing to do, and am doing it with the greatest pleasure.") At Avignon he lodges at the Hotel d'Europe, with courtyard and trees that Jeffry Joseph Prendergast and I so liked, 95 years later. (A young officer named Napoleone Buonaparte had liked it oo, around 1792.) Francis reported that he had gained 5 pounds, was still below normal, and his cough remained. Then he and Dawson Green, a relative, went on a walking trip to Italy. In Florence he stayed in the same pension with his great-uncle Charles Richard Weld, there working on a new book. At Easter at the Duomo he saw the ceremony of the white dove at Easter, done just as it is today, and finds in the Protestant Cemetery a marker for an officer of Uncle Joe's regiment, the 77th, just as Jeffry Joseph Prendergast would find there in 1960 the gravestone of General Bentinck³ of Crimean War fame, carved with medals just like

3. who is not buried in London, despite the word of DNB.

Uncle Joe's. In his unavailing search for engineering work (and he would not have believed how often that experience would be repeated in America) he stopped in Paris at the St. James Hotel on the Rue St. Honore, still first-class, as it was in 1965; he liked spending time every day across the street at the Louvre.

In late October 1866 he writes that with L 25 that Uncle Joe had lent him, he is sailing for America on the Cunarder Java. The next section of his personal account is found in a series of letters published in Dublin and Belfast newspapers. By this time, at 25, he was grown-up; his earlier pettiness had left him, and his typical writing style -- clear, firm, interesting -- had developed. The new experiences awaiting him would all be met in the best possible manner.

The first letter, dated 14 Nov. 1866⁴, in which he mentions the clear fresh air of Boston (he would not live to suffer under the depredations of smog), the wooden houses (which he later learns to call "frame") and the equalitarian manners of the various "helps." The lavish meals with poultry and fine breads, always to his taste, and one result of the recently finished Civil War: the large number of amputees on the streets, and the many shops selling artificial limbs. "The ladies really tyrannize here -- they even have their own separate table at the Post Office." He admired the fire-alarm system and the horse-drawn street cars.

That very American holiday of Thanksgiving fascinated him from his first contact with it. Then he travelled to New York by train -- 220 miles in a mere 9 hours. He thought it easily the worst governed city in the world, tho even then the police were mostly Irish. He liked the ice water and the use of anthracite coal, and with friends went calling on the ladies on New Year's Day. He heard Henry Ward Beecher preach, and heard much discussion of the new Empire of Mexico under Maximilian of Austria -- "They all say, 'Max has got to go'," and poor Max went in a very unpleasant manner a few months later. Although he had the best of letters and credentials, he found no work in New York as well as in Boston, so he decided to try the West. So by way of Albany and Niagara and Hamilton, Ontario, where he saw his first sleeping cars and pacing horses, he made his way to Iowa. Along the way he was amazed at his first view of Snake fences (stake and rider), and at the good food in backwoods railway stations. "Western men are a rough unpolished lot, given to spitting and chewing, and entertaining peculiar ideas as to the proper use of knife and fork, but I have never met with the slightest incivility from any of them."

4. On Nov. 14, 1966, twelve of us celebrated the centenary of his arrival, with a dinner party, complete with champagne and toasts, in a restaurant in San Bernardino, California.

Iowa was to be for him, for years the Promised Land. It was fine prairie land that he traversed on that day late in February 1867, crossing the Mississippi to Burlington on the ice. By this time he has plenty of definite ideas, which will seldom change, as appears in the over 1600 4-page letters which he wrote home to Dublin faithfully, every week. The complete run -- 1858-1889 -- was kept by his father, and bound in 1890. "I consider walking line with a transit the most enjoyable possible work", but he discusses matters political, sociological, economic. He is a Republican, but not an uncritical member of that party. He is convinced the American⁵ form of government the best the world has ever seen -- "Whatever be its faults, it contains in its principles the means for correcting those very faults.. I like to study the thoughtful faces and earnest words of the rough-clad rough-looking men who own and rule this western country. Few have any education beyond reading and writing, but all can get up and say a few pointed and well-chosen words and observe the strictest parliamentary rules." He was convinced that the ideal life for him is one lived in the open. "If one has to live in a house, a log cabin is superior to any other, but it is much better to sleep on a bed of fir boughs and look up at a tent-roof patterned with forest leaves." He said much of this sort of thing in letters to Irish newspapers.

It should be remembered that in choosing his profession, FEPr had definitely broken with the family pattern, and with his own earlier life when he had been the center of an established urban life, with always continuity. Here in Iowa he found wellpaid occupation in the wilds, laying out the new railroad lines that burgeoned after the Civil War was over, but when one line was finished, he had to look for another job. All that was stimulating, but strictly against the family pattern and against the tastes with which he had been brought up. So a certain dichotomy resulted. "Am I always to be a wanderer?" he used to ask his parents. As might be expected, he at times tried something different. His first break was in 1868, when with a young Canadian friend, he bought a quarter-section in Wright County, Iowa, with a new house and barn and in fair cultivation. The farming episode lasted less than two years, after they took Christmas trips home, they returned to break up the partnership by mutual consent. Uncle Joe spent several autumn weeks there; "I am sure Uncle Joe admires America and the Americans, but does not really like them." However, he did write a pseudo-humorous letter about

5. He never once used that awkward term, "The United States of America," for which Tom Paine can be blamed. "American" is a term that today justifiably irritates nationals of other American countries, and "United Statesian" is an impossible designation. Other choices? We once, before the South American colonies revolted against Spain, had a chance to be called "Columbia". Remember that old favorite, "Oh Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"?

the experience to "The Dublin Athenaeum" for October 1869, with its elaborate phrasing. "I was taken 20 miles over a miserable track of ruts and sloughs thru fields of Indian corn and then groves of American oak, hickory, maple, sumac, and then to the grand and beautiful prairie. A few prairie fowl and brown edible Brodignagian heron were the only visible birds .. My kind hosts, Pythias and Damon (FEPr is "Pythias") received me with the warm grip of affection to their picturesque shingle house. They are like poplars tall and slender. The weather being too fine and valuable to be neglected, we all proceeded to the prairie to collect the grasses already cut and awaiting transport. Maize, sugar cane (sorghum) and oats are the chief crops. All thrive in this fertile black virgin soil which consists apparently of the decomposed vegetation of countless ages ... the word "masculine" is necessarily introduced, for within these precincts no matron mature, no maiden demure, exists -- not even a squashed squaw of the Squallimandi tribe, squeezed into a square cupboard, could be detected .. At dawn my hosts descend, refreshed by well-earned sleep, and each performs his self-imposed duties connected with the domestic economy. Pythias forthwith places in the complex useful stove a layer of the provincial authors' lucubrations from the manifold local journals and also a few black-walnut faggots 2 feet in length thereover pouring a wineglass of kerosene, applies the lucifer and immediately a roaring fire is established. Upon the circular open spot is fixed the large kettle of water. Next the potatoes are dug from the adjacent garden bed, are washed but not peeled, and put into the receptacle for boiling. Next the flour, water, milk, and baking powder (what? no fat of any sort?) are skillfully kneaded together with clean hands, then cut into roll-sized portions and put on a metal plate in the oven. Then the eggs, meat, and coffee are prepared, the breakfast cloth is spread, and the matutinal meal arranged and heartily partaken. In the interim Damon has watered and given corn to the horses, milked the cows and turned them out to feed on the open prairie, and the dog, cat, and poultry have all been attended to ... Skunks, muskrats, squirrels and small rabbits abound here, but are scarcely the food for the settler from old England. The deadly rattlesnake is not frequent here; however there is another kind of species, not dangerous, and named after part of the ordinary apparel of a lady. It is in size and color markedly degenerate from its brilliant prototype depicted by the old masters and which caused man's first disobedience and all the consequent woes of the human race ... I am obediently, Peregrinus."⁶

Once when asked by his mother what he most wished to see, FEPr replied grandly "The rest of the world!" Now, though loving Iowa, he had decided to try Oregon with more

6. From the elaborate style and the Latin signature, I suspect Joseph Samuel Prendergast wrote several of the clippings he preserved of rather long newspaper articles by "Senex" etc.

railroad work. That long trail would eventually take him to Nebraska, Wisconsin, Michigan, Massachusetts, and New York before he made his final break with "railroading." His travels were often beset with incident. When he and his partner were leaving for Christmas at their respective homes, the horses pulling their sleigh to Iowa Falls to take the train, broke through the ice on a rough road, into a slough, where they got down, had to be unhitched until the young men had dragged the sleigh out to where there was some solid footing for the horses. Another time, when he was leaving Oregon, "below Canyonville we encountered a forest fire and had to build a detour to get around a fallen fir tree. It was hard and dangerous work for all of us men, but luckily the horses remained quiet." Such ventures gave his quiet mother many qualms.

Oregon did not give him an easy life. There was much work and heavy responsibility, but the money was good, and he liked the rough outdoor life. When his cousin Charles Ensor,⁷ who had already had an adventurous life since leaving County Armagh, came to join him, life was even better. (His wife would write to their oldest son, Jeffry Joseph Prendergast at Berkeley, 25 years later, "Papa needs a vacation, and you know what that means. We shall go camping." One suspects she was not too enthusiastic about life in the open. Few women are.)

7. The architect brothers, John and George Ensor, from an old landed Warwickshire family, came to Ireland under the sponsorship of Sir Wm. Chambers about 1740. John was the better known; some of his fine work still remains, as in many of the houses on Merrion Square, the Rotunda Hospital, and the handsome building that now houses the Irish National Academy. Much of George's work has perished, tho the County Hospital at Armagh reflects his classical taste. About 1760 he acquired the large Ardross estate, either by purchase from the careless heir, later the Rev. Henry Clarke, or (as one tradition says) in payment of a gambling debt. At any rate, like Jane Austen's Mr. Collins in Pride and Prejudice, he thought to make amends by marrying Mr. Clarke's sister. Sarah was much younger than he, very pretty, and a belle of the Dublin social season. Ten years later he gave up Dublin and architecture to settle in at Ardross, remodelling the 1664 house effectually. The pargetting work of Michael Stapleton, one of the chief Dublin Stuccadores, in the drawing room and dining room was in such perfect condition in 1959 that the National Trust bought the house, along with the Ensors' last 100 acres. (The place is now open to the public.) The architect's heir, George, became the father-in-law of John Patrick Prendergast. The second George's heir, George III, a BA from Trinity College Dublin, died unmarried in 1879, minus much of the financial eminence of his father, who had had an annual income of L 3,000. However, he was able to leave FEPr L 1,000. His heir was his nephew Charles, mentioned above, whose dates exactly parallel those of FEPr on birth, marriage, and death. Charles was big, good-

To quote from one of FEPr's letters in February 1871:
 "There is something fascinating in the sombre grandeur of these vast forests, where only here and there a patch of blue sky can be seen. At night it is often so still that a candle will burn without flaring, and but for the sound of rushing water or the cry of an owl, nothing breaks the silence. Then before dawn the cook gets up and starts his fire, then the campkeeper tends our tent fire, and with the first dawn a hideous reveille on the frying-pan rouses the sleepers. Then may be seen a crowd of sleepy-eyed half-dressed men sorting or warming their wet or stiffened boots. Then they go down to the river for a rough toilette, then back to roll up blankets. When breakfast is ready each man takes his plate and tin-cup, and hunts up a dry place to sit on. Then follows a day of chopping brush and pushing the line ahead till dusk, when we consult as to where camp is likely to be. (Camp was often moved each day, with each man carrying a 50-pound pack part of the way to the new site.) On the upper waters of the river, we several times heard the distant baying of hounds and saw the blue smoke of a camp fire, but could never find it. We would all shout, and get no reply. It is strange that these people do not seek us out, for a surveying party is always, in a new country, an object of interest to all. But here we were avoided. Rumor has it that Quantrell of bloody memory, along with another fugitive from justice, haunt these wilds, where they live by hunting and occasional help from friends. I offer no surmises, but offer the facts as they occurred.⁸ At times I am worried, bored and lonely, and wish I was back in that dear old state of Iowa."

natured, and hard working, but, said FEPr, "lacking in any accumulative tendency." He gratified his taste for travel -- USA and Central America and some of the West Indies -- before his uncle's death made him the owner of Ardress. He married in California Elizabeth Howard, a sea-captain's daughter from Clayton, California, the redoubtable "Aunt Lizzie" of family letters, who did so well in bringing up her 14 children. While Charles farmed at Ardress, she ran a successful dairy. Their oldest son (the last owner of Ardress) would have a distinguished World War I record and some not unusual financial troubles. (He looked amazingly like his second cousin, Jeffrey Joseph Prendergast.) In his last years the sale of Ardress to the National Trust was a great relief to his mind, but an emotional trial. He too left a large family who have turned out well.

8. According to The Dictionary of American Biography, Captain Quantrell of the CSA was born in Ohio in 1837, and after a varied career as a teacher in Kansas, a gambler in Salt Lake, and as the one who burned Lawrence, Kansas, in 1863, he died of wounds in Prison in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1865. He at least had a full life for 28 years; perhaps the Oregon woods could have added a little to the sum total.

The boredom and loneliness descended upon FEPr only when he was not employed. Then he would usually stay in Portland and enjoy the facilities of the public library and the churches. He would continue with his life-long addiction to novel-reading, and also read more books of travel and biography. But history? Never! Back at work he would have sometimes several hundred men to supervise and provide for. In later years he would remark, after riding in a train over a railroad which he had planned and built, he felt very content with his life; he had done something worthwhile which would be used and enjoyed long after he was gone and forgotten. In June 1872 he had accumulated the \$5,000 on which he had earlier set his sights; unfortunately he had also acquired the rheumatism which would plague him the rest of his life. He was now dreaming of Southern California with its genial climate -- a dream that would later come true. When he learned that Uncle Joe was coming again to see him, he gave up his work, receiving a strong recommendation from his employer, and met Uncle Joe in San Francisco. They travelled happily together to Truckee, Salt Lake, Denver, and Chicago; then Uncle Joe began his homeward journey, and FEPr set out to see old friends in Iowa. Now that he was past thirty, life was looking different to him. "I feel now there is very little in any country I would go out of my way to see. I would rather have a place I could call "Home, but anything else seems more readily obtainable."

Of course what he had on his mind was marriage. "But where can I find a refined educated woman of good family who would consent to share my rough and wandering life?" He had infinite confidence in his being able to find well paid work, but that was not everything. "I warn you now that if I marry, it may be someone not at all to your taste (he admired the "hired girl" of one family which entertained him in an Oregon village) but I have cut all ties with Europe⁹ and am in caste-free America ...Proposals from ladies are less rare than Anthony Trollope thinks, at least in my experience. However, I consider them very embarrassing, all the same." In late October, 1872, he begins to mention specific girls when he is working near Elkhorn, Wisconsin, and attending the Congregational Church rather regularly and missing none of the fortnightly "sociables." "There were 20 couples present last night and I had a lively time of it, as I am quite well acquainted with everyone by this time. Many of the girls are very nice, with good manners and self-possessed -- all American girls of any pretensions are so, but I don't find any of them quite in my line."

At Burlington, Iowa, a few years earlier, his closest friends had been a Mr. and Mrs. Gerry, railroad people like himself. When he went to Oregon, one of the inducements was

9. I think fondly only of Rostrevor (a comment that must have stung his parents.)

that the Gerrys were going to Portland too.. In January 1873 at Elkhorn he had a letter from Mrs. Gerry, telling of their being back in her home in New Hampshire. In that letter, FEPr first heard of the existence of Mrs. Gerry's cousin, Mary Abbie Childs, who interested him at once. But for some obscure reason he did not mention that circumstance to his parents. He does mention in March that he has the picture of a young lady -- not from Elkhorn -- on his wall, but no word of the fact that he has been corresponding with her for over two months. Then on 21 March he writes from Henniker, New Hampshire, of his trip there from Elkhorn, of the interest of his first sleeping-car experience. "I am not versed in the mysteries of feminine wearing apparel, but I think it must be hard on the ladies to undress and dress in the limited space behind the berth curtains.." Then for Henniker: "This is a quiet little New England village, very different from anything yet seen in my American experience. Mrs. Gerry lives near here and I have seen quite a bit of her and a few others." Back in Elkhorn: "The church sociables will soon be beginning again, but I don't know whether I shall frequent them again or not. I am feeling very hearty and happy, with plenty of pleasant work and lots of tramping which I like. There are also some other circumstances helping to make me happy." 20 April: "I am amused by all your speculations. I had never seen anyone at Henniker before, except Mrs. Gerry. I cannot think of anything I said to lead you to suppose there was any special attraction here."¹⁰ A few days later he learned his mother was ill, and he decided to quit teasing his parents and told all.

"1 May 1873, Elkhorn. I feel I must tell you something I had intended to keep to myself for the present. I am engaged to be married to Miss Mary A. Childs of Henniker, New Hampshire, the only daughter of Warren S. Childs of that place, a farmer in comfortable circumstances. Mary is 23, middle-sized with dark brown eyes and hair and has taught school a good deal -- a genuine Yankee girl. She has also taught music. She has two brothers, one living at home, and the other a Civil Engineer in Texas. I stopped at Mr. Child's home in Henniker, and much liked him and Mrs. Childs. Mary is a cousin of Mrs. Gerry, and is, I am sure, a woman you would be very glad in every way to welcome as a daughter-in-law. (Family gossip: they all would have welcomed Frank's bride very warmly, even if she had been a Red Indian). I wanted her to marry me now, but her people want her to remain with them until September, and she has agreed to let me come for her then. We have corresponded for 5 months, but I first met her in March and had hard work to induce her to accept me on such short acquaintance. She has no property, of which I am very glad, and

¹⁰. The first intimation you will have of a change in my life will be that it has happened. The one now foremost you have never heard of and has never been within 1,000 miles of Elkhorn.

the affair is one of the feelings entirely. Her parents approve and were most friendly. They belong to the Congregational Church. The commencement of our correspondence and the account of our first actual meeting I may tell you some day, but it is all altogether too romantic and extraordinary to put on paper.

Mary did not say "yes" while I was at Henniker, but finally concluded to trust herself to me and I do not intend she shall ever repent of it. I hope I can bring her to see you before very long, when you are well enough to enjoy the meeting. Don't worry or get anxious about anything. I am thinking a great deal of you and praying for you every night, as always. I hear often from Mary and have not a fault to find with her except for putting me off until September. I am sending you her photograph, a fair likeness. Her friends are much surprised to hear of her engagement to a supposed utter stranger. She is beginning to talk of wedding preparations, which sounds pleasant to my ears. She is anxious to know what my people think of this little arrangement of ours."

Interestingly enough, a certain letter from his father, John Patrick Prendergast, has been kept. The old gentleman is delighted with the prospects of his son's marriage -- "I have never told you how your mother wept when she learned that Caroline Irwin, (her niece) to whom you were engaged, had decided to marry someone else. (The Rev. John Finley?) As for me, I laughed and laughed with joy, much to her annoyance, for I had never approved of that match." Thus one learns, a century later, of what FEPr never once mentioned in his letters, and presumably never discussed.

"22 June. Am reading J. S. Niece on Liberty (Well!) I don't think Mary taught school because she liked it, but in order to be useful and independent. Like most American families, they have no "help" in the house, so she and her mother have a great deal to do. You ask about her birthday. It is 29 August (her oldest son's would be 30 August). When Mary comes out here, I shall have to make some new arrangements about living or boarding. I have never liked the idea of married couples living in a boarding house, but it may be necessary. (Abraham Lincoln had to face up to it in the 1840's). But 3 months is too far ahead for an engineer to make plans. Mary writes me she is going to have just one silk dress, a black one, and this does not interest me at all. My chief concern is to get Mary, without any care whether she comes in silks or everyday attire.. 29 June. I wrote to Mary asking about weddings. Those here are in private houses; she says she was never but to one wedding in her life. I leave all the arrangements to Mary's wishes, stipulating only that it be quiet and legal. To a man, the amount of trouble that women seem to have to go through in getting ready to be married, is utterly unintelligible. She wants to know whether she will spend the winter in Elkhorn, Chicago, or Ireland, and

that seems to make a difference. I tell her she cannot too soon realize the uncertainties of an engineer's life.

10 August, Chicago. Spent 2½ hours driving 10 miles to Geneva in the darkness seeing the road only by flashes of lightning. Am on my way to Henniker early. Visited a family camp on the lakes a few days ago, and thought camping a most attractive way of spending a holiday. (He never changed his mind about that.) I am going east with a very light heart, yet feel I am embarking on new responsibilities which a man cannot realize until he has experienced them. But I know I am going right in this matter and feel very happy in the prospect before me. 13 August, Henniker. I reached here all right and was welcomed as I wished to be. What have I ever done to get such a little woman? She is 5'2" and as fat as a partridge...Last November or December Mr. Gerry said in a New Hampshire letter that he supposed I would be getting married now. I replied that I had nobody in view but had always said I would marry the moment I could find a second Mrs. Gerry. He then said they were stopping with a cousin of hers, a fine girl who performed well on the piano and in the kitchen. Thereon I wrote a non-addressed letter to be given her by Mrs. Gerry, as I did not know the young lady's name. It was some weeks before she answered, thinking such a mode of beginning a correspondence rather peculiar. Then with her father's consent we corresponded and exchanged photographs and I found my feelings taking such a turn that I knew I should cease to write or else go to Henniker. She told me not to do that, but as you know I did, and in due time I was walking through that snow-swamped village, looking for Mr. Child's house. As I came to the door, I saw a little woman reading on a sofa by the window. I rang and she opened the door. I asked if she was Mary Childs, and introduced myself as Frank Prendergast. We were both pretty well embarrassed, and my courage, which had been oozing out of my boots as I neared the house, was nowise strengthened. She was pretty stiff for awhile, but her parents and her brother came in and insisted I stay in the house, and Mrs. Gerry's staying next door of course helped. I made the most of my time, but had to leave without any definite answer or even hope, but that came around all right after a while.

22 August, 1873. Revere House, Boston. After a very pleasant week in Henniker, we were married two days ago at 7½ AM. Twenty people were present, chiefly relatives. Mary wore her hat and dress of lavender cashmere. After the ceremony, all the married ladies placed themselves so I had to kiss them. We soon left, taking the 8½ AM train to Manchester, New Hampshire, where we dined and spent a few hours at the home of Mary's Aunt, the wife of ex-governor Smyth. It is the handsomest private house I have ever seen. (But surely he must have known Charlemont House in Dublin, where his father was so long persona grata.) It is large, and furnished in very good taste, regardless of expense, but the American way is very different. Mrs. Smyth has only one servant and does

her own housework. Mrs. Smyth and her sister Mrs. Eaton¹¹ are some of the nicest women I have met in this country. We left Manchester and reached Boston that evening. This is a luxurious hotel, the best in Boston. We have failed to find any of our friends here, but do not feel the need of company very badly. I need say no more of Mary but that she improves on acquaintance. (In one of his surviving letters to Mary, some years and several children later, he reminds her that on the day after their wedding they did not get up till noon!)

31 August. Elkhorn. Mary was thrilled with seeing the ocean the first time at Winthrop, Mass. (But she had been shopping in Boston only a few weeks earlier.) We stopped at Niagara, which I had seen only in winter. Have rented a very nice cabinet organ for Mary; she is now playing it and singing. She has already had several lady callers. She has very good walking powers, which I had never expected. 21 Sept. Life seems so different and I am growing younger in these pleasant times, could fill this sheet with romantic talk of married life, but prefer not to write of it, tho I am just as happy as can be. Mary concedes it was a great risk we both ran, and it would not do for any other couple to come together so."

There can be no doubt that his marriage was the great event in the life of this sensitive, quiet and intelligent man. It gave him everything he had longed for and he seemed truly delighted by the arrivals of his many children over an 18 year period. They formed the center of his life -- providing for them, bringing them up properly, and enjoying their company whenever his widely scattered work permitted that luxury.

But his marriage also compounded the chief worry of his earlier years, when the life of the great open spaces finally palled upon him, and he yearned for a home. And just here was the unending conflict of his life: he had chosen a profession he loved and in which he was successful, but it almost never provided him with work for long in one place. Just before the final move to southern California in 1889, he wrote from Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, that he had now been there for four months, the longest period his work had ever kept him in one place. It is interesting that he even stayed 2 months longer at "the Soo." Also he found out, as most men do, that a family requires much more money than a single man does; in Oregon he had commented that he was making considerably more money than he needed. Occasionally he would be at home, unemployed, but he was always having job-offers which he turned down because they were too far away from home (Texas, Montana, New Mexico, and even Haiti), or they were not healthful locations, or the schools were not good enough. When at home he potted about the house and garden, played with the children, and wrote

¹¹. An aunt of Dr. Thomas E. N. Eaton of Redlands (1847-1934) the "Grand Old Man." He had evidently been on Mary's "string" before her marriage. I knew his daughter Grace who died in 1961.

occasional magazine articles. In those intervals he was glad to have gifts from his father, Uncles Jeffry and Joe, and the unmarried aunts. Best of all was the entirely unexpected legacy from his uncle, George Ensor of Ardress, L 1000 enabled him to build the cherished home at Newton Highlands, Mass., and left something besides, to draw upon as needed, and even offer help to his father in Dublin when hard times came. For his last years in California, when he laid out water lines near San Diego, and then became an orange grower in Redlands, no financial records survive. The newspaper account of his death in December 1897 refers to him as "a wealthy citizen", but his oldest son contradicted that statement. (He should know, because the responsibility for the family then fell upon him, and he was always an avid bookkeeper.) Money did not come into the family until the settlement of Uncle Joe's estate in 1900.

Late in 1873 FEPr and his wife learned of the serious illness of his mother in Dublin. At once he gave up his work in Elkhorn, and the two left to spend a month in Dublin. They went there by way of Paris, London and Bath; on the return trip they saw Mary's relatives in New Hampshire, and he again commented upon her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Smyth, "a magnificent woman and conscious of it, but not unpleasantly." And also her husband, the ex-governor, "too brusque and positive to be popular in society."

When the young couple made the trip, Mary was pregnant with her first child, but no mention of a pregnancy is ever made in the letters, except for the fourth in 1880, and that very delicate matter was broached then only because old John Patrick Prendergast was contemplating a spring trip to America, and had to be warned to wait until the autumn, because "there may be an addition to the family in May." Otherwise, the fact that "you now have another grandchild" must have come as a complete surprise to the family in Dublin.

On their return to the Middle West, "the best region in America," as FEPr often said, they settled in De Pere, Wisconsin, near Green Bay, while FEPr sought unavailingly for work -- the first of a long series of such disappointments, for now the roving life had its disadvantages. Here their first child was born in June 1874, a girl who lived only a few hours. FEPr was ill too at the time. "I nursed it a few hours in front of the stove, and that was all." Mary very nearly died of uremic poisoning.¹² She was always to grieve that she never even saw that first baby. The real sympathy came to her from her mother-in-law, who had lost 4 of her 5 children shortly after birth. The letters for that difficult period are all missing;

¹². The costs of Mary's confinement were very high for that time and place: 2 MD's \$133 and a nurse for 6 weeks \$48. Twenty years later my own premature arrival in the Mississippi Valley cost my father \$10, and the doctor apologized for charging so much!

probably John Patrick Prendergast thought it better that such highly personal matters should not be preserved.

Their next child, Jeffry Joseph, an 8-pounder, was born there on 31 August 1875, vigorous and laughing from the very first. He would always be mentioned in detail in the letters, and not always favorably, for his ebullience got him into many childhood troubles, and his father had so little of that characteristic that he often found it annoying. But the Dublin grandmother, dying in February 1875, did not live to know of his safe arrival; indeed, what with all FEPr's reticence on such matters, she probably did not even know of her grandson's immanence. Since Jeffry will be the subject of the next chapter, little mention will be made of him in this one. He, like all the other children, was given a family name.

In 1876, FEPr agreed to having his carefully preserved letters home, bound, with the proviso that there should be blank pages in the front of each volume for an index, which he later made in his own beautiful printing. It is thus that his regular weekly 4-page letters home to Dublin have come down from 1858 to 1889, with only one volume missing: 1867. So there are well over 1600 letters over a 31 year period, which enable one to gauge the mind, interests, and personality of the man much more accurately than one can gauge the people one knows best. For FEPr talked personalia of course, but also politics, literature, sociology, economics and also his pet topic, the superiority of America.¹³

Later, quite hopeless about conditions in the Middle West, he decided to seek work in the East. It was a wrench to leave De Pere, where they owned their first home, and Mary had her one chance to enjoy a prominent life socially and musically. So she and little Jeffry Joseph spent nearly two years in Henniker with her parents, while FEPr worked in Glens Falls, New York, and Imlay City, Michigan. An account of his marvellous stamina is found in his Christmas trip from Imlay City to Henniker. His train took him to North Weare, New Hampshire, where he expected to hire a sleigh and team for the remaining 7 miles of the journey. But when no sleigh was available, he walked knee-deep through the snow for 4½ hours in the bright moonlight over an unknown road, and seems to have thought little of the venture. About this time he commented on the marriage of Miss Liliash Ashworth, the well-known suffragist, to Dr. Hallett of Bath. "Now she has her woman's right, the right to a good husband." Jeffry Joseph Prendergast always thought there had been some romantic attachment between that lady and his father, because when he went to Bath in 1900,

13. When the writer finally concluded reading the many letters, and taking over 90 pages of notes on them, her only possible gesture was to take a big pot of chrysanthemums to place on his grave in Hillside Cemetery, Redlands, as a means of expressing her great regret over having missed him.

he was at once invited to dinner with Mrs. Hallett (then widowed) in her fine house, Claverton Lodge, just across Bathwick Hill Road from Villa Bianca. She greeted him by asking him to stand under the hall-chandelier while she walked around him, inspecting him carefully. Then she said in a satisfied tone: "Yes, you would do very well as my son." The family connection was kept up until in 1919, when Arthur C. Prendergast on his way home from World War I, was received by the lady, now old and dim-witted. A special friend of the horse-loving Halletts was Uncle Willy, that acute judge of horse flesh. The Halletts are buried in a cemetery in Bath.

By late September 1877 the young Prendergasts decided they would never again permit circumstances to separate them -- they obviously had no reliable crystal ball. So Mary and her little boy made the then long journey to Omaha alone, where FEPr was working for the city engineering department and making county maps, an occupation he later continued in the rough little frontier town of Hastings, Nebraska. His map-making, along with his laying out of railroads, took him around the countryside, where he would happily walk 16-20 miles a day. In Dodge County, Missouri, near Clarinda, he found the people especially handsome and intelligent, and was interested to find quite a number of them bearing a variation of his family name that was new to him -- Pendergraft. Always proud of his family name and its historical spelling, he would record the variants he found, but make no attempt to explain them.¹⁴

Frederic Francis, the second son, was born in Hastings on July 1, 1878. By this time, luckily childbirth had become easy for Mary -- she would need that good fortune for years to come. Fred from the beginning was placid, even-tempered and undemanding -- "phlegmatic," said his father. In a few months they were living with a 14 year old "hired girl", in 2 upstairs rooms in Red Cloud, Nebraska, with its many dugout houses. At the end of the year, in a summarizing mood, Frank wrote to his father, "You speak of being nearly 71. Well, I am nearly 40, and have had more wear and tear in the last 10 years than you have ever had in that length of time." He was right. His lumbago and rheumatism were now on an almost permanent basis with him, and his sick headaches were increasing in number, probably due to the added strain of providing for his growing family by means of positions which could never last for long, and to his life-long near-sighted-

^{14.} Pendergraft would no doubt be due to the failure of some county clerk over a century ago to distinguish between the old internal s and the f which it resembles. But as for the others still in use in Redlands, only the mental laziness with which most people are afflicted can account for what the writer heard in one afternoon, when she was addressed by 6 different mispronunciations of an entirely phonetic name.

ness which caused him much difficulty when obliged to do office work and make maps. After living in Hastings for 10 months, and finishing 79 miles of railroad construction, he worked at Beloit, Wisconsin, where the Indians had not long left and a fine little town was growing up. "The possibilities of this country are unlimited, and I get dazzled thinking of its future." Later in Harlan County, Nebraska, he had a happy return to the adventurous life of his Oregon days. "Swimming horses with a wagon is a fine and dangerous experience. I had my second one today."

In late July 1879 he learned of Uncle Jeffry's serious illness at Bath. (Cancer? Probably.) He died in barely a month's time, generous to the last. A gift of L 20 to FEPr was made at the beginning of the illness, and by will he left L 500 to his only nephew, but FEPr asked to have it made over to Uncle Joe, in repayment of a loan made 3 years earlier. The younger man was much concerned over what would be done with Uncle Jeffry's fine library and art collection. He would not live to know it, but everything would remain in the Villa Bianca until 1900. Then almost everything would be brought around the Horn to Southern California, where they largely remain to this day. FEPr finally confessed he had always thought most of Villa Bianca gloomy and preferred Combe Lodge, where his maiden aunts lived for several years until Uncle Jeffry's demise, when they reluctantly moved into the Villa Bianca, where they would eventually die.

That same year, FEPr received to his surprise a legacy of L 1,000 from his bachelor uncle, George Ensor of Ardress. George's brother Charles had died a few years earlier, leaving a son Charles, FEPr's friend and companion in Oregon, who was the Ardress heir. FEPr was much concerned about him, for Ardress House seemed nearly ruinous, and perhaps a fire there would be a blessing.¹⁵ He hoped Charles would receive enough cash not to have to depend on rents and farm produce.¹⁶

15. Seventy years later that once-fine house still presented problems, but because of the fine condition of its fine par-getting work done by one of the great 18th century stuccadores of Dublin, Michael Stapleton, the National Trust bought it and its last 100 acres from Charles' oldest son, Capt. Charles Howard Ensor.

16. Charles Ensor was a real contemporary of FEPr. They were born, married and died in the same years -- 1841, 1873, 1897. Charles too had an adventurous life before his marriage, working as a ship-builder's apprentice on the Clyde, as an explorer for coal in Central America, as a machinist in San Francisco, as a woodsman and clerk in Oregon, and a farmer in California, "And now he is a JP and a country gentleman in County Ar-magh. I wonder what his neighbors think of him, for his views must be very different from theirs." Charles might not have done so well, but for his American wife, Elizabeth Howard, daughter of a sea-captain from Clayton, California, the re-

Then in a few months FEPr was offered what seemed to be a good position @ L 30 a month in Boston by his friend of Red Cloud days, the affable and wealthy Mr. Flint. Mary and the children then returned to Henniker, where FEPr bought her a real treasure, a Hazleton "upright" or "cottage" piano, which would furnish a center to the family for many years. It was Mary's constant hope that her children would be musical; only her two talented daughters had the gift, but the boys had a marked appreciation of music, as shown by their frequent attendance at concerts and the opera. In Boston there were two unsatisfactory months working for a silicate promotion, and then nothing for a while. But still he moved his family into an adequate rented house in suburban (then pleasant) Dorchester.¹⁷

While turning down many offers of work, he writes with relish of the new inventions -- the water meter, the kitchen range, the electric light, the refrigerator, the furnace, the telephone, the typewriter. But the well in the basement is not so good -- it requires ten minutes of brisk pumping every morning to meet the household needs. Something is surely needed too to control the mosquitoes, of which he killed 6 one morning in his bedroom. Remembering with pleasure his Iowa farm days, he becomes a gardener again, planting many kinds of vegetables, including tomatoes, of which he is so fond.

Then in May 1880 that "probable addition to the family" arrived, a 7 pound girl, under rather dramatic circumstances. Mary's "illness" began at 3 AM, when her doctor, engaged for the event, was busy elsewhere, so FEPr had to hire a team and drove about the countryside for 2 hours before he could find an available MD. Luckily the nurse engaged for the event had arrived early, so she had seen to the baby's proper arrival by the time the men appeared. Lucretia Ensor would be spirited, talented, musical, a true intellectual. Living to be 88 and transmitting to her children the Prendergast long-descended gift for writing,¹⁸ she was obviously her father's favorite - "I never guessed there could be such a difference between boy babies and girl babies," he wrote. Now, like Jeffry, she would be mentioned in every letter.

It is sad to have to report that old John Patrick Prendergast's projected trip to America never took place. Having first had it postponed because of Lucretia's immanence, he

doubtable "Aunt Lizzie," who looked after him and their 14 children so amazingly well.

17. "It is interesting to walk by the lighted houses of an evening and see the fine furniture, statuary, draperies and indoor gardens. Mary must have one of those, surely."

18. They would inherit from their father, Paul W. Moore, the family-owned town newspaper, "The Redlands Daily Facts". Frank E. Moore's tribute to her when she died, is a classic in itself.

became deeply involved as executor of his brother Jeffry's estate (a much too detailed a will, thought FEPr) then he had the responsibility of writing a Memoir for his old friend Charles Haliday, and putting through the press Haliday's authoritative "The Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin."

But the old scholar in Dublin would be sure to be interested in anything his son could tell him of the grandchildren. The children's amusements were mentioned in detail -- Jeffry and Fred would sometimes be taken by Mary part way into Boston for the pleasure of sitting in the front seat and watching the horses that pulled it. As soon as the children were big enough, their father took them for walks, and in time Jeffry would be honored by being permitted to push the carriage of the newest baby, always followed by the current cat. The nearby lake provided them with the joys of swimming, boating, and skating in winter. Also they did much coasting on the sleds their father made for them. He also made wagons for them and there is one charming account of FEPr's pulling a wagon in which Lucretia sits, facing forward, while Jeffry, with his back against her, draws Freddie in the other wagon. A swing was installed between two trees for their pleasure, and FEPr romped joyously with the children of evenings. "Did you romp with me?" he asks his father. "If so, I can't remember it." It is too bad that no pictures of the little boys at age 5 have survived, when they were still, according to the custom of the times, wearing dresses.

There was always regular Sunday School and church attendance, but Freddie always went to sleep during the sermon. FEPr commented on the fact that he was the only child in the family who was happy to go to bed. It is amusing to recall Fred in his 80's, appearing at the Los Angeles opera grandly arrayed as the escort of some admired lady and sleeping throughout the performance happily -- "Opera always makes me sleep well!" There he resembled his father, who was more than pleased when his music-loving Mary was willing to go alone to afternoon concerts and opera in Boston. On Sunday afternoons the family sang hymns to Mary's accompaniment, and then enjoyed the Civil War songs of a few years earlier, all of which FEPr had learned around campfires in the Oregon woods. Once Jeffry quite surprised his mother by asking her to sing "Home Sweet Home" to him twice, tho he would never confess to liking music lest he would have to practice on the piano. However, her influence remained, and to the end of his long life he was a devoted patron of concerts and opera as well as the theater. Occasionally the children would be taken to a Boston Museum or Art Gallery, which did much again to establish a permanent taste for some of them. Christmas was made much of, with a custom new to FEPr -- that of hanging up stockings at the mantelpiece for Santa Claus to fill. He thought privately that Christmas is only for the young, and he had little sentimental interest in the giving or re-

ceiving of gifts. He mentions only one gift that Mary made him -- a black walnut desk which he was glad to have. But he did write to his father that if he was determined to send his books to the auction rooms, there were a few that might be treasured in Massachusetts; he would like his own children to enjoy the same books he did -- Aesop's Fables, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Greek Myths, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson. If they were ever sent, their receipt is never mentioned, "I have but few mementoes of my early days, and very few books." But that book shortage was not permanent; in his California period, he had a good supply. He speaks of keeping a diary, but the only one remaining is for the last year of his life, and it is most laconic.

When Mary and little Lucretia's picture was sent to Bath and Dublin, the relatives were shocked at Mary's changed appearance in only 7 years. Had she been ill? No, her husband explained, she was merely older and looking more like her mother every day. Her hair was graying badly, her face was thin, and she had given up wearing bangs, and now drew her hair off her forehead. But she was dressing better -- "she now has the nicest clothes she has had since our wedding, including a new black silk dress with a warmly lined basque, and a very pretty black chip hat with black ostrich feathers. I tell her she always dresses well when she follows her own ideas. And she truly looks happy with her little flock around her."

One embarrassment in his life was the scorn in which the Irish were held in the Boston area. (Much later the Kennedys would suffer from it acutely.) It is surely true that most of the Irish immigrants from the period of the 1847-48 potato famine were ignorant and illiterate and Roman Catholic (an offense to Puritan New England) and given to many kinds of gaffes. When Jeffry was playing in a neighbor's yard and an Irish boy came to join the group, the neighbor at once called her children inside. Jeffry could not understand what was so objectionable about the Irish, and asked his mother to explain it. She properly passed the question on to her husband, and he too hedged. As he explained it to his own father, the prejudice against the Irish had some justification, but Jeffry was too young to understand it all. "An educated, cultivated Irishman is always a surprising phenomenon here. I am supposed to be a native American, so hear much abuse of the Irish. I seldom reply but usually manage to make my origin known later."

Although truly devoted to his children, he confessed, "I am rough and often severe with them, and they are having a very different upbringing from what I had. When they do wrong or do not obey promptly, they are at once punished. But I think it better for them to be roughed around when they are young, as it fits them better for the rough realities of

life." It could be that he was doing a bit of rationalizing here. He was 34 before he became a father, as an only child he had had little experience with children, and perhaps had slight patience. The picture he presents of playing all day on Saturday with the children, and holding a little girl on his knee after dinner, while he amuses her by drawing cats and dogs, is much more attractive.

As for Mary, the truth comes out in a surprisingly frank and unmaternal letter she wrote to the family's Dublin attorney the year after FEPr's death. (How it ever got into the Prendergast files in the King's Inn Library there will remain an unsolved mystery.) "You must realize," she says, "that my real reason for existence is now gone. It is true I have my children, and they are good children, and I surely intend to do my duty by them." She certainly did that duty, but her only letters I have seen are those she sent to Jeffry when he was a student at Berkeley; they are mere matter-of-fact summaries of what is being done on the family ranch, and they contain no word of love apart from the signature, which is "Your affectionate mother, Mary Childs Prendergast." It looks in that respect as if she has taken a leaf out of FEPr's book; he always signed his letters home as "Your affectionate son," and then followed with his full name, which was a procedure he taught Jeffry quite early in life; even his love-letters were always signed in full. One of Mary's younger sons told me in 1964 that the only sign of affection he had ever had from his mother was her making a glass of lemonade for him once when, as a teen-ager, he came in from the desert on a very hot day, practically fell under one of the trees, and simply could not arise. Jeffry's recollection of his father and mother may do something to explain that situation. When the father returned home from work somewhere else, the children would meet him at the railway station and would struggle at least to touch him as they walked home together. Arrived there, FEPr would open the big front door and call out. Then Mary could be heard hurrying down the long upstairs hall, and then would run down the staircase until she reached the third step from the bottom, when she would throw herself rather madly into her husband's outstretched arms. After that demonstration of something far beyond children's understanding, it is no wonder that she had little display of affection left for her children.

Lucretia adored her father, and like Jeffry, was demonstrative with him. When she was 8, and her father was leaving home for work in Michigan after a Christmas holiday, she gave him a little package which he was not to open until the next day. He was much touched to find it contained 6 tiny bottles of perfume, her chief treasure, which someone had given her for Christmas. The two youngest boys, Arthur and Joe, scarcely knew him -- the youngest remembers him only as a very sick man. But I can speak truly of Jeffry's

deep and lasting devotion to him. He was surely the child on whom the dying man counted, to take charge of the family; he was at age 22, no longer "mercurial." He was the only one of the 7 children to inherit the father's very good Dublin accent; he inherited the love of reading and of travel and indulged both to the end of his life, but the trips that meant always the most to him were the two he took alone with his father, at ages 8 and 18.

FEP's supplementing his all too occasional engineering earnings by means of map-making has already been mentioned; now he began doing magazine articles, three of which he sold to Harper's Magazine at the usual rate of \$50 a page. ("In England today," he thought, "there is no publication equal to Harper's and the Century.") But unfortunately for him, these were research articles on railroads, and demanded long hours of reading and evaluation and some drawings, which of course strained his eyes and kept him unhappily indoors. The most interesting of the three is "The Railroads of Mexico," which appeared in June 1887. "The editor submitted it to representatives of one of the chief railroads mentioned in it, and he wrote a long letter to Harper's not to publish it, questioning my facts, figures, and statements. The editor referred the matter to me, and I was asked to defend everything, so the article was published." At that time he was working at Providence, R.I., for the New York and New England Railway with which he had several appointments over the years. The work involved riding 80 miles by train and walking regularly 8 hours each day and feeling wretched that he could see his children only on Sundays -- he left too early and returned home too late to visit with them. He recalled how, at another low ebb in Omaha earlier, he had seriously considered enlisting in the US Engineer Corps at \$120 a month (better pay than he was ever able to earn.) Then nostalgia would overcome him. "I still look out on fine nights and wish I were going to sleep wrapped in blankets in camp."

1881 marked the second death among the long-lived children of Francis Prendergast. (First had been Jeffry Francis in 1879). Eliza Marian, a child of Francis' first wife, had long been weak and in pain. A true intellectual, she alone of that big family read the Greek classics.¹⁹ She contributed for years to "Good Words", a magazine that FEP could not abide. And in her earlier years she had played the harp very well. Her two younger sisters, although bright enough, simply did not come up to her record.

Also in 1881 the fourth living child was added to FEP's family, while Lizzie, the best of the long sequence of Irish "hired girls", was in residence. He was named John Patrick for his grandfather, but Mary, fearing the other little boys would laugh at anyone named Patrick, had the name changed to

19. We still have her Greek dictionary.

Paul. Years later he chose to restore the "Patrick". (It is pleasing to point out that one of the first John Patrick Prendergast's great grandsons, in San Jose, California, is John Patrick.) John Paul, like the rest of the Prendergast boys, would attend University of California at Berkeley, but after 4 years there, he failed to graduate. He was goodlooking and charming, but could never manage his life financially. He wore his country's uniform in World War I, and died unmarried in 1945 at the Veterans' Hospital at Sawtelle, California.

Much concerned about his sons' future, FEPr confided in his father that "I feel as if I would like my boys to learn some staple trade or business, (No one ever did!) rather than push them into some ill-paid and over-crowded profession, unless they should show some special turn for it. It would not be too late for me even now to turn my hand to some other occupation, but I like engineering and rail-roading best." However at times he worried lest his constant talk about engineering and his interesting life in it, would influence the boys in that direction. And as it turned out, his two oldest sons did become engineers, and one grandson (already mentioned -- John Patrick Prendergast of San Jose). Of recent years a great-grandson, Roger Moore, has done well with the new and numerous complications of IBM computers, and Roger's cousin, Graff Moore, has an unquestioned talent for mechanical matters. So that strain, which first appeared in the family in FEPr, over a century ago, still continues.

In 1884, part of the inheritance from Uncle George Enzor was put to use in buying a $\frac{1}{4}$ acre corner lot in nearby and quite preferable Newton Highlands, and then building an adequate 2-story house on it. "My aim is maximum accomodation at minimum expense" the householder explained to his father. This was the first time the family had owned its own home since De Pere days in 1874, and for 5 years it would house the family comfortably for a total expenditure of about \$4500. House plans and wallpaper samples were sent for inspection in Dublin. "You will not approve of having the kitchen and diningroom separated by only one door, but that is the way things are done here . . . I walked 10 miles today to see how the new house seems. It is over a full cemented basement. Floors and hot-air furnace were going in. Ate my lunch from home (bread and butter and hardboiled eggs) under some young firs near the house, and thought of my 5 happy months of living amidst the pines and firs of Oregon." "The boys have been asking me for stories of my boyhood and later camp life. The farthest back I can remember was going with you from our house in Hume Street (104?) in a sedan chair to 101 St. Stephen's Green (Francis Prendergast's house) to dinner on my fourth birthday. Then on my eighth birthday you gave me pincers, pliers, a file and some copper wire to make chains with. Those pliers have gone with me everywhere and are still in daily use."

Then on 17 June came the big move. "We had three 2-horse wagons to carry our possessions, and 4 strapping young Irishmen to do the work. They came at 8:30 and left about 11, taking Jeffry with them. One said he has a cousin named Jeffry Prendergast, who is a clerk in Boston Post-office, and a Fenian. I shall not look him up. The rest of us came out through Boston by tram and train, arriving 15 minutes ahead of the teams, at 12:45. A few minor things were of course broken or damaged. I had done most of the packing (not the first time!) on which the men complimented me. I got the beds set up and many things unpacked and placed by 6 PM. Having carpets down and window blinds installed in advance was a great help. You would like the fine roomy porch. There is no paint in the house except in the kitchen and bathroom -- just stain and shellac."

In July, on Mary's urging, FEPr agreed to visit Henniker, which he had not seen for 3 years. His method of travel was characteristic. "I walked 6 miles to the Railway station, rode to Greenville, New Hampshire, and then walked 11 miles to Peterborough to spend the night. Then the next day I walked to Hillsborough Bridge, 19 miles, where I got a train for the remaining 6 miles to Henniker." It is good to know he made the journey home entirely by train.

When he learned aunt Elizabeth Ensor Irwin was dead at Loughgill, he commented that of all the Ensor sisters, she was the one most like his mother, "tho of a more commanding mind and presence."

In mid-November of that year, he wrote his father a letter that must have occasioned as much surprise as the regular announcement of another grandchild. In it he stated that he and Jeffry would be leaving Boston on 8 December on the Cunarder Catalonia for Queenstown, Ireland -- a 12 day voyage. They would leave for the return trip to Boston from Liverpool on the Cunarder Scythia on 30 January. He hoped to see everyone. (He certainly did!) His Mary was, he proudly said, both healthy and competent to take over the responsibility for the house and the 4 younger children for 2½ months. She may well have regretted that competence later, when engineering took FEPr away from home for months on end. The couple must have been very close indeed, because her one letter that he kept from that period showed her loneliness without him. Yes, she said, she was managing everything properly, but she was disappointed in his uninformative letters -- she missed his talk. One trusts he did better after that.

Viewed from this distance, and in this permissive age, he seems remarkable, perhaps even heroic, to take entire charge of an especially lively boy of 8, who must be under control at all times among all these elderly relatives not at all used to children. They were at Sandymount (Dublin) with

John Patrick Prendergast, at Rostrevor with the unmarried Ensor aunts "in a small cold house filled with gimcracks," FEPr says disgustedly of the place he had recalled so nostalgically over the years. At Maddon they were entertained by his cousin, the Rev. (later Dean) Charles King Irwin Jr. "in a light compact comfortable house with 6 children, whom Jeffry likes very much. There are no resident gentry, so the Irwins have no society." (This statement sounds like something from the works of Jane Austen. This was the relative who was so difficult about FEPr's mother's portrait in 1900. "Aunt Lizzie" finally went after it and got it; today it adorns the home of one of Lucretia Moore's sons.)

Then old John Patrick Prendergast escorted his son and grandson to the Villa Bianca at Bath, from which place there are still letters extant from John Patrick Prendergast's two unmarried sisters, who also regarded FEPr as a hero. They had obviously dreaded having a small rambunctious boy lodged with them; hence they could not get over their surprise that it was a comparatively painless experience. "Dear Frank" never for a moment failed to be in charge of the situation -- "he is a very fine father and permits no infractions. Jeffry is especially fond of apple tart, but when he was offered a second helping and Frank said no, Jeffry's eyes grew very large, but still he managed to smile and say 'No, thank you'".

The return trip, so boring to the father, was anything but that to his active youngster. "Back home to a warm house", he wrote to his father on 17 February 1884. Here is an early instance of how central heating can corrupt even the proper Briton. "Jeffry is full of animal spirits, and I am glad you did not see him that way. As for me, I now often find it difficult at table, where instead of being waited on, as I was on our trip, I now have 4 impatient hungry mouths to attend to." He was now turning his mind to the still important and still unsolved question of sewage disposal, but could come up with no real answer. But he was pleased with the generally good administration of public works and public education, and he paid his taxes gladly. Ruth Lane, at 9½ pounds, was born in Nov. of that year.

In January 1885 Mary's most important relative, Mrs. Frederick Smyth, died, and her funeral was the largest ever seen in Manchester, New Hampshire. A few weeks later, FEPr and Mary attended a church "sociable", and "I remarked to Mary later that I had seldom seen so many plain women together. They simply do not wear as well as the men, partly because they hardly ever leave the house and its cares." In April he wrote of the Prince of Wales' current visit to America, and recalled to mind the Queen's visit to Dublin in 1849. "You took me down to the railings in College Green to see the procession pass, with the Prince leaning over the side of the carriage, bowing and waving his hat to the cheering crowd. We were both then boys of 8".

Occasionally even the well-read FEPr missed out on some well-established literary figure, as he confesses on 19 April: "Some time ago I wrote a letter to Mathew Arnold with reference to our land-owning, hard-working farmers of whom I have seen so much, and remarking that few travellers ever see anything of them. I enclose his answer (and don't I wish I had it for my files!) His article descriptive of his visit to America appeared in the Nineteenth Century a few months ago. Do you know anything of him?" Later that month "we all went out for a walk along the lakeshore, with Jeffry pushing Ruth's baby carriage. Many people looked at the children as if they thought us an old-fashioned family, such as are not often seen among people of our position, or the more wealthy."

In mid-August he left home for a wellpaid position in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and later transferred to Galena, Illinois, where he was happy to meet his old friend John Gerry and had the interesting experience of escorting Octave Chanute, the famous engineer, in Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin by skiff, team, and railway. While in charge of constructing a bridge over the Galena River, he reverted to the rough life of his Oregon days. At first he and his 2 assistants had to row 8 miles every day -- 2½ hours. But he soon obviated that hard work by having a 3-room shanty built near the bridge site -- bedroom, office, and telegraph room. His work-gang was, he considered, as rough as any he had ever seen, altho on some occasions he would meet intelligent, educated, well-travelled men.

As might be expected, in these surroundings he again had some exciting experiences. One November night after all were in bed, a guard came to tell him that the timber boom (a device for holding timbers in the river) had broken, and the timber and the caissons (2 gigantic boxes for masonry foundations) were going down the river. FEPr had his masons aroused, and managed to locate the missing items 1½ miles down stream. On that dark starlit night, it was no wonder that he fell down in the mud three times, and some of the men got ducked as well. But that was not the end of his misadventures for that week. The next day while talking with a foreman at the bridge site, one of his rubber boots went so firmly into the mud that when he attempted to turn, he fell and knocked over the other man, much to the delight of all the spectators. "Everything gets muddy here but the instruments." His next disaster was caused by his stepping on a loose plank on a building pier 5 feet above the water, so in he went, completely out of sight. "I got out again mighty quick and was pulled up on the pier. Having a heavy overcoat on, well buttoned up, only my head and legs got wet. I hurried to the shanty and got a change before becoming chilled, and was none the worse for it all, except for some bruises." These experiences should have satisfied, at least for a time, his hankerings of recent years to be a man

of action again. And what stories he would have for his sons!

By December he was back in Iowa at Dubuque, with 23 engineers working under him. When he attended church, he had to cross the Mississippi on the ice. "Five of us went together, 20 feet apart. Great sport, but I was glad to be over it, for the channel ice was thin and cracked in one place, with the water bubbling up." It may have been on this Sunday that he heard a Presbyterian minister pray "for all the sister churches, Protestant and Catholic," and he thought how such a petition would stagger the Ulster Presbyterians. (It still would.) The Dubuque cleric was a mere 80 years ahead of the Second Vatican Council, with its ecumenical overtones.

When he heard of the exploits of a General Prendergast in Burma, he wondered which of his second cousins it might be -- Hew or his younger brother Harry, both of whom he had met many times. He hoped the General (it was Harry) might eventually be made Earl of Mandalay. (But Harry was unlucky in his press, and never got the deserved honor.) Some more reading was done at Potosi, when he could not sleep because of having to share a very uncomfortable bed with his Swedish masonry inspector. So at two he got up, lit the lamp, built up the fire, and read the Century magazine happily until breakfast time. His family was always on his mind. In early December he sent a letter to each child on the sacredness of Christmas, and Mary said the letters were treasured whether the child could read or not. As for Jeffry, throughout his long life he always kept every letter his parents had written him.

In early 1886 he spent one long day -- 5:25 AM to 11 PM -- travelling by rail, team, and on foot through thick mud. In reporting this to his father, he explained his philosophy: "I neither rest for fatigue nor stop for weather. Eternal vigilance is the price for getting things done." Perhaps this statement offers one clue to his early death at 56. Even his magnificent energy and strength would in time reach their limit.

That summer the family spent at Henniker in a little cottage near Mary's parents. The children ate little but fruit, refusing solid food. Jeffry, whose manners were being admired at 11, one day ate 12 large apples, FEPr reported when he joined them in August. In September, back in Newton Highlands, he gives a happy picture of life with his children, when little Ruth made quite a scene over Lucretia's wishing to sit on their father's knee. But after all, it had been Lucretia's place first. He was offended by the fact that when President Cleveland visited Harvard, admittance to the reception was by ticket only. "My democratic instincts

are outraged." When he learns that at last poor old handicapped John Wehrtmann (his uncle Jeffry's brother-in-law) is at last dead, he wonders whether Annette Preusser, John Wehrtmann's niece, will stay on in Windermere, where she had taken care of him at "Annandale." (She does, and dies in that house in 1889. They are buried together in Birthwaite Cemetery, Windermere.) In another few months, Tom Prendergast, the famous scholar and father of Hew and Harry, would die.

Mary found new interests and friends by joining one of the several "ladies clubs" in Newton Highlands. This would be something new and strange to old John Patrick Prendergast, so his son carefully explains that the ladies meet in each other's homes once a week (on Mondays) to read and listen to papers and discuss topics of general interest. All this should broaden their minds generally, so FEPr thinks it an excellent idea. Once a month the ladies meet at a luncheon to which each one brings some dish from home. Mary has already given a paper on "Our Indians". (In her last move, she would continue to enjoy being part of such a club.)

For 6 months in 1887, FEPr was again in Burlington, Iowa, with a responsible position with the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Railway. In February at 24 below zero, he quite enjoyed tramping all day and working on plans and maps at night. He talks of how wonderful the food tastes, and his lasting joy in his work. One morning he is called out early because the camp has been flooded. He hires teams to move everything and everyone 13 miles to a pine grove -- an all-day operation. "A big snow bank is piled up against the canvas by my head where I sleep. But I roll up in my blankets like a bag, make a pillow of my trousers and coat folded with the lining next to my face, and really sleep." Later he shares a new tent made of duck with only three men, and feels quite luxurious with 2 lamps and 2 tables. At one camp near a Bohemian settlement, he decided he did not care for the people -- "perhaps, like the English, they do well enough at home." Then, after a summer in Henniker, he was offered good work with good pay near Cumberland, Tennessee. He accepted, partly because he had never seen that part of the country. But a mere fortnight there convinced him the place was not for him and his family. The rough mountainous country was beautiful, but the people he thought lazy, with their low standard of living, and the schools were certainly not equal to those of Massachusetts. Arrived back in Newton Highlands, he was amused to find the children on a dish-washing schedule which erupted in disputes that caused much breakage of dishes. Soon he went back to the New York and New England Railroad. He found time for reading "Two Years Before the Mast", and John Mitchel's "Life," works which he thought somewhat comparable. When walking in Brookline one Sunday, he and Mary wondered what his father would think of

the low walls of the fine estates, with no entrance gates. And FEPr thought he would be amused by the varying styles of domestic architecture -- the mansard roofs of the 1860's, the "Queen Anne" of the 1870's, and the "anything with a tower" of the 1880's.

A letter from Dublin told him of the death of Josephine Higgins, a distant cousin, with whom he remembered running races in St. Stephen's Green, and thinking her and her brother Lewis very odd people. But a few years later they would not seem so strange, when Lewis' will left a considerable fortune to FEPr and their cousins the Gordons. Then FEPr recalled as a little boy being given a tip of 4 shillings by Colonel Gordon Higgins -- a pleasant prefiguring.

FEPr's last work in the Middle West would begin in July 1888 at Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, supervising the construction of a much-needed canal. He had a delightful trip there. As with so many other of his positions this too came from an old friend and colleague, Captain Ruger, from Elkhorn days. The trip by train to Montreal was pleasant, but he especially enjoyed the trip by a fine steamer to "The Soo," a place he found invigorating, and fascinating with its immense amount of river traffic; "the tonnage passing through the government lock is greater than that of the Suez canal." And in spare moments he could always be amused by watching the Indians shooting the rapids with venturesome tourists.

In August Mary, now pregnant again, had her life complicated by one of those needless accidents due to the styles of that day. Her mother, now widowed, was coming from Hennifer to visit her, but when getting off the train in Boston, someone inadvertently stepped on her skirt and she fell, breaking her hip. How the unfailingly competent Mary got her, in that condition, to Newton Highlands, baffles the imagination. Jeffry at once ran for a doctor, and then began the poor old lady's many weeks in bed. Added to her physical distress, she was mentally depressed, and felt she simply could not face up to the coming of the new baby.

Meanwhile FEPr out in Sault Sainte Marie was properly worrying, not only over Mary's situation, but over the poor management under which he had to work. However his time for reading helped him -- de Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," and Bryce's "American Commonwealth," especially the chapter on The Pleasantness of American Life. And he confessed rather apologetically that he had not felt so well in years. Somehow he managed to be at home a few days before the birth of Arthur Curtis Prendergast, on 24 December 1888.

A month later, in January 1889, he was back at work, standing in the snow and cold from 7:30 AM to 5 PM, supervising the preparation of piles, but keeping warm and com-

fortable by wearing 2 pairs of woolen socks over heavy felt "German" socks and fastened with a strap just under the knee. Over all that he had a pair of "Arctics" buckled around the ankle. Missing his own sons and regretting that he could see them and influence them so little, he recalled how much he and his father were together until he went to serve his engineering apprenticeship at Ironbridge when he was 22. He also reports something that seems incredible today: a surplus of \$30,000,000 in the government treasury, with no one knowing what should be done with it! In March he enclosed an advertising circular about a place in southern California with a wonderful climate and a hopeful economy. In September he admits he has been dreaming of that area for over a year.

At last in May Mary's brother Curtis came from Hennifer to take their silent old mother home after her 10 months stay; it disturbed Mary that sometimes she would go for days without saying a word. Mary was no talker herself, but this situation she found difficult. In November the bumbling Board of Directors for the canal for which FEPr had been working, decided to give it all up, leaving him free at last to do as he pleased. He had already made up his mind; now he would leave railroading for good.

So once back in Newton Highlands, he disposed of his property and the less valued household goods and shipped the remainder west. Thus it was that on 17 December the family left by train for National City, California, near San Diego, via Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Ogden, Sacramento and Los Angeles -- a journey of about 3300 miles, and at the fabulous excursion rates of that era of the "Big Boom". "I am going to National City because of a business connection," FEPr wrote to his father, "and you should read about that country in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

Like most of the cross-continental travellers of that day, they travelled by day-coach, which means, of course, no beds. Like the others, they left home with much food in baskets, and replenished it as needed at station stops. The discomforts must have been appalling, and FEPr thought that if he should ever make the trip again, he would know how to travel better. At each end of the coach was a heating stove with a large oven for cooking purposes. Some travellers, who must have been English, were provided with alcohol lamps for making tea and coffee. (Do the English still travel with that and much more, as they used to do, not so many years ago?) The cars were kept remarkably clean, all things considered. But naturally the children became restless and noisy, the baby had to be held all the time he was not asleep, and Jeffry unduly complicated things by racing from one end of the train to the other, and jumping off and on nearly every time the train stopped. In fact he was quite out of

hand, as only an active 14 year old can be, and worried his parents greatly. At Kansas City on 20 December, the journey was half over, and they had all become so used to the motion of the train that it no longer bothered them and Mary celebrated by taking Jeffry with her for breakfast in the station restaurant. The parents found the days were simply not long enough for all their duties, such as rousing, dressing and feeding the children, and finally putting them to bed in the coach seats.

Crossing the Sierra was thrilling to them, when they saw the great snow sheds at Donner Lake (Jeffry recalled it all so vividly when at Donner over 70 years later.) When they reached Sacramento, no train had crossed the Sierra Nevada for 24 hours because of the heavy snows. At last they were on their way, and on the western slope FEPr's experienced eyes, after noticing the very heavy runoff of water, anticipated some washouts on the line. But the washout did not appear until they reached Mojave, above Los Angeles, a desolate place with a few shanties and a railroad eating house. He took the two older boys and gave them some exercise by walking them on the desert for quite a distance, where they saw some cottontail rabbits and collected some cactus and sage brush specimens. That evening the railroad company decided that the needed repairs might take 10 days, so the passengers should be sent north by rail to San Francisco, and then shipped down the coast to San Diego by steamer. So that was their Christmas Day. The next day they were in San Francisco.

The Corona proved to be a badly overcrowded little steamer which stopped at 3 ports enroute south. The scenery FEPr considered delightful, so much like that of the Gulf of Genoa. At Santa Barbara he and the two older boys wandered around the "sleepy old town with orange, palm and pepper trees, and geraniums and calla lilies in bloom." The fact that all the luggage had been for some reason -- or no reason at all -- left behind in San Francisco seemed to worry him but little; Mary probably was frantic with the prospect for no change of clothing for anyone for several days.

Here the record of FEPr, found in the over 1600 letters still in the family's possession ceases. Are those for the remaining time until his father died in 1893, to be found among the old gentleman's papers in the King's Inn Library in Dublin? From this point, remarks about FEPr will necessarily be based on other sources.

The reasons which brought FEPr to make the cross-continental move were varied. Years before, when with Uncle Joe in San Francisco, (1872) he had been pleased with the climate of California, and its people; he especially enjoyed the burgeoning fruits and vegetables. Also, ever since he had

made his first brief escape from railroading into farming in Iowa in 1868, he had dallied with other escape routes. Especially after his marriage in 1873, he had begun steadily fretting over the fact that if he continued to earn a living by the means he liked best, it would necessarily be for short-term employment, almost always away from his home. (The official list of his 15 good positions in railway construction over a 23 year period is found in the Memoir which appeared in the Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers, of which he had become a member in 1888.) But the deciding factor, as his children recalled it years later, must have been the steadily deteriorating state of his health, although in his letters such a situation is never hinted at, except for attacks of lumbago, and some rheumatism, along with the increasing headaches (migraine?). At last even his truly magnificent strength and physique had to fail, after the consistent abuse they had received over the years. The never-lessening activity, the long periods of exposure to the elements, the heavy food in the rough construction camps, much as he seems to have enjoyed all of it, were contributing factors. Now digestive troubles were added. At what period the anemia appeared which eventually caused his death, is uncertain. At any rate, when a good opening appeared in southern California, he was more than happy about it.

His new work called for his engineering knowledge and the skills and interests he had developed when farming twenty years earlier in Iowa. Again to quote the Memoir: "As Horticultural Superintendent of the San Diego Land and Town Company he developed pioneer details of soil preparation, selection of trees, contour arrangement and setting out and care for the first citrus groves of any magnitude in San Diego County. In this field, as in all other work undertaken by him, his natural ability and foresight was highly exemplified. The pioneer methods he introduced at that time are the universal practice to the present."

The company provided at nearby Chula Vista a big white frame house, quite adequate for the family. The younger children attended the local school, while Jeffry commuted by narrow gauge railway to the remarkably good high school in San Diego, sometimes bringing home groceries from the market there. Early in 1892, his father initiated, with some embarrassment, a man-to-man talk, explaining that no event of the sort had been anticipated (he was 48 to Mary's 40) but soon there would be another baby around, and Jeffry would be expected to go for the doctor when the time came, and to make himself generally useful. The 16½ year old was much impressed, and did even more than he was ever asked to do, such as walking the crying little Joseph Samuel²⁰ at night, to spare the father's needed sleep.

20. Born 3 February 1892

Now FEPr was realizing that the damp coastal area was not aiding him in his struggle for health, so the well paid and interesting position was given up in favor of life in Redlands, a dry inland town on the edge of the desert, 125 miles north and east. Here he bought two tracts of land, and in early 1893 his last move was made. Mary and the younger children were installed in a boarding house to await word to board the train for Redlands, the household goods were shipped, and FEPr and Jeffry, now almost 18, set out in a buggy drawn by the family's cherished chestnut horse, Inca, for a drive of over 3 days on the dusty and only slightly improved roads. To Jeffry, responsive as always, and now responsible, it was a trip beyond compare, that provided only the happiest of memories as his last experience of uninterrupted closeness with his father; nearly 70 years later he would drive over that route in his car, recalling the places, the events, and the unceasing conversation.

In the small new town, FEPr arranged for the building of another 2-story frame house, this time with orange trees around it; in the meantime the family was installed in the ranch house west of town, in the midst of several acres of deciduous fruit trees. There were many New England people in the area, who saw to it that the schools were good, and a new high school was just being opened. And there was a Congregational church, in which the family promptly felt at home. In spite of his now all too obviously failing health, FEPr managed to take an active part in affairs of the town, and urged, with due success, that the town should own its own water-supply system and install water-meters. What he had to say on that subject was incorporated in a paper he presented before the prestigious Fortnightly Club of Redlands, still extant in the town, and of which Jeffry would long be an interested member. All the papers ever given in its now 76 years of existence are on file in the local A.K. Smiley Library. The only other paper that FEPr had the strength to prepare and deliver was on the touchy subject of Home Rule in Ireland, for which he had little hopeful to offer. Here he upheld the point of view of his historian father.

In the summer of 1897, he took Mary and some of the younger children to Michigan for the summer, in order to escape the desert heat of Redlands. They stayed in Petoskey much of the time, but of course journeyed to Sault Sainte Marie, which he had found so interesting and profitable ten years earlier. But his condition still did not improve, and by the time they arrived home, he obviously knew, as did the others, what lay ahead of him. Someone wrote to lonely Uncle Joe, now 87 at the Villa Bianca at Bath; he at once sent a cable, still preserved in the family files, asking that he be notified by cable immediately of "dear Frank's release." Then Jeffry was summoned to the bedside, to be asked, as he had often been asked since the age of ten, to take his father's

place for a time. Now all the children, save the two little boys Arthur and Joe, were of an age to look largely after themselves under Mary's expert supervision. But she would need much help; a man must still be head of the house. Jeffry of course committed himself, and was always proud that his father then said, "Now I can die without worry, knowing the family will be in good hands." (Years later, Arthur remarked that Jeffry was the only father he had known.) Francis Ensor Prendergast died 7 December 1897.

The Memoir, already quoted, said of him that "he came from a very old family that can be traced back to an ancestor who came to England with the Norman Conquest, but he was too modest ever to refer to it himself, thinking that as an American citizen, all pride of ancestry should be buried." This fits in perfectly with what he so often said in his letters home, and also with his professed lack of interest in historical matters. It also explains two failures in communication. When the Waterloo veteran, Jeffry Samuel Prendergast, died in 1884, his first cousin, John Patrick Prendergast, automatically became head of the male line of the Prendergast family and he preserved some letters of congratulation which came to him on the occasion of his "seniority." It is inconceivable that he should not have written to his son on that matter. But FEPr had no word or even interest on that subject and ignored it completely; he may not even have realized that when his father died in 1893, he now inherited the empty title. Certainly he never mentioned it to his son Jeffry, with whom he talked over so many things. There is a certain irony, therefore, in Jeffry's remark, when in a summarizing mood in 1960, at 85, that the only thing he would have liked in life that he had not had, was the headship of the male line of the family, but one had to be born to that. He had plenty of historical sense but when questioned as to the current holder, he confessed his ignorance, because all connections with the family abroad had been lost in the early 1900's, when he was still too young to be interested in such matters. It was only after his death that this research, while tracing the headship of the male line, established the fact that Jeffry had inadvertently held tenure of the position for 65 years, far longer than anyone else had ever held it in the almost 800 years that the family has been in Ireland.

The Memoir mentions FEPr's distinguished background, fine education, extensive travel, success as a writer, excellent judgment, genial manner and sterling integrity. "But for his retiring disposition, he might have risen to even greater distinction."

Devoted Uncle Joe had a tribute to him carved in marble and placed on a corner wall of the chapel in St. Jerome Cemetery, Dublin, where parents and grandparents lie, along with numerous other kindred. (Three heads of the male line, Gen-

eral Charles O'Neill Prendergast, his brother Jeffry Samuel, and John Patrick Prendergast lie in adjoining graves.) It reads as follows:

IN
AFFECTIONATE
AND HONOURABLE REMEMBRANCE OF
FRANCIS ENSOR PRENDERGAST
CIVIL ENGINEER
ONLY SON OF
JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST ESQUIRE
AND CAROLINE ENSOR HIS WIFE
OF SANDYMOUNT DUBLIN
BOTH BURIED IN THIS CEMETERY
WHO DIED 7 DECEMBER 1897
AT REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA AGED 56
WHERE HE HAD FINALLY SETTLED
WITH HIS FAMILY
AND PURSUED FRUIT CULTURE
AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF HAPPY EXERCISE
IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION
NUMEROUS FRIENDS IN IRELAND AND AMERICA
HAVE SPECIALLY DESIRED THIS RECORD TO BE
PLACED HERE WITH MANY OF HIS KINDRED IN
MOUNT JEROME CEMETERY

After more than seventy years, the climatic conditions of Ireland have worn down the sharpness of the lettering, and a close-up photograph of it is illegible, even under a magnifying glass. A 1904 photograph shows it in vintage condition. But FEPr's best epitaph occurs in a letter he wrote to his father in April 1885: "Though I have attained neither wealth nor high position here, other than good standing as a man and an engineer, I feel as if I have had my share of the good things of this world that please me -- travel, education, useful occupation in opening up new realms for settlement, a pleasant social life, happy family relations, and the good will of all with whom I have had to do. If life has been a little hard at times, it helps one better to appreciate the soft places."

As for the family, after the father's death, Jeffry took over, as he had promised to do, and for years he gave most of his time and thought to it, and luckily drew a small income from the family funds for that purpose. In the autumn of 1900 he went to Bath to settle Uncle Joe's estate, which made a considerable difference in the Prendergasts' finances. It was then that the Redlands group first learned it had now become heir, along with their Gordon cousins in Dublin, of most of the Lewis Higgins estate, quite a bit larger than what Uncle Jeffry had left in 1879. Among the Higgins holdings were two brick 3-story buildings on Ormonde Quay in Dublin, on land which had been leased in 1765 for a

period of 871 years. Some years later No. 33 was sold, but the family still owns No. 32, in an area now far from attractive, and bringing in only a minimal rental as of 1969. The funds from the two inheritances insured that all the Prendergasts could go to college without money worries, so all the boys attended the University of California at Berkeley, and Lucretia went to Wellesley. One wonders why that particular college was chosen rather than Mount Holyoke which Mary had attended in her early days. As for Ruth, she was not college minded.

In 1903 Mary took the two girls and the two youngest boys for a trip abroad which lasted about a year. The young people studied in Germany, with the girls concentrating on music. Fred had not cared for the trip, but John joined them for a summer of travel during which they saw the ancestral places, and Lucretia took some pictures of Ardress House with negatives so good that they still had fine pictures printed from them 60 years later. Ruth died in 1906 in Quebec of typhoid fever when on a trip there with her mother. Ever after, in gratitude for the fine care given by the sisters in a nursing hospital, Mary would be interested in the new hospital in Redlands. With that, the Contemporary Club, and her church and family her life was fairly full. When she died in 1912 she had seen 3 of her children married, and had welcomed 4 of her 11 grandchildren. It is interesting that none of her children made a startlingly romantic marriage as she had done; they all happily married neighbors or school friends. On Mary's death the family inheritance of 1900 was divided among the 6 children.

When World War I came along, the three younger boys John, Arthur and Joe were all in the service, with only Arthur seeing action abroad. Six of the grandsons were in World War II -- Arthur's sons Curtis and Raymond, Joe's sons Robert and John, Fred's son Harold and Lucretia's son Thomas. Three great grandsons have been in Viet Nam -- Jeffrey Moore, grandson of Lucretia, and James and Jeffry Prendergast, grandsons of Joe. James was decorated with the Bronze Star with V device for bravery in combat. So something of the "military dynasty" founded by Thomas Prendergast and his wife Jane Gordon in the 1750's still survives here.²¹

The longevity of their grandfather's generation is largely reflected in them. Ruth died at 20 and John at 64,²² but Jeffry lived to 87 and Lucretia to 88; Fred is now 91,²³ Arthur 81³ and Joe 77. Most of the children inherited the defective eyesight of both father and mother; only Jeffry and Lucretia, with excellent sight became book-lovers. Deafness

21. Paragraph was revised by J. S. Prendergast

22. Frederic Francis died February 1972 in Monterey, California

23. Arthur Curtis died July 1969 in San Francisco, California.

in later years is a marked family trait. Only Joe has held to the Congregationalism in which the family was nurtured. Most of them, like their father, enjoy travel and have indulged in it. They also have their father's interest in public affairs, tho only Jeffry and Joe have held public office. The family's interest in education is permanent, and all of the grandchildren hold college or university degrees. Several of that group have inherited the generations-long Prendergast gift for writing, and make a living by it today. They have retained a remarkable closeness and devotion for a family, which is shown in the amount of correspondence and visiting which goes on. Perhaps the outward symbol of that family feeling is symbolized in every home by the framed unbleached ornate napkin of Irish damask, one of those that Uncle Jeffry had woven to his order in Ireland well over a century ago, with the Prendergast coat-of-arms in the center, and the family initial in each corner. As has been mentioned earlier, Uncle Jeffry's collection of Biedermayer walnut furniture still graces the family homes. The considerable collection of his fine books, the large collection of family pictures and the large accumulation of family papers which form the basis of this study, were largely conserved by Jeffry, and are still to be found in his last home.

HEADSHIP OF THE MALE LINE OF
THE PRENDERGAST FAMILY

(Asterisks indicate the head, who is the son of the preceding person named, unless otherwise indicated. Sources: chiefly Burke and Foster)

- 1* Philip, who came to Wales from England (no doubt a Fleming to start with) in company with Gerald de Windsor. Probably married a de Clare
- 2* Maurice, the family's great hero. In Norman Invasion of Ireland 1169. Probably married a Fitzgerald. Gave his Welsh castle to the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem 1177 and soon after joined the Order. Died 1205 as Prior of the Kilmainham Consistory of the Order -- Dublin (Phoenix Park is part of the site today.)
- 3* Philip married Maude de Quincey, Strongbow's niece. It paid him. He died 1209 in Enniscorthy. Maurice's younger son Gerald was ancestor of the County Mayo Fitzmaurices, who later (16th century) became Prendergasts again
- 4* William married Alianore de Bermingham and traded her disreputable brother-in-law, Jeffrey de Marisco, for Newcastle. He died 1238 as a monk. The Prendergasts would hold Newcastle until 1656, when Cromwell took it over.
- 5* Jeffrey, first of a long line of that name. Quite litigious, he was involved in a long quarrel with the Flemings of Slane over County Tipperary properties. He once settled one issue by single combat at Drogheda. (He won) Died 1289.
- 6* Philip, died 1304. Settled the 73 years of controversy with the Flemings and de Berminghams.
- 7* Jeffrey was the last Sheriff of County Tipperary before the Earls of Ormonde became dominant in the newly created County Palatine (1328)
- 8* John "the blind Baron" was probably Jeffrey's brother. He married his nurse, an O'Hartigan -- quite an incorrect thing to do.
- 9* Elias
- 10* Thomas - first of a long line of that name
- 11* Jeffrey died 1510 (There may be a lacuna in time here -- incomplete records)
- 12* Thomas died 1549 Was involved in the great Desmond-Ormonde feuds
- 13* James married 1545 Eleanor, daughter of Sir John Grace the Belted of Courtstown Castle, County Kilkenny. Died 1575
- 14* Jeffrey, born 1550, married 1575 Joan Butler, daughter and co-heir (after her half-brother Edmund's death) of her father Sir Thomas Butler, 1st Baron Cahir, who had married (2) Ellen Fitzgerald, sister and heir of James, 13th Earl of Desmond. Joan had 4 sons and died young, probably 1582. Jeffrey Prendergast died 1615
- 15* Thomas was forced at age 10 by Queen Elizabeth to give up his rights to his mother's inheritance in favor of her

- cousin Sir Theobald Butler (whose descendants continued to hold Cahir until recently, when the last of the family, old Colonel Charteris, gave the castle to the town of Cahir.) Thomas married Eleanor Butler, sister of Walter, 11th Earl of Ormonde. He died 1626. Lord Gort (4th Viscount) says the barony still rightly belongs to the heir male of the Prendergast line.
- 16* James was killed 1627 by his cousin Edmund, 3rd Lord Dunboyne, at Cahir Castle in a quarrel over that property. He died s.p., to be succeeded by his brother Edmund, - the middle brother, Robert, being weakminded.
- 17* Edmund, despite having had Newcastle confirmed to him by the commission of grace 1639 and by an act of Parliament 1641, lost everything to Cromwell and his castles were dismantled. He died 1656
- 18* Jeffrey, his eldest son, was transplanted to Connaught 1656. Was expatriated as a Jacobite after siege of Limerick 1691. Lived out his life in France -- he left Ireland for court of James II in France. He married 1654; his eldest son Edmond was a Colonel in the Stuart forces at the Battle of the Boyne 1690. He then went into exile, followed by his two younger brothers. Jeffrey's daughter Mary of Mullough was a famous beauty who married 1683 Patrick Prendergast, a great grandson of the Edmund who was a younger brother of the Jeffrey Prendergast (#14) who died 1615. Patrick was killed in the war 1689, leaving a son Jeffrey who was in the Marlborough campaigns. Mary of Mullough married (2) John McCaffrey of Limerick 1696, who then took the Prendergast name. Their daughter Mary married John Prendergast, who owned the Spittal (low lands adjoining the Ardfinan Castle.) They married 1729. Their grandson Edmond of Ardfinan Castle was born 1810. He married 1831 Elizabeth Vowell, great granddaughter of Jeffrey Prendergast of Croane. Their son Surgeon General Robert Keating Prendergast of Ardfinan Castle, who died 1890. His widow described to me 1963 by their daughter-in-law, Lady Prendergast of Eastbourne as "one of these wonderful little Irish ladies, pleasant and spirited, always wearing black. She spent every winter in southern France until just before her death." (I saw a picture of her at Ardfinan in summer.) The only child of Robert K. was Admiral Sir Robert John Prendergast, K.C.B. who entered the Royal Navy 1877 at age 13, where he was on same training ship as the Duke of York, later to be George V. The firm friendship formed there lasted throughout life -- Lady Prendergast had in her drawing room some fine large signed photographs of George V and Queen Mary. He became A.D.C. for George V 1914, served in World War I, was Rear Admiral of Scapa 1916-1919, Vice Admiral commanding the Orkneys and Shetlands 1919-1920, was in charge of the sinking of the ships at Scapa Flow. Born 9 July 1864, he married 5 July 1905 Bertha Jane, only daughter of Capt.

John Burnie MacKenzie of the Royal Scots Regiment (at St. Margaret's, Westminster.) He retired as an Admiral 1924 and died 1946. Their only child, Frederick John Senhouse was born 4 Feb. 1909 and died (pneumonia?) 18 Apr. 1918. Utterly discouraged by that event, Sir Robert John then sold his ancestral Ardfinan Castle to Mr. Mulchey who had long admired the place -- his widow lives there now and keeps everything up very well indeed. The castle was built by King John when he was still the Earl of Moreton (Mortaigne), and it was occupied as his headquarters in the 1650's by Cromwell and his son-in-law, General Ireton. So far as I know, Ardfinan is the only habitable Prendergast castle still in existence. It does not show from the road -- is shut off by fine trees, luckily, for the village of Ardfinan at its base is very ugly. The formal garden at the castle is quite fine. None of the Prendergast furnishings are there. Sir Robert and his little son are buried in a nearby Protestant cemetery. When he sold the castle in 1919, he then bought Meade House, a 3-storey brick on Meads Road, which seems to be the principal residential street in Eastbourne. Large handsome garden behind it. Here Lady Prendergast was living with a small staff in 1963. Small, whitehaired, lively, very pretty, she lives in a traditional Victorian clutter of fine collections of various sorts, set off by Oriental rugs, much silver, a Peter Lely of Anne Hyde (first wife of James II), and a magnificent needlework collection which she says she will leave to a museum. In her circumstances, living as the English live, she finds her life very lonely.

- 19* When Jeffrey, Edmund's elder son, went into self-exile in France 1691 he was succeeded in the headship by his brother Thomas ("old" Thomas) who, dying 1725, was reputedly over 100; buried in the cemetery of the ruined chapel at Newcastle. Lord Gort thinks he never left the Newcastle area, despite dispossession of the family by Cromwell. He was certainly living in the countryside at Croane when he died. Gort saw his gravestone in 1839; it was then fairly legible, but had disappeared when we were there in 1960. Thomas married Eleanor, daughter and co-heir of David Condon, the tragic attainted chief of a once important clan ("Condon country" extended from County Cork to the lands adjoining Newcastle.) When "old" Thomas died, his elder son, Sir Thomas I had long since died at Malplaquet in 1709, so the headship descended to his son
- 20* Sir Thomas II of Gort, so belabored by Swift in "The Legion Club" etc, who married 1739 Anne, daughter of Sir Griffith Williams of Conway Castle. She married (2) "with indecent haste" Captain Terence Prendergast, a grandson of "old" Thomas' 4th son James; she left the castle to him when she died a few years later. Tradition says Terence then bequeathed it to his next brother Jeffrey. (Of its later history I am not informed.) Sir Thomas II was

- a rather prominent person who died 1760 without known heirs. (Mrs. Elizabeth Prendergast Wolfe of White Plains, N.Y., has been told she is descended from his unacknowledged son who offended by marrying outside the hierarchy. Certainly his estate, which was very large when his famous father died, was somewhat dissipated by the time of his death in 1760. (He was one of the absentee landlords who probably deserved what they got.) His heir was John Smyth (Prendergast), later Viscount Gort, son of his sister Elizabeth. Sir Thomas II was M.P. in both England and Ireland, died just before he was to have been created Viscount Clonmel -- the proper title for a Prendergast. (The Scotts then received the title and held it for about 175 years until it became extinct in 1935. A grandson of the last Viscount Clonmel was co-respondent in the 1963 spectacular divorce suit of the Duke of Argyll.) The headship of the male line of the family then shifts back to the line of the second son of "old" Thomas -- Jeffrey who at 19 was in the 1690 Battle of the Boyne and was for years a general aid to his famous brother Sir Thomas I. Jeffrey married Margaret Daniel of Clonmel, and died 1735. His elder son Edmund died s.p. 1739 leaving the way open to the second son Thomas:
- 21* Thomas, married a rich relative of his mother's -- Mary Keating, and they lived at Ballilomisma near Tubrid, County Tipperary, on her property in "the Keating country", still beautiful to see and still occupied by a Keating in 1964. Becoming involved in county politics, he fought a duel when a rival for position called his wife "a lapsed Papist". She may have been -- who knows now? -- but Thomas' branch of the Prendergasts had been Protestant ever since Sir Thomas I "converted" in 1697, at the time of his marriage with Penelope Cadogan, sister of William, 1st Earl Cadogan who was to succeed the Duke of Marlborough as the head of the English armies. And when Sir Thomas converted, his devoted brother Jeffrey went along with him. At any rate, Thomas fell to the pistol shot of Daniel Gahan on Clonmel Green in 1761, to be succeeded as head by eldest son
- 22* Jeffrey, of Ballinomona between Clonmel and Newcastle, who married Elizabeth Hobson, granddaughter of Sir Thomas I. His son, Major Thomas, died s.p. at Larch Grove near Clonmel, 1816. He was succeeded by a cousin, -
- 23* Thomas, M.P., eldest son of his father's next brother Thomas, who was Deputy Registrar of Chancery, Dublin, and his wife Jane Gordon of Spring Garden, Clonmel.
- 24* Thomas born 1764, and the first of the line to have a B.A. from Trinity College, Dublin, -- rather commonplace with the 19th century Prendergasts -- married Charlotte O'Neill, daughter of Charles O'Neill, K.C. and M.P. of Dublin, and died at Genoa 1830, to be succeeded by two of his three sons, all of whom died unmarried.
- 25* Major General Charles O'Neill, who served throughout the Peninsular War, was born 1793 and died unmarried 1854; is buried in an Enclave of Prendergasts and Gordons in Mt. Jerome Cemetery, Harold's Cross, Dublin. His next brother

- having died unmarried 1852 (Edmund, Barrister-at-Law) the succession now went to number three -
- 26* Jeffrey Samuel, born 1797, at Johnstown Park says Gort, sometime of Fortmoy, County Tipperary (a property he sold late in life) was, at the time of his death, 1884, the oldest surviving Life Guard Officer from Waterloo, 1815. (Did he hear the Duke say, "Up, Guards, and at 'em" or something much more conventional?) The headship then went to the oldest surviving son of Jeffrey Samuel's father's next brother, Francis,
- 27* John Patrick, B.A. Trinity College, Dublin, Barrister-at-Law and famous historian (Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland, etc.) was son of Francis, who had succeeded his father Thomas as Deputy Registrar of Chancery in Dublin in 1802; he died 1846. Of Francis' 9 children only 2 married: the oldest son, Jeffrey Francis, who died 1879, was childless, and John Patrick, who married his cousin Caroline Ensor of Ardress, County Armagh, and had 5 children, only one of whom survived the difficulties of birth. When John Patrick died 1893, he was succeeded by his only son
- 28* Francis Ensor, B.A. and C.E. Trinity College, Dublin, was born 1841, migrated to the United States 1866, when opportunities as a Civil Engineer were scarce in both Europe and the British Isles. In his new home, he supervised the laying out of railroad lines as far west as the west coast, and contributed articles to Irish newspapers and American magazines. He married 1872 Mary Abbie Childs of Henniker, New Hampshire, and died 1897 at Redlands, California, leaving 7 children
- 29* Jeffrey Joseph, born 1875, C.E. University of California 1898, was a specialist in the management of water -- so important in arid Southern California, and in forestry matters -- he served on the California State Board of Forestry for 18 years, and was in politics as well, including 2 terms in the California Assembly. He died 1962, after the longest period of any head of the family. Married three times, he was childless; his widow is the former Dr. Caroline Mattingly, who has written this study of the family. His next brother
- 30* Frederic Francis, born 1878, was like all Prendergast brothers, educated at the University of California, and like his father and older brother, is a Civil Engineer. A widower, he now lives with his daughter at Monterey, California. He will be succeeded by his next brother, Arthur Curtis¹ of San Francisco, born 1888, who has always been engaged in some form of writing and publication, or his son Curtis Walker, now head of the Life and Time agencies in London. Curtis, a graduate of Stanford University and a naval veteran, is married and has 2 sons and 2 daughters.

1. Arthur died July 1969

It should be noted that another son of Thomas and Jane Gordon Prendergast -- the seventh, to be specific, and the next one to Francis (1768-1846) whose descendants have held the headship of the family since 1884 (T. and J.G. Prendergast had 19 children) was General Sir Jeffrey, 1769-1856. His second son Thomas was a famous writer on the teaching of languages -- the "Mastery" series, which back in the 1850's suggested a system almost identical with the one used so successfully by our U.S. language schools for training our men in uniform. The only difference to be readily ascertained is the present-day use of records, which of course were non-existent then. Can it be a mere coincidence? Thomas' second son was General Sir Harry North Dalrymple Prendergast (died 1912) who is credited with having saved Burma for the British in the early 1880's.