

TULSK HISTORY SOCIETY



Newsletter No. 22

September 2026



TULSK HISTORY SOCIETY

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FROM THE SOCIETY

Welcome to Newsletter No. 22

September 2026

As we move into the autumn months we are ready to begin our own 'life cycle' after an extended break since late July. It was broken up, however, with a very enjoyable trip to Co. Longford last month and we had a great turnout. The August edition of the Tulsk Morning Howl 'dropped' also and there is a good bit of interesting stuff in there this time round. Our cemetery records on our website have been updated also, and now includes Killina cemetery; more great work carried by our members. We're also busy at work on a new publication and you'll no doubt hear much more about that in the coming months. In the meantime, we hope you enjoy the latest edition of our newsletter!

THS

IN THIS ISSUE

The Sights of Longford

A recap of our recent outing to Co. Longford.

A Letter from Baslick to New Jersey in 1866

The story of a letter's journey from Tulsk parish to the USA in the 19th century
- compiled by Mike Lennon

Margaret Kilgannon's Journey: From Tulsk to New Jersey

Jackie Curran tells the fascinating story of her ancestor's journey to America in the late Spring of 1886

Obituary: The Death of Bernard Farrell

The 1889 obituary of one of the parish's great natives, who we've just discovered.

Simpson's Shop Customers 1945-1948

Mike Lennon continues our series on the customers of Simpson's shop as listed in an historic credit journal.

Tulsk Petty Sessions

A reprint of a court case report from Tulsk in the year 1877.



WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU

We are always looking for old photographs, documents, ephemera and memories. Please get in touch with a member or email historytulsk@gmail.com

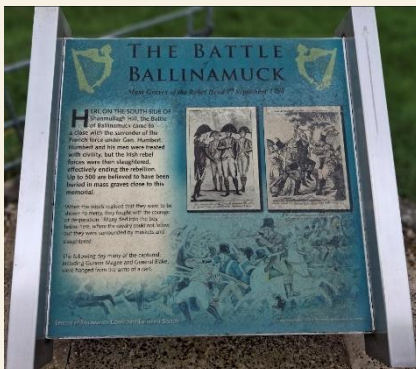


THE SIGHTS OF LONGFORD

THS ANNUAL OUTING



At the end of August, THS travelled to County Longford for our annual outing. We visited the 1798 battlefield and Heritage Centre at Ballinamuck, stopped for lunch at Rose Cottage in Ballinalee – once associated with General Seán MacEoin – and finished the day at the Maria Edgeworth Centre in Edgeworthstown. A thoroughly enjoyable day was had by all, with some excellent tour guides and a fantastic Garda driver!

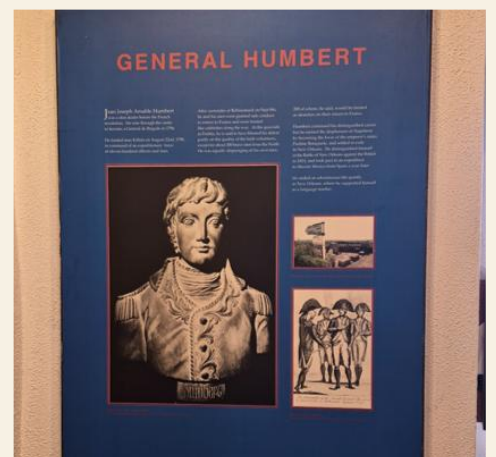


Pictured above at Ballinamuck, where the French campaign in Ireland came to an end in September 1798. General Humbert and his men had marched across Connacht following their famous victory at Castlebar.

THIS ANNUAL OUTING



THS members pictured left and immediately below at the Maria Edgeworth Centre in Edgeworthstown, where the life, work and world of the celebrated Longford writer have been wonderfully brought to life. The excursion this year was a great trip and twelve people in total joined. Longford has its own rich history and being right on our doorstep is well worth a visit. ♦



A LETTER FROM BASLICK TO NEW JERSEY IN 1866

Compiled by Mike Lennon

Following William H. Kelty's death in December 1986 in New Jersey, his daughter Lynne Ranieri was sorting his personal papers when she discovered a faded envelope addressed to Patrick Kelly, Lambertville, Hunterdon County, State of New Jersey, America.

Inside was a four-page letter written in March 1866 by Patrick's brother from somewhere near Tulsk Post Office. The 'July 13' U.S. postmark on the envelope (pictured below) shows that the letter took four months to reach Lambertville. William Kelty was a great grandson of



Patrick Kelly, the recipient of the letter. In 2005, Lynne contacted the Roscommon Association Dublin to find out if it could help trace the origins of the letter. A transcript was published in the *Roscommon Champion* pointing out that mentions of Kilmurry and John Rafferty's shop suggested it was written from the Castleplunkett district. However, this appeal failed to get any response. Twenty years later, myself and Lynne combined our efforts to find the elusive answers. Thankfully, with the help of the ever-expanding volume of online resources, we were able to fill in the missing pieces of the puzzle.



Kelly was born about 1815 in the townland of Ballaghabawbeg in the ancient parish of Baslick. Although not 100% sure, Lynne feels this is a photograph of Patrick Kelly.

What follows is a copy of the first page followed by a transcript of the complete letter.

March 10th 1866

Dear Brother I received your letter the 20th February which was a comfort to me to hear of you being in good health and also James and Johnny not forgetting Jethy and all the young Kells. As this leaves ^{us} at present than to be to the Lord for his mercies to us also Brother Janny's children and their worthy mother she is a credit to all the Friends the love she had for her husband she has proved that to her children let Billy Cluoo know that Patsy Faley rides the black little gent to Kilmurry every Sunday he is such a lazy fellow

March 10th 1866

Dear Brother, I received your letter the 20th February, which was a comfort to me to hear of you being in good health and also James and Johnny, not forgetting Kitty and all the young Kellys. As this leaves us at present, thanks be to the Lord for his mercies to us. Also brother Johnny's children and their worthy mother. She is a credit to all the Friends. The love she had for her husband, she has proved that to her children. Let Billy Elwood know that Patsy Lally rides the black little jennet to Kilmurry every Sunday. He is such a lazy fellow.

Patt, your letter was not opened until I got it. Write to Tulske as usual. James Kelly is the Post Master at present. The mail rout is changed. It goes by Elphin and Frenchpark and Castlerea to meet the train. James Cahill is still living in Fuerty, but he has got a new master, John Neilan, a very honest man. He is doing well at present. He has five sons and 3 daughters. His sons are very wise and good-looking boys. Your favourite Mick will be the stoutest man. The oldest boy, John, was here with me since after I getting your letter.

Brother Micky is going on well. He (has) a very easy place. His sons are very good boys. He has five sons and three daughters. Patsy Lally is doing well also. He done his endeavour to overturn Micky since he came there. So did his wife and family, but it failed them. Mick Lally has got a place in the Demense of Strokestown. We expect ease for some time until he can spare another son. John Rafferty is adding to his store and he knows how to care (for) it. His wife and children are in good health. We buried Bartly Kelly the week before this. He died without making a will though being worth 8 hundred pounds.

Pat, with regard to our markets, potatoes from 1 shilling 6 pence to 2 shillings, oats from 10 shillings to 12 shillings. Sheep and pigs were never seen so dear in Ireland. There is bad sale for cattle unless they are fat. Milch cows are very high in consequence of the cattle plague that is raging in England. I hope it will remain there. That system ye got up in America has ruined Ireland. The young people are all emigrating that is not in the hands of the authorities. I would answer your letter sooner but my arm got hurt. Write soon again. No more at present. From J. K. Until death, good-by. I must go out to mind the ewes. Remember me to all the Friends. ♦



THS
Visit our website

www.tulskhs.com or scan the QR Code



MARGARET KILGANNON'S JOURNEY: FROM TULSK TO NEW JERSEY

By Jackie Curran

For length reasons, this is an abridged version of the original article written by Jackie Curran, a great-great granddaughter of Margaret Kilgannon Kenlein.

On the morning of May 18, 1886, a young Irish woman stood aboard the steamship Etruria as New York Harbor came into view. She left Queenstown as Margaret Kilgannon but arrived at Castle Garden in New York City on her nineteenth birthday as Margaret Gannon. She left her parents John and Catherine Donoghue Kilgannon and eight siblings behind in Steil, Tusk. Like so many young Irish emigrants of the nineteenth century, Margaret left family and friends in search of opportunity in America.

Although she made the voyage on her own, Margaret was not entirely alone in America. Waiting for her was her brother Thomas who had emigrated to New Jersey three years earlier. Being the oldest of the Kilgannon children, Thomas had made the journey first, establishing himself before helping Margaret and four other siblings to follow.



The ruins of the Kilgannon cottage in Steil, Tusk

Margaret joined him in New Jersey as she began adapting to life in her adopted country. Today, we know something of Margaret's feelings because of a remarkable discovery made ninety years later. In the early 1970s, a collection of letters written by Margaret and her siblings was discovered hidden in the crumbling thatched roof of the Kilgannon cottage in Steil that had been unoccupied for over thirty years. Eventually, these precious documents were entrusted to the Tusk History Society.

In her letters, Margaret's words provide a rare and deeply personal glimpse into the life of a young immigrant woman, revealing both hope and homesickness. Though she was building a future in the United States, part of her heart remained in Roscommon. Through those letters, Margaret's voice continues to speak across generations, reminding us that immigration was not merely a change of address, but an emotional journey filled with sacrifice, courage, and enduring love for home.

As Margaret established her new life in New Jersey, she met Jacob Francis Kenlein, a man whose own family history reflected the story of America in the nineteenth century. Jacob's grandparents were immigrants from Germany who settled in upstate New York. As had happened to the Kilgannons when they went to America, Jacob's family name changed to Kenlein from Koehnlein. Jacob's father Christian served in the Union Army during the Civil War.

Margaret married Jacob in 1890 and together they began building a family and a future in Essex County, New Jersey. Jacob served in the United States Army at Walla Walla, Washington, a frontier military post. After completing his military duty, Jacob returned home to Margaret and resumed his work as a hatter, helping to support their growing family. The 1895 New Jersey State Census shows Margaret and Jacob living in Bloomfield with their young

sons, John W and Arthur E Kenlein. Life, however, was not without hardship. By the 1900 Federal Census, Margaret had given birth to six sons, but only four were living. Child loss was a heartbreaking reality for many families during that era, and Margaret knew that sorrow firsthand. Despite these losses, she remained devoted to her family and determined to create a stable home. The family lived on Central Avenue in Orange, New Jersey. Decades later, descendants would pass through those same streets without realizing they were traveling through the neighbourhood where Margaret and Jacob had built their lives.

Jacob worked as a hatter, one of many men employed in the thriving hat industry that made Essex County famous. The 1910 Census tells a story of both perseverance and loss. Margaret had borne nine sons, but only six survived. The family lived on Stetson Street in Orange, fittingly named in a city known for its hat factories. By 1915, the household was changing. The boys were growing into young men and helping support the family. Thomas had enlisted in the United States Navy in 1914 and no longer appeared in the household census. Margaret, who had spent so many years caring for young children, was watching her son's step into adulthood.

The 1920s brought a new and joyful chapter. Margaret and Jacob became grandparents. The children they had raised were now raising families of their own. The busy household that had



Margaret with her granddaughter Natalie Kenlein at the Jersey Shore

once revolved around sons and factory schedules became enriched by grandchildren, laughter, and family gatherings. Among Margaret's greatest pleasures were trips to the Jersey Shore with her grandchildren. She loved the ocean and treasured the time spent with the younger generation. These outings became cherished family memories, remembered long after she was gone. Her grandchildren also brought her a special joy she had never experienced while raising her own family. After a lifetime of boys, Margaret finally had little girls in her life. Her first grandchild and first granddaughter was born in June of 1919 and was named Margaret Catherine Kenlein after both of her grandmothers. In her later years she devoted herself to sewing beautiful dresses for her granddaughters. She often remarked that she had only boys of her own and delighted in having little girls for whom she could sew.

The 1930 Census found Margaret and Jacob living together in West Orange. Their children had established homes and families of their own, and the couple enjoyed the quieter years of life together. Jacob continued working as a hatter despite advancing age. Then in April 1937, after more than forty-six years of marriage, Jacob passed away. Margaret continued to live on her own, facing widowhood with the same strength and independence that had carried her across the Atlantic more than fifty years earlier.

On February 12, 1940, Margaret Kilgannon Kenlein died in West Orange, New Jersey. Her life had spanned almost seventy-three years and bridged two worlds. She had begun as a young girl in rural Roscommon, crossed an ocean with a single suitcase, and helped build a family whose roots would spread across generations in America. Today, Margaret rests beside her husband Jacob in St. John's Cemetery in Orange, New Jersey. Nearby are their sons James and John Kenlein. A short distance away lies her beloved brother Thomas Gannon and his family, and even closer in proximity are her much-loved Kilgannon siblings, James, George, Mary, and Catherine.



Margaret's birth year should be 1867

The official records preserve the dates and places of their lives, but the memories tell a richer story. They tell of a brave Irish immigrant who crossed the Atlantic alone, a young woman whose letters home captured her longing for Ireland, a devoted wife and mother who endured both joy and heartbreak, and a grandmother who loved the Jersey Shore and delighted in sewing dresses for her granddaughters. Through the discovered letters, and family memories, Margaret and Jacob's story continues. Their lives remind us that history is not only found in census records, military records, and certificates, but also in courage, sacrifice, love, and the enduring bonds of family that stretch across oceans and generations. ♦



FROM ABOVE: An aerial view of Castleplunkett village, c. 1990s (Photo: with thanks to Niall Flanagan)

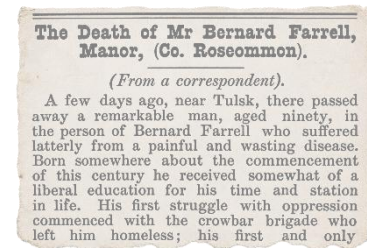
OBITUARY

THE DEATH OF MR BERNARD FARRELL, MANOR (CO. ROSCOMMON)

(From a Correspondent)

Roscommon Herald, Saturday 23rd February, 1889.

THS Reprint



A few days ago, near Tulsk, there passed away a remarkable man, aged ninety, in the person of Bernard Farrell who suffered latterly from a painful and wasting disease. Born somewhere about the commencement of this century he received somewhat of a liberal education for his time and station in life. His first struggle with oppression commenced with the crowbar brigade who left him homeless; his first and only struggle with the minions of the law was an encounter with the tithe collectors. He managed, however, to bring up his family and his orphan nephews, the two Grehans, and emigrated them to Australia where they became very wealthy, one of the latter becoming a member of the Melbourne Parliament. Barney, as he was familiarly called, was a man of large stature and of massive head and features. I never saw Mr Gladstone rise in the House of Commons but he reminded me of Barney in appearance. He had a rough exterior, very honest and blunt, and was never slow to pass an honest opinion of persons and motives no matter whom he might displease. He hated vanity and impudence. He was a regular bookworm and having read a great number of books and newspapers and being possessed of an extraordinary retentive memory, to talk or listen to him was like reading ancient and modern history. He was a certain authority on most subjects, and could tell the pedigree of most of the county families.

He remembered Skeffington Gibbons, of Tarmon, Castlerea, who wrote his famous history of the county "gentry." He could tell things he had heard or seen about '98, or "Bony," the famine of '48, the Whiteboys, the Molly McGuires, Captain Rock, and Pat O'Hara. He had an everlasting fund of anecdotes as interesting as Aesop's Fables, and every story he told painted a moral in either religion, morality or politics. Many a time he told me of the time when he paid fourpence for the daily paper, and during my recollection of him his week-end was not happy if he did not get hold of the "Weekly News" and the Herald. When last I saw him he had finished reading the life of Edmund Burke by John Morley, sent him all the way from Australia. He made me a present of the book, quaintly remarking that Chamberlain could have very little honesty in him, for that his colleague, John Morley, had so much that he must have stolen it all from Joe.

Barney had such a wide reputation for his knowledge and intelligence that not infrequently could be seen round his humble hearth persons of various stations of life, listening with attention and respect to his wonderful narratives. It is said, and I believe with some truth, the mind of the youth is formed by the example of the parent or the tutor, and I have no doubt that Barney's stories interested many a youthful listener and laid the foundation for romance and picturesque story-telling greatly admired by many. His tales were told in many lands. The writer of this article is one of a numerous

family of brothers who drunk in his “yarns” with infantile curiosity and related them on suitable occasions, always giving the name and the history of the author, so that the name of Barney was known hundreds of miles from his own places and by persons who never saw him.

He was the only countryman I ever knew who could read and write the Irish language fluently. Gibbon, the historian, seeing a cab about to run over a ragged child, cried out “stay, who knows but that child’s futurity may hold the destiny of France.” In the same way it might be said that if Barney was placed in a different position in life, that he might by his wonderful natural abilities and talents have risen to the foremost ranks of statesmen, novelists, or literateurs. At all events in his native place a remarkable and entertaining character will be greatly missed, and missed by many with the deepest regret. He was the last connecting line with the old times. For my part I will miss Barney as the most pleasing individuality of my young days, and I only wish that his rest may be as peaceful as his memory, and the knowledge I gained from him will be fresh in my recollection and kindly remembered by me to my dying day. R.I.P. ♦

AROUND THE PARISH

An Interesting Old Ruin

The stewards’ lodgings, Kilmurry



In the townland of Kilmurry this building was built around 1870 as a stewards lodging house on the Irwin estate. Close to Rathmoyle House it was quite unique in that it had a concrete roof. Another was built in the same period down the road at Ballindoolaghan, though no trace remains of that today. Detail of the roof in Kilmurry is shown above. The photos were taken a few years back (credit: Manus Tiernan)

SIMPSON'S SHOP CUSTOMERS 1945 TO 1948

Compiled by Mike Lennon

In the December 2025 issue of the Newsletter (No. 19), we published the 160-year history of Simpson's of Clooncullane shop and public house. It described how we salvaged a large archive of damp and damaged business records that were donated to the Society by the Devine family who now own the property. Among the documents was a journal that recorded the names of customers who purchased groceries, beer, spirits, cigarettes and agricultural goods on credit. A list of customers from 1915 and 1916 appeared in the March (No. 20) issue followed by a list from 1923 and 1924 in the June (No. 21) issue. In this list there are 53 customers from the 1945 to 1948 period. At the end of 1945, the total owed by customers was £670-17-4 and the largest single debt was £68-11-5. The value of the shop sales for 1945 was £3,375 (€220,000 in today's money) and the net profit was £314 (€20,000).

Ardikillan

Patrick Doorly
Lizzie Jane Flanagan
Charles Lavin
Michael Murphy
Bridget Padian
Charles Simpson
Bridget Tighe

Ardkeenagh

Mary Conlon

Ballybroghan

Andrew McDermott

Ballydaly

Martin Boyle
James Feely
Patrick Fox

Bloomfield

Michael McGarry

Cartron

Peter Dufficy
Katie Eustace

Cloonakilla

Edward Simpson

Cloonart

Annie McDermott

Clooncor

John Kelly

Clooncullane

Roderick Beirne
James Morahan

Clooneigh

Peter Dalton
Richard Dufficy
Joseph McGuire
James Owens

Clooneybeirne

John Connor
Patrick Quinn
Edward Shanagher

Cloonmurray

Dominick Lenaghan
Michael Lennon
Thomas Lennon
Daniel Neary
Thomas Shaughnessy

Corbally

George Phibbs

Corker

John Neary

Corragarve

Margaret Brennan

Mary Dufficy

Michael Dufficy

Peter Dufficy

James Fallon

Elizabeth Flanagan

Bernard Saunders

Corrigeen

Edward Cunningham

Andrew Dolan

Kilcooley

Denis Darcy

Lisnaneane

Charles McDermott

Lissaphuca

Patrick Cryan

Timothy Feeney

Reps of Bridget Murray

Monaboy

Mary Kelly

Ogulla

Matthew McGarry

Shrove

Patrick Gormley

Michael Neary

Tulsk

Sgt. John Kelly ◇

TULSK PETTY SESSIONS

Connaught Telegraph • 10 November 1877 • THS Reprint



TULSK PETTY SESSIONS – Saturday.

(Before J.C. Rutherford, R.M.: C. French, and J. P. Taaffe, Esqrs.)

LOCAL AND HISTORICAL.

“The borough of Tusk,” as it is often called, is situated about five miles from Strokestown, in the midst of proverbially fertile lands, and blessed with natural advantages that few localities are favoured with. If the people, instead of bullocks and sheep, inhabited the thousands of rich acres that surround this now decayed but once important hamlet, the old story of

“Where wealth accumulated and men decay,” would not still have to be told – for, oh, what an extensive population might not such a district, with so many of nature’s bounties, maintain in happiness and comfort if

“No laws under heaven would the Irishman own

But the home-hallowed laws of his country alone!”

Such, however, is a state of things that in our day, at least, must be one of fond imagination – the glad reality we can never witness.

Why Tusk is called “the borough” need not surprise many of your readers, for though, at present, it contains only four or five houses (three of which viz., its two shops and the poice barrack, are slated) there was a time, not too far back in the misty ages, when one of the burgesses might truly exclaim, in the words of Sinon,

- “et nos aliquod nomenque decusque Gossimus” –

For even in the Irish Parliament, Tusk had a pair of representatives – just as many as the whole County Roscommon has at present. It was incorporated in the reign of Charles II, and for its disenfranchisement, at the time of the accursed Union, a sum of £15,000 was received by a certain James Caulfield, whose family had some property interest in it. Its historical connections would be too troublesome to enter on particularly in a common petty sessions report they would be very much out of place – but we cannot omit noticing a few of them. To mention the olden cave at Rathcroghan and the burialground at Relig-na-Righ, situate about two miles from Tusk, cannot fail to hurry us back in thought to days when

“Long, long ago, beyond the misty space of twice a thousand years,

In Erin old there dwelt a race taller than Roman spears,”

While the name of Ogula with its ancient graveyard and its bubbling spring of clear fresh water will remind the old Seanachie that it was here St. Patrick, accompanied by one of his disciples,

baptized the three daughters of the Connaught king. It was to this incident a poem in your pages, some time ago, referred, the opening stanza of which was the following:

*"In the time, as the chroniclers tell us, when Patrick was wending his way
Through the Druid-ruled Island of Erin, in Connacht's green valleys, one day,
He sat with his pupil, Benignus, adown by a clear welling spring,
Intent upon early devotions, the God-praising matins to sing;
When straightaway there came to the fountain, with wondering rapture amazed,
The daughters of Cruachan's proud monarch, and much on the strangers they gazed –
They listed the Orisons holy, the psalms and the hymns that were sung,
On their minds made a lasting impression, though uttered in foreigner tongue."*

Nor is there need of going back to those distant ages for items of historic interest connected with this dilapidated village that once possessed "some name and honour." Mr Isaac Weld, in his "Statistical Survey of the County Roscommon," tells us that, "The Castle of Tulsk is reported to have been built about the year 1406, by O'Connor Roe"; and that "When the Earl of Kildare, in 1499, led his forces into Connaught, he threw garrisons into the four Castles of Athlone, Roscommon, Tulsk, and Castlerea." Of this old building we can say no more than that its fate has been that of all earthly things – it belongs only to the past. Of the Abbey of Tulsk, the ruins of which are carefully described by Mr Archdall in his "Monasticon," that writer tells us the history is little known, but "it is supposed to have been founded by McDuil, or O'Dowel, as late as the 15th century, and to have been given to the Dominicans friars."

We have, however, gone too far away from our subject, while thinking of Tulsish antiquities, and must therefore come back from those old castles and abbeys to the modern unpretending

TEMPLE OF LAW.

Well, then, we enter the miserable little room that is decked with the conceited title of courthouse, and there we behold three magistrates, the secretary of the establishment, and a few dozen of policemen and other folks - just as much as the edifice can contain.

The cases on the book amount to fifteen or sixteen, and even of these some had been adjourned since September, petty sessions here being of monthly occurrence.

PULLING DOWN THE GREEN!

The first case that came on for hearing was that of an old man named John Green, who had spent over 70 summers in Ogulla, against his friend James of the same hamlet, and the charge was one of assault. The veteran appeared, but the other sprig of green was absent. A feminine sapling, however, who introduced herself as his daughter, came forward, and gave expression to the desire of the parent stem that the case should be adjourned, as he and his witness were at the fair of Elphin.

Mr Rutherford said he had, at the last petty sessions, put back this suit, and would not now repeat that operation - the case should be heard.

The old chap (whose wrinkled brow and faded countenance make Green a misnomer) disposed that on the 27th September, James of the verdant surname violently attacked him, knocked him down, got on to his prostrate frame, 'and', continued the veteran, 'kept at that

work, till I murthered out that he'd kill me!' This melancholy alternative of 'murtherin out' had, it seems, the desired effect, and old John Green's evidence had the effect of fining his namesake £1 and costs, or procuring him a residence for two weeks in the comfortable precincts of Roscommon gaol. So may it fare with all vandals, who would lay profane hands on any particle of Irish Green!

COSTLY GEESE - A COOK IN TROUBLE!

Mrs Bridget Cook is a well known "citizeness" of Tulsk. We never attended a petty sessions there, from which her calm-looking countenance could be missed, and this day, of course, formed no exception. While we were quietly trudging along from Strokestown an "Irish jaunting-car" passed us out, on which Mrs C. was comfortably seated - but then she was in rather suspicious company, a pair of the belted individuals being in that same vehicle. On entering the law shop we again saw her, and her name was mentioned in connection with that of Patrick Higgins or rather of his geese. In fact, it would appear that, on the 12th of October, some feathered bipeds, the property of Mr H (a respectable merchant in Tulsk) had strayed from the gentleman's aviary, and, though they had gone out, numbering seven, only five could afterwards be discovered.

Some of the neighbours had seen Mrs Cook and her daughter driving into her own house a flock of geese, seven in number, when, some time after, five were observed to emerge from the Cook(ing) apartments. The police, of course, were informed of how matters stood, and Constable Flannery - a very attentive officer indeed - proceeded to the place, accompanied by S. C. Mulroony (whose sandy old whiskers always feel a tickle of delight at such a job) but Mrs C. knowing that her 'house' was her 'castle' bluntly refused them admission to her premises. Mr Flannery then went off to procure a warrant, leaving his friend Pat to guard the gap of danger. He of the Clan Mulroony, however, is a brave old warrior, well worthy of his ancient name, and not a bit afraid of Mrs Cook or a bigger woman than ever she was! He stood his ground manfully, and was determined not to move even should that virago proceed to scratch the face of him. This exhibition of the valor was not fortunately required, as the matron was pacifically inclined, and did not in the least make any interference with the face or beard of this gallant representative of the far famed tribe of Mulroony.

But Patrick was even more fortunate than many a turnicated official of much more pretensions, for, while his superior in command was hunting up a legal document, good luck had effected for our friend, Pat, all that the warrant could accomplish - and this, too, without any trouble on his part. Here is how it happened. Thomas Cook, who is son of Mrs. Bridget, came upon the scene; and, being advised by a gentleman, who just then approached them to make a search in the house, and, if any geese were in it, to produce them; the young lad acted accordingly, and soon came forward with a pair, newly plucked and their flesh still warm; they were quietly given up to the Mulrooney guardianship, and Pat went his way rejoicing at the lucky turn which affairs had taken.

Informations having been sworn in the matter, Mrs. C. found herself in "Royal Irish" clutches, and the Strokestown bridewell became her abode. There she passed a period of three weeks, and, on today, as already stated, paid a visit to Tulsk in company with a brace of unstriped particles of belted humanity. The above facts having been proven by the different witnesses, defendant made a rambling statement to the effect that she had purchased the two geese at the previous market of Strokestown, but she could not tell who the person was that sold them to her. She also denounced one of the lady witnesses in no measured terms alleging that her neighbours all around, and that woman in particular, entertained spiteful feelings towards her, and that this case had been got up to ruin her fair fame, and her character for honesty, that had been hitherto unsullied! Her burst of rather egotistic eloquence was, however, of no avail, as according to an old crony outside the Courthouse, "Shure, norra wan in the parish round about would say a good word for her bud herschel', an we all know that

self-praise is no praise.' Their worships accordingly sentenced her to fourteen days imprisonment, with hard labour - she still protesting her innocence. We cannot conclude this notice without congratulating our old friend Pat Mulroony on his vigilance and activity throughout the whole affair, particularly his good fortune in getting hold of the dead geese, and his prudent attention in not letting them escape, after he had once got them in custody! What a pity he had not a roasted leg of one of them between his chin and upper lip - he might then exclaim, "Hurra for the Cook!"

THE POLICE CASES

Were few and unimportant, being at the suit of Constable McKeon (Carandangan) and Sub-Constables Coyle (Tulsk), Gormley (Carandangan), and our well-known Pat Mulroony against the owners of three or four illegal quadrupeds.◊

TULSK HISTORY SOCIETY

Membership

*We hope you have enjoyed the September 2026 edition of our newsletter. New members are most welcome to join the Society. If you wish to do so, please email us on historytulsk@gmail.com. Annual fees are €30 for adults and €10 for students. For those wishing to read our latest Tulsk Morning Howl or view our cemetery records; you can do so by visiting our website at **tulskhs.com**. Until next time; enjoy the rest of Autumn and we'll be back with more at (dare we say it) Christmas!*

