

# HISTORY OF THE DEVINE FAMILY

## **Preface**

This account of the history of the Devine family is compiled in 1998 by Thomas Edward Devine (born in the Bronx, N.Y.) using principally as source the account written by his father James M. Devine in 1923. The account written by James Devine was in turn derived from an earlier written account composed by James Devine's father Thomas Devine, born 1846. The early portion of the current document is, in most cases, a verbatim derivation of Thomas Devine's composition and the middle section is almost entirely a verbatim rendering of James Devine's composition. I have endeavored to update the use of language, to unify sections on the same topic, to arrange paragraphing and subtitles for clarity and to make some of the writing more concise.

In reading the earlier accounts, particularly those composed by my father, there appears to be an emphasis on the activities of the male members of the family. This may reflect the patriarchal milieu of the society prevailing during his youth. Congruent with this emphasis, there are several vivid accounts of the male members of the family engaging in boxing and other physical confrontations with adversaries. It should be borne in mind that James Devine was born and spent his early youth in a town founded on the mining and smelting industry in the American West. After his mother's death, the family returned to Ireland, however, when he came of age he returned to the U. S. After his return to Montana, he engaged in boxing and participated in boxing tournaments. In the atmosphere of the time, Irishmen dominated the sport of boxing and the common assumption was that Irishmen were expected to be proficient boxers.

It should also be borne in mind that in the historical experience of the Irish province of Ulster, a powerful struggle for the physical, religious and cultural survival of the Irish people was being waged against English colonialism, which ruthlessly pursued the destruction of the Irish people and their Gaelic culture. A self-serving English racism denigrated the Gaelic Irish and served to rationalize the relentless destructive fury of the invading English. Under such circumstances, the assertion of their right to define their own identity and preserve their existence, was seen by the Irish to require physical resistance, at times impromptu, to an overbearing military state. The success of our ancestors in meeting the challenge to their physical, cultural and biological existence was a prerequisite to our own existence and the contributions that we have been able to make to human endeavor.

## **FORWARD**

In writing this little chronicle of the Devine Clan of Woodend, Strabane, my object is to preserve the tradition of the family that was once one of the most prosperous and well-known families surrounding the town of Strabane. I am writing it in simple language easy to understand. Most of the early information I got directly from my father at the fireside in Laraghaleas. It is reliable information handed down to him from his grandparents Edward Devine and Sarah Hegarty. Sarah Hegarty survived her husband a couple of years, and knew the prominent Lady Isabell St. Clair, hence she was able to relate some of the events that occurred at that time.

Some of the material written may sound boastful, but it is as my father gave it to me. He was a very truthful man and recognized so by all who knew him. He was not boastful to excess, but proud of his ancestors. He did not consider his family quite on the level of the O'Neills or the O'Donnells with whom the Devine's had much connection in

early days. I once heard him say to a Mr. O'Neill and a Mr. McKeon, "If I had the honor of bearing either of your names, I would consider myself above the Houses of Brunswick or Hanover.

The early dates of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century may not be very accurate, but the dates that are definitely stated in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century are accurate.

Unfortunately the tumultuous existence that we lead in these times interferes with our reading much about our ancestors. I hope that some of my relatives of the younger generation will find the time to read the following chronicle and pass it on to the succeeding generations.

James M. Devine  
Died April 10, 1969

## Historical Framework

3,000 BC	Construction of the Great Passage Tomb at New Grange, Co. Meath
??? BC	Arrival of the Milesians in Ireland
432 AD	Commencement of St. Patrick's Mission of evangelization in Ireland
500 AD to 800 AD	Irish missions of evangelization and civilization to Britain and the European Continent
795 AD	Commencement of Viking raids on Ireland
1014 AD	Defeat of Viking Invasion force by Irish King Brian Boru at Clontarf
1069 AD	Anglo-Norman Invasion of Ireland under Strongbow
1366 AD	Statutes of Kilkenny outlaw speaking of Gaelic language and adoption of Irish customs by the Anglo Norman settlers
1594 AD	Rising of O'Donnell and O'Neill, Nine Years War
1598 AD	Victory of the Irish Army under Red Hugh O'Neill at the Battle of the Yellow Ford
1601 AD	Defeat of the Irish Army of Red Hugh O'Neil and O'Donnell at Kinsale, Co. Cork.
1607 AD	Flight of the Earls, the Irish Chieftains leave Ulster from Lough Swilly for exile on the Continent
1609 AD	Plantation of Ulster, vast lands of the northern clans confiscated from the native Irish and used to 'plant' lowland Scots from the old Saxon Kingdom of Northumbria and English settlers
1614-18 AD	Walls of Derry erected by the English London Company. Stones taken from the monastery of St. Columcille to construct the walls.
1640 AD	Ireland plundered and devastated by the 'Man of Death' Cromwell with one third of the population slaughtered. Cromwell, with the Bible in one hand and sword in the other, murders men, women, and children
1641 AD	Irish Rising, Strabane captured from the English by the Devines
1646 AD	Victory of the Irish Army under Owen Roe O'Neill at the Battle of Benburb in Co. Armagh
1689 AD	Siege of Derry by the army of King James II

- 1690 AD Defeat of the army of King James II by the army of King William of Orange at the River Boyne in Ireland
- 1695 AD Introduction of the Penal Laws designed to exterminate Catholics in Ireland
- 1776 AD Declaration of Independence by the American Colonies
- 1795 AD Violence renewed in Armagh between the pro British Loyalist and Irish Nationalist. Battle of the Diamond near **Loughgall** in Co. Armagh between the Catholic 'Defenders' and Protestant 'Peep'o'Day Boys'. Orange order emerges from this event. Orange order founded in townland at **Battlehill**, Armagh.
- 1798 AD Rising of the United Irishmen in Ulster and Leinster. Rebellion brutally repressed. Landing of French Revolutionary Force in Co. Mayo to liberate the Irish from English Rule.
- 1800 AD Dissolution of the ascendancy Irish Parliament with the Act of Union
- 1803 AD Execution of the Irish Patriot Robert Emmet
- 1829 AD Catholic Emancipation obtained under the leadership of Daniel O'Connell. Catholic landowners receive the right to vote; however the fee for voting is raised from 40 shillings to 40 pounds thus disenfranchising the vast majority of Catholics.
- 1843 AD Under threat by the British Military, Daniel O'Connell cancels the great mass meeting, scheduled for Clontarf, calling for repeal of the Act of Union and the reestablishment of an Irish Parliament
- 1845-50AD Years of the Great Irish Famine, or the Great Hunger. Over 1,000,000 die of starvation and over 1,000,000 emigrate. Concurrent with the starvation vast quantities of food are exported from Ireland to pay the exorbitant rents to absentee English landlords, who acquired their Irish lands by confiscation of the lands of the indigenous Irish
- 1916 AD Proclamation of the Irish Republic and assertion of the Republic in Arms. Rebellion repressed by British Military.
- 1918 AD Irish voters provide overwhelming electoral victory (over 85 %) for Irish Parties pledged to reestablishment of Home Rule Government
- 1921 AD Irish Free State Government established in 26 Counties. The Six Counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Derry, Tyrone and Fermanagh held by Britain in the United Kingdom.
- 1929 AD U.S. Stock Market Crash followed by Great Economic Depression.
- 1947 AD Irish Republic established with jurisdiction in the 26 Counties.

## INTRODUCTION

By Thomas Devine (born 4<sup>th</sup> March, 1846, Ballymagorry, Co Tyrone, died 1929, Campsie, Co. Derry, with minor editing by his son James M. Devine and his grandson Thomas E. Devine)

All nations and peoples take pride and glory in their ancestors. The ancient Greeks and Romans for examples. The Celtic Races, who first colonized Ireland and Scotland, were not less anxious in that respect than either of the fore mentioned peoples. On the death of Milisius, who was about to start from Spain on an expedition North by sea, his two sons called Heber and Hermon assumed command of the expedition which had been prepared to go to Ireland. Chronologists calculate the time of the Milesians landing in Ireland as the same time as when Saul reigned in Israel. The ancient Irish also relate a story of the time when the Milesians were journeying in the desert. The chief called Niul was bitten by a serpent. He and his people were in great distress even unto despair, when the Israelites with Moses came upon them and Moses healed him and prophesied that Nuil's posterity would become a great people. Thus, it is seen that the Irish or Milesians, as they were called proved without doubt their strong claims to antiquity in origin. The skill of the ancient Irish in the working of precious metals into ornaments which have been found and collected by archeologists in various parts of the country prove this. It also proves that the Milesians must have been intimately acquainted and conversant with the ancient civilizations of Egypt and Phoenicia. When the Milesians landed in Ireland, a people called the Tuatha DeDannans held possession of the Island. A fierce and bloody war ensued in which, after a time, the Milesians prevailed. Hermon and Heber and a nephew of theirs called Irr (a son of Ith, a brother of the two former, who was killed in the Lagan country or East Donegal) divided the Island among them; Heber received the southern part, Hermon the northern part, and Irr the northwestern part. Hence, from these leaders are descended the ancient families or clans. The race of Hermon gave to Ireland the Ard Righs, or chief Kings, with the exception of Brian Boru, who was of the race of Heber. The country increased in population and added to the number of its clans by some powerful chiefs making more than one of their sons' chief of a clan.

The Irish, being of a warlike spirit, engaged in many military expeditions to Britain and the Continent, even as far as Gaul and Italy, and many times aided the Gauls against the Romans. They returned from these expeditions laden with booty and many times brought prisoners with them. In their system of government, they held parliamentary conventions at a place called Tara, where Kings and druids, or priests, made laws which were just and humane. These were called the Brehon Laws and would compare favorably with laws that have been enacted in modern times.

The Devines originally belonged to the country of Fermanagh, and are descended from the Gruoch na Colla or three brothers, who conquered the clan Rorays and destroyed the ancient palace of Emania, which was for centuries the great fort or stronghold of the Red Branch Knights. The names of these brothers were Colla Maen, Colla Da-Crioch and Colla Uais. They took possession of a portion of Counties Down, Armagh, Louth, Monaghan and Fermanagh. The Devines claim Colla Huiss as their ancestor. The name Devine is derived from King Cairbre, second of one of the Collas, who was the Ard Righ or High King of Ireland, a man distinguished for his generosity and liberality towards his friends. Hence, he was called Cairbre, Arigid na Daimh, or the Dispenser of the Golden Presents. The word Daimh is pronounced 'duif', hence Divin-Devine-Devane-Davin-Devenny-Diver, etc. The Annalists tell us of the race of Daimens being settled in

Fermanagh along the river Erne. It is related that in the thirteenth century in an election held for the chieftancy, the Devines were defeated by the McGuires, after which the Devines seem never to have regained their supremacy in Fermanagh. After their failure to maintain their power in Fermanagh, the clan seems to have scattered out seeking settlements in the neighboring counties, especially Tyrone, where they settled in the district of Donaghady, north of Strabane, becoming active and firm supporters of the O'Neils. Many of the race of Devine are found in Sligo, Mayo and Donegal. There are also quite a few of the name in County Derry in the districts adjoining Tyrone.

There is a townland along Burdennet in Donaghady, Co Tyrone called Lisdivin, translated as Devine's Castle of Fort. This would confirm the tradition of the Devines owning the district of Donaghady from the Ferry at Donelong on the Foyle to the Butter Lox above Donaghmana. In the district or country above and around Donananna, the name is still very plentiful. There are also many of the name to be found in the Southern part of County Derry, Altahoney and Fir Glen district. Whether the Devines or Divins of Donegal are descended from the Tyrone branch or came direct from Fermanagh is difficult to determine at the present time. It is most probable that after the great defeat and slaughter of the Irish army at Ballymacool or Ballysollis near Letterkenny, numbers of the Tyrone men did not deem it prudent to return again among the planters or Cromwellians, but sought refuge among the hills and glens of Donegal. Thomas Devine, born 1845, was of the opinion that people of the name Devine lived in the Dunfanaghy District in his time. He recalled a John Devine, who lived at Dunfanaghy, who married the sister of Primate McGettigan. He repaired and built a number of chapels in the Diocese of Raphoe.

The chief characteristics of the race are hot and impulsive temperament, quick to resent an insult, ready to forgive and make friends, affable to strangers, always ready to relieve distress, generous to excess. As a race they are physically strong and athletic, brave and courageous. In addition they are characterized by love of country and the religion of their ancestors, many of them having died in its defense.

The Devines have furnished many priests to the church in the Dioceses of Derry and Raphoe. There are quite a few of the name at the present time in the Derry Diocese. A Father Thomas Devine of Carrigart was a notable figure in troublesome times in Donegal. Also, Father Hugh Devine, P.P., Dunfanaghy, who died about 1912, was most highly respected. The Diocese of Derry had many priests of the name in the Penal times. When there were only six secular priests in the dioceses in 1741, one of them was a Father James Devine. There is the name of the Rev. Manassas Devine, who died in 1794, on a stone slab to be seen to this day in the old graveyard at Cumber, Claudy. No doubt, there are a great many more whose names are now forgotten. There was a Father Neal Devine whose remains lie under a side altar in the old Claudy Church. He died in 1884, as may be seen by the inscription on a small marble slab above the altar.

Another notable of the Church was the martyred Bishop of the Diocese of Down and Connor, Connor O'Divaney, who suffered on the 11<sup>th</sup> of May 1611. The aged prelate was over 80 years old. He was hanged, drawn and quartered, and his body placed in a hurdle and hauled through the streets of Dublin followed by a crowd of weeping women dipping their handkerchiefs in his martyred blood as it fell on the pavement. It was a scene most horrible to contemplate. It is believed that Connor O'Diveny, was born in Glen Finn, Co. Donegal.

In the great rising of 1641, a Felix or Philip Devine, commanding the Irish forces under Phelim O'Neil, laid siege to the town and castle of Strabane, Co. Tyrone, which was taken with a large number of prisoners and arms. Among the prisoners were the

Hamiltons (now the Abercorns). Captain Philip Devine showed more generosity to his prisoners on this occasion than the English commander Coote did to the unfortunate Irish at Ballysolis, Letterkenny. Captain Philip Devine had a brother, a priest, who was made governor of Strabane when the Irish forces that had taken Strabane went to join the army of Owen Roe O'Neill. Most of the men led by Captain Philip Devine belonged to the Donaghady district and accompanied Owen Roe in his campaign against the Scots and Cromwellians. They were at the great battle of Benburb and the other battles in which the Ulster men displayed such bravery.

During "The Troubles" from 1916 to 1922 there were many of the name Devine who made the supreme sacrifice. There was a fine man, a member of the Dail, who lost his life in Sligo. Another was killed by the 'Black and Tans' at Fentona, whilst others were imprisoned at Ballykinla, Co Derry. A man named Bernard Devine, secretary for Hughes Bakery Co., Belfast, was murdered in his office during the troubles of 1922 in that distressed city. He was from the borders of Tyrone and Derry.

**The following was written by James Devine based in part on the writing of his father Thomas Devine.**

### **Eamon Rue Devine**

A man named Edward Devine, or Eammon Rue Devine (which means Red Edward) as he was sometimes called, lived in the neighborhood of Dunfanaghy or Rossgull, Co. Donegal, near Doe Castle, about 1760. He was a celebrated swordsman and was famed for his powers with the sword and blackthorn stick. He bore the distinction of being Ireland's champion gladiator. He met all comers for many years, and held this title until he was an old man. The date of his birth is not known, but it was probably about 1710.

My father told a story that has been handed down by tradition to me about Eammon Rue (alternatively spelled Eamon Rhua). It is as follows: When Eammon Rue was traveling in the West of Ireland in County Mayo, he was overtaken by nightfall and a heavy downpour of rain. In those days in Ireland no one traveling worried much if night was coming on and they had not selected a hotel or inn in which to stay for the night. The Irish have been famed for their hospitality throughout the world and anyone traveling through Ireland was welcome to stay at any house for a night's rest and supper. Eammon Rue, wet and bedraggled, directed his steps toward a fairly large building, which seemed to show many lights. When he entered this building, he was pleased to find he had dropped into a fencing school. He was clad in ordinary homespun traveling clothes and owing to the night being wet and road muddy, he did not look very much like Ireland's champion gladiator. A number of young men and boys were practicing at the manly art when Edward entered. Edward remained as a spectator for a short time, then he asked to have a little spar with the boys. The boys laughed and some of them said, "He is too old." "Never mind my being too old, I'll teach you something" he said. They laughed again, but one of them agreed to spar with the old man. The lad fenced but a few moments, when he found he was below the old man's class. Then, the best student they had tackled the old man, and to the surprise of everyone present, this man was outclassed also. The instructor, wishing to save the credit of his school, offered to take on the old man himself. This was just what Eammon Rue wanted, so they were very soon brandishing their sticks. Edward used his three famous cuts, taking off a vest button and a button off each cuff with these strokes. The instructor was taken completely by surprise. He admitted defeat like a man, and expressed his astonishment by saying, "You must be either the devil or Eammon Rue." The old man modestly said, "I am Eammon Rue." Then the lads who were defeated by the old man felt honored at having fenced with Ireland's champion gladiator.

How long he held the championship of Ireland is not known now, but it must have been for a long time, as he was over fifty years old when he resigned it.

### **Neal Devine**

Eammon Rue had a son named Neal, who, when a young man, went from Rossgull or Dunfanaghy near the Atlantic Coast in Donegal to Donaghady in Co. Tyrone, probably to spend a while with relatives. This was about 1774 or 1778. Here, he made the acquaintance of Isabella St. Clair; daughter of a man named Neal St. Clair, who was born in Scotland. It is probable that Isabella was born in Scotland also. We are also led to infer that Neal St. Clair's wife was a Cambell, or some close connection of the Cambell family, since Isabella never lost an opportunity of claiming to be of the race of Black Archie, better known in Scottish history as the Duke of Argyle or McCallum More as the clansmen called him. Black Archie had many foreign titles, chief of which was Duke of Hatzfeld in Germany. He possessed large estates in Germany. An ancestor of his commanded the Catholic army for the Holy Roman Emperor Charles the Fifth, in the religious wars that arose from the Reformation. He was a leader in the Monmouth rebellion against James II of England. For his role in this uprising he was captured and executed at Edinburgh Castle in 1685. He slept soundly for three hours just before he put his head on the block, showing remarkable coolness. It is very probable, indeed almost a certainty that Isabella St. Clair was his great grandchild. The beheading of Argyle was the cause of the Argyle family's not supporting the Stewarts during subsequent struggles. His execution no doubt helped to place the House of Hanover on the British Throne. The St. Clairs were called "Lords of the Isles" (Hebrides), connected also with the MacDonalds of the Hebrides. Isabella St. Clair, Neal Devine's wife was a woman of commanding appearance, well informed, highly educated, and capable of discoursing on almost any subject. According to her, all the great families of Scotland were ancestors and relatives of hers. Neal Devine, her husband, son of Eammon Rue, was like his father a celebrated fencer. He was a man of middle size, very good looking and of ruddy complexion. An interesting story has been told about him. While he was walking up the sidewalk in Ballybofey, he met an English officer armed with a sword. The English officer ordered him off the sidewalk to make way for him to pass. Neal Devine attempted to proceed straight on, but the English officer drew his sword and threatened to cut Neal's head off if he did not get off the sidewalk. Neal told him, in a defiant manner, to cut away. The officer's temper was up and made a thrust at Neal's head, but Neal had his blackthorn stick ready and he disarmed the English officer immediately. The officer was terribly surprised and he walked away sullenly to the amusement of the onlookers.

### **The Children of Neal Devine and Isabella St. Clair**

Neal and Isabella had five children, three girls and two boys. The eldest girl born in 1775 married Bernard Brown. The second girl, named Giles, born 1776, married a man named McGettigan. The third child, Edward, was born in 1778. A fourth child James was born in 1779 or 1780. The fifth child was a girl and married a man named Charles McGinley, who lived at Dramgauty, Co. Tyrone.

## Edward Devine

Edward, Isabella St. Clair's eldest son, was a man of medium size and ruddy complexion. In 1804, Edward Devine married Sarah Hegarty. Edward remained at Donaghady until some time after he married Miss Hegarty. Then, he purchased what has been the old home of the Devines for over a century. It is a beautiful residence and estate, later held by his grandson, Edward Devine at Woodend, one mile north of Strabane. Sarah Hegarty was raised at Dramaney, Co. Donegal. Her father, Charles Hegarty married a Katie Keenan from the parish of Urney, Co. Tyrone. This Katie Keenan, who died at the old home of the Devines at Woodend in the early sixties lived to the remarkable old age of one hundred and one years. Charles Hegarty, her husband was raised at the Crossroads, Killygordon, Co. Donegal. He was a stout man and a strong defender of The Faith. He proved his courage notably by seconding a man named McCabe in a fight at Grange Races. McCabe was a hatter by trade. In order to show his gratitude to Charles Hegarty, he presented a hat valued at two British pounds, a considerable sum in those days, to Sara Hegarty, who was then a little girl. Edward Devine and Sarah Hegarty had a large family numbering sixteen in all. They were as follows; Isabell, born 1805, James 1807, Edward, Neal, Charles, John, Margaret, Thomas, Sarah, William, Dennis, Catherine, Mary and three others who died in infancy.

Edward Devine was a very brave and courageous man and like his father, Neal Devine was educated in the art of fencing. A story told to me in 1914 by Edward Devine's grandson, also named Edward Devine, provides evidence of his skill in fencing. During a winter, while he was living at Woodend, a man from the West of Ireland claiming to be the champion of Connaught visited his home. Edward was sick in bed suffering from a severe cold. His wife greeted the stranger at the door and asked his business. The man said he was the champion fencer of Connaught and wished a contest with Edward. Mrs. Devine implored him to go away at once as Edward was sick in bed and if he knew he was there he would be up and wanting to fence. She said he would be beside himself if he were there and could not fence with him. The man reluctantly started away. A few yards from the house he met Edward's fourth son Charles. They entered into conversation and when Charles learned the man's business, he said, "I will fence with you." They returned to the house and after a little lunch they began fencing. Charles injured the man's arm so badly that he was compelled to remain at Woodend for two weeks before he was able to go back to Connaught again. This Edward Devine, son of Isabella St. Clair, was born in 1778, married Miss Hegarty in 1804 and died in 1850?

Another story told about Edward Devine occurred between 1830 and 1840, during the time the notorious highwaymen Atchinson and McQuade were active. Atchinson had put up for the night in a house between Lisdillon and Donaghady. I think the owner of the house was a man named Brian Donaghey. The occupants of the house were in great terror, knowing of the desperate and brutal acts already committed by Atchinson. The neighbors found out the whereabouts of Atchinson that night, and the hue and cry was raised. Men came in fairly large numbers headed by a Captain St. Clare. Among them was old Edward Devine with his blackthorn stick. The house was surrounded and Atchinson was captured alive without the loss of a man. It is said he put up a game fight, as was expected from his past reputation. At dawn, he was tied down with strong ropes on a cart and conveyed with a large escort to Derry jail. Captain St. Clair was riding on horseback. Edward Devine was either riding in the cart or on horseback close to it. Some of the men carelessly put their muskets on the cart not far from Atchinson's right hand. Perhaps they thought he was so well tied that precautions were unnecessary. But Atchinson kept twisting and turning his wrists while the escorts were not noticing until he had his hands free. He waited for the opportune moment, which came when they were

close to Prehen Wood. He suddenly grabbed the musket leveled it with Captain St. Clare's head and pulled the trigger. Just as the gun discharged, Edward Devine's stick knocked the muzzle upward and the ball whizzed past the Captain's head. Atchinson was secured in Derry jail and soon afterwards hanged.

### **James Devine**

Isabella St. Clair's other son, James, was born in 1779, as he was nineteen years old at the battle of the Nile. This young lad, James Devine, showed signs of great strength and sturdiness at an early age. He became a Ribbon man very young. The district of Donaghady was subject to many faction fights and quarrels, especially about the time of St. Patrick's Day and the 12<sup>th</sup> of July. Young James Devine got into one of these fights and knocked down every Orangeman that came within range of his fists. He was only eighteen years of age at this time and it was considered a disgrace to the Orange party to be defeated by the boy. Sam Knox, the great Orange bully of Donaghady was not in this encounter, but when he heard of the impression that James Devine had made, he expressed regret at not being there to have whipped the lad. He soon sent a challenge to James Devine, stating there was one man in Donaghady who could beat him at anytime and anyplace. Devine accepted the challenge immediately, and a day and place were soon fixed. James Devine stood five feet ten and one half inches in his boots and weighed 14 stone ten pounds or 206 pounds. Sam Knox was thirty years old, stood six feet tall and weighed about 14 stone or 196 pounds. When the time arrived for the fight, Isabella St. Clair made known her intention of being present. It was with difficulty that she was persuaded not to witness the combat. She told her son that the fight should be with swords instead of with bare fists. She said, "It was a humiliation for her to see him in a low fist fight." Her last words to him as he left for the fight were, "If you don't beat him, don't come back, for you will never eat the bread I bake. If I were there, I'd make you beat him." The details of the fight are not known now. But we do know that James Devine beat the Orange bully and beat him decisively. A man who died many years ago described James Devine to my father as follows; "He was about 14 ½ stones in weight, stood 5feet, 10 ½ inches tall, and when stripped to fight, his arms were like water cans.

After this fight, the indignation of the Orange party was so aroused that it was necessary for James Devine to leave the country to preserve his life. He left home and joined the British navy. At the time England was at war with France. James was at the Battle of the Nile and served aboard Nelson's flagship, 'Victory'. In a letter to his mother, he described the battle. He said he was terribly afraid at first as he saw his comrades fall around him. But, in a short time he steadied himself and was not afraid and felt in a fighting humor. After the French ships had struck all of their flags and victory was won, the captain of the Victory, who had his eye on James during the battle, came up to him and patted him on the back and complimented him for being a brave lad.

Soon after the battle of the Nile, James Devine left the sea and joined the land forces. During his time in England, he took unauthorized leave and stole away to Ireland for a couple of weeks. While in Ireland, he married his sweetheart of boyhood days. She was a very pretty girl named McGrath. When he returned to England, the officer in charge of his company called for him to impose punishment on him for absence without leave. Young Devine said he ran away to get married. The officer asked to see the girl he had married. When he saw her, he said "No wonder you ran away for her." He shook hands with Devine, wishing him future happiness. James Devine had one son whom he called Neal. Neal was raised at Donaghady. He was husky and of rambling disposition. Little more is known of him.

Later, James' regiment was sent to Egypt. Whether his wife went with him is not known. A Scotch officer was in charge of the regiment. He was very fond of James because of his Scotch ancestry. This officer was obliged to leave Egypt and return to

Britain. An English officer was appointed as his substitute. One day as the company was forming into line, this English officer thought James was rather slow. Possibly there was antagonism between them and James may have acted awkwardly on purpose. The English officer yelled, "Dress up you Irish dog." Devine felt the insult bitterly, and made up his mind to get satisfaction. A moment later, the English officer passed along the rank and as he came close to Devine, he walked into a jab from Devine's mighty right, which caught him in the solar plexus and knocked him senseless. The sentence in those days for striking an officer was death. James was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. A petition was signed by every man in the company requesting that clemency might be shown to Devine and that his life might be spared. The sentence was commuted to nine hundred and ninety nine lashes on the triangle, which generally meant death. There was no remission from this penalty. A young Scotch soldier named Cambell volunteered to stay with Devine until the punishment was over. Then, Devine was tied to the triangle and the cat-o-nine tails was used. As he took his punishment, he held a gun ball in his teeth. Cambell changed the balls in Devine's mouth as he chewed through them, bearing his punishment. It was a heart-rending scene. Devine bit through three gun balls during the terrible ordeal. After the nine hundred and ninety ninth lash fell on his broad chest, he shouted faintly, "I live, I live." His chest and back were bruised and bloody and his lungs were bare. It took quite a while for him to recover from the awful punishment. He is the only man known to have lived after nine hundred and ninety nine lashes on the triangle. Shortly after this event, the Scotch officer returned to the regiment. When he learned what had happened to James Devine during his absence, he was ready for war on the English officer and reprimanded him severely as an English despot and coward. Later James was transferred to India, where he became an expert swordsman. The Indian climate shortened his days and he did not live to an old age.

### **The Children of Edward Devine and Sarah Hegarty**

This narrative will now consider the family of Edward Devine and Sarah Hegarty. The children of Edward Devine and Sarah Hegarty were the third generation after Eammon Rue.

### **Isabell**

Isabell, the eldest, was born in 1805. She married a man named Patrick Philips, who lived at Maghereagh, north of Strabane. She had a grandson living there in 1923. One of the Phillip's was married to Edward Logue, the father of Mrs. Gallagher and Mrs. McKenna of Dungiven, Co. Derry.

### **James Devine**

James, the second member of the family, was born in 1807 at the old homestead held by the Devine's for long over a century. He was tall, about 5 feet 11 inches, and athletic. He was a very intelligent young man and surveyed the bowling green of Strabane. He died as a very young man at age 21. He attended the seminary at Templemoyle, Eglinton. It was believed that his death was a result of jumping over a five bar gate during an athletic sports day held by the students. In any case, he died on 22<sup>nd</sup> April 1828, a few days after the sports day. He was a young man of very high principles and very popular among his fellow students. He had a very fine appearance and was regarded as a model young man. The following poem was written of him after his death by a companion of his and gives a fine description of him:

Must I lament for virtue's emblem gay  
    You sacred muse assist me to deplore  
And mourn the loss of genius brightest ray  
    By deaths proud arrow, Ah he is no more.

A youth of talents through his fame unknown  
    In beauty's mould he carefully was cast.  
God has ordained him for to be his own  
    Life's boisterous sea he carefully has past.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere  
    Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
In virtues sacred path he persevered  
    And God consoled him to his latter end.

This youth sublime, no vicious path he knew  
    Few unchaste thoughts e'er filled his glowing breast  
And faithful servant ever kind and true.  
    So clear appeared to his time elapsed.

Beneath the spacious temple of the skies  
    He moldering lies, surrounded by the dead.  
His soul immortal did ascend on high  
    There to receive his great and just reward.

With golden letters I'll inscribe his name,  
    I'll still revere him as my former friend  
Such worth departed never will again  
    Posses a bosom, or adorn a mind.

Talk not of him in solitary gloom  
    Or mourn his loss, you parents ever dear  
For he with God forever will abound,  
    His grace perpetual ever more to share.

J. McGinley  
Castle Street, Strabane  
Ireland

### **Edward Devine**

Edward came after James. He was born in 1812 and died in 1897. He married Mary Kavanaugh about 1833. They raised eight children, all of whom went to America. The oldest named Sophia died in 1921 in a Sister's home in Philadelphia. She was about 82 years old. Edward and his wife Mary had a public house in Ballymagorry for a time. Mary died about 1849 and Edward went to assist his father-in-law, Michael Kavanaugh in the grain trade. This Edward Devine had descendants living in Philadelphia in 1923. Edward, like his father Edward retained his agility until he was an old man. He was about five feet nine inches tall, and when 50 years old he could jump 36 feet in three broad jumps. He was of a cool and jolly disposition, and not as hot tempered as other members of the family. He was a good all round athlete, but like his brothers, he excelled in the art of boxing. He won a victory over professor Byers, the English middleweight, in the town of Raphoe in 1836. He won by a knockout. His son Edward, Yankee Ed, after spending forty-nine years in America and raising a family there, returned to Cloughcor, Strabane, where he engaged in the liquor trade from 1913 until his death on 5<sup>th</sup> November 1921 at 77 years of age.

There is reference in James Devine's writings to a big Mick Devine a policeman and poet of Philadelphia, who wrote Moorlough Mary.

### **The Children of Edward Devine and Mary Kavanaugh**

The eight children of Edward Devine and Mary Kavanaugh were Michael, born 1837, lost at sea, James, Sophia, born 1839 and died 1921, Sarah, Edward, born 1846 and died 5<sup>th</sup> Nov 1921, Charles, William, Thomas, born 1851 and died 1910. All died in America except Edward and Michael, who were lost at sea.

### **Neal**

Neal came after Edward. He was born about 1814 and died in 1884. As a young man he studied for the priesthood at Manooth and was ordained about 1836, a few months before he reached the canonical age. He was a curate in the parish of Carndonagh, then transferred to the parish of Faughanvale. He was appointed parish priest of Cumber Claudy in 1857 and remained there until he died in 1884. As a student at Maynooth, he was a leading athlete and was considered the best man at the college in the art of boxing. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall with an exceedingly robust build. He was an authority on Irish History and contributed much of his knowledge to a book entitled "The History of Innishowen." He took sick on the altar while celebrating Sunday Mass and died a few hours later. Even years later, older residents of the parish of Cumber spoke of Father Devine with love and respect. A marble slab bearing an inscription on it over a side altar in the old church in Claudy marks his resting-place.

### **Charles**

Charles, the fourth son of this family, was born about 1816. He emigrated to Australia in 1843. He was not heard from afterwards, but was believed to be still alive in 1880. It was he who defeated the champion of Connaught when he visited the family at Woodend. He was 6 feet tall and more powerfully built than the other brothers. He was clever and talented, a good speaker and was the heart of fun and jokes. He was more cool tempered than any of the others, except Edward.

### **John**

John or Johnny as he was called kept a public house in Strabane. He was a short man about 5 feet 6 inches and weighed about 145 pounds. He was very active and few men could equal him in a game of handball or with the gloves. He was reckoned the best man in Strabane with the boxing gloves, except for his brother William, who was much larger. He was never afraid to take on a square fight with any man no matter his

opponent's size. When Johnny was 19 years old, he had an encounter with a man who was travelling and exhibiting his boxing skill with the celebrated Professor Burke. The encounter took place in Strabane, probably in the market place. This youth was giving exhibitions under the watchful eye of Burke. None of the Strabane lads was sufficiently skilled to compete with him, and he was making a fool of every one who tackled him. He seemed cocky and conceited because of his success. Johnny came along while the sparring was in progress. He remained silent, but was studying this fellow's style. Burke backed this fellow against any lad in Strabane. Johnny was asked, "If he would be game to tackle this professional." Johnny quickly said, "Certainly, I will." Johnny was slightly lighter than his opponent, but they soon started business. At the start, the other fellow thought he had an easy thing as before and Johnny came pretty near getting him in the first round. It was said they fought for over an hour and at the end, it was called a draw. Many thought Johnny deserved the decision. An eyewitness to the fight said they would frequently land at the same time and both bounce back off each other's gloves. This fight was talked of for years afterwards in Strabane.

During the 12<sup>th</sup> of July, an Orange Procession passed through the streets of Strabane headed by the Orange champion who exclaimed that he could beat any Papish in Strabane. Johnny was walking peacefully on the sidewalk appearing to take no notice of what was happening. He made a sudden dart at the bully and knocked him stiff before the crowd in the procession realized what happened. Johnny walked quickly round the corner of the street and entered the first door he met. He heard a voice calling him upstairs. Going up he was greeted by a priest who had been looking out the window at the whole incident. He congratulated Johnny for holding up the whole procession, and treated him to a glass of the best whiskey in the house.

Johnny was in Derry one night when there were many sailing ships lying along the wharf. He called in an inn along the wharf, where a number of seamen were amusing themselves. He soon got mixed up among them and the gloves were introduced for what was to be a friendly bout. A sea Captain who was very expert at the game put on the mitts with different country fellows. In all cases he showed himself a bit rough for a friendly bout, disposing of the countrymen very quickly. In the end it came Johnny Devine's time and he appeared as much like a countryman as he could. He was asked if he would care to take a chance with the captain and he hugged the offer. The captain thought he had an easy thing, at first, as Johnny looked like a countryman to him. Johnny started off on the defensive to fool the Captain. When the Captain was in full form, Johnny let him have it hard on the jaw with his right. Down went the Captain to the boards, but he came up with a scowl on his face and after Johnny again. Johnny gave him the same medicine several times, until the Captain said he had enough. Johnny did not knock him out, but it is believed he could have, if he wished. Johnny died in 1863, a comparatively young man of 46 years.

### **Margaret**

After Johnny, came Margaret. She was born about 1818 and died March 1907. She spent many years at Cumber, Claudy attending to her brother Rev. Father Neal Devine. She was a very handsome woman and dressed equal to a Princess. She never married. At 89, she was the last survivor of this generation of Devines. She ended her last days with her grand niece Mrs. Edward (or John) Gallagher of Strabane.

### **Thomas**

After Margaret came Thomas Devine, born at Woodend, Strabane in 1819. In 1841, he married Catherine Cavanaugh, daughter of Michael Cavanaugh a grain merchant. Thomas operated a small grocery and liquor trade in Ballymagorry for about three years after his marriage. Later, they operated an oatmeal mill driven by waterpower. Then, he began farming a forty-acre farm adjacent to Ballymagorry. His farming operation expanded into a cattle trade, and in a few years, he became an extensive cattle dealer. He

developed an extensive shipping operation with Liverpool and Glasgow and had many exciting adventures while engaged in this business. He was very strong, very hot tempered, and had great confidence in himself. He was 5 feet 7 and 1/2 inches tall, measured 44 inches around the chest, and weighed 14 stone, 7 pounds or 203 pounds. Due to the extensive travel required by the nature of his business, he had more personal encounters than any of his brothers. He feared no man regardless of his size. He was never known to take an insult without punishing his adversary. Owing to his abstemious habits, he was always in good form. He used to often say, "He never feared mortal man."

During a crossing with his cattle from Derry to Glasgow, a severe storm arose in the channel and the ship's captain signified his intention to throw the cattle overboard. The value of the cattle was approximately 2,000 pounds. In those days, the loss of such an amount would reduce many men to bankruptcy. Thomas Devine had crossed the channel hundreds of times before and saw many strong hurricanes on the sea. He told the captain that it was unnecessary to throw the cattle over to save the ship. The captain paid no heed to his advice and the order was given to the crew to heave the cattle overboard. The captain and the crew were a hard boiled bunch, but after this order was given, Thomas Devine grabbed an axe that he saw close at hand, and advancing toward the Captain he exclaimed, "If you or your men lay a hand on those cattle before they get into the port of Glasgow, I will cleave you from the skull to the heel." The Captain stepped back and the cattle were permitted to be landed safely in Glasgow. His fast temper was generally gone after a few minutes and he would try to make amends for it. He was more of a real fighter than the other members of the family, although not as well scioned as Johnny or William. He was a crack handball player, when he was young. Although he was heavy and 44 inches in circumference of the chest, he was fine in the bone and had small wrists and hands. When trouble started in an inn, he diverted the troublemakers from quarrelling to sport, and amused them by jumping over a chair at a standing jump.

With his first wife, Catherine Kavanaugh, he had seven children: Neal, Michael, Michael (both died in infancy), Thomas, Bernard, Catherine, and Edward. His first wife died on 17<sup>th</sup> April 1854. It was thought that her illness resulted from sitting on grass on the side of a hill in hot weather. She caught a bad cold and death was probably caused by pneumonia. About 1864, he married his second wife Sarah Jane Kelly of Castlefinn. Sarah Jane Kelly was a very saintly woman of about 38 years of age. Later he sold his farm at Ballymagorry and then bought a farm at Killygordon where he resided with his new family. With his second wife, he had two children: Michael and Sarah Jane. During the Land League days of 1887 and 1888, he was an active politician and devoted a large amount of time and money for the cause. He died in 1889 at the age of 69 years.

#### **Sarah Devine**

Next, after Thomas, in this family of sixteen came Sarah who was born about 1821. She married a man named Thomas Donaghey who lived near Ballymagorry.

#### **William Devine**

After Sarah came William, who was born in 1823 and died in 1893. He never married. He was the owner of a public house in Strabane, later run by Edward Gallagher. William was 5 feet 8 inches tall, broad shouldered and 48 inches in circumference around the chest. He was the greatest pugilist in Strabane during his prime and few if any since have been equal to him. He knocked out Professor Burke in Strabane and other famous pugilists. He was a great ball player and cricket player. In cricket he was a crack bowler. At his death he left a very substantial estate, valued at 16,000 pounds, distributed among his brother Dennis and sister Margaret and nieces and nephews. He is buried in the family burial ground near the main entrance of the church at Cloughcor. A beautiful white marble Celtic cross marks his grave. He raised the grand children of his sister Isabel. Sarah Logue daughter of Isabel Phillips died 1874. Sarah's children were raised by William Devine.

### **Denis Devine**

The next member of the family, Denis was born in 1825 and died in 1902. He remained on the old homestead at Woodend and married Miss Mary Ann McLaughlin, a niece of Dr. McLaughlin, Bishop of Derry. Denis was a fairly large man. He was a very peaceful, industrious, and honorable man and highly respected. He was a very successful farmer. He and his wife had four sons; Edward, Charles, Denis, and William John and two daughters; Elizabeth and Margaret (Mrs. Kelly). Edward remained on the homestead at Woodend and married Miss McNickol in 1916. They had at least one child.

### **Catherine Devine**

Catherine was born in 1827 and died in 1855. She was a splendid girl.

### **Mary Devine**

Mary was born in 1828 and died young. Three others also died young.

### **Children of Thomas Devine and Catherine Cavanaugh**

The Thomas Devine referred to here was born about 1820 at Woodend, Strabane and died at Killygordon, Donegal in 1889. He was the son of Edward Devine and Sarah Hegarty. Since no record of the name Thomas has been found in the Devine family between 1712 and 1819, it is thought that the name Thomas was introduced into the clan through the Hegarty's. In this text, he is referred to as Thomas the First, although he was sometimes referred to by his friends as 'Thomas the Terrible'. This was not intended as a derogatory appellation, but was a flattering term, recognizing him as a man of strong will, courage and determination. His wife Catherine Cavanaugh was the daughter of Michael Cavanaugh and Sophie Crawford.

The following paragraph was written by Thomas Devine, born in the Bronx, N.Y. in 1937, and is based upon the oral accounts related to him by his father James Devine and verified by the accounts of the sisters of James Devine.

Michael Cavanaugh was an engineer who had supervised the canal built from the river Foyle to the town of Strabane and later operated a large farm adjacent to the canal and operated the locks on the canal adjacent to the canal. Catherine Cavanaugh was the sister of Mary Cavanaugh who married Edward Devine the brother of Thomas Devine. Therefore these two brothers Edward and Thomas Devine married two sisters Mary and Catherine Cavanaugh. Both sisters died before their families were reared and the children were taken by their grandmother Sophie Crawford, a remarkable woman, who reared not only her own children, but also her grandchildren. Sophie Crawford was reared as a Protestant of planter heritage, who converted to the Catholic Faith upon her marriage to Michael Cavanaugh. A story handed down in the family concerning Sophie Crawford follows. As a young man Michael Cavanaugh went to the household of the Crawfords to learn the trade of milling. At the time when the Crawford family assembled for the family meal, or tea, Michael Cavanaugh took the initiative to sit down at the table with them to join in the meal. The Crawford family did not expect this, and regarded this as audacity. They were so stunned, however, that they did not know how to respond, and proceeded with the meal. At the conclusion of the meal, when Michael Cavanaugh stood up from his seat, Sophie Crawford went over and ostentatiously wiped off the seat to remove the contamination associated with the presence of a 'Papist'. Papist was a term used in a derogatory sense to refer to Catholics because of their allegiance to the Pope, the bishop of Rome and successor of Peter, the chief of the Apostles. It was this same Sophie Crawford who later fell in love with and married Michael Cavanaugh. She inspired in her grand children a knowledge and love of the Holy Scriptures. She is described further in Appendix 4 in Thomas Devine's tribute to his Grandparents.

### **Neal Devine**

**This section of the narrative is derived from James Devine's composition written in 1959 and 1960.**

The first born son of Catherine Cavanaugh and Thomas Devine, was Neal Devine born in 1842, about a year after his parents marriage. Neal was named for his great Grandfather, who married Isabell St. Clair. He was a red haired boy who grew up to be strong, athletic, courageous and daring. He attended Cloughcor National School, which required an exceptionally long walk from Ballymagorry. He progressed rapidly under the tutoring of Master McDaid, a teacher he loved. Master McDaid was highly respected by the people of Strabane who were an intelligent well-informed people. Master McDaid taught both Catholic and non-Catholic boys, who often read the bible together, up till the mid 1870s. Neal Devine was a very bright pupil, also agile, quick tempered and daring. When Neal was about eight years old, a school inspector visited the school. The inspector found fault with some of Master McDaid's teaching methods, and a hot argument ensued. Young Neal Devine felt a strong sense of loyalty to Master McDaid, and flung his writing slate at the inspector's head. Fortunately, it missed the inspector's head, but went through a pane of glass in the school window. Master McDaid appreciated his loyalty, but was required by protocol to scold him before the Inspector. The inspector made some remark about the bold undisciplined children but departed from the classroom soon after. Master McDaid always maintained a warm spot in his heart for Neal Devine.

Neal was a bright pupil with remarkably good penmanship with either a quill or pen. He loved drawing and carving with a penknife. James Devine recorded that he saw Neal's artistic work carved on ash trees along the canal bank at the great farm at the Locks. He had carved the figure of a heart with an arrow through it pointing towards the Locks and family residence, thus signifying that his heart was at the Locks. Under the heart was his name Neal Devine carved in very good print and the date 1856 carved below. He was fourteen years old when he did this excellent carving. Neal's brother Thomas Devine pointed out this carving to his son James Devine in January 1904, about four months after arriving as a boy in Ireland. The carving was on four or five different ash trees along the bank of the canal. It is clear that Thomas Devine held his brother Neal in great affection, since James Devine recorded that his father would stand and look at the carving and repeat to himself and his son "Poor Neal" no doubt reflecting on happy boyhood days gone forever.

Neal Devine was fond of all kinds of sport. He could play all kinds of games and was very supple and active. He was a good boxer and used to try to teach his younger brothers who were not as fond of it as he was. He was ambitious and tried to do all sorts of work on the farm and the canal boats. He was full of fun, although he liked to work. When he was 20 years old, he decided to emigrate to America. About 1861, he bade farewell to the Locks, Greenlaw, and Old Strabane, and sailed away from Derry Quay for the port of New York. After landing in New York, he quickly took a job as a messenger along the docks and Lower Broadway and Wall Street. He continued in this work for some time, and when his cousin Edward Devine, who had been reared with him at the Locks, arrived in 1862, the first man he met on the docks that he knew, was Neal Devine. Neal was going off to deliver a package and told Edward to wait for him. Edward stayed with him for a few days and probably took a turn as a messenger, also. Then, they both went off to Philadelphia, where there were many Tyrone people and were they soon found employment. The American Civil War was in progress at the time, and they both considered volunteering with an Irish Regiment. Then, Neal met a girl he loved and they soon got married. Edward did not find service in the army appealing when Neal would not be serving with him. For a time they both worked on steamboats on the Delaware River. Neal became the father of a baby girl. Little is known of him after this. Edward Devine saw him one Sunday after mass, very well dressed in a blue serge suit. Neal was 5 ft 11 inches tall with a ruddy face and clear skin, good limbs, and broad square shoulders.

Edward Devine related to James Devine in 1911, that his Uncle Neal was as handsome a man as ever he saw in Philadelphia. After the civil war, Neal got a longing to go West with the hope of improving his position in life. He left his wife and daughter in Philadelphia with the plan to send for them later. Unfortunately, he had a weakness for hard liquor and would go on an occasional spree. He moved westward, but after the first few weeks was not heard from. He stopped writing to his grandmother in Ireland after the first year of absence. In 1886 his younger brother Thomas was in Denver, Colorado. There, Thomas Devine met a man in Denver, who had been sick in a hospital in Arizona. In the hospital ward with him, was a man named Neal Devine. The description this man gave of the man named Neal Devine who had been in the hospital with him was identical with that of Neal Devine from the Locks near Strabane. Thomas Devine said that he was convinced that it was his brother Neal Devine that died in the Arizona hospital, from pneumonia, about the year 1880.

### **Michael Devine**

After the birth of Neal Devine, a second child was born and named Michael, in honor of his Grandfather Michael Cavanaugh. This child died in infancy soon after he was baptized. Then, a third child was born, about the end of 1884, and was also named Michael. This child died in infancy also. No more of Thomas Devine's children were named Michael, until after his second marriage. This child survived, but the boy was not a grandson of Michael Cavanaugh.

### **Thomas Devine, II**

Thomas Devine, II son of Thomas Devine, I and Catherine Cavanaugh of the Locks, Greenlaw was born in Ballymagorry near Strabane early on a windy morning, before dawn, on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March 1846. Perhaps it was because he was born on such a stormy night that he grew up strong and vigorous and was well equipped for the trials and hardships he had to withstand in the western United States in later years.

Thomas Devine had a brother named Edward who was six years younger than himself. It is clear from subsequent events that there was a strong bond of loyalty and trust between these brothers. Edward was unhappy at home at the Locks and ran away as a teenager to Scotland. His brother Tom was sent after him to bring him home. However, when Tom arrived in Scotland, he found that Edward had left for America! Tom Devine then returned home. Thomas remained faithful to his father at Ballymagorry and the Locks and later at Killygordon, Donegal, to which his family moved after his father married his second wife Sarah Jane Kelly. Sarah inherited a 30-acre farm at Mullingar, Co. Donegal from her parents. Tom Devine became skilled in all kinds of farm work such as ploughing, sowing and mowing. He also learned the scutching trade from his grandfather Cavanaugh's mill near Strabane. His great ability to do farm work at Killygordon was talked about for twenty years after he emigrated to America. He was above the average man in size at that time, standing 5 ft 9 and 3/4 inches. He related to his son that he weighed only 10 stone, 9 pounds or 149 pounds when he was 20 years old. At thirty, he weighed 11 stone or 155 pounds. He had long arms and measured a 74-inch reach that enabled him to keep off the smart guys with a long left jab. He had great confidence in himself, but did not claim to be a fighter. However, he was a dangerous man to make trouble with. He was cooler tempered and more reflective than his father Thomas, I. His son James often quoted him as saying "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Tom Devine was the first man in the vicinity of Killygordon known to mow 2 acres of oats in one day of 10 hours. He plowed the same field of 2 acres the previous spring with a 9-inch single furrow in one day, but he worked from 5 AM to 6:30 PM with a strong lively pair of horses. He was generous with his ability and often helped the neighbors with the planting of their crops.

In 1878-79, farming was not profitable in Ireland. Thomas Devine realized it was the British Landlords or their descendants who reaped the profits from the Irish farmers by extracting exorbitant rents for the lands that were stolen from the indigenous Irish by cannon and sword. He decided to emigrate to the land of the free, where men had a more equal opportunity to succeed in life. His brothers Neal and Edward were already in the United States as well as cousins who had emigrated during the American Civil War. He received encouragement from Edward his trusted friend and brother to come to America. A large convoy of friends and relatives accompanied him from Killygordon to the port of Derry. He sailed from Derry on the 7<sup>th</sup> of June 1880 and arrived in New York on the 17<sup>th</sup> of June. He then traveled by rail from New York to Casey, Iowa where he joined his brother Edward, who was section Superintendent of the Rock Island Railroad at Casey. Edward was married to Julia Mahoney, who had been a schoolteacher in Chicago. Edward and Julia were raising their family. At the time of Tom Devine's arrival from Ireland, their oldest child, Mammie, was about 6 years old. The younger children were Joseph, and John Thomas. Another child, Annie, was born a few days after Tom Devine arrived. Tom Devine stood as her sponsor and became her Godfather at her baptism. Tom Devine worked on the railroad for his brother Edward for almost three years. In 1883, he invested his hard-earned money in the purchase of 80 acres of farmland near Casey. He paid \$16 per acre for the land, and in 1924 was offered \$300 per acre for it.

During his time in Casey, Tom and his brother Ed taught catechism to the Catholic children of the community. Ed's wife Julia who was a schoolteacher used the Train Station as a schoolhouse to teach the children. One of her daughters, who later became Sister Judith of the Dominican Order of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, and taught school for fifty years, remarked that she always loved school. One cannot help but think that her early experience in school with her mother had a profound and positive influence on her life and love of teaching. While Tom Devine was teaching the children of the community, he was also learning German from their families, since many of the families in the area were German speaking. Tom Devine had previously acquired knowledge of Gaelic, Latin and French from the priests in Ireland. His knowledge of French was useful later during his trip to the Shrine of Our Blessed Mother in Lourdes, France.

Looking for better opportunities, Tom Devine decided to see more of the West. He left Casey at the end of April 1884 and traveled by rail to Lincoln, Nebraska. From Lincoln he traveled by wagon trail across the plains toward Colorado. He took a job herding sheep for a few months. He found it lonesome and monotonous. His horse and the sheep stayed close to his tent at night, as if they felt the loneliness too. He worked at construction and mining sites around Denver that fall. From his old notebook, we learn that he was in Cheyenne on Monday the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May 1886. It is probable that it was near this time that he was in a mining camp when two men came and imposed themselves as cooks on the men. The cooking was very bad, and the men were very angry. It was a rough crowd of men, some of whom had been in Laramie Wyoming. They quickly decided on a lynching party to hang the would be cooks. Half of the camp was opposed to the lynching. A man named Gleason said to Tom Devine, "Are there enough Irishmen here to prevent this disgraceful murder?" As they gathered for the hanging, Gleason called for every Irishman to show his love of justice and right. Then he called on Tom Devine to speak. Tom Devine showed no fear and said; "Bad cooking did not warrant murder. If they did not like the cooking let us fire them and get new cooks. If you don't like that, let every Irishman who believes in justice step to this side and we will see that there will be no murder in the face of our vigorous resistance." They talked and argued until a compromise was agreed upon. The cooks were sentenced to three duckings in a near by river. The duckings were carried out and the cooks left camp that evening alive and somewhat grateful to be spared from hanging. Soon after this incident, Tom Devine, Gleason and a few more Irishmen moved northward toward a place called Cody,

Wyoming. Soon after leaving Cody and moving north toward Livingston, a large group of about 1,000 Indians on horseback came galloping toward them! They immediately began forming the wagons into a circle. Orders from the Wagon Master were "Get your rifles and shot guns ready, but hold your fire until you get my command. Sell your lives as dear as you can". A great feeling of relief came over the little company when the Indian Chief rode out ahead of the rest of his tribe and holding his hand high shouted "How, How, How!" And extended his hand as a sign of peace. Then the peace pipe was lit and every adult had to take a puff of the Chief's peace pipe. Tom Devine related to his son many years later that it was a distasteful thing for him as a non-smoker at the time. After the Indians left, a couple of the old plains men with the band revealed that the Indians were the Sioux tribe and the Chief was the great warchief Sitting Bull of the Northern Plains. It seemed as if both parties were afraid, and desired peace. The caravan then proceeded on peacefully to Livingston.

Before leaving Denver, Tom Devine learned of Marcus Daly's development of the Anaconda Mine in Butte, Montana and the sinking of the mineshaft from the 180-foot level to the 300-foot level. His goal after leaving Denver must have been Butte. From Livingston he moved toward Bozeman, Montana on the Union Pacific Railroad. The construction of the Bozeman tunnel was then in progress during the late summer of 1886. Tom Devine worked on the Westend Tunnel in the winter. He had a narrow escape once, when the explosive charges set off were too powerful. The cave in that resulted, imprisoned twelve men behind earth and rock for over an hour. He reached Butte by the end of July 1887. The new Anaconda Copper Mine was producing and smelting was in progress in Anaconda for the two previous years. Construction work was still going on at the smelters and in the new town. Thomas Devine arrived in Anaconda in September 1887 when the town was only four years old. Marcus Daly had founded the town when he started to build the smelters there. Tom Devine was a big man with a robust healthy appearance, a strong personality and excellent communication skills. He made a favorable impression on Marcus Daly. Marcus Daly came from Derrylea, Ballyjamesduff, County Cavan, Ireland. Marcus Daly left Co. Cavan when he was 15 years old and sailed from Cork to New York in 1856. (Marcus Daly was a relative of Anna Brady the wife of James Devine. She related that in that branch of the family it was customary to name the children for the four evangelists). Soon after Tom Devine's interview with Marcus Daly, Daly appointed him a timekeeper at the lower works. He worked in the good graces of Marcus Daly until 1898. From 1891 to 1897, he bought city lots and built six houses in Anaconda.

In 1889, Montana was elevated to the status of a State in the Union. It was the ambition of Marcus Daly that Anaconda should become the State Capitol. Early in 1894, Tom Devine did much campaigning to make Anaconda the State Capitol. This activity brought Tom Devine further into the good graces of Marcus Daly. However, in the election of 1894, Anaconda polled 10,183 votes versus 14,010 votes for Helena.

In 1888, Tom Devine advised his brother Edward to leave Iowa and come west to Montana to the then booming town of Anaconda. Edward sold his land and gave up his railroad job and traveled west with his family. Edward and Tom Devine started the fifth grocery store in Anaconda on East Commercial Ave. The first store in Anaconda was started by the Canadians McCollum and Cluteer on East Commercial Ave. Edward Devine continued as an Anaconda merchant for the remainder of his life. Thomas Devine ended his partnership with his brother and resumed work as a timekeeper at the smelter again.

In early 1889, Tom Devine learned of his father's failing health. He returned to Ireland in that eventful year when the land league was in active progress. His father's health improved when he saw his son Thomas so well and prosperous. Tom Devine campaigned through the land league struggle for William O'Brien and Tim Healy M. P.

Tom Devine made platform speeches all through Donegal and part of Tyrone. Many of his fiery speeches were remembered in the area around Castlefinn for twenty years after. After he christened the Castlefinn band, a large farewell party was accorded to him and he bade farewell to his father and brothers and sisters and returned to Anaconda again about the end of September 1889. He was soon followed by Jane Kelly of County Armagh, who became his bride in October in Anaconda. Jane Kelly was the niece of Sara Jane Kelly who had previously become his father's second wife. Soon after his marriage, his father died at Killygordon in Ireland in November 1889 at age 69.

A son was born to Thomas Devine, II and Jane Kelly in Anaconda on the 11<sup>th</sup> of July 1890. The birth was premature by one month and the child was delicate in some ways and had rickets. He died in Ireland in August 1905.

Thomas Devine continued to be active in politics after he returned to Anaconda. He supported his Brother Edward in the race for Alderman of the fourth ward in successive successful campaigns. He built six houses in the six hundred block of East Fourth Street, on the lots he purchased in 1890. These houses were always rented and continued to provide him steady income up to the end of 1898.

Six children were born to Thomas and Jane Devine: Thomas born July 1890, James Michael born December 8, 1892, Catherine born March 19, 1894, Sophie born February 1897, and Edward born 1899, and Isabell Jane born 1892. The children grew in contentment except for Thomas who grew mentally, but was unable to walk normally. The whole family enjoyed a ten-day trip to Salt Lake City to take in the events associated with the Mormon Jubilee in 1897. They witnessed the daily parade of wild steers, buffalo cowboys, horse drawn floats, bright lights, rodeos and other exhibitions. An account of this trip will be found in the appendix.

In late April 1898, when Sophie Devine was a baby of 14 months, that Tom Devine spoke frankly about Marcus Daly's attitude toward the Catholic Church and his failure to raise his children in the Catholic Faith, an attitude that was foreign to the tradition of the illustrious Daly Family. He also spoke in opposition to going to war with Spain, as did President McKinley. Very soon an apology was asked of Big Tom, as his friends called him. Big Tom's answer was to resign from his position with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. Then he took a trip to Ireland with his wife and four children. An account of this eventful trip will be found in the appendix.

The Devine family returned to Anaconda arriving in November 1898. Tom Devine resumed employment in the office at the smelters again, but his employment lasted only a few months. Marcus Daly was not fully reconciled and Tom Devine would not apologize. Tom Devine found only occasional employment. He had many friends, but they could not help him. There was only one employer, 'The Anaconda Copper Mining Company' – and that was Marcus Daly! The rent from his houses provided the support for the family. In the summer of 1899, Tom Devine took an interesting trip to Seattle, Washington which was then a booming city. Tom Devine hoped to find an opening for a new business venture. He returned by way of Oregon and across Idaho, travelling in part by stagecoach. He decided, however, not to move to the Pacific Coast.

Nineteen hundred was election year in the United States. William A. Clark had established himself as the second largest mine operator in Butte, second only to Marcus Daly. Daly and Clark were referred to as the 'Copper Kings' and were fierce competitors. Clark was running for Senator against Marcus Daly's candidate Fred Whiteside. Clark supported the eight-hour workday instead of the old twelve-hour shift day. Tom Devine campaigned with zeal for William Clark and the eight-hour day. At that time in Montana, the state legislature elected the State Senators to the United States Congress. Clark was elected, but Whiteside charged fraud, which resulted in lawsuits. Clark resigned, but returned to office after a few weeks. He granted his miners an eight-hour day instead of the old twelve-hour shift day. Tom Devine was selected as the Chairman of the

Democratic Party of Anaconda and was elected to the State Legislature. Tom Devine was selected as a delegate to the Democratic Convention in Helena in the summer of 1900. He was an ardent admirer and supporter of the great orator William Jennings Bryan for President of the United States.

Marcus Daly died in New York City on the 12<sup>th</sup> of November 1900 at age 59. He had been ill with diabetes for two years previous and had failed to find a remedy. During his final illness in the Shirley Netherlands Hotel, he was attended by Monsignor Lavallo and reconciled to The Church just before he lapsed into a coma. Monsignor Lavallo conducted the Requiem mass for Marcus Daly in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Thomas Devine mourned the death of Marcus Daly who gave him his first job in Anaconda. Daly was admired as a most successful mining magnate and a great sportsman. As a tribute to Marcus Daly, Tom Devine wrote an obituary published in the Anaconda Standard on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of January 1902. The article contained an honorific genealogy of the Daly clan drawing a parallel between the chariot races of the clan 1900 years ago and Marcus Daly's interest in horse racing in 1899 when his horse won the English Derby at Epsom. Tom Devine wrote many interesting articles for the Anaconda Standard up to 1903.

Early in 1902, Mrs. Thomas Devine became very ill. She was attended by Dr. Leaghey. As the weeks passed, she did not improve. Dr. Spellman was called in along with Dr. Leaghey. She continued to get thinner and waste, despite good medical aid. The doctors did not seem able to diagnose her illness. At this time she had six children – the youngest, Isabell, was a little more than a year and a half old. Her daughter Catherine related that as her condition worsened her children were brought in to say goodbye to her. It was a heart-rending experience. Dr. Spellman was considered the best surgeon in the state. He was away on a case in the eastern part of Montana in early May. When he returned it was too late. She had been in a coma for several days. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of May 1903 she passed to her Eternal Rest. It was a terrible blow to the Devine family. Her funeral at St. Peters Church was the largest in Anaconda up until that time. She had a jolly personality and was very active in Church affairs. Mr. Devine kept the family together in Anaconda for several months with Mrs. Devine's sister Isabell (Aunt Bell) caring for them, at a normal wage. After much deliberation, he made his decision to take the children to be raised by relatives in Ireland. It is believed that he was strongly influenced by the desire to rear his children near his sister, Mrs. Gallivan, whom he trusted.

Tom Devine and his children said goodbye to many of their old friends in Anaconda on the evening of the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August 1903. They crossed the continent by train and arrived in New York. An account of this interesting journey is found in the appendix. They sailed from New York on the SS Ethiopia on the 1<sup>st</sup> of September and arrived in the port of Derry on the afternoon of September 11. They received a warm and loving welcome from the Gallivan family in Derry after their long and arduous journey. Mrs. Gallivan was Tom Devine's youngest sister and had been raised at Ballymagorry and Mullingar, Killygordon. She was very kind and motherly to the Devine children after the loss of their own dear mother. She kept two of the children, Sophie and Eddie, in her home until Tom Devine bought his new home and the big farm at Laraghaleas, Campsie, Co. Derry. The three oldest children, Thomas, James, and Catherine lived with their Aunt Catherine and her husband Mr. Doherty in Claudy, Co. Derry until April 1905. The youngest child, Isabell, also stayed with the Doherty's and was later adopted and reared by them. She frequently visited with her family at Laraghaleas. After Michael Doherty died in 1921, Isabel took charge of the general store he had operated in Claudy. In a search for a cure for his son Thomas, Mr. Devine took the boy to the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in France. God had other plans for the boy, and took him to himself on the 17<sup>th</sup> August 1905 far far away from his native Montana. His sister Catherine related that during the later days of his illness he would ask her to stay with him, but often not realizing what was

to come, she would rather go off and play. Due to his remarkable personality his family and neighbors missed him very much.

When a farm at Laraghaleas, Co. Derry came up for sale, Tom Devine went with his brother in law Daniel Gallivan and Dan Gallivan's daughter, Mary Gallivan (who subsequently entered the Loreto order of sisters and served as Mother Columcille to her 96<sup>th</sup> year) to negotiate a purchase of the farm. Because of her exceptional brilliance, expressed even as a child, Mary Gallivan was often taken along on family business. The account of the purchase of the farm was given by Mother Columcille and was confirmed by Tom Devine's children. Tom Devine had an extended meeting with the owner of the farm, during which Tom Devine made reference to his relatives, particularly Rector Edwards, a Protestant clergyman in the vicinity. The owner of the farm assumed that Tom Devine was a Protestant. Then Daniel Gallivan said enough of this talk, let us agree on a price for the farm. A price was agreed and Daniel Gallivan drew up a document of purchase, which was then signed by the owner and Tom Devine. The following day the seller was dismayed when he discovered that he had sold the farm to a Catholic. He immediately attempted to undo the sale; however, he had signed a document of sale and could not reverse the contract. At that time and remaining to this day, the prevailing practice was that Protestants would not sell property to Catholics.

When Thomas Devine settled at Laraghaleas, he just about buried himself in domestic activities, in contrast to the active public life he lived in Montana, where he and his brother Edward were very active in State and City politics. About 1911, a gesture was made at Eglinton to make him a magistrate, but he refused to risk his American Citizenship for such a post in Ireland. He wanted to raise his children quietly and peacefully in the love and fear of God. He sent his daughters to Convent schools at Armagh and Omagh. His youngest son Edward graduated from St. Columbs College Derry. James, his oldest living son, attended winter agricultural classes and the N. W. Agricultural College at Strabane. Farming in Ireland was not profitable for a long time after Tom Devine came to Laraghaleas. Many cattle and two horses died in the years 1910 to 1912. He made a great effort to raise money by growing flax from 1910 to 1913 and had fair success. In the summer of 1914, he visited Iowa and Anaconda, Montana again and renewed old acquaintances. Mr. E. P. Mathewson, the manager of the worlds largest copper smelters personally showed Mr. Devine through the works himself and pointed out the new methods then in operation since he left Anaconda 10 years before. He attended parties and picnics given in his honor. He arrived back in Ireland on 16<sup>th</sup> Sept 1914, six weeks after hostilities began in World War I. He prospered at farming and cattle raising during World War I, and after accumulating a reasonable surplus, he was able to face the world without debt.

On an occasion during his residence at Laraghaleas, a delegation visited his home to ask for a donation for a gift for the landlord. He had experienced the freedom of America and the equality of status in America. He replied "That if it was a rope to hang him with that he would be glad to contribute it." The delegation did not return.

Tom Devine's son, James, returned to America, the land of his birth, in October 1919. In 1927 he visited Ireland. Both Tom Devine and James Devine had a wonderful time visiting historical places in Scotland. They also visited relatives in Strabane and Armagh, and spent a happy week at Hillford House, the Gallivan mansion near Leixlip, Co. Kildare. From Leixlip they visited Leinster House (home of the Irish Parliament), Manooth College, the grave of the Irish patriot Wolf Tone, and the ancient ceremonial site of the High Kings of Ireland, the Hill of Tara. Tom Gallivan graciously drove them in his car to the places of interest to them. James Devine's visit came to an end on the 30<sup>th</sup> of September 1927 when he sailed for America on the S. S. Transylvania. Thomas Devine lived in moderate prosperity and happiness from the end of World War I till his death on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May 1929 at age 83. He took ill on a bus coming home from Derry. He was

taken by ambulance to the infirmary where he was attended by Dr. McLoughlin and received the last rights of the Church from Father Conway. He was a man of immense learning and spoke six languages. His children regarded him with great affection and profound respect. Father McEldowney said he was a Storehouse of Knowledge. His remains rest in the old family plot at Cloughcor Churchyard. A large Celtic Cross inscribed with his name marks his last resting-place.

### **Children of Thomas Devine and Jane Kelly**

#### **James M. Devine, born in Montana and a principal author of this document**

James Michael Devine the second son of Thomas Devine and Jane Kelly, was born Dec. 8, 190? and died April 10, 1969. He was born and received his early schooling in Anaconda, Montana where his Father and Uncle were respected members of the civic community. The Irish presence in Anaconda and Butte was pervasive. James Devine admired and respected his older brother Tommy who was an invalid but active in mind. Clearly the death of his mother was a severe blow to James Devine and his brothers and sisters. Following this loss, the remaining family moved to Ireland, where their Father acquired a farm that served as their residence. James Devine attended the Waterside and other schools in Ireland. His Father instructed the schoolmasters that his children were American citizens and that he did not want them beaten by the schoolmasters. The schoolmasters in Ireland of that day had well deserved reputation for the excessive use of corporal punishment. James attended agricultural studies and took employment as an agricultural officer or extension agent in Carrickmacross, Co. Monahan. He was a diligent diarist keeping a daily record from 1918 until his final hospitalization. His diary records visiting farmers in 1918 and recommending various practices such as spraying to prevent potato blight. Having reached maturity he returned to Anaconda where his Mother was buried and where he had memories of the friends and relatives of his youth. He was a man of sentiment who always retained a strong affection for Anaconda and Montana. Until his death, he paid the yearly fee to keep his Mother's bureau in storage in Montana. After his return to Anaconda, he worked for a time in the smelters, which may have contributed to symptoms of emphysema later in life. He took the Postal Exam in Montana and later gained employment with the U. S. Post Office in New York. He also worked briefly as conductor/driver on a trolley car in New York. He married Anna Maria Brady, an immigrant from Co. Cavan, Ireland, in the Church of the Visitation in the Bronx, NY on the 25<sup>th</sup> of June 1933. They were married during the great economic depression when his salary was meager. The wedding was a double wedding with another couple in order to save expenses. The reception was held at home with the entertainment expenses less than \$30.00. The first child (unnamed) of this marriage was lost by a miscarriage and mourned by his parents. Subsequently, three children were born of this marriage, Margaret Ann, born May 12, 1935, Thomas Edward, born Nov. 2, 1937, and Anna Claire, born July 9, 1941. James Devine served as a letter carrier in the Bronx until his retirement upon approaching the mandatory retirement age of 70. He enjoyed working out doors and the contact with the public. He endured the aggravation of the bureaucracy and enjoyed delivering mail to an anticipating public. He was exceptionally conscientious and went to considerable effort to insure that patrons received their mail. He also developed a following of friendly dogs that sometimes accompanied him on his rounds. He was known to interrupt his routine to help rescue lost parakeets from trees. He rose at 4:30 in the morning and caught the bus to get to his work. He was well acquainted with the trolley and bus drivers on his travel routes. The bus drivers were almost always Irish born and enjoyed his conversation during the trip.

He maintained a phenomenal correspondence with his relatives and his wife's relatives. He collected stamps, often first day covers. True to the tradition of the men of the Devine clan, he invested great effort and energy in maintaining contact with his

extended family. To do so, he traveled extensively to visit relatives – Montana, California, Ireland, Buffalo, N.Y., Bordentown, N.J. and Philadelphia. He was devoted to the practice of the Faith. He attended mass weekly during his working life and daily after retirement. He was a member of the County Derry Society, the Knights of Columbus, the parish Holy Name Society and the Post Office Holy Name Society. He was a member of the Nocturnal Adoration Society, attending the monthly holy hour, with prayers and benediction at 1pm in Our Lady of Mercy Parish Church. He often attended the Post Office Holy Name Society spiritual retreat at Mt. Manresa, on Staten Island, N.Y. He had great faith in the thirty days prayer to St. Joseph. Each night he spent 15 minutes on his knees in prayer and mentioned, aloud, a long list of deceased relatives for whom he prayed.

The mandatory retirement age of 70 required that James Devine retire from the Post Office. Following retirement he obtained employment with the Royal Bank of Canada delivering checks and other financial documents. He was particularly pleased that the Bank was willing to accept his age as 55. The work involved travel among the major financial institutions in downtown N.Y. He enjoyed the activity in the busy hustle and bustle in N.Y. and was amazed at the blasé manner in which the youthful office workers received delivery checks of 10 and 20 millions of dollars from him. He commented that the new job made him feel like a young man 21 years old starting out in life again.

James Devine was a thrifty man who carefully husbanded his resources. As a letter carrier and a federal employee his employment was secure during the great depression. Although his salary was quite modest, with the indispensable cooperation of his wife, he made every effort to accumulate a financial reserve. This allowed him to invest in the stock market. He shared his interest in investments with his children. He inspired his son's interest in stock market investments by organizing a system of recording dividends received using the envelopes and demonstrating the accumulation of wealth over time.

He maintained a strong interest in Ireland throughout his life. A memorable event each year was the great Annual St. Patrick's Day Parade in New York. He would take his children, decorated with badges and ribbons appropriate to the occasion, downtown on the subway to the Parade. The excitement of the bands and the vast crowds and throngs of happy marchers was an unforgettable experience. He particularly loved to see the Irish counties in the parade. Each county had a most impressive banner held up by a contingent of sturdy men. The banners depicted scenes of event of significance to the county or pictures of heroic individuals associated with the county. James Devine possessed a profound knowledge of Irish history and interpreted these banners for his son and inevitably became the center of a spontaneously assembled group of parade watchers as he shared his knowledge and interpretation with the fascinated group. In this and other ways he imparted to his children his love for Ireland and admiration for her heroes.

He was dedicated to religious tolerance and had a keen appreciation for the anguish that the Irish people had suffered from religious bigotry. He was always conscious of the dual religious heritage of his family and opposed discrimination against people because of their religious heritage. Even on his deathbed, he reminded his family of this dual heritage and reminded them of the need for toleration and respect for common humanity.

He was a cheerful gregarious man who enjoyed visiting with people. Visitors, family members and old friends, were welcome in the Devine home. Visitors were given a tour of the sights in New York. On his days off from work, he liked to take his children on outings such as visits to the zoo, the planetarium, and various parks. Visitors to the home were frequent and his children were welcome to listen to the adult discussions and learn from them. The Monday night Novena at the parish church was a regular staple of

the family activity, interrupting the children's play on the streets with their friends to attend. He was a regular seller of tickets for the monthly parish raffle, selling tickets outside the church at masses and the Novena.

He enjoyed surprising people. When visiting people he had not seen for many years, he might assume a cover identity and then gradually reveal his true identity. For example, on a return visit to Ireland, he went to visit Willie McLaughlin, an old friend from grade school years. Mr. McLaughlin was a shoemaker. James Devine had purchased a small sample of shoe heels before leaving the US. He presented himself to Mr. McLaughlin as a salesman selling shoe heels. Through their discourse he enjoyed Mr. McLaughlin's puzzlement as he sought to figure out who this 'salesman' might really be. McLaughlin quickly realized that this was no ordinary salesman and joined in the game of solving the puzzle. When James Devine revealed who he was there was a warm welcome for him. Also on this visit to Ireland, he went to visit Father O'Neill, the pastor of his home church. When he arrived at the rectory, Fr. O'Neill was out. He asked the housekeeper if he could wait and, as an old friend, surprise Fr. O'Neill. She agreed and he waited behind the door. When Fr. O'Neill arrived and opened the door James Devine hidden from his sight behind the door, burst into song singing "The West's Awake". Fr. O'Neil joined in the song and they finished it together. Then, Fr. O'Neill looked to see who his company was and warmly welcomed his quest. Despite these play-acting episodes, James Devine was a man of unpretentious spirit and transparent honesty. At a dinner with his wife another woman complimented his wife on the beautiful pin she was wearing and asked where she obtained it. She replied that it was a gift from her husband. The woman then asked James Devine where he had obtained it? Without hesitation, and oblivious to the possibility of his wife's chagrin, he replied, that he bought it at the 5 and 10 cents store.

James Devine was a man of strong loyalties. Until his death, he maintained a correspondence with old school friends from his youth. These included Willie McLoughlin and Leo McCauley, who later served the Irish government as Ambassador to Canada, Spain and the Vatican. He served as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps at the Vatican. James Devine also carried on a correspondence with his teachers in Montana: Mother Loretto and Mrs. Kunkel, who taught him in the Lincoln School. His correspondence with Mrs. Ruth Lowry Kunkel was such that upon her death, her family bestowed upon him her classroom school bell as a memento of their association.

At the time of the Ordination of Father William Morley to the priesthood in the Holy Roman Catholic Church in Montana, James Devine took his wife and three children from New York to Montana to witness the ceremony. It was a great reunion of the clan as his sisters Sophie and Katie attended as well. Sister Judith, Father Morley's Aunt also made the trip to Montana for the Ordination. Along with relatives in Anaconda this was the largest gathering of the family in many years.

James Devine along with his wife and daughter Ann and his wife's sister Margaret Flynn and her son Gerry traveled by car to Ames, Iowa to attend his son Thomas' graduation from Iowa State University with a Ph.D. After the graduation, the party stopped near Dubuque, Iowa to visit James Devine's cousin Sister Judith the daughter of Ed Devine of Anaconda. She was residing in the Dominican Convent there during her retirement. The traveling party was warmly received. James Devine and Sister Judith enjoyed their visit enormously. Because of her age she grew tired and as the visit came to an end and her fatigue was mentioned she responded, "What a wonderful way to grow tired! Visiting with old friends!"

James Devine died April 10, 1969 before Easter. His wake and funeral was an outpouring of friendship and respect by his relatives and many friends and associates. Father Benedict Groeschel, a chaplain at Children's Village in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. where Margaret Devine was employed as a social worker, attended the wake. He was a man of

impressive stature and entering in his Franciscan robes made a vivid impression on those assembled. Subsequently, Father Benedict became an author of spiritual books and television lecturer on the ETNW television network. Father Thomas E. Devine the son of Michael Devine of Buffalo, N.Y. celebrated the funeral mass, with three other priests on the Altar. Father Devine spoke very beautifully of his memories of his uncle. Columban Fathers Joseph Shields and Colum Rafferty participated in the Mass. He had befriended them during an Atlantic voyage and nursed them through seasickness. The Mass was in St. John's Church, Kingsbridge, Bronx, N.Y. and interment at the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Westchester Co., N.Y. The large Church was filled as if it were a Sunday Mass.

### **Catherine Devine, born in Montana**

Tom Devine's oldest daughter, Catherine went to Philadelphia in 1926. In October 1927, she came to New York and settled there permanently. Like all the Devine's she liked to travel and made a number of trips during her life. These included a tour of the Western US in her youth, Montana for the ordination of her cousin Fr. William Morley, and Ft. Lauderdale, Florida where she purchased a house, which she held for several years. She worked for many years as a cook or chef. She enjoyed her work and was of such high proficiency that she was employed by some of the wealthiest families of the nation. She directed her kitchen with a firm hand and was known to order a millionaire out of her kitchen. He acquiesced to her direction. She had her own apartment in Port Chester, in Westchester County, NY. From this base, she occupied a succession of jobs in Westchester County and Connecticut. She usually had accommodations provided in the great manorial homes in which she worked. She was of very cheerful disposition and very generous to her nieces and nephew. She made considerable effort on her days off to visit her brother's home in the Bronx, traveling on a succession of trains and buses and delighted in the company of her nieces and nephew.

It was the practice in the Devine home at Laraghaleas during her youth, to have the children stand on a raised platform and recite poetry or speeches. It was clear from their behavior that Catherine, Isabel and Eddie retained an appreciation of the use of language, a sense of drama and a love of poetry. Catherine explored her ability as an author by writing fictional story, "Old Montana", drawing upon her life experience and romantic sense. This was never published. She may have been inspired in this endeavor by her brother James who wrote several fictional short stories, some of which were published in small circulation publications.

During one of her trips from Portchester to visit the Devine home in the Bronx, she had an encounter with a thief. As she was changing from the New York Central train to the subway in downtown NY City, a man came up beside her and grabbed her purse. He attempted to pull it away from her. She pulled back and a pulling match ensued. She screamed at the top of her lungs, Thief! Thief! You ruffian! She was a heavyset woman of considerable weight, and at length the would be thief thought the better of his efforts, relented, gave up and ran off. She latter related this story of this event with full flourish in the Devine home. Later in life, she married Mr. Richard Callan and reconciled him to the sacraments of the church during his lingering illness. She was a very religious woman, faithful to the practice of her Faith. She was a cheerful woman, who could tell stories that would leave her nephew, Tom Devine, rollicking with laughter. She was Tom Devine's Godmother and his parents entrusted him to her to take him to Atlantic City on vacation when he was a small boy. Atlantic City was then a popular family vacation destination. She enjoyed playing bingo, and was quite lucky in these games. During a visit to Ireland she suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized for some time. She had an extended recuperation at the family home at Laraghaleas. The illness sapped her cheerful attitude and vigor. She returned to the US, but her apartment in Port Chester had been given up according to her previous instructions. She stayed for some weeks with her Godson, Tom

Devine, then an assistant Professor at Cornell University and resident at Ithaca, NY. When he took her to a supermarket to shop, she stood with her shopping cart at looking down a long aisle at the plethora of goods on both sides, and exclaimed, "Oh, if only my brother Eddie could see this, then he would know how great America is." While residing in Ithaca, her nephew took her to visit the family of Michael Devine in Buffalo, N.Y. At a marvelous meal with Michael Devine and his wife and children and grand children, she was seated at the center of the table. Afterward she remarked with deep satisfaction "They honored me." She later lived for a time with her niece Anna Claire usually called Nancy Devine in the Bronx. She died of a heart attack on December 22, 1969 in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida and after her funeral in Portchester, NY, was buried in the Gate of Heaven cemetery near Hawthorn, NY.

**Sophie Devine**

*To be written by Theresa Quinn*

**Edward Devine**

*To be written by Mary Quinn*

**Isabel Devine Quinn**

*To be written by Fr. Seamus Quinn and Margaret Quinn*

**Bernard Devine**

The fourth child of Thomas Devine, I was Bernard, born in 1848. He attended Cloughcor School under Master McDaid. He was not as fond of study as other members of the family. He grew up to be a very kind hearted charitable man interested in farming and stock raising. He married a Miss Bradley in 1870. Three children were born to them. Catherine was born in 1870 and was still living in 1958. Ellen was born in 1873 and died in 1885. Thomas was born in 1875 and died in 1935, leaving a family of four boys and two girls. Bernard Devine was married and raising a family living at the Locks farm on the Strabane Canal when his Grandfather Cavanaugh died. He inherited the Locks farm of some 100 acres along with livestock and equipment. Bernard's first wife died after the birth of Thomas Devine in 1875. About 1882 he married again to a Miss Flannigan, who had been a schoolteacher. Bernard prospered after this marriage. There were no children from this marriage and his second wife died in 1901. He married for a third time in 1909 to Bridget Dun. He still had the immense holding at the Locks and charge of the two miles of the Strabane Canal. He kept about 20 dairy cows and raised some high quality horses. Soon after his third marriage his health failed but returned again in 1911 and prosperity returned until 1925. He was very charitable and good to the poor. He ruined himself financially by signing promissory notes for people who defaulted. His health failed again in 1927 and he was a broken man. He died in debt on 22 Sept 1928. His grandson Thomas Edward Devine, a brilliant scholar and athlete, was ordained a priest of the Roman Catholic Church in Rome a few days before his death. His widow survived him for about a year.

**Catherine Devine**

The fifth child of Thomas Devine I was Catherine Devine born in 1850. She was reared at the Locks and attended Cloughcor School. After Father Neal Devine became Parish Priest of Cumber, Claudy, she went to live with her Aunt Margaret, who kept house for Father Neal Devine in 1960. About 1882, Catherine married Michael Doherty of Claudy, a prosperous merchant. There were no children from this marriage. Michael Doherty was the largest merchant in the little town of Claudy. He sold groceries, liquor, drugs, drapery, seeds, fertilizers, and coal. He also operated a 50-acre farm and was fond of horses and dogs. The Brown Know known in song (The Maid of the Sweet Brown Know) and story was located on his farm. He owned several famous racehorses, e.g. The Maid of Glenrandel, The Maid of the Sweet Brown Know, and Hiawatha who once out ran Marcus Daly's Derby winner 'Hamburg'. Michael was a big powerful man 6ft. 3

inches tall and weighed about 220 lbs. or 15 stone in his youth. He was a good cricket player and could heave the 56lbs weight some 16 feet. He was courageous and a good man to settle a quarrel. He and Mrs. Doherty were kind to the Devine children returning as orphans from Montana. They raised Mrs. Dougherty's niece, Isabell Devine, who later took over the Dougherty business in Claudy with her husband, Harry Quinn. Mrs. Dougherty was very charitable and gave much aid to the Nazareth Nuns in Derry. She was a big strong determined woman and had all her very white teeth at age 70. The Dougherty home was an example of happiness and agreement. Mr. Dougherty became very heavy as he aged and weighed 20 stones at 60. He died in May 1921 at age 65. The business declined after his death. Mrs. Dougherty's niece married Harry Quinn in 1925. Mrs. Catherine Dougherty began to fail and died in Jan 1933 at age 83.

### **Edward Devine**

The sixth child of Thomas Devine, I was Edward born in 1852. His mother Catherine Devine died a few months after his birth. He was therefore, raised at the Locks by his grandparents. He attended Cloughcor National School and was also taught by Master McDaid. He was brilliant at school and responded to teaching easily. He asked many questions when young and remembered the answers. His elder brother Tom helped him much with his homework study until he reached the 6<sup>th</sup> grade. Like all of the boys raised at the Locks he became an expert swimmer. He was always fond of horses.

When he was about 15 years old, he developed a great desire to go abroad and see more of the world. He kept this idea much to himself and told only his sister Catherine. One day in the Summer of 1868, he did not report home for supper. The next day someone revealed seeing him along the quay in Derry near the Glasgow boat. Soon after, his brother Tom was sent over to Glasgow to bring him home. After arriving in Glasgow, Tom Devine learned from Irish neighbors living in Glasgow, that Ed Devine had stowed away on a ship for America a few days before. That is how Ed Devine, the youngest son of Catherine Cavanaugh went to America. A few months after his departure, his Grandmother, Mrs. Sophie Cavanaugh received a letter from him. He was then only 16 years old. He was working on a farm in Illinois. He liked the farmer's family and they liked him and nearly adopted him. He stayed with them a couple of years, then moved south to Kentucky, where he worked on the railroad. When he was 20 years old, he married a school teacher named Julia Mahoney who was some two or three years his senior.

Their first child, Mammie, was born in Somerset, Kentucky, about 1874. From Kentucky, he moved up to Casey, Iowa about 1875. The Rockisland Railroad from Chicago to Omaha went through Casey. At first he worked in the Roundhouse in Casey but soon was promoted to section boss on the Railroad.

Casey was a German immigrant community with a sprinkling of Irish. Ed started to raise his family in Casey. After Mammie, Joseph was born in 1876, Annie in June 1880, Thomas in 1878, Nellie in 1882, Julia born in Casey 1884 died in infancy, Agnes in 1886, Regina E. born 22<sup>nd</sup> July 1888 in Casey. Later, Charles, born in Anaconda, Montana, died at an early age. Ed and his family lived in the Section House, which had about eight big rooms.

A Priest came from Des Moines one Sunday each month and celebrated Holy Mass in the Devine Section House in Casey. Ed Devine organized the Catholic children in Casey and with the aid of his wife, Catechism was taught in the Section House by the Devine Family. Among the Catechism pupils were the Ludwigs, the Pessingers, and the Stoffels and the Fagans. Nick Stoffel became the wealthiest man in Casey. He became a freemason and fell away from the Church, but came back near his death. Ed Devine prospered in Casey and bought and sold land to advantage. After his brother Tom came from Ireland in 1880, Annie Devine was born. Her Uncle Tom became her Godfather. Ed Devine farmed a little as well as working as section boss on the Rockisland Railroad.

About May of 1888, Ed Devine was persuaded by his brother Tom to come to Anaconda, Montana, the new town prospering under the direction of the Irish born Copper King, Marcus Daly. After his arrival in Anaconda, he and his brother Tom set up a grocery store on East Commercial Ave. This continued for about a year, then Tom Devine returned to his old job as timekeeper at the smelters. Ed prospered in his new business on Commercial Ave. Then there came a dullness about 1895 and he opened a new grocery store at the corner of Alder and East Third Street. The town was expanding in that direction and Ed Devine's grocery business flourished. His seven children were growing up fast, and required more expenditures. They lived well and attended the best schools in Anaconda. Ed Devine was elected Alderman for the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Wards, term after term. He was acting Mayor of Anaconda in 1912 and was elected Mayor the following term. He was always a staunch Democrat and very active in politics and a good speaker at the City Council meetings in Anaconda. Ed experienced the ups and downs of the business cycle, which were particularly intense in the economy of a town so dependent on a single commodity, copper. On the whole he was quite successful. He usually kept a couple of good trotting horses, one of them for use with the grocery wagon. He died suddenly on the 15<sup>th</sup> of May 1915 in St. James Hospital in Butte after a short illness due to blood poisoning. He left his business in the hands of his daughter Agnes. He had a 160-acre farm in the Bitterroot Valley that was divided among the family.

Mrs. Julia Devine died in early July 1902 after several weeks of illness. The oldest girl, Mammie, was very sensible and guided the younger brothers and sisters. Then in July 1903, Ed Devine's second son, an accomplished musician died at the age of 22. In 1902, Mammie married Thomas Brennan. They had one daughter Celia born about 1905 and still living in 1956. Mammie died in Nov 1925 and her husband died 1927. Ed Devine's daughter, Annie married F. Naughton, however, no children were born of this marriage and she died in 1910.

Agnes Devine born in 1887 married James Morley in 1920. They had two children; William Edward Morley, born October 1921, and Judith, born 8<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1933. William Morley attended St. Peters School in Anaconda, Carroll College and St. Edward's Seminary in Washington. He was ordained a priest of the Holy Roman Catholic Church on 31<sup>st</sup> May 1946 in Montana in a ceremony attended by a great gathering of the Devine clan. He served as priest and pastor of several churches in the Diocese and was called upon to build a church in the University town of Bozeman, after the existing church was burned. This task he successfully completed. He resembled his grandfather Ed Devine in appearance, size and intellect. He celebrated the funeral mass and internment for his Aunt, Sister Judith, at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin and the Mound near Dubuque, Iowa. He suffered from diabetes and loss of hearing in his senior years. Judith Morley married Michael James Ryan 1953 and reared her family of four sons in Anaconda. She served her community for many years as a nurse. Agnes Devine Morley died of a blood clot a week after her daughter Judith's birth. Her husband James Morley was killed a year later in a trolley car accident.

Edward Devine's eldest son Joseph Edward Devine married a beautiful woman named Plunkett. There were no surviving children from this marriage. Their first child died soon after birth. Joseph followed horse racing and bookmaking. He was very successful at times, but he had as many reverses as successes. He died in Butte in March 1934.

Nellie Devine married a Mr. O'Connell. After this first husband died, she married again to a man named Connell. The names of both husbands were similar. From her marriage there were two children; Edward, born November 14, 1920, and Regina. Edward (Buddy) married and raised a large family in Toole, Utah. Regina married Earl Nichols and had two children; Faye and Earl Patrick. Faye married a man named Walker and

raised a family of 4 children; Mark, Andrew, Matthew and Stephanie. Earl Patrick Walker married and raised two children in San Francisco; Maureen and -----.

Regina Elisabeth, born in Iowa, entered the Dominican Order of Sisters and devoted 50 years of her life to teaching children. Her peers regarded her as an excellent 8<sup>th</sup> grade teacher. She was, like her father, a staunch Democrat. She was also an avid baseball fan and enjoyed playing the game herself at family outings. She played with intensity. She inherited the Devine love of travel and frequently planned such trips to family baptisms, ordinations and other sacramental functions. She had a great friend in Sister Viviana and they enjoyed many trips together. She related that initially her father did not approve of her entering the Convent, but when he came to her profession at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin and saw the character of life lived by the Sisters, he changed his mind and gave his blessing to her decision. This was very consoling to her. She commented that she always loved school. It should be remembered that her mother was a schoolteacher and that she grew up in a home that was also used as a school by her mother and father to teach catechism. Her fellow Sisters commented that she had an excellent sense of humor that kept the up the spirits of her compatriots in religion during times of stress.

### **Michael Devine**

The seventh child of Thomas Devine I was Michael Devine born in 1865 at Ballymagorry. His mother was Sarah Jane Kelly. When he was 7 or 8 years old his Father and Mother moved to Mullingar, Killygordon, Co. Donegal to take up residence where Mrs. Devine, ancestors had lived for several generations. Michael Devine had attended Cloughcor School under Master McDaid in the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> class. He also learned to swim before leaving the Locks. At Killygordon, he attended school at a place called Cross Roads. He grew up as a farmer at Killygordon. He married Ellen Murray about 1881, several months before his Father's death. Two children were born of this marriage; Thomas, born in 1889 and Bernard, born 1892. Both boys were red haired. Michael had a hard struggle as a farmer in the 1890s and early 1900. After 1910, he began to prosper. He made substantial profit by growing flax and increased stock raising. He increased his land holding 100%. He purchased a sixty-acre farm at a place called Carnowen for his eldest son, Thomas. He was a big handsome man 5 ft 10 inches tall, weighing 15 stone and had a smooth ruddy complexion. From 1912 on, he was a county Councilor for Donegal and always greatly interested in the affairs of his country. He served as a Justice of the Peace and was a member of the Board of Guardians. His son Thomas married about 1924 after being imprisoned in Ballykinlar by the oppressive British Colonial power as an Irish Patriot. Michael Devine died in March 1921. His son Thomas was not permitted to leave prison camp to attend his fathers funeral.

Michael's eldest son Thomas was educated at St. Columb's College. Thomas married a second cousin named Rebecca Kelly. They had two children; Charles and a girl who was of delicate health. Thomas grew to be a big man, even bigger physically than his father. He died in Feb. 1942.

Michael Devine's second son, Bernard, married a Miss Kane. They had two boys; Michael and Brian and a daughter, Mary who married a fine man named Carolan. Bernard Devine, like his father, was a man of enterprise and acquired large holdings of land. He purchased the biggest hotel in Killygordon and a large holding known as Woodland Meadows, which he purchased from an English landlord. Bernard was still living and enjoying several grandchildren as of this writing in 1956.

### **Sarah Jane Devine**

The 8<sup>th</sup> child of Thomas Devine I was Sarah Jane Devine born in Ballymagorry in 1868. She also attended Cloughcor School in the primary grade. She learned to swim in the canal and River Foyle as the other Devine children. At eight years of age, she moved

with her parents to Killygordon where she attended elementary School. At 13 years she attended the Convent School in Strabane. She boarded in the School where she attended for three years. She was very successful in the courses she studied. After her third year in the convent school, she met an ambitious and enterprising rising young man named Daniel Gallivan. He came from Lixnaw, Co. Kerry after passing a civil service examination. He was assigned to an important position as an assistant to the Governor of the Derry jail. They fell in love and married in 1887. Her Uncle William Devine of Strabane had willed her 100 pounds that was used to purchase the business at 65 Bishop street after Daniel Gallivan was dismissed over his collusion with the jailed priests Father MacFadden and Father Stephens. He carried their letter in his head to the Derry Journal office. His brother Mortimer Gallivan of Liscullane, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry was doing a prison sentence for agitation against the Landlords. Sara Jane's Father set them up in a grocery and spirit retail business on Bishop Street opposite Derry jail. The name of Thomas Devine remained over that establishment from 1887 to 1917. Being a good businessman, Mr. Gallivan soon had another grocery business at 109 Bishop Street. In another part of the city, he soon had two more grocery and liquor shops on Glendermott Road in 1898. With these four stores he was soon on the way to success, and was raising a fine family. First came Michael, born in 1888, Mary, born in October 1890, Jennie, born in 1894, Thomas, born 1898, James, born in 1899, who died in infancy, Bernard, born 1900, Daniel, born on 14 Sept. 1903, and Margaret, the last, born in January 1906. In 1903, Mr. Gallivan bought a 36-acre farm at Killea, three miles out from the city. He specialized in growing early potatoes and from the Killea farm came the first early potatoes placed in the Derry market on 12<sup>th</sup> of June 1905 to 1918.

Daniel Gallivan became an extensive farmer and merchant and later moved the family from Derry to a substantial farm at Leixlip near Dublin. Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine had eight children: Michael, born about 1889, a physician who practiced in Newbridge in Ireland and Newport in Wales, Mary, born about 1889, who, as Mother Columcille, served as a marvelous teacher in the Loreto convent in Coleraine in Derry and who was sought for her advice and counsel by many members of the extended family when important decisions were to be made, Jane Gallivan, born about 1894 who married Gerry Murray, Thomas, born about 1898, James born about 1899 and died about age 12 years, Bernard Joseph, born April 29 1901 and married Maire Madeline MacCarthy, Daniel Gallivan, born Sept. 15, 1903 and married Cathleen Flagherty, and Margaret Mary, born about Jan. 1906 and married William Cochraine.

#### **Children of Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine**

This account was written by James M. Devine and reviewed and corrected by Bernard Gallivan son of Daniel Gallivan. It was subject to some additions and editing by Thomas E. Devine or the Bronx, N.Y.

Michael Gallivan married Celia Armstrong and they had two children; Valda, born about 1908 and Basil born July 30, 1911. Michael died in December 1935. Mary Gallivan a woman of exceptional intelligence entered the sisters of Loreto on the 8<sup>th</sup> of September 1918, receiving the name Mother Columcille, and served as a teacher for many years. She lived to the age of 96 and was in good health able to dress herself until three days before her death due to a flu or cold. She died 7<sup>th</sup> April 1986. Her family, her religious community and the civil community held her in great esteem. Jane Gallivan died about May 1970. She earned a bachelor of Commerce from the National University. Her husband operated a shop and bar in Celbridge in Co. Dublin. They had two children, Maura and Margaret. Maura Murray received her doctor of Medicine degree in 1953 and served as an anesthesiologist in Manchester in England and in Nass in Ireland. Margaret Murray was also a Doctor of Medicine who engaged in family practice in Rathdowney, Co. Wicklow. She married Matthew Lyons, a businessman and meat exporter of Co.

Longford and had five children. The children were Jane, Kate, Sarah, Helena, and Matthew Lyons, Jr. Thomas Gallivan was described as a fine type of Irish manhood, a great athlete. He played for the Emmet's football team in Derry City in 1917-1918. He distinguished himself in the IRA several times during the Irish war of Independence. He married a woman named Patsy who died in 1958. He died in 1952. They had two children, Donal and Patricia. Donal Gallivan was born about 1944 and Patricia Gallivan was born about 1949. James Gallivan, son of Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine died about 12 years of age. The next child of Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine was Bernard Joseph Gallivan who married Maire Madeline MacCarthy of Kinsale, Co. Cork on June 25, 1940 in University Church, Stephen's Green, Dublin. They had five children, John Daniel Gallivan, born May 29, 1941, Sarah Mary, born Feb 14, 1943, Camilla Gallivan, born July 18, 1945, Monica Vivienne Ellen, born 1947, and Mary Patricia, born March 20, 1952.

#### Michael Gallivan

About the middle of 1915 Mr. Gallivan's eldest son Michael, inspired by a pointed conversation with Mrs. Kelly in Philadelphia, returned from America after two years of adventure and experience in the business world. He had finished his senior intermediate at St. Columbs College, Derry some years before. He was intensely interested in the Irish cause. About the middle of 1915 Michael returned from the U.S.A. and his father sent him to manage a (store) shop he bought in a lively little town called Newbridge, Co. Kildare. There was a garrison of British soldiers in Newbridge. They liked their porter and liquor and this proved very profitable to the Gallivan establishment. With the First World War, Newbridge became a boomtown. A young man named Joseph McLoughlin took over the Newbridge branch of the Gallivan business. He did not allow any grass to grow under his feet. He managed a most prosperous and lucrative business for his master and to the entire satisfaction of Daniel Gallivan who saw to it that he started well on the road to success by his securing a premises of his own in Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

However Michael felt he was destined for better than merchanting household goods and liquor. Therefore he entered Trinity College in 1917 and completed his studies there in 1923 as a medical Doctor. Michael Gallivan went into practice as a doctor in Newport, Monmouthshire, Wales, UK in 1923 and attained great eminence as a diagnostician in that town. Before leaving Dublin after qualifying, he was responsible for the first use of Insulin in Ireland. It was specially brought from Canada through the influence of the Irish Representative in Ottawa for treatment of the son of Senator Douglas. In 1925, He had his mother, who also suffered from diabetes, brought to Newport and saw to it that she returned in good health after being put on Insulin. She lived 15 years after this treatment. He also wrote a treatise on Psychology (?). It was so valued by Trinity College that they conferred on him the degree Doctor of Medicine. In 1933, his own heart became affected. He died on the 30<sup>th</sup> of December 1935, at age 47, about five years before his mother's death.

#### Mary Gallivan (Mother Columcille)

Mary, the first daughter of Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine, was born in October 1890. She attended the parochial school in Derry up to 1903. In September 1903, she began study at the Sacred Heart Convent School in Armagh. She progressed very successfully in Armagh and ended each term with top honors in French, Religion, and the classics. She was a good Gaelic scholar. After four years in Armagh, she went to study at Amiens in France for a year and became accomplished in French and Latin. About 1908, she obtained her BA degree in the Dublin Royal University. Then she commenced teaching as a profession. She spent her vacation in 1908 and 1909 in Gloughaneely, Co. Donegal, where the Gaelic language was spoken as it was for the past two thousand years. She became a fluent Gaelic speaker. James Devine heard her converse with a native

Donegal girl who knew very little English. About 1910, she went to teach senior classes at the Loretto Convent at Omagh, Co. Tyrone. She entered the Loretto Order of Nuns soon after and was professed in xxxx. She taught at the Loretto Convent School for some 15 years. She was then transferred to the Loretto Convent in Coleraine, Co. Derry where she taught for many years. Fr. Seamus Quinn relates that in her early years she was a good friend with the wife of the Irish patriot Joseph Mary Plunkett, who signed the Proclamation of the Irish Republic in 1916 and was subsequently executed by the British

#### Jennie Gallivan

The third child and second daughter of Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine was Jennie who was born in Derry in 1894. She was also a very brilliant student. She graduated from the Long Tower Parochial School in Derry and then attended the Sacred Heart Convent School at Armagh. There she led her class in Mathematics, Latin and French. She obtained her BA degree the National University in Dublin. She soon gained a position as a technical teacher in Strabane, which she continued for several years until 1927 when she met Mr. Jeremiah Murray. She taught children of some of the wealthiest merchants and farmers in the Northwest of Ireland. After her resignation, she married Mr. Jerry Murray. They opened a grocery and liquor business in Celbridge near Dublin. They had two children, both daughters. The elder girl Maura qualified as a Medical Doctor in 1953. The second girl Margaret also qualified as a Doctor and was married to Matthew Lyons of Longford, a well known exporter of carcass meat to the English and American markets. They have one child Jane.

#### Thomas Gallivan

The fourth child of Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine was Thomas, a very sturdy child. He weighed about 30 pounds at one year and was considered the largest baby in the history of Derry City. He attended the Christian Brothers School in Derry, St. Columb's College and Northwest Agricultural College in Strabane in 1917. He worked as an Agricultural Instructor in Donegal during 1918. He grew up to be a man of strong physique, 5 ft 9 ½ inches tall and 175 lbs. or 12 stone 7 lbs. He played for the Emmet Gaelic football team in Derry City. He was good at all athletic sports. James Devine who composed most of this document wrote that he James Devine used to run the 100-yard dash in slightly less than 11 sec. But was often beaten by Tom Gallivan who could run the 100 yard dash in 10 sec. Any time, and if accurately timed, he often did it in 9.5 sec. He could jump 8 ft at any time at the standing broad jump, and he often cleared 5 ft 6 inches in the running high jump. He married in about 1942. He inherited the big mansion and large farm at Leixlip, Co. Kildare, and opened a grocery store and liquor business on James Street, Dublin. He was the father of two children a boy, Donal and a girl, Patricia. In the troubled times of 1919 and 1920, when the Irish fought for their freedom from the oppression of British Colonialism, Tom Gallivan fought for the Irish Republic and was many months on the run. As well as being a good sprinter he was handy with his hands and like many of his ancestors he feared no mortal man. James Devine wrote that in physique he would compare favorably with the sturdy James Devine son of Isabell St. Clair who defeated the Orange bully of Dunaghadee about 1796. About 1950, he contracted a kidney ailment and continued to fail in health. On the last day of May 1953 he went to his Eternal Rest, R.I.P. Tom was a great athlete, a good sportsman, modest never craving applause and always popular with those who knew him. He left a widow who died in 1958. His brother, Daniel Gallivan, DDS, took charge of his children and supervised their education.

#### Bernard Gallivan

The fifth child of Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine was Bernard Gallivan, born in Derry City about 1901. He attended the Christian Brothers School and then St. Columb's College. Subsequently, he attended the National University in Dublin earning an Arts Degree. He made a great impression on some of his professors and fellow

students who later became professors. He was a great personal friend of Monsignor John Horgan Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, and his classmate of St. Columbs College days Dr. Edward O'Doherty, Professor of Otolaryngology. The late Professor Magenins, that ablest of speakers rated him highly. He assisted his aging father in the big business at Newbridge, Co. Kildare. The business prospered under Bernard's supervision. When his father died in January 1940, Bernard inherited the business. In the early forties, he married a Miss McCarthy, who sprang from a distinguished Cork family of the Clan McCarthy. His wife was born in Kinsale Co. Cork on Nov. 10, 1910 and was one of the most distinguished and versatile products of the Dominican Order of Nuns in Ireland. She graduated with distinction in the National University and was acclaimed the most accomplished actress of the order, won the test Ceonl Gold Medal for singing, being taught by the famous Mother Clement and hailed by her as one of her best products. Her brother Shane McCarthy was Executive Director of the Youth Fitness Program of the United States under President Eisenhower's Administration and reported directly to the vice President of the United States.

John Gallivan, the son of Bernard Gallivan and Marie Madeline McCarthy, received first place in Science in Ireland in 1958 and first place in Mathematics and Physics at the National University of Ireland in 1959. He addressed the British Association on their visit to Dublin in 1957 on Dr. Callan's coil pioneering production of direct and alternating current years before Faraday. John Gallivan later earned his Doctorate in Nuclear Physics from the University of California at either Stanford or Berkley, a feat of great distinction. As a student at California he was a man of formidable appearance tall, well over six feet, with athletic physique and red haired. He had participated in competitive rowing as a youth. During transit from California to Ireland he visited the Devine household in the Bronx, N.Y. In order to exit the U.S., he was required to obtain clearance from the Internal Revenue Office in New York. This entailed an interview with an official in downtown N.Y. Thomas Devine son of James Devine accompanied him on this occasion and witnessed a vigorous confrontation with the official accompanied by both parties thumping the desk. It was quite apparent that John Gallivan was fully competent to cope with the government beauracy. Indeed the official seemed to enjoy the challenge.

Columba Gallivan was the sixth child born to Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine. She died a few days after birth and baptism.

Daniel Gallivan

Daniel Gallivan, the seventh child born to Daniel Gallivan and Sarah Jane Devine, was born 15th September 1903 at 109 Bishop St., Derry City. He was the smallest of the Gallivan babies, but grew to be a medium sized and very handsome man. He attended the Christian Brothers School in Derry and later St. Columbs College. He entered the National University after matriculating at Rockwell College and took up the study of Dentistry. He obtained his degree after a collapse of nervousness in the orals. The chief examiner at the time considered his paper to be of such high standard that he requested him to do the exam next time to overcome the collapse in the oral. But Daniel in his humility was satisfied to get any degree to start practicing. However his reputation, written and actual work has raised him to the highest stature in his profession not only in Ireland but also in such foreign countries as Norway, Sweden, the United States and England. His name commands respect for his deep and penetrating insight into the correct advance of Dentistry. It is to him more than any other man that credit is due that there was such unanimity among the Dentists of the world in selecting Ireland as the site for the Second World Convention in 10 years. He was President of the Irish Dental Association and Professor of mechanical dentistry at the National University of Ireland.

Margaret Gallivan

Margaret Gallivan was born 6<sup>th</sup> Jan 1906. She was a beautiful little blue eyed baby. She may have been the smallest of the Gallivan babies. She grew up small of stature like her mother, but a giant in intellect, understanding and good nature. Her baby deep blue eyes changed to brown similar to her father's family. Margaret married a very fine man named Mr. Corcorhan in 1955 and lived in the south of England.

It is interesting how family members paths may cross unbeknownst to them. Mrs. McKenna of Dungiven, the granddaughter of Isabell Devine who married Patrick Phillips, had a son named P.J. McKenna studying Dentistry in Belfast. He completed his studies in Dublin and attended the ceremony to receive his Dental degree and Diploma in an Auditorium in Dublin. Professor Daniel Gallivan presented the Diplomas. After P.J. McKenna received his degree his Father took him by the arm up to the Dais and said to Professor Gallivan, "Doctor, my name is McKenna from Dungiven. Can you tell me how we are related?" Dr. Gallivan replied, "I believe it is through my great grand mother who married a man named Patrick Phillips whose daughter married a man named Logue whose daughter married a man named Bernard McKenna of Dungiven.

## Appendix I

Written by James Devine, son of Thomas Devine II and edited by Thomas Devine son of James Devine.

Thomas Devine, 1846-1929

Thomas Devine was born in Ballymagorry, Co Tyrone, Ireland on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March in that woeful year of famine and distress long to be remembered in Ireland. His parents were Thomas Devine of Woodend and Mrs. Devine, nee Catherine Cavanaugh, daughter of Michael Cavanaugh, miller and building contractor. Thomas Devine son of Catherine Devine had an older brother Neal Devine and two younger brothers and a younger sister. Thomas was the only child in the family with dark hair; the others had red hair.

His father, Thomas Devine, owned a corn mill and small farm at Ballymagorry. He was also an extensive cattle dealer. About the age of five, Thomas started to attend Cloughcor School with his brother Neal. At an early age he showed a great aptitude for learning. Neal was a bright energetic youngster. Tom Devine was bashful and retired. Neal used to try to get him to engage in fights with other boys, but little Tom had no desire for fighting. Study and learning was his hobby.

About the age of eight, little Tom met a great loss in his life. His mother died. After his mother's death, he and his brothers and sister were sent to live at the Locks on the canal bank with their grandmother, Mrs. Michael Cavanaugh, nee Sophie Crawford. About the same time, his cousins, children of their father's brother and their mother's sister, also came to live at the Locks. They had also lost their mother, Mary Cavanaugh. In all there were sixteen children in the two families and they became attached to each other as one family. It was their Grandmother, nee Sophie Crawford, who then, after raising her own children, took on the formidable task of raising her grandchildren. At that time there was great commercial activity on the Strabane canal. Five times as much merchandise was transported by the canal as was transported by rail. Michael Cavanaugh had charge of the canal from the Strabane basin to the river Foyle. Consequently, the children all became accustomed to boating and hauling on the canal. The first morning activity for all the children was to take a morning dip in the canal. Soon they could all swim like fish. The river Foyle was just 200 yards from the house so they often swam and dived in the Foyle. On Sundays boys from the vicinity gathered to swim there. For a long time Neal Devine and his cousin Michael were the best swimmers, but in time Tom grew taller and excelled them all as a swimmer.

As Tom grew up he helped his Grandfather on the farm and assisted his Father in the cattle trade. He left school about fourteen (under British colonial rule opportunity for education was limited), but continued to study after leaving school. Occasionally, he visited Cumber Claudy where his Uncle Rev. Neal Devine was the Parish Priest. Father Neal was interested in his nephew Tom and took pains to teach him Latin. Tom persevered in the study of Latin and was wonderfully successful with it.

About 1860, Tom's Father married again. His second wife was Sarah Jane Kelly, a very pious and saintly woman. His Father continued on the farm at Ballymagorry for a few years. Then he sold his operation at Ballymagorry and bought a place in East Donegal near Killygordon. Here, Tom Devine worked and labored to improve his Father's farm. He drained all of it and subsoiled it. Tom had now grown to manhood. He was about 5ft 10 and 1/2 inches in his shoes and of powerful build, weighing 11 and 1/2 stone. Like his father, he was very courageous. He persisted in his studies and now could translate Latin, Italian and French very well. His brother Neal went to America when he was about 20 and his younger brother Edward ran off to Scotland. Tom followed him to Scotland to bring him back, but in Scotland Tom learned Edward had taken ship for New

York. So at the early age of 16, Edward started life in America. His adventure took him to the Great Lakes where he went to work on a steamboat. He soon would have been a steam engineer if he had continued, but he still had the spirit of adventure and wanted to explore new opportunities. He came into Kentucky where he became a section foreman on a railroad about 1868. He met and married Miss Mahoney, a schoolteacher. Then, they moved to Casey, Iowa where Ed Devine continued as a section foreman. He kept in regular communication with his Grandmother and brother Tom.

After years of arduous toil and little progress, Tom Devine decided that he would try his luck in the great land of promise. He was one of the most popular men of his parish at Killygordon, and, therefore, there were many big nights or parties given in his honor before he sailed. Castlefinn had a fife and drum band and Tom Devine was the man who gave it a name before he left. A large convoy of friends and relatives went with him to the port of Derry from which he sailed in 1880.

After landing in New York he went to his brother Edward in Iowa. He worked on the section with Edward for about a year and had enjoyable times with Ed's growing family. He and his brother Ed taught catechism to the children of the Catholic community in Casey. In Casey, he learned German from the families of the children he taught. He also bought a farm of 80 acres near Casey. Then he left Casey and went to Denver, Colorado where he worked at mining, railroad construction and other jobs. He even did a little cow punching. I heard him relate his experiences in expeditions that were attacked by Indians and heard him describe the Indians on horses circling them with their fierce war cries until driven off by rifle fire. From Colorado he traveled to Bozeman Montana where he helped to build the famous Westend tunnel.

The town of Anaconda in western Montana founded by Marcus Daly in 1883 was then small, but growing, and looked promising as mining in the associated town of Butte progressed. It was on a September morning that Tom Devine with a few other men came into Anaconda. Tom Devine interviewed with Marcus Daly and being a man of education and articulate, he created a good impression. Very soon he went to work as a timekeeper. Soon afterwards, being a man with an impressive appearance, he was promoted to guard the bullion at the refinery in Anaconda. He was employed there steadily until 1902. In those early days of Anaconda history he made many good friends, among them Denis Fee, Joseph McCafferty, Judge Winston, Frank Stebbins, Pat Daly the brother of Marcus Daly and Frank Strickfadden.

After his first arrival in Anaconda, he batched in a two-room cabin in the old red row with two Scotch Canadians named McLeod and McDougall. They got along very well together as the Scotchmen were good cooks. An amusing incident occurred at the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month, as the rent became due. Frank Strickfadden was the agent to collect the rent. Frank was a blustering happy-go-lucky Irish American. He came to the cabin door, gave it a quick kick and said, "Hey there! Have you fellows got any money for me?" The Scotch men did not seem to understand such jokes. One of them grabbed his six-shooter, opened the door quickly and had Frank covered in an instant. Frank turned pale, until Tom Devine came between them and explained to his cabin-mates that this was Strickfadden's way of asking for the rent. Tom Devine and Strickfadden had many a good laugh over this episode afterwards.

A year later, the Scotch Canadians left Anaconda and Tom Devine went to batch with Denis Fee on Front Street. They became good friends and a friendship was born between them that lasted until their demise. Last summer, I visited Denis Fee at his ranch near Glendive, Montana and he treated me like a son, so great was his friendship for my Father.

Toward the end of 1888, Tom Devine left Anaconda to visit his Father and relatives in Ireland. At the time the Landleague movement was active in Ireland. Tom Devine's knowledge had expanded and he acquired more boldness from his travels in

America and his experience of bold fearless men. Tom was an ardent Patriot and articulate orator. In East Donegal he was made chairman at many meetings and soon became an able platform speaker. He toured the Northwest of Ireland with William O'Brien, Member of Parliament, speaking at all his meetings.

About this time Jennie Kelly, a girl of twenty, left Loughgall, Co. Armagh to visit her Aunt, Sara Jane Kelly, who was now Tom Devine's stepmother. Here she met Tom Devine and they fell in love. About May 1889 Tom left for America again. Friends and family accorded him a great ovation before leaving.

Two days before sailing, he visited with his brother Bernard at the Locks. A large field at the Locks known as the Backmoss was roughly prepared for planting potatoes. So rough and lumpy was this ground that even the most skilled ploughman in the vicinity would not take on the task of opening the drills for the potatoes. Bernard Devine was worried about the matter until his brother Tom volunteered to open the drills. Bernard did not want Tom to undertake such laborious work on the day before his sailing, but big Tom insisted on trying to open the Backmoss. The next morning he was up at 5AM and by 6:30 AM a good team of horses were watered and fed and ready for a hard days work. At 7AM, Big Tom was in the field known as the Backmoss behind the team of horses with his powerful hands on the shafts of a heavy double mould board plough. The three polls were put up for the first long drill and Big Tom with his frisky young team shot the drill as straight as a die. Tom labored until 7PM, when he had finished opening four acres of as a rough ground as any man in the North of Ireland opened that year. The next morning he was up early and sailed that afternoon from Derry to New York. The following Sunday, many a conceited ploughman came to the Backmoss to see the elaborate work done by Big Tom Devine. They marveled at the straightness of the drills and their equal size of 28 inches through rough ground. Although Tom Devine never competed at a ploughing match he was considered an expert ploughman. He ploughed a field of two Cunningham acres at Mullingar, Killygordon with a 9 inch furrow in one day from 5:30AM to 6:30PM. He mowed this same field of oats the following August from 7AM to 6:30PM with an hour interval for lunch. He kept up a steady 10foot swath with three people lifting and tying behind him until he finished. I mention these facts to give the reader an idea of how Thomas Devine excelled the average man for strength and endurance as well as skill in farm labor. In hunting wild fowl, he was an expert shot with the shotgun. He could bring down a Jacksnipe faster than most men could.

When he arrived back in Anaconda, he went to batch with Dennis Fee again, and returned to his job at the refinery. A few months later, he sent for his sweetheart Jennie Kelly. When she first arrived in Anaconda, she and Mrs. Julia Walker stayed with a family named Sheehan. A few weeks later, she and Tom Devine were married by Rev. Father Peter DeSiere and went to live at 618 East 4<sup>th</sup> St. in Anaconda in a house belonging to Mrs. McEwan. It was in this house that their first son was born in July 1890. Mr. Devine had purchased two city lots west of Mrs. McEwan's property, and in 1891, he built the house at 612 East 4<sup>th</sup> Street. A few years afterwards, he had built six more houses on this property. The town was booming and Tom Devine was prospering. About 1892, he sent to Iowa for his brother Ed to join him. Ed and his family came to Anaconda and established a grocery business in the 300 block on East Commercial Avenue. Ed Devine raised a large family in Anaconda. Later, Ed Devine moved to East 3<sup>rd</sup> Street and was successful in the grocery and saloon business. He was many times elected Alderman for the 5<sup>th</sup> Ward and about 1909 was acting Mayor of Anaconda.

In May 1898, the United States declared war on Spain after the sinking of the Battleship Maine. It was also the centennial anniversary of the rebellion of the United Irishmen in Ireland. Tom Devine and his wife decided to take their four children and visit Ireland during this great celebration. They left Anaconda in May and sailed from New York on the S. S. Germanic. Mrs. Kehoe of Anaconda accompanied them as far as

Queenstown, Cork. An episode occurred after their arrival in Liverpool, England that proved Tom Devine inherited the courage and aggressiveness of his father. The trunks had been carried on to the dock. In those days, luggage was not examined by custom officials, but in that year of 1898 rumors had spread that arms were being transported into Ireland for another rebellion. Two burly Englishmen in uniform came forward to examine Mr. Devine's trunks. The genial expression on Big Tom's face changed to fearsome anger. The men in uniform said, "We are going to search your trunk." Big Tom said, "You are not going to search my trunk without showing good authority." Their voices became loud and a crowd gathered. One of the uniformed men moved forward to open the trunk, but big Tom delivered a powerful blow that sent him sprawling on his back. The crowd, which was mostly Irish, gave a Harrah! As Tom advanced on the other uniformed, man he backed away and went to look for reinforcements. Tom said, "Let no one dare touch this trunk until I have first seen an American Consul." The American Consul hearing the noise quickly came on the scene. After a conference between the police, custom officials and the American Consul, it was agreed to let them look in the trunks. Big Tom said he had no apology to offer the policeman whom he had struck. I was barely 5 years old then, but I shall never forget the fierceness with which my Father went after those English policemen and made them back away.

From Liverpool we crossed the Irish Sea to Belfast, where we were met by my Mother's sister Annie Kelly. We then went to my Mother's old home in Armagh, where we were made very welcome. I still remember that trip to Ireland very well and still dream of happy days spent in Derry and Cumber Claudy, where my Granduncle had been parish priest. My mother and Father traveled by train to Dublin with a group for the grand celebration of the centenary of the rebellion of 1798. The train was stoned by a pro British Unionist mob in Portadown, Co Armagh. All the windows in the train were broken, but fortunately, Tom Devine and his wife were not harmed. After touring Ireland and Scotland, they bid farewell to Ireland and set sail from Derry to New York on the Old S. S. State of Nebraska. We brought with us my mothers two sisters, Annie and Isabella. I shall never forget that voyage. After two days out at sea, the storm became so fierce that the State of Nebraska turned her bow back toward Scotland. It took us fourteen days to cross the ocean accompanied by continual storm. Most of the passengers were sick throughout the journey. The lifebelts were counted and in readiness to be used at any moment. I never heard so much praying in my life. I remember the water pouring down the hatchways and the dishes falling down from tables and shelves. We were overjoyed when we reached New York at the end of November 1898.

About 1<sup>st</sup> December, Thomas Devine arrived back in Anaconda. The war with Spain was over. The economy was not as prosperous in Anaconda as previously, but Tom Devine returned to his position at the refinery. In the middle of 1899, the election campaign was being waged. William A. Clark was running against Marcus Daly for Senator. William A. Clark espoused the eight-hour day legislation, which Marcus Daly opposed. Thomas Devine was an active supporter of the eight-hour day law which was not pleasing to Marcus Daly. They became adversaries and Thomas Devine ceased to be employed by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. Tom Devine then worked hard for William A. Clark who was successfully elected. Thomas Devine was chosen as a Democratic delegate to go to Helena, the capitol of Montana. President McKinley, a Republican, was elected again, but a Democratic Governor, Joseph K. Toole, was elected Governor of Montana. Montana was still a Democratic State and the eight-hour law went into effect. Thomas Devine never went back to work for the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. The rents from his property were sufficient to provide for him and his family. In 1902, the State elections were held and Tom Devine was made Chairman of the Democratic Committee in Anaconda. In November of the same year, he was elected to the State Legislature.

All was well until the Spring of 1903, then Mrs. Devine's health began to fail. Drs. Spellman and Liecer both attended her, but to no avail. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of May 1903, Mrs. Devine went to her eternal rest, leaving behind six small children. The eldest, Thomas, 12 years old was crippled, and the youngest, Isabelle was just twenty months old. This was the most severe blow Thomas Devine ever received. Mrs. Devine had the largest funeral in Anaconda until that time. She was laid to rest in the Cemetery down in the valley, but later her body was moved to Mt. Carmel Cemetery on the hill above Anaconda.

Mr. Devine felt his loss keenly, as did his children. For a time he was undecided what to do with his children. Many friends advised him to send them to the Orphans Home in Helena. In August, he decided to take them to the land of his own childhood in Ireland. About the 25<sup>th</sup> of August, he and his children said goodbye to Anaconda.

It was a major undertaking for a man to travel some 2,400 miles across the North American Continent and then sail across 3,000 miles of Ocean with six small children. But in those days, travelers were kind and considerate. The baby Isabelle, 20 months old seemed to attract many of the passengers, who came by to admire her beauty. Her older sister, Catherine, herself only a child, had the formidable task of caring for her. Somewhere on the train between Buffalo and New York, a millionaire and his wife were attracted to the beauty of the baby. They asked to take the child to their own private compartment in a Pullman car. Mr. Devine was grateful to have an adult woman provide temporary respite care for the child. This millionaire (whose name I fail to remember) came back to Mr. Devine without the baby. He said "My wife and I would like to adopt the baby, here is a check for \$10,000 drawn on my name for the prettiest baby I have ever seen." Mr. Devine could not consider such an offer. His deceased wife would never forgive him. Before parting, the millionaire asked Mr. Devine how he was fixed financially. Mr. Devine said he was all right in that respect. The next day in New York the millionaire's son met Mr. Devine on the street and reminded him of the generous offer his father made to help financially. He said to Mr. Devine, "You are foolish not to avail yourself of this offer unless you are very wealthy." Mr. Devine thanked him and said he was not by any means in financial distress.

They left New York on the Old Ethiopia on the 1<sup>st</sup> of September and landed in Derry, Ireland on 11<sup>th</sup> September 1903. Some of the children were seasick, but not the baby. Everyone admired the beautiful baby. She was very smart on her feet and the ships Captain remarked, "That child has got sea legs."

On arrival in Derry, the Devine family got a great welcome from their relatives, especially the Gallivans, who very kindly cared for two of the children for over a year. Two of the older children, James and Catherine and the baby Isabell were taken to Claudy, after spending a couple of weeks in Derry with the Gallivan family. In Claudy, they were cared for by their Aunt Mrs. Michael Doherty, who sent James and Catherine to the Claudy National School. The baby Isabelle grew up with the Doherty's and married Mr. Harry Quinn a year after Mr. Doherty's death in 1921.

In the Spring of 1904, it was necessary for Mr. Devine to return to the U. S. to get a large sum of money that was in his deceased wife's name. He spent some of this money improving property and having his wife's remains moved from the lower cemetery to Mount Carmel on the hill above Anaconda. In August, he left Anaconda on his return to Ireland. He stopped for a week at St. Louis to take in the Worlds Fair. He had a most wonderful time. There he met General Cronge of the Boer Army who, with some of his own followers and a contingent of British soldiers, staged a sham battle daily. Mr. Devine was very much impressed with General Cronge who made such a sacrifice in the gallant cause of independence from the British Empire. After Mr. Devine had witnessed one of the sham battles he was introduced to General Cronge. They held conversation for almost an hour. It was during the Boer War that Mr. Devine had written many leading articles for the Anaconda Standard.

While attending the Worlds Fair in St. Louis, Mr. Devine met a man of wealth, (whose name I cannot recall). While they were visiting a pavilion showing scenes in Ireland, they came upon a scene depicting the home of U. S. President McKinley's Grandfather in County Antrim. Inside the cottage was what was supposed to be a facsimile of the bed of McKinley's Grandfather. It was merely a bundle of straw in a rough sack in a corner of a room with a rough pillow. The gentleman of wealth said to Mr. Devine, "Did you ever see anything like that in Ireland?" Mr. Devine replied that he never had and that such a scene was a disgrace to the Irish race. The Irish did not live like animals. The wealthy gentleman said, "I will give a thousand dollars to anyone who will remove this so called bed of President McKinley's Grandfather. He and Mr. Devine made protest to some committee in charge and the bed was removed immediately. I imagine this holiday in St. Louis was one of the greatest times Mr. Devine spent in America. His respectable appearance, affable manner and dignified bearing won him friends among the wealthy influential men attending the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904. He arrived in Ireland in September and brought with him numerous presents and souvenirs from the World's Fair.

He spent the following winter at the Locks near Strabane with his brother Bernard. In February 1905, he took his oldest son Thomas, who was crippled since he was 6 years old, to the shrine of Our Blessed Mother in Lourdes, France, where so many miracles had occurred. He and his son had great devotion for the Immaculate Mother of Our Savior and prayed earnestly that the boy might be healed. They both enjoyed the trip to Lourdes. In August just before harvest, little Tommy Devine died. He was a remarkable child and most interesting to converse with. He had traveled much during his short life and took great pleasure in relating his travels. He had a most affable manner and nearly everybody liked to converse with him. He made great friends with a family named O'Brien who lived at the Broadbridge, Eglinton. Soon after his return to Ireland in 1905, Tom Devine purchased the 50-acre farm at Laraghaleas near Derry. It was a substantial place, but terribly run down. It took hundreds of pounds to repair the buildings and get the place into good condition. His children were delighted to be together again and how they romped and played when they found they were in their own house again. During 1905 and 1906, they attended Eglinton and Drumaneeny schools. In the Fall of 1906, they went to St. Columbs schools at the Waterside, Derry. Catherine the eldest girl went to Armagh Convent school. Mr. Devine made very clear to his children's teachers that his children were American citizens and he did not want them subject to the physical punishment or beatings then prevalent in Irish schools. Isabell the baby remained with her Aunt Mrs. Michael Doherty of Claudy. As they grew older, they went to different schools. James went to the Agricultural College at Strabane and Edward went to St. Columbs College and later to Prince Albert College, Dublin where he studied chemistry. James returned to Anaconda when he came of age and later settled in New York City and served as a lettercarrier, carrying mail on his back until he retired upon reaching 70 years of age. James married Anna Brady an Irish immigrant from near Cootehill Co. Cavan. They raised three children in New York City. Edward later returned to operate the farm at Eglinton. He was respected in the community as a gentleman farmer. He never married and died in his early 70's

In 1907, James Kelly, Mr. Devine's brother in law, who had spent years as a miner in Anaconda, Montana and South Africa visited Ireland and had many enjoyable days with Tom Devine and his children. The older children remembered him from their days in Montana. He was a big man, six feet tall and full of life and fun. They all felt very sad when he left for South Africa again in October 1907. He lived but three years afterwards. The mining had damaged his lungs and his letters tell of his distress at being sick so far from home. He returned home to Ireland to die.

Tom Devine lived rather a quiet peaceful life from then on. At times farming did not prosper and were it not for the rents derived from his property in Anaconda, he might have been in financial difficulties. During 1910 and 1911, he had three horses and 12 cattle die. In 1914, the situation improved and he visited America again. Old friends in Anaconda made him very welcome. E. P. Mathewson manager of the Anaconda smelters made him welcome and took him personally on a tour of the great plant. He was in Anaconda when the great World War broke out. He said goodbye to his brother Ed for the last time and with difficulty arrived back in Ireland in October in 1914. This was his fifth journey to the U. S. The war years were years of prosperity for Irish farmers. Mr. Devine was successful in growing flax and he received good returns from his farm in Iowa and the property in Anaconda. This was a great boom to him after 7 or 8 years of struggling with financial difficulties. His eldest living son, James, went to America in 1919. Edward went to school in Dublin, but two years later returned and helped to carry on the farm at Laraghaleas. Several of the children suffered from ear infections during their youth and incurred some loss of hearing. Edward was very hard of hearing and was greatly assisted by a hearing aid after these became available. This condition would have been an encumbrance during his studies and impediment in his social life.

James Devine made a return visit to Ireland in 1927, and he and his father toured in Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Devine took great interest in visiting Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Palace where Mary Queen of Scots lived. He also visited in the Argyle Tower, where his ancestor the Duke of Argyle was imprisoned and executed in 1685. Few men were more familiar with Irish and Scotch History than Tom Devine. He always clung to a firm belief that St. Patrick was born in Scotland. In Edinburgh he saw the spot where Cardinal Beaton was martyred in the 1600's. He also visited the Zoological Gardens in Edinburgh and the Forth Bridge, then the largest in the British Isles. In Ireland he visited Dublin, Manooth College, the Hill of Tara, and the Curragh of Kildare. His son James bid him a last farewell on the 30<sup>th</sup> of September 1927 and returned to the U. S.

The year 1928 was a quiet year for Tom Devine, except for the death of his brother Bernard in October. Bernard's death plunged Mr. Devine into more financial difficulties since Tom Devine had signed his name to two promissory notes for Bernard. These notes required that Mr. Devine pay large sums of money for his deceased brother's debts. The burden of these notes caused him mental worries, which had a depressing effect on his general health. He had a severe attack of a cold in March 1929. It did not put him off his feet. He still boasted he did not spend a sick day in bed during his entire life. In April, he seemed to be almost his old self again, but still worried over financial matters. The last Sunday in April was the Feast of the Holy Cross. He attended Mass very devotedly that Sunday. He explained the meaning of the feast of the Holy Cross to his daughter. In the afternoon he walked over the whole farm with his son Edward, taking a special interest in things. He gave his son advice on how to act toward his neighbors and to beware of those who try to make friends too quickly. That night he placed 20 pounds in Edwards's drawer. That day he made some mention that he might have to leave them soon and when he did he hoped not to give them too much trouble. He hoped they would all be good when he would go.

It was on the following Friday the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May 1929 in the afternoon he visited Derry City to purchase some vegetable seed and to get a shave. His daughter Sophie saw him seated in the bus for his return journey home. The bus left the starting point about 5:15PM and crossed Derry bridge without event. Then a woman passenger noticed Mr. Devine lean forward and change color. Some people thought he was dosing, but the woman said that man is ill. Right after this, as the bus went up Bond's hill, Mr. Devine fell off the seat. The bus was cleared so the invalid might get air. Father McGlade of Limavady came hurrying at this time to take the same bus to Limavady. He immediately anointed Mr. Devine. The ambulance was called and was on the scene in a few minutes.

Mr. Devine was taken to the infirmary where he recovered consciousness. Then he received the last rites of his church and passed to his eternal rest in less than an hour from the time he entered the infirmary. His son Edward hurried to the city, but was not there in time to see his Father alive.

He had said, "He would have to leave them soon and he would not give them much trouble." How true he was to his word! He was spared the suffering of a lingering illness. Thus passed Thomas Devine, one of the greatest man of the name. He was a man of dignified bearing, forceful character, articulate, and always ready to uphold right and condemn wrong. I believe he had as much courage as Napoleon or Julius Caesar. Although he was abrupt at times, he was full of sympathy for those in trouble, even his enemies. No man could talk more soothingly to children or a poor woman in trouble. Often they came to ask his advice. He was probably the most able historian in the diocese of Derry during his time. He was endowed with a great memory and as Father McEldowney said, "He was a storehouse of knowledge." When a young man, his favorite sports were swimming and hunting wild fowl. He was a crack shot at flying birds and could bring down a snip as fast as most huntsmen. The love of this sport followed him to an advanced age. Although he wore glasses when reading, he had remarkably good eyesight. This was proven in Anaconda in 1914. Standing across from the Standard Newspaper Office on Main Street, he was able to read the war bulletins to the crowd as they were posted up from a distance of a hundred feet. The crowd was surprised that a man of 68 years had such wonderful vision.

He was laid to rest in the family burying ground at Cloughcor near Strabane, where the Devines had been buried for at least three generations. He had a large funeral attended by many clergy and laymen of note. He was a man of great learning, culture, integrity, physical prowess, and marvelous courage. Will there ever be another Devine like him?

## APPENDIX 2

The following account was written by James Devine born in Anaconda, Montana and subjected to very minor editing by his son Thomas E. Devine.

### A TERRIBLE VOYAGE OF STORM HORROR AND FEAR

We were due to sail back to the U.S.A. from Merville, 21 miles from Derry City on Saturday the 15<sup>th</sup> of October 1898 on the S. S. State of Nebraska.

When we were visiting in Armagh a few weeks before sailing, my father and mother learned of the desire of my two aunts to visit or emigrate to America and seek their fortune in Montana. My aunts were my mother's sisters; Mrs. Isabell McCoo a young widow, about 26 years old, and my mother's youngest sister Annie Kelly, 20 years old. My father thought it might be advisable since there were good opportunities for women in Montana at that time, where girls were scarce.

After the first week of October, the Gallivan family moved from the foot of Bishop Street to a newer home in a desirable neighborhood known as Stanley's Walk, which was then a very fine place to live. Two days before our sailing, we went from Claudy into Derry and stayed 2 days with the Gallivans as they were arranging furniture in the house. They were barely settled, but had beds arranged for all of us. I was surprised to see my aunts Annie and Bel there and more surprised to learn they were coming with us to the U. S. A. and on to Anaconda. Gallivan's house was full of friends and relatives who came there from Killygordon, Strabane, Armagh and Claudy to bid us farewell on our departure. Among the relatives at the Gallivan home the day of our sailing were my Aunt Catherine Doherty of Claudy, my Uncle Barney of the Locks near Strabane (who was used to boats and rowing on the River Foyle and Strabane Canal), Daniel Kelly of Tamnacrum and perhaps his brother John James Kelly, also Tommy John Kelly of Loughgall, Armagh.

The weather became very windy and stormy. I think Aunt Catherine Doherty left for Claudy before the wind became very strong. After kissing goodbye near twilight at Stanley's Walk, we rode to the wharf to board the tender to sail down the River Foyle to board the S. S. State of Nebraska. The three sidewheel tenders were named; The Earl of Dunraven, The Lady Clare and The Albatross. Which of them carried us down the River Foyle that stormy evening on 15<sup>th</sup> October 1898 would be difficult to determine at this late date in 1967. We rode down to the wharf in three hired jaunting cars. I remember seeing the white caps on the waves and seeing the little boats and ferryboats tossed like corks on the stormy waters of the wide estuary of the River Foyle.

Among the relatives to sail down the Foyle with us to the big liner were Uncles Daniel Gallivan, Barney Devine (part sailor), Mick Devine, Killygordon, Cousin Michael Gallivan, Uncle Tommy John Kelly, and my mother's cousin Daniel Kelly.

No ladies would accompany us on such a wild stormy evening. Soon after we passed Culmore, Uncle Mike Devine and Cousin Dan Kelly began to get seasick. My aunts Annie and Bel were getting sea sick along with nearly all the ladies aboard. Dan Gallivan got very sick, but not his son Michael. John J. Kelly may not have gotten sick as he had been to sea before. In short nearly all aboard got seasick except most of the crew, My Father, Uncle Barney, Mike and my brother little Tommy Devine. My Mother was not very sick as she carried my sister Sophie.

It took longer than usual to get the gangplank fastened between the tender and the S. S. State of Nebraska. My Father carried my brother Tommy across the gangplank and my Mother carried my sister Sophie with one of the crewmen assisting her. Some crewmen helped me, 5 years old at the time, across. It all seemed very shaky. Uncles Barney and Gallivan may have helped my younger sister Katie across the plank. It took nearly an hour to get the trunks aboard the liner in the high winds and dim lights. There were only lamps or hurricane lanterns used then and some lanterns were blown out by the

hurricane. The siren sounded and the tender pulled away in the darkened sky. My Uncles must have had a rough sail back up the Foyle to the wharf at Derry.

We soon went below to our rooms. Mother, Father, Tommy and I were in the same room together. My sisters Katie and Sophie were in a room with Aunts Bel and Annie. Sophie was 1 and ½ years old. No one felt like eating in such a storm. Mother put us to bed soon after we got some hot milk. The State of Nebraska did not make much mileage that night if she sailed at all. It seemed like rock and roll all night.

The ship was not crowded with only about 60 passengers. In the room next to my aunts was an old lady over 65 who had with her a baby girl some six months old. She had another lady with her in the room, who was also about 60 years old. I remember my dear Mother and Aunts wondering where such an old lady got such a young infant and they laughed and joked a little about it even though we were in a terrible storm. I myself thought it unusual to see such an old lady taking care of such a young baby. I did not know then where the babies came from. My mother used to tell us she got us from the Indians. I think the old lady was taking this baby, who was probably an orphan, to some relative in America.

The first night aboard, no passengers were allowed on deck and not many grownups slept that night, as they all got seasick except my Father. We children were tired and slept most of the night after partaking of a little tasty gruel. Early the next morning water was dashing down the stairs from the hatchways. The floor was wet and dishes rolled on the floor. They were enamel dishes and did not break, but gave a rattling noise sometimes as the ship heaved. Hardly anyone ate breakfast. My father had been on deck early and he told us about the terrible storm we were in. Soon after the noon hour, he took me on deck to get some fresh air, hoping I would recover my appetite. I saw the big waves rolling toward us and how a 30 or 40 foot wave jarred us terribly when it broke near us. If we happened to ride the wave, it was not so bad. I could never walk the deck alone that morning. We only stayed on deck for a few minutes and kept close to the hatchway. From noon to 3 PM was the calmest part of the day. As the evening came the storm renewed itself and became more violent. No one could eat much at lunch or supper. Both my aunts were very seasick and could only drink gruel or tea. My brother Tommy could eat all right and called for pigsfeet. The stewardess was a very fine Scotchwoman about 50 years old and kind to children, whom she called the Bairns. She was very attentive to the old lady's baby and it was not affected by the storm. She brought pudding and jello to coax the children to eat. We all ate a little the first day. Children often are better able to eat better than adults under these circumstances. The Stewardess called the old ladies baby, "The Sweet Little Bairn". As we were coming into the second stormy night all of us that could not eat were served oatmeal gruel, which was fairly tasty with sugar in it. Then, after 9 PM, we were rolling much and into the loud storm again. Dishes were rattling and falling off tables. Every few minutes a lamp would go out. The stewards were kept busy trying to light oil lamps. Passengers were very scared and as a big wave would hit the ship one could hear the expression, "Lord save us" or "Lord have mercy on us." The storm became so severe that the State of Nebraska was turned right around and headed for the Scotch Coast and kept in that position most of the night.

The passengers became so scared that many of them started to pray. My Father and Mother and Aunts started to pray the Rosary in Father's room. The door was open and they prayed aloud. Pretty soon a crowd gathered around our room door and knelt down as we did and joined us in the Rosary and answered to two Litanies. The next day at noon, when it was somewhat calmer, the old lady with the baby said to my Mother, "That prayer the 'Hail Mary' was the nicest prayer I ever heard." On the third night, the storm rose again and the Rosary was led by my father again. There were about 30 to 40 passengers crowded into the Devine room and around their door as Thomas Devine led the

Rosary and talked to the people recalling how Christ saved his disciples in a storm on the Lake of Galilee. In this way he calmed the people more than any of the ships officers. When the storm became high that night, the ships Captain sent the First Mate and a couple of Stewards around to our rooms to count the life belts and assure that they were there. The First Mate and Stewards heard the prayers and we noticed their respect and silence

From Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup> of October 1898 until Wednesday night 26<sup>th</sup> of October it was a continual storm with unabated fury. The Rosary was recited every night in our room from 16<sup>th</sup> October until 26<sup>th</sup> of October. About 12 people of other Faiths in addition to Catholics joined in our prayers.

There were no other children in our section of the ship except the old ladies baby and a Danish boy of 15 or 16 who could not speak English. He was playing with a clear marble when I met him. We called that type of marble a snowflake in my hometown of Anaconda. Although we could not converse, we got to playing by rolling the ball or marble back and forth to each other. We understood each other to some extent and that caused us both to smile.

On Thursday 27<sup>th</sup> of October it seemed that the storm was over and a little sun showed. Father left me on deck and a big seaman waved to me then went into the engine room and came out with a big xxxxx full of peanuts, walnuts, Chinese and hazel nuts. They filled my two side pants pockets and coat pockets. I soon took them downstairs to treat my brothers and sisters and the Danish boy for Halloween. We were beginning to feel happy knowing we would soon be seeing land. We met another passenger ship going eastward toward Europe on Thursday 27<sup>th</sup>. The crowd of passengers on the deck waved and cheered as they continued eastward. Otherwise it was a lonesome voyage of storm, high waves and nothing in sight but foam and storm.

Another little stir aboard was the examination by a Doctor for vaccination. Most of the people on board had been vaccinated at some time in their life. The old lady with the baby said she was vaccinated on her leg many years ago. She had to show her leg to the Doctor. The Doctor asked my Father if he had ever been vaccinated. My Father said, "Yes in some mining camp in Colorado or Wyoming where there was a smallpox outbreak." The Doctor wanted proof. My Father replied, "You do not need proof. I am an American Citizen returning to my own home in Montana. My Citizenship papers are all the proof necessary." My Father became angry and a hot argument followed. My Father became very angry and said, "Dam it! You don't believe me. How do I know you are a Doctor?" The Doctor showed his credentials. Then my Father took off his shirt saying; "I'll show you." Then he showed the vaccination mark put on in a western mining camp. Then he said, "So you wouldn't take the word of a truthful American Citizen." We docked in New York about noon.

Some passengers had bruises from being knocked off their feet with the lurching of the ship, but none were seriously hurt. The S. S. State of Nebraska was then 20 years old with one red funnel and a single screw propeller. She may have been converted from a sailing ship to steam about 1886 according to a seaman named A. J. Snay. She was probably built in Glasgow and belonged to the Allen line.

Citizens got off first. We waited on the dock in view of my Aunts standing in a line on the deck of the State of Nebraska. The line was short but moved slowly as the usual red tape and questions concerning the immigrants were involved. Then we lost sight of my Aunts as they were taken to Ellis Island. There we saw large groups of Europeans; Italians and Slavs penned in squares or groups of 30 roped around in squares like cattle in a pen. It was a fairly warm day in New York and hundreds of people penned in so close together were perspiring and giving off an unpleasant odor. I do not know how things happened, but my Aunt Annie, a pretty young Irish Colleen was taken by some of the Emigration Officers and placed in one of those pens. My father just happened to see her, there. He claimed her and demanded her release right away. They saw he meant what he

said, and she was liberated with no more questions asked. He got Aunt Belle passed through the Emigration Authorities. Then they were labeled by railroad agents and we got a cab or bus to Grand Central R. R. Station.

We got a train leaving that evening for the West. We changed trains the following night in Chicago and took the Northern Pacific to Butte. We arrived in Butte the morning of the 31<sup>st</sup> of October, and caught the B.A.P. near N. P. depot and arrived in Anaconda late that afternoon. My Uncle Ed Devine was at the depot with his buggy to meet us. He drove us to 612 East 4<sup>th</sup> Street. In less than a half-hour his son delivered a big supply of groceries and Mom had dinner on the table at 7 PM.

I will never forget the voyage of hurricanes from Moville, Ireland to New York City in October 1898.

James M. Devine

### APPENDIX 3

**The following was composed by Thomas Devine born 1846 and written in his letter to his son James Devine in May 24, 1924.**

Two brothers named Cavanaugh came in King James 2<sup>nd</sup>'s army from Wicklow to the siege of Derry in 1689. James and Michael were their Christian names. One was killed at Ballougry Hill on the approach to Derry. The brother who survived said he never would return without his brother. He remained around Carragans and St. Johnstown afterwards among people called Moore. His son married a woman called Mac Dermot. The next Cavanaugh married Sarah Doherty. My grandfather's father married Mary Edwards. My grandfather married Sophia Crawford.

Note to first page.

Michael Cavenagh was born in 1793 at Cloughogle, Donaghady, Tyrone and died 11<sup>th</sup> July 1872. His father's name was Michael also. He was married to Sarah Doherty, born 1761. He died in 1801, leaving a large family. He was sometimes called Michael More. He was 40 years old when he died in 1801. Michael More's father, whatever he was named James or Michael, I am not certain, but his wife's name was Mac Dermott or as they pronounced De yer Mid. He was probably born in 17?? or ??

### **Separate note**

The Edwards are of Welsh descent. They came from Wales and got large grants of land at the time of the confiscations of Ulster in the reign of James I. They settled in County Tyrone at a place above Castleterg called Castlegore. The story runs that one of the Edwards married a Connaught lady named MacDermott who made him a Catholic. He and the wife were very extravagant, kept racehorses and hounds and brought themselves down in means. When the Abercorn Hamiltons in order to assist him gave him a townland called Cloughogle in the parish of Donaghadey. From these Edwards my grandfather's Mother Molly or Mary Edwards was descended.

Thomas Devine  
Roseview House  
Campsie, Co. Derry  
November 12, 1923

## APPENDIX 4

**Account written in 1924 as a letter by Thomas Devine, born 1846, for his son James M. Devine.**

Roseview House  
Laraghaleas  
County Derry  
January 2, 1924

### **The Cavanaugh Family**

Michael Cavanaugh my Grandfather was born in November 1<sup>st</sup> 1793. His father's name was Michael also. His Mothers name was Mary Edwards from Cloghogle, Donaghedy. They had five of a family. Three boys and two girls. Catherine the eldest was married to a man called James Lynch, who lived in a place called The Cooly, Donaghedy. The next, James never married, Michael was next, with Sally and Thomas the youngest. James, when young, went to Barons Court and entered the employment of the Earl of Abercorn. When the Earl died, Sir John Burgoyne, Agent for Abercorn's Estate brought James to be his Landsteward at Strabane. He remained with Sir John until he retired from the Agency in 1862. After leaving Strabane, he lived at the Locks until his death on 6<sup>th</sup> January 1841.

Michael the third member of the family, when fifteen years old was sent to an uncle named Andrew Cavenagh who lived at a place called The Leightown to learn to be a miller. The place is now called Liscooley, a station on the Donegal Railway between Castlefinn and Killygordon Parish of Donaghmore, Co. Donegal. He remained here until 1812 or 1813 when he went to a place called Carrickhugh, Co. Derry to take up the situation of Miller in a mill owned by a Mr. Levison. This Mr. Levison had a son who it was said was an active sympathisor with the United Ireland Movement. The Military came out from Derry one night and burned the splendid residence of old Mr Levison, for which destruction the British Government, after the times settled, made compensation to Mr. Levison. My Grandmother, Sophie Crawford, had a vivid recollection of seeing Mrs. Levison manage to get into the house for the purpose of saving some things belonging to herself. And when she got to safely through the cordon of soldiers that surrounded the burning building, she exclaimed, holding up her apron in which was a great amount of money, which Mrs. Levison had rescued from her bedroom, "Thank God, we can build another house much larger."

In the year 1816, the Earl of Abercorn in order to reward James Cavenagh for his faithful services, appointed his family to take charge of the Strabane Canal. In consequence of this arrangement Mr. Cavenagh and his family removed from Donaghady and took up their residence at Greenlaw or the Locks, as it is commonly called, in November 1816. Michael about this time seems to have got married to Sophie Crawford, whom he brought to the Locks where they all resided. It would appear that Tom, the younger brother, remained at Cloughogle to manage a small farm of land that they held there. Michael assumed the duties of Canal Superintendent, which position he held until his death on 11<sup>th</sup> February 1872.

The Cavenagh family prospered at the Locks and in the course of a few years their household became a household word throughout the Parish of Leckpatrick and the district of Strabane for hospitality, in fact it was a haven of refuge for the poor. Mrs. Cavenagh or Molly Edwards was a hearty kindhearted woman, good to every one that came in her way, whilst my Grandmother Sophia was equally kind and generous to those around her.

Michael Cavenagh himself from his early association with Mills and the milling trade had a knowledge of grain, which he turned to advantage by taking a position under

the Moores Grain Merchants of Derry. After continuing a few years in their employment, he built and acquired mills on his own account, and became a leading grain merchant around the town of Strabane. In 1802 he built a Scutch Mill at Ballymagorry which led him into the flax business. He and a gentleman named William Boke of Ballylau were the means of establishing a Flax Market in Strabane. Previous to this there was no market nearer than Derry. In 1846, he changed the Scutch Mill into a corn mill. There was a great trade in purchasing oats in Strabane and making it into meal and sending it to Glasgow for the Scotch Market. The oats in those days, before the advent of Railways, was brought from Enniskillen down to Strabane Market then purchased by the merchants from Derry and transported by Lighters to Derry. The size of the markets in Strabane in those days were far beyond what we people living now a days could conceive. The merchants and clerks were sometimes kept to 12 or 1 o'clock at night paying for the oats purchased in market. There were markets on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. In no town in the north of Ireland was there such a circulation of money as in those days in Strabane. Two or three years previous to 1846, Michael in company with Mr. William Sigarson, Holyhill and Counselor Sinclair, Holyhill formed a partnership. And having rented the Miltown Mill at Ballamagory, the Glenmornan mill and a mill at Fillyrap, Ballindrait and purchasing oats in Strabane market and at the mills, they kept those constantly working during the winter time for a two or three years, right up to 1846, when there was a great accumulation of oatmeal through want of demand. They held auctions at their stores in Strabane and were unable to get rid of it at 8 pounds 10 shillings 0 pence per ton in the summer of 1846. A month or two afterwards, when the report of famine burst on the people like a thunderclap, it was selling at 28 pounds 29 shillings 10 pence and even 30 pounds per ton. It is related of men refusing 29 pounds per ton and holding it over until markets lowered when they sold for 10 pounds per ton. The firm of Cavenagh, Sigarson, Sinclair did not make much out of the raise in price of meal, as they had disposed of their stock before the market rose. My Father, Thomas Devine purchased some meal from them at 8 pounds 10 shillings or 9 pounds per ton and sold it in two or three weeks at 17 or 18 pounds per ton.

Michael Cavenagh had become an important man in the grain and milling trade. Strabane was his place of business. The district of Strabane was always remarkable for the splendid samples of grain raised around it. The oats and wheat and flax were second to none in the North of Ireland or anywhere else in the British Isles. Mr. Cavenagh from 1822 down to the sixties was an active man in the grain and milling trade. In his first engaging in the grain trade, he purchased oats for a firm in Derry called The Moore Brothers and afterwards for the firm of Adam Schoales, who was Mayor of Derry. But like many of great enterprise, he overstepped himself in 1832. He with a number of his assistants and clerks went to South Hampton where they became interested and employed by South Hampton and Oriental Company. Said company traded with the East. I remember a Mr. Hall who returned from South Hampton, but had become partially paralyzed living at Artigarvan in a house of David Smiths. This was in the 60's. My Grandfather used to visit.

Michael Cavenagh was a man of great general knowledge. His early acquaintance with mechanics enabled him to form opinions and ideas with regard to improving many of the common methods of doing things then in use. Consequently it was not to be wondered at, that he was called on to Superintend many of the improvements carried out around Strabane. He was the man who walled in the Grain Market and the Butter Market. He built all the Stores around the Strabane Basin, leveled around the wharf or quay, constructed a dock for Lighters to be repaired, superintended the construction of the gates for Locks, and the bridges for the crossings on the canal. He carried out the construction of the embankments along the River Foyle at Back Fence and many other places along the

River Foyle. Almost all those works carried out by him remain even to this day as monuments of his genius and engineering skill.

Michael Cavenagh weighed 17 ½ or 18 stone and stood 5 feet 10 inches tall. In personal appearance he was a man of strong build, broad shoulders, open countenance, and ruddy in complexion. He was affable in manner, ready to speak, mild in temperament, humorous and witty, good at repartee and with a strong and powerful memory. He was well versed in the history of his country. Few laymen better versed in the Ancient Scriptures. And as religious controversy was more common in his time than now, he was often called upon to defend the ancient Church. His humorous manner and stinging wit enabled him to floor his opponents often times exposing them to great ridicule. Many anecdotes and stories used to be told about Strabane of what Mr. Cavenagh said to those who discussed religion with him. He attended the great Derry Discussion held in the year 1828, which occupied 12 days. Grandfather was present 8 days. Previous to the Derry Discussion, Protestants were always challenging the Roman Catholics to discuss religion. They did not give much trouble afterwards.

My Grandfather continued in the milling and grain trade until 1863 when that kind of business failed. He gave up the milling and mills. He lived on the farm at the Locks and attended to the canal. He lived until February 11, 1872, when he died after a months sickness to the sorrow and regret of his numerous friends and relatives who followed his mortal remains to the grave. My Grandmother, Sophie, outlived him almost two years, dying in January 1874. Mrs. Cavenagh was a very industrious woman, a good housekeeper, very kind and charitable. She surpassed most women for capacity in household duties, butter making, cheese making, needlework, but above all in spinning. She could spin as much as two women. At that time, every housewife spun herself and made the maids spin a certain quantity of yarn each day. My Grandmother had more webs of linen in her house than any woman in the country. Her house at the Locks was a haven of hospitality. No one left it hungry. Few people were held in more respect than Mr. Cavenagh and his wife. Anybody requiring friendship or advice, money or meal went to Michael Cavenagh or his wife and always got relief.

Michael Cavenagh was a very respectable looking in appearance and always well dressed. He had a large circle of acquaintances who were always glad to meet him and who took great delight in listening to his interesting anecdotes, which were well interspersed with sallies of wit and humor. He was a great favorite at Public Dinners. Many interesting anecdotes are related of stories and remarks on these occasions. He took great delight in telling of his meetings with the celebrated Father Tom McGuire and other celebrities – The Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Claude Hamilton and many representatives of the nobility, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl of Vinchuloa (spelling unclear). He was intimately acquainted with the Bishops of Derry, Drs. Peter McLaughlin and John McLaughlin, Dr. Patrick McGettigan, Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. Dan McGettigan, Bishop of Raphoe, who afterwards became Primate of Armagh. He was a great favorite of the priests of the Diocese of Derry, particularly those who took part in the Derry Discussions, Fathers O'Loughlin, O'Kane, and McCarron and also Fathers Brown, P.P. Strabane, Father McHugh and many others. He had the pleasure of meeting many eminent engineers among them William Dargan. He proved himself more than a match for an English engineer that was brought over to take the levels of low lying Boggy land adjacent to the Strabane Canal. He met Counselor Lawless when he was sent down by O'Connell to defend Father Dan McGettigan at Letterkenny in the early forties (1841) I think. He was an ardent supporter of the Repeal Movement.

He along with Francis O'Neill of Mountpleasant and several others took an active part in building the Little Church at Cloughcor in the year 1823. Father O'Kane was parish priest. Among the names of the Committee that carried out the building of said church were the Kellys, McGettigan, Phillips, Donaghy, and MacShane. There were other

Devines. Mr. O'Neil from his high standing was no doubt the most influential. In my Grandfathers time, say in the ?? or perhaps from 1825, of the public men about Strabane, I have heard him talk of the following names; Francis O'Neill of Mountpleasant, James Quinn of Douglas, Jack McGuire, Strabane, James Duffy, Strabane, Hugh Collagen. The Moneyhan?, Hugh Hamilton, Nichols Sims, Joal Gallagher, John Baird, James Porter, John Gray, printer and publisher of Strabane Morning Post. Hugh Denning, Edward McKinney, Sam Morton, Daniel Baird, John Carrol, Assistant Agent for Lord Abercorn Tom Brown, owned Miltown Mill, Gilly Lowther, Tom Bamhill, Tom Hamilton, Rector Graham, Ministers Goudy, Rector Douglas, Donemana, Captain Sinclair. The Aughinlecks, Mulvins, John Austin, Jack McCree, Joe Gamble, Sam Donnell, Stevenson Foundry, Williams Sigerson, Artigamis.

Michael Cavenagh's daughter Mary died in September 1849 leaving a large family, which were taken to the Locks and raised by their Grandparents. In 184 (April) his daughter Catherine also died leaving a family of 4 boys and a girl, these were also raised for a number of years by their Grandparents. The raising of both families and educating them caused a great amount of care, anxiety and expense. As Mary's family grew up they emigrated to America. And strange to say, that not withstanding all the care and trouble that their grandparents underwent in raising them, it must be said that their grandchildren never showed the least gratitude. On the death of Michael Cavenagh, Bernard Devine, third son of Catherine Devine succeeded him at the Locks. He was very successful and was of a kind and charitable disposition, but inherited nothing of the mental qualities of the Grandfather.

James Cavenagh as we said died 1841 on 6th of January. He had been in Strabane and came home by Ballymagorry, stopped a short time in the house of Edward Devine, then accompanied by a man called Paddy Mullin started home by way of Greenlaw, passed the houses in Greenlaw, went as far as the first turn, when James requested him to return home. James went on his way towards the Locks – Mullin looked around after him and believed he was going along all right. James Cavenagh did not reach home. His brother Michael looked up the Greenlaw Road several times expecting him, but he did not come. There were loads of gravel emptied up on the road and there were snow showers from the northwest. It was believed he tripped on the gravel, he fell into the drain, which was lower than the road. He walked in the drain for some distance until he came to where the brow on the side of the field was low enough for him to get out of the drain. He then walked in the field to where there was a ?eash . He passed across the ?eash to the road and was found the next morning by men going down to shoot on the river sitting on the ?eash or rather on the road with his hat laid down by his side.

James Cavenagh was a man of fine physique, stood 6 ft or 6-ft 1-inch tall, fine limbs and shoulders, very athletic, a great horseman. There was one time, when with the Marquis of Abercorn at Barronscourt, it happened that a large party of English noblemen were visiting the Hamiltons at Barons court. They had a great hunt or steeplechase, in which an English Lord made a great leap with his horse, he felt very proud of the great feat and made great boasting of his achievement. This nettled the Earl, and James was called on to defend the honor and dignity of the House. He then selected a favorite horse and when mounted, he made a leap with his horse which far surpassed that of the English Lord. The Earl then told James that he would grant any request he would ask. James requested the Earl to give him the Locks for his mother and family. This the Earl complied with most readily. Hence the Cavenagh family removed to the Locks in November 1816.

James Cavenagh was a very correct man. Every one working for him had to perform their duties very carefully. Above all else they were required to keep their horses well groomed. Thomas Cavenagh, who lived at Cloughcor, sold his farm there and his land at Ballymagorry, where he lived managing and superintending around the mills for

his brother Michael and purchasing grain in Strabane Market. In 1852, he went to America, but lived only a short time there. He had two daughters there who preceded him. One of them was married to a man named McGovern. I do not know whether they were both married or not. Elizabeth and Catherine were their names. He had two other daughters, Mary and Sophie, who remained in Ireland. Mary married a man named Grainger. Sophie was married to a man William McSwine or Sweeny. He became mate and afterwards Captain of a ship trading to Scotland and England in the coal trade. Mary had two children a boy and a girl. Sophia had one son. Thomas Cavenagh had a boy who died when he was sixteen years old. Thomas Cavenagh's wife was Mary Moore a sister of Captain John Moore – a noted man in his day. A descendant of Catherine Cavenagh, the eldest sister of Michael, was a priest at Emmet near Detroit, State of Michigan. He was called John Lynch. He died in the 1890's. Sally Cavenagh the youngest sister was married to a man named Michael Carlin. They had four sons and three daughters. The two eldest sons James and Michael went to sea. Michael died in America. John went to America. Tom remained in Ireland. He had two daughters, Isabella and Katherine. Both married about Strabane to men named Mulhern and Gallagher. Both have families.

Michael Cavenagh's Grandfather was named Michael also. He was married to a woman called Sarah Dougherty from Innishowen, Co, Donegal. She was according to all accounts a woman of sound sense and possessed of a good education, a quality seldom found among the women of that period. They had four sons; James, Andrew, Michael and Patrick. James was seized by the pressgang in Belfast in 1782. Andrew was a miller and millwright and lived at Leightown, Donnaghmore. He had three daughters; Martha, Sarah and Betty. Martha was married to Charles Kelly. Patrick lived in Donagheady and had two sons and two daughters. James and John both taught school. James emigrated to America in 1812, died about 56 or 57 and left a legacy. John had one daughter and four sons. The sons went to America. The daughter Ellen married a man named McCafferty. James, John, and Thomas died in America. Patrick returned and died in Ireland.

James Cavenagh son of Mary Moore, when a boy of 18 or 19, accompanied his Father to Belfast to sell linen cloth, as weaving was greatly in vogue at that time. Whilst in the Linen Market, a war ship came into port, and according to a common practice of that period, the Commandant of the ship sent a Press gang through the town and seized on fifty young boys and took them aboard his ship to train them for the Navy. The Father was in great trouble about his son and appealed and entreated the officer to allow the boy to return home with him, but all in vain. When young Cavenagh was measured on the Standard he measured 6 feet and 1 and inch, and only 19 years of age. The officer appeared to take a conceit in Cavenagh and told the Father to not lament, that he would make a man of the boy. He was not long in the Navy when he was made midshipman. Cavenagh got great honor and would have been raised to high position had he not been killed in the battle of San Domingo in the West Indies. I think it was in 1798. An officer by the name of Captain Culbertson, who belonged to the Sion district situated ? miles from Strabane, made it his business to come and see the Cavenagh family in order to tell them about their son James and how he met his death. It appears that in the heat of the engagement he received a shot, which wounded him seriously. He was carried down to the cockpit. The doctors were unable to stop the bleeding and he bled to death to the great sorrow of his companions aboard the war ship. He received great praise from the commandant for his bravery and gallant conduct during the action.

The descendants of Michael Cavenagh of the Locks now consist of Thomas Devine and his family, who resides at Laraghaleas, Campsie, Co. Derry, Bernard Devine and family and sons family, who reside at the Locks and Dysart, Strabane, Co. Tyrone. There are two other families in America, one of which is the family of Edward Devine grandson of Michael Cavenagh, whose Mother was Catherine Cavenagh married to Thomas Devine. They reside in Anaconda, Montana, U.S.A. There is a family residing in

Bordentown, New Jersey, U.S.A. belonging to another grandson Edward Devine by his daughter Mary, who married Edward Devine.

The Cavenaghs and their descendants were all sturdy and of good appearance, kind and charitable in disposition. Their coming into the North was at the time of the Siege of Derry. A great number of them accompanied James the Second on his march to Derry. We find a Charles Cavenagh, who had raised and armed his tenants and followers in Carlow and Wicklow present at the Siege. Among them were two brothers one of whom was the ancestor of the Cavenagh families that we have been writing about. Their names, I believe, were James and Michael Mac Morough O'Cavenagh. One of the brothers was killed in an engagement at Ballougry Hill on the approach to Derry. The remaining brother said he never would go home without his brother. No doubt he had strong good reasons for not returning to his native Carlow, as the properties of all those who took up arms for the cause of the Stewards was confiscated and their lives proscribed. It appears that young Cavenagh became acquainted with a lady named Moore, who lived around Carrigans or St. Johnstown, whom he married. It seems that after a time the family crossed the Foyle and lived in County Tyrone around Leck and Dysart, and afterwards in Donagheady. It is said that one of them had a property at a place called Arcambe near Donemana in company with a man named Woods, and on account of the Penal Laws, which were in existence at the time, a Catholic could not take out a lease in their own name. Woods took advantage of this and knocked Cavenagh out of the property. Under the Penal Laws Catholics had no legal existence.

The O'Cavenaghs or McMorrough O'Cavenaghs as they were called are descended from Heremon through Cahir More, a King of Ireland who lived two hundred years before the Christian Era. The ancient name in the Irish language is Murcheda, hence MacMorrough-O'Cavenagh comes from the name of a place called Cavan where a portion of the clan resided. Their patrimony was in a place called Idwne (spelling difficult to read) along the river Barrow on the border of Carlow and Wicklow. There was and is a town called Borris, sometimes the Cavenaghs or MacMorroughs are designated as belonging to the noble House of Borris. Though one of the family has been the cause of great misfortune to our country, yet his family in Ireland has sent forth greater patriots or renowned Chieftains, who for centuries have battled against the enemies of their country. Foremost among them are Donald and several Arts or Authurs O'Cavenaghs and many others of the name and race. Many priests of the O'Cavenagh race have been distinguished for their piety and learning. There was Father O'Kavenagh in the Wexford Rebellion of 1798, who, along with Fathers Roche and Murphy, after witnessing the horrible and relentless cruelties of the British Soldiers and Yeomen in hanging the Irish and burning their homes and who, after themselves preaching peace and obedience to the laws, thinking to mollify and appease the cruel and tyrannical government of England, all to no purpose, became so exasperated that they placed themselves at the head of their people and led them against the enemies of their country, believing that it was better to die gloriously fighting for their country than be burned out like vermin or hanged like dogs.

The MacMorrough O'Cavenagh family as Kings and Princes of Leinster founded many religious houses and establishments throughout their territory. Among the numerous Kings or Princes of the race, none were more renowned for wisdom, bravery, statesmanship or nobleness of character than Art the Second. He fooled and humiliated the vainglorious Richard of England, who landed with an army of 30,000 men and 4,000 archers led by a numerous brood of knights and favourite courtiers, whom the wily prince of Leinster attacked and harassed so incessantly when they attempted to pass through the bogs and defiles of Wicklow and Carlow, that Richard was obliged to seek terms from the MacMorrough in order to pass northwards to Dublin. Few of this great host that accompanied King Richard ever saw their native England again. A French historian who accompanied King Richard in his expedition gives an interesting description of Art Mac

Morrrough as he appeared mounted on his milk white steed to meet Earl Mowbrey, Grand Marshall of England. Art proudly refused to treat with an inferior. The Earl Marshall returned with this answer to the Haughty King who flew into a rage and threatened MacMorrrough with a terrible chastisement. Richard's vain boasting had little effect on the Prince of Leinster. After finding his efforts unsuccessful in making his way northward towards Dublin, he was obliged to make terms with MacMorrrough to allow him and his army to pass through to Dublin.

Some of the MacMorrrough O'Cavenagh Clan like many of their countrymen passed over to France. Some of whose descendants attained high honors in the armies of that country. At the time of the Revolution of 1848 one of the race was Governor of Paris whose coolness and tact saved France from being overwhelmed by the Red Republicans. The French pronounce the name as Cavaignic. This Cavaignic, Governor of Paris in 1848, had a brother who was Governor of one of the French Colonies at the same time.

Many of the race of O'Cavenagh have attained to high rank in the various associations of life. Some of them have filled high positions in the Church and their piety and learning have added luster to the Land of Saints. The name is quite numerous in Leinster especially around Dublin.

Dedicated to the Memory of Michael O'Cavenagh by his devoted Grandson

Thomas Devine

## **Appendix 5**

July 1982 note by James M. Devine.

The old home of the Devine's at Woodend has been held by them since 1804, at least, when Edward Devine married Sarah Hegarty. The house may have been in the family before this. It would be difficult to say who built this house. The house may have been rebuilt early in the nineteenth century. It has been said that King James II slept a night in the house during the retreat from Derry, after the siege in 1688. This would prove the house to be very old. Edward Devine the present representative of the Devine's found and old stone in the wall of the house a few years ago and it bore the date 1730. This stone may have been taken from the previous house.

## Appendix 6

My mother was in failing health then and getting thin. She used to get very tired at the housework and taking care of us six children. I remember early that spring she said, "I feel tired and I hope God spares me a few years to take care of you children". After I heard this, I felt very sad and realized my Dear Mother may be going to die. As I went around doing things, I did not feel like I wanted to play anymore and the tears came into my eyes as I walked around. Soon after this, my mother was confined to bed and an old lady over 75 years, Mrs. Healy, came in and helped us, also another old lady a Mrs. Gallagher, from Donegal, helped and was kind to us. She was a widow with a grown up family. Later on her third son, James B. Gallagher, became the Sheriff of Deer Lodge, County, Montana about 1922. I myself helped to make breakfast and wash the dishes and dress Tommy and the baby Isabell, who was about a year and a half old then. Father Pirnat and Father Litham called several times to see Mamma. I heard people say Mrs. Devine was not going to get better. By 1<sup>st</sup> May 1903, Mamma was unable to get out of bed any more. We all felt sad and I am sure I saw tears in Papa's eyes more than once. Then one day, he took all of us children into the bedroom and told us Mamma was going to leave us anytime now. He made each of us take her hand and told us to pray for her and say good bye to her. The next day, after 2 PM, we all assembled in the bedroom and Father Pirnat and Father Litham were present and Father Pirnat led in the prayers for the dying. Tommy was sitting on a chair crying and we all knelt around. Little Isabell did not know what it was all about, as she smiled sweetly at everyone. I remember Father Pirnat saying the Litany in Latin, and we all repeated Ora Pro Nobis. Then Agnes and Nellie took us all down to Uncle Ed Devine's house on East Third Street. After supper, Annie Devine took me to one side and said, "Jimmie your mother has gone to Heaven, you knew she was going there didn't you." Although I knew this, I did burst into tears. My cousins did all they could to console me and Tommy. I was not at the wake, but Tommy was and amused many people with his stories of our two bulldogs Prince and Dash.

My Dear Mother was buried from St. Peters Church, probably on Monday 11<sup>th</sup> of May 1903. It was one of the biggest funerals in Anaconda up to then. There were 33 vehicles following the hearse and the Priests, Fathers Pirnat and Litham came to the cemetery, Calvary some 1 and ½ miles east of the AGM Smelters. I remember both priests, Father Pirnat and Litham, reading the obituary prayers at the graveside. I watched intently and was all right until the men began to shove the clay on my mother's coffin, then I cried pitifully, I guess. My Father then, had someone take Tommy and I to the carriage, and soon after, we were returned to Uncle Ed Devine's home on East Third Street, where we had dinner with my cousins. In the late evening, we returned to our home at 614 East 4<sup>th</sup> Street. We all felt sad and lonesome after my Mother. We began to realize she was really gone forever. My Aunt Bell came and kept house for us for a couple of months and my Father paid her the salary she was accustomed to when she worked for the Clegg family. One early morning at dawn as my little 4 year old brother, who slept with my Father, said to Dad, "Papa when are we going down the valley to dig Mama up out of the big hole and bring her home again?" This question hit my Father hard, and he almost shed tears. He answered "Not for a long time as Mama was up in heaven with God."

Our neighbors were very good to us and had much sympathy for us. Mrs. Mary Gallagher who lived up on West 4<sup>th</sup> Street used to come to our home and wash for us and cook an occasional meal. She was the mother of two sons; Thomas and James and four or five daughters, all grown up and married. She came to America as a young woman, Miss Gildea. She was a widow since I remember her. Her old home was in Glenties, Co Donegal where she spoke both Gaelic and English. In later years, her son James became the Sheriff of Deerlodge County 1920 to 1928.

About July 1903, Fathers Pirnat, Koopman and Lithium urged my Father to put us in a new Orphan's Home in Helena that was run by nuns of the Sisters of Charity. My Father visited the Home, and was really sold on the place and the happiness of the children there. He was prepared to send us to the home in Helena, when two letters from Ireland, one from Uncle Bernard Devine and one from Aunt Mrs. Daniel Gallivan, urged him to come to Ireland, among well to do relatives, and raise his children there among friends. So he soon made the decision to take us to Northern Ireland. The travel tickets were soon purchased. No passports were necessary then in 1903. Dad arranged to put the six houses in the hands of an agent. Our furniture was packed and some stored in one of the cabins. We were taking plenty of clothes with us. My mothers 21 chickens and 4 ducks were given to Mrs. Gallagher and her married daughters.

So we left Anaconda from the old Depot on a BA&P to the N.P. Depot in Butte. On the evening we left, there were quite a few friends and my Uncle Ed and cousins said goodbye to us, about 24<sup>th</sup> August 1903. I remember Mrs. Gallagher and some of my cousins. Annie Devine said to me, "Now Jimmie, when you grow up to be a man, be sure and come back to Anaconda." It was quite an ordeal for my Father to take us six children in his care to Ireland. I took care of Eddie and Isabell, the baby 1 ½ years old, and Papa handled Tommy, who could not walk. Papa carried him in his arms every time we had to change trains at Butte and Chicago. As it was now hot summer, Papa chose a northern route from Chicago up through Canada along the Great Lakes. I remember us stopping at Montreal and Ottawa in the evening and heard people talking French. My Father engaged in French conversation with them, using his early knowledge of the language. Men with baskets came aboard the train as vendors and waiters selling sandwiches and called out, "Hot tamales 15 cents each and coffee". Somewhere next evening, we were on a fast train doing 50 miles per hour. Some millionaire on the train took a liking to Isabell, our 1 ½ year old baby. His wife persuaded him to ask Papa to give him the blue eyed Isabell for the sum of \$10,000. They were childless.

Some newspaperman named Mills and a group of Racetrack men east of Albany became interested in us. Eddie got into a bad mood and was crying. The racetrack men seemed to have had a hay day and started to shower us with money - one, two, and five-dollar bills and many quarters and silver dollars. My father stood up and put up his hands saying, "Please, gentleman none of this, I am not in need of money, thanks for your generosity, but please, we are not charity, and don't give us money". The giving ceased. Anyhow, Tommy and Eddie had a few silver dollars as we approached Albany and New York City. Mr. Mills was very kind and took us by cab to the hotel we were to stay at. He also visited us the next day and helped us to the pier, where we boarded a 34-year-old ship called the S.S. Ethiopia. Papa was happy when we got on the ship and settled in our two rooms. We sailed on the 1<sup>st</sup> of September. The first day it was nice sailing out of New York, watching big tugboats pushing big barges with railroad cars on them, and passing the huge Statue of Liberty on Bedloes Island. After a couple of days, I got very seasick with a headache, and was of little help to my Dad. The others were a little seasick too, but not Katie or Isabell. Eddie was only sick a couple of hours and tried to hold back on the vomiting. My Father got me medicine from the Ships surgeon that physiced me and I recovered.

As we approached the Banks of New Foundland, it became very foggy, and the siren of the old Ethiopia, sounding loud at frequent intervals, made conversation very difficult. One day it was a little rough on deck and Isabell was with Eddie. The Captain was strolling the deck and said to my Father, "That child should not be on deck, it is too rough for her; who does she belong to?" My Dad said, "She is mine". "Well" he said, "Better take her down to her mother, to take care of her." My Dad said, "That is the last place I would want to have her now." The Captain seemed to catch on as he hesitated and looked, then he said, "Do you mean the child's mother is dead?" "Yes" said my Father;

“I buried her in Anaconda, Montana 3 months ago. The Captain was then full of sympathy.

Another day it was fairly rough on the old Anchor Liner, Ethiopia, and Isabell was on deck smiling. The Captain, watching on the bridge, noticed her legs yield from side to side with the sway of the ship. He said to my Father, “My golly, that child has got sea legs. She sways like an old sailor; I never saw a two year old like that before.”

So we sailed along until the morning of the 11<sup>th</sup> September, when we were on deck at dawn and saw a lighthouse light in the distance. After breakfast, we stayed on deck most of the time. As Innistrahull came in view, Eddie called “Papa, see Ground! Ground! Soon after, we saw the Mountain Muckish, standing like a huge turf stack in the distance. We were too excited to eat much lunch, but Papa got the youngest to drink a can of milk. Then Papa and I got things together and got all set for the landing. We passed Malin Head right after lunch. The porpoises followed the ship until we passed Malin Head. Then we turned eastward toward the entrance to Lough Foyle.

Soon after we entered Lough Foyle, about 2 PM, we sighted the tender Earl of Dunraven. As we drew close to the tender, My Father said, “Jimmy, I see your cousin Michael and his Father Dan Gallivan standing on the tender, waiting for us”. They had gotten permission to meet my Father to help him with the six children. It took a little time to get the trunks and baggage from the Liner to the little Earl of Dunraven. The big loud siren on the S. S. Ethiopia sounded all clear and goodbye as our little side-wheeler started to move up the Foyle. We were starting to sail up the beautiful Lough Foyle about 4 PM. We saw the beautiful white washed houses of the little town of Moville less than half a mile away. My Father lost his nice black hat the day before we landed, and he did not look so dignified on arrival with an insignificant cap on him. Michael Gallivan, then 16 years old, had grown much since I saw him in 1898. He was very friendly and kind toward me. My dad pointed out Boom hall and some historic places as we sailed up the Foyle.

On arrival at the Wharf of Derry, there were over 100 people and kids on hand to see the Americans land. My Uncle, Dan Gallivan, rented two jaunting cars to take us from the wharf to 109 Bishop Street. Pretty soon there were about 50 kids at the window trying to look in at us eating. Then came the police to chase them away. Their curiosity amused us. Some of them were poorly dressed and raggedly. They sure wished anxiously to see what Yankee kids looked like. We were soon happy with our friendly cousins. I took a liking to my older cousin of 16, Michael, my sister Katie, near 9, was near in age with Jenny Gallivan; Sophie Devine was two years younger than Jenny. Eddie Devine, almost 4, was older than handsome curly haired 3 year old Bernard, who still wore a frock, like a girl, and Eddie called him she. Our baby sister, with deep blue eyes, was the pet of everyone.

Gallivans had a big loft above their store with a swing hung from a rafter 20 feet above which gave us much amusement, and was familiar to us in dear old Anaconda. We soon got mixed with kids on Bishop Street who played hopscotch like the girls of Anaconda. I showed the boys how to play Pom-Pom-Pull-away, which they were eager to learn. They played marbles in Ireland too. Their marbles were not as nice as American marbles. They were just a round yellow or brown crockery marble, sold 6 for a penny or 3 for a halfpenny. They had no blue or clear glass snowflakes, flints or catseyes or even brown or blue commies. They flew kites in Ireland, also, but there were not as many kites hanging from the telegraph wires as one saw in Anaconda.

Michael Gallivan was fond of greyhounds and he had just gotten a young black one, 10 ½ months old of good pedigree. The Gallivans had just bought a 30-acre farm out Letterkenny Road four miles, at a place called Kilea. One Sunday, we walked the four miles out that way with Nellie, the greyhound. There were plenty of hares in that locality. The second field we walked into, we raised a hare from behind a big thistle. It may have been the first hare Nellie ever saw, but she took off after it with all the instinct of her

forebears and gave it a good spin, taking at least three turns out of Mr. Hare, she got blinked near a hedge, and Mr. Hare was gone. Tom Devine, Michael and I got as much excitement out of the chase as did Nellie the greyhound. It was the first time I saw a greyhound chase a hare.

Katie, Isabell and I stayed in the Gallivan home on Bishop St. for about 2 or 3 weeks, and then we were taken to my Aunt Mrs. Catherine Doherty and her husband in Claudy. They had visited us in Derry a few days after our arrival. My Uncle and Aunt, the Dohertys, took a great fancy for my youngest sister, Isabell. I think they made a partial agreement then that Catherine, Tommy and I would stay in Claudy, until such time as my Father bought a home for us. Eddie and my Father were to stay at the Locks, on the Strabane Canal, where my Father spent most of his boyhood, after his mother's death. My sister Sophie was to stay with Aunt Sarah Gallivan. This agreement was carried out until my Father bought the 49-acre farm at Laraghaleas, near Eglinton, in January 1905. We children were very happy in the Gallivan Home in Derry and had plenty of fun and companionship.

When we moved to Claudy it was different; no kids to play with at first. My Uncle and Aunt were childless, but fond of children, but not familiar with them. It was in late September, and the oat harvest was in progress. My Uncle used to have me ride in the driver seat on the mowing machine. I also got rides on Doherty's donkey, Bidy. The Dohertys had a large general store for groceries, liquor and hardware beside the 40-acre Brow Knowe farm, with racehorses and cattle and sheep.

About 1<sup>st</sup> October, I was packed off to Claudy National School to be tutored by Master John Kelly. He had much belief in using the cane to make people study, which did not suit me. I made friends with the Desmond and Lacy boys and all others; taught them how to play baseball, etc.

When leaving Anaconda, I had made the promise to return when I grew up. After 16 years spent in Ireland, I returned to Anaconda in September 1919. On my first Sunday at mass in St. Peter's Church, I met my old friend Anthony Leupke. We recognized each other. Jimmie Devine.

## **Appendix 7**

The following document was written by James M. Devine on the 24th of April 1947 in New York City.

### **The Devine Family Relation to "The Edwards Family"**

My Father Thomas Devine born near Strabane, Co. Tyrone Ireland in 1846 was the second son of Thomas Devine and Catherine Cavanaugh. Catherine Cavanaugh was the second daughter Michael Cavanaugh, born at Drumgauty, Co Tyrone in 1793. Michael Cavanaugh was a very prominent builder and road contractor around Strabane. His mother, who lived at Drumgauty and became the wife of Tom Cavanaugh, was Sally Edwards. She became a widow when Michael was five years old. Michael had an elder brother James Cavanaugh, born in 1791. He remained a bachelor until he died about 1842. Michael died at the age of 79 in 1872. He married Sophie Crawford of Carrickcuc in 1814. Two daughters, Mary and Catherine were the only issue from this marriage. Sophie Crawford had a nephew who became a Judge of the District Court in New York City about the turn of the century.

Michael Cavanaugh's Mother, Sally Edwards, was the daughter of a woman whose maiden name was Moore, who was the grand Aunt of Captain Moore, a famous sea Captain of that time. The Moores and Edwards may have been related in some other way.

Captain Moore became famous after a daring rescue of disabled or foundering ship at sea. There was a song written on this rescue which is probably long since forgotten. Captain Moore used to visit the Locks or Cavanaugh home on the Strabane Canal. Edward Devine and my Father Thomas Devine both remember Captain Moore visiting the Locks on a stormy Sunday night about 1856. It is reported that Captain Moore's son received several million dollars of Thomas and Robert Edward's money, which came from real estate profits of lower Manhattan Island.

Sally Edwards had a brother who married and had children. One of his boys became an Episcopal Minister. He would be a nephew of Sally Edwards and was well known in North Tyrone as Rector Edwards.

Sally Moore had two young nephews visiting a relative in Belfast about the year of 1800 or 1801. A press gang came into Belfast at that time. The two young Moore boys were out around the town when the press gang grabbed them. The relatives in Belfast felt very badly when they learned the two young Moore boys were pressed.

*(Missing section)*

than all the other 200 they had pressed. "I'll make a man out of him", he said, and he did. He became a midshipman in less than a year, but he was killed at the first brush of the battle of Santo Dominico in 1803. The other brother came back in three years. I think it was James who was killed.

Sally Edwards was probably born about 1765 to 1770. She had near relatives in Wales or may have been born in Wales herself. Rector Edwards used to visit Wales.

My Father's cousin, Ed Devine of Bordentown, New Jersey, and son of Mary Cavanaugh was related to the rich landowners on Manhattan Island, New York City.

There was also another young man named Cooke who was related to the Edwards and my Fathers people. He came to Philadelphia long ago and sought employment there instead of New York. He answered an advertisement for a position of bookkeeper and clerk with a big firm in Philadelphia. There were about 50 other candidates for the job. They were all asked to write a short essay on some topic of the day. After the papers were turned in, Mr. Cooke's essay and very good handwriting got him the job that day. The manager declared Mr. Cooke wrote a better hand than anyone in his office. I believe Mr. Cooke's mother was either Moore or Edwards.

William Edwards who died at Dysart, Ballymagorry, Co. Tyrone, Ireland in 1911, was the one man living then who could prove definite relationship between his father and the rich landowners Robert and Thomas Edwards of Manhattan Island. His children are still living in County Tyrone.

James M. Devine

## **Appendix 8**

Written by James M. Devine

I was born in a new town in western Montana in the gay nineties. I will admit that period of my life was generally very happy. My Father came to Anaconda, Montana in 1887 while the copper Smelters were still partly under construction. My Father sent for my mother in Ireland in mid 1889. They were married in St. Paul's Church Parish in Anaconda by Father DiSere in November 1889. After renting a two-room house from Mrs. McEwan for a year. He bought a city lot on east 4<sup>th</sup> Street, and constructed a four-room dwelling house, where we resided for some eleven years. He bought the adjoining lot west of his and constructed more houses and rented them. By early 1897, he owned six houses in the six hundred block of east 4<sup>th</sup> Street. He rented five of those houses as we continued to live in the first one he built. He had a good job under Marcus Daly, President of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company as a watchman for the first year then became a

timekeeper for the Company. We were then enjoying prosperity with my Father's good salary and the income from the rents of the five houses. There were four children in our family after 8<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1897. They were my older brother, Tommy Devine, myself, James Devine, Catherine Devine, and Sophie Devine, who was then a baby.

My parents had never taken a vacation since their marriage. This year 1897 was the year of the Golden Jubilee of the Mormon to be held in Salt Lake City, Utah. So my parents planned a trip to Salt Lake City during the Mormon Jubilee. It was right after the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. My Father and Mother and their four children, including myself, took a B.A.&P train to Butte. At that time the B.A.& P train ran on to the Union Pacific Depot in Butte. There we could change to the Union Pacific train going right to Salt Lake. We got three seats together and Mama arranged how we children could sleep on three seats. I think it was on a Sunday afternoon we left Anaconda. I remember the old bell funneled engines at the Union Pacific Depot. I thrilled at the driving shafts on the locomotives. The conductors in those days wore nice blue uniforms with gold braid. I can remember them looking at the railroad tickets my Father had as we came to Bozeman and Pocatello. The conductors always had a smile and a word for children. I remember a conductor or brakeman lighting the lamps overhead as he pulled or pushed something that lowered the oil lamp to his reach for lighting with a match. We arrived in Salt Lake about noon the next day. We went right to the hotel on Main Street where we had reservations. There was a nice big restaurant attached to the hotel. The weather was hot and there were big fans spinning overhead in the restaurants to cool the air. These fans had brilliant gay colors. There were also strips of flypaper hanging overhead to catch the very annoying flies.

One evening, at dinner in the restaurant, all five of us were seated at our table. My brother Tom was well dressed, but he was not wearing a coat, just a nice little vest. One of the overseers noticed that he was not wearing a jacket and complained to my Mother that he was not fully dressed for dinner. My Mother complained about the heat and pointed out that Tommy was only six years old and that the jacket was unnecessary. The overseer took no excuses, so Mama had to go upstairs and get his coat. The most interesting thing that we children saw in Salt Lake was the big Jubilee Parade. In it were more cattle, cowboys and buffalo than I ever saw before or since. Buffalo were still plentiful on the range in some Western States. One of the most attractive things in the parade and also most horrible appearing to children was a huge dragon drawn by six teams of horses on a big platform on wagon wheels. It seemed about 50 feet long and had a big long jaws about 7 or 8 feet long and may have been operated to open and close by a couple of men inside. Hanging from each side of the jaws was a mans leg with the appearance of blood streaming from the thighs as the big teeth of the dragon seemed to chew the legs of a man whose body seemed inside the dragons mouth. This was a frightening sight to children who did not realize it was not genuine. It gave me nightmares a month afterwards. Another impressive sight in the parade was a huge fish like a whale drawn on another big vehicle by some six teams of horses. Little men walked on each side of the whale holding long red and white streamers attached to the body of the whale. This colorful parade of many floats took place twice a day. About two blocks from our hotel on Main Street in beautifully landscaped grounds was the huge Mormon Tabernacle built without pillars or posts inside. When no other noise interfered a pin dropped on a table at the front and could be heard at the back of the Tabernacle some 150 feet away. In this Tabernacle was on of the largest and most magnificent organs in the world then in 1897. I think it still was the biggest organ known as of this writing in 1946. The Tabernacle was adjacent to the Temple. Only select Mormons were allowed inside the Temple. My Father had a friend in Salt Lake for whom he once did a favor in Anaconda. Papa thought this friend might get him into the Temple, so he asked him. The friend said, "Anything only that, it would be easier to loan you \$10,000 than to get you into the Mormon

Temple.” There was a huge black statue of Brigham Young at the end of South Main Street near the entrance to the Temple grounds. There was also a statue of a big seagull. A big siren or else the big organ seemed to be playing all day. So this grand time of revelry and exhibition went on for us in Salt Lake for a week or 10 days. We did have at least one good day at the beach bathing in the salt water. We enjoyed the train ride back to Anaconda and arrived in Anaconda on a Sunday afternoon. As we were walking down East from the depot, we saw smoke and flames in the air over on North Cedar Street. We saw that the Lincoln school was on fire. We all went in that direction and soon saw the big blaze and two fire engines pumping water from four hoses into the school. The fire had gotten a good start and there was no hope of saving the school, but hope of keeping the fire from spreading. We watched the big fire for a half-hour and then Mom made us come home to 612 E. 4<sup>th</sup> Street, where she prepared a hasty meal for us. After the meal, we returned to see the big fire and fire engines still pumping by steam, with sparks flying out of the funnels of the two fire engines. When we came home about 9pm, there were burned pages of school readers falling on the corner of Birch and 4<sup>th</sup> Street near our home. This was one of the biggest fires I ever saw in my life. Thus ended our holiday trip to Salt Lake with a bang. Lincoln School was rebuilt two years later.

The year 1898 was also prosperous, but the sinking of the battleship U. S. S. Maine brought the threat of war and also more employment. With houses all rented, Mom and Papa decided on a big trip to the Land of their birth in the North of Ireland. So in May of 98, they began making preparations for the trip overseas. New clothes were bought and two big trunks were purchased. Gifts were bought for relatives in Ireland. The day for leaving Anaconda was sometime at the end of June. Construction of Saint Peter’s Church at the corner of 4<sup>th</sup> Street and Alder Street was under way, with basement built and the cornerstone laid with the date 1898 on it. Leaving Anaconda with us for the South of Ireland were Mr. Kehoe and two children, Eva and Rodger Kehoe. They were with us on the train and joined us on the ship the S.S. Germanic. We got aboard at some pier near 14<sup>th</sup> Street. I remember seeing our two big trunks being lowered down into the hold. The S. S. Germanic was a big up to date Ship for those days with two big black funnels and a very loud fog horn, which was used a little one foggy day. I guess she was of about 15,000 tonnage. Everything was clean with an atmosphere of luxury. The food was very good, served on white tablecloths and napkins, with desert and fruit towards the end of the meals.

The weather was good and sunny. I got only a little seasick the 2<sup>nd</sup> day out. We met several other ships going westward and their passengers waved to us. We heard talk that war with Spain could start at any time. We saw our sailor with long field glasses looking at distant ships for their identity. One sailor had a strange metal device and I heard my mother ask him, “Was he going to use that to fight Spain.” They joked about it. The Germanic belonged to the White Star line. I remember my mother and Mrs. Kehoe feeling very jolly, while very few other women on board were seasick. My mother laughed and said, “I could eat a bear or a horse” just before supper.

It was a beautiful sunny morning as we came into the bay near Queenstown, now called Cobh. The little tender drew alongside of us and trunks were loaded on it, then we parted with the Kehoes and other friendly passengers. We went on with the Germanic to Liverpool, arriving there next morning after an 8-day pleasant voyage. We had a fairly early breakfast in a Liverpool restaurant, with bacon and eggs and pancakes on the menu.

Before getting breakfast, Papa had trouble with the customs men, who wanted to open and examine our trunks, which was unusual up to then. It was near the date of the Irish Rising of 1798, when Wolf Tone and Robert Emmett organized and struck a blow for Irish Freedom, which later failed. The British feared another Rising in 1898 and feared we had arms or ammunition in our trunks. My Father was a terrible man when he got angry and I remember his flashing eyes, as he told the customs men they would find

themselves on their backs if they dared try to open the locks on those two trunks before he got the American Consul. With one powerful blow he knocked one of the customs men flat on his back. The other man retreated. The Irish on the dock cheered big Tom Devine's response. The American Consul came and he had a consultation with Tom Devine, who assured him there were no firearms in the trunks. The Consul said let them open the trunks and save a lot of time and the getting of witnesses, etc. So my Father opened each lock and the customs men opened the lids and looked on the tops of the trunks then closed them again. The trunks and baggage were then taken to the Liverpool boat and the Devines dined again in an English restaurant.

We boarded the Liverpool boat late in the evening and sailed at night. We children slept on the cushion seats as my parents dozed on the seats near to us. We got into Belfast about 7AM. On the wharf as we landed was my mother's youngest sister Annie Kelly a 19 year old girl who recognized my Mother at once. We then had breakfast in Belfast, then boarded a train for Armagh City. As I looked out the train window, I saw many goats tethered and grazing on the sides of hills. Being higher up than we were, they looked very tall to me. I asked my mother what they were? She replied goats and billygoats. I said they were bigger than cows or horses. Mother explained that they were smaller than cows or horses, but only looked big because they were up on a hill.

In less than 2 hours we were in Armagh City and soon on a jaunting car out to my Grandmother's home 4 miles from Armagh. We got a warm greeting and kisses galore when we got to the end of the lane at the Kelly home at Drumart. Aunt Belle's daughter Maggie McCoo was there and she showed us around Drumart. There was a big pond in the front of the house, which ran in a narrow strip along the side of the lane to the main road for 250 yards. Then there was the well in front of the house with shade of a big maple tree leaning over it. A little streamlet ran from it, which carried the most cooling and clear water off a limestone bottom in Ireland. The pond usually had about 40 or 50 ducks swimming on it led by a big blue, white and green necked drake. Maggie then took us up to see the quarry and told us that was where the banshee cried the night before my grandfather James Kelly died about 1882. We saw the goats with the big white buck called Archie. One of the goats was slain to give us a feast. Billy Kingsbery butchered the goat. We did not like the goats as they usually prodded you with their horns. The big buck Archie was more docile than the other goats. We watched the milking of the cows as my mother had milked our cow in Anaconda. *(Note from trip by T. E. Devine to Ireland in June 1998. Margaret Heron and T. E. Devine visited Drumart. The Kelly home at Drumart near Loughgal, Co. Armagh has as current, 1998, address 74 Ballygassoon Rd. near Grange Rd. and is the residence of Margaret Morgan. The residence at Battle Hill is located 3 miles from Portadown near a stone bridge. The Chapel near Drumart is Annacramph Chapel.)* After a few days at Drumart, we went by horse and cart to visit the Battle Hill farm, where my mother spent most of her youth with her Grandmother and Grandfather Owen Kelly. She showed us old pictures that were there when she was a young girl. She showed us the pewter plates on the old dresser that were in existence in 1640 and also an old chair that the Kelly's had at the time of the battle of Benburb. She showed us the old orchard with crooked trees that the fairies played around. Most interesting to them, my Mother and Granduncle showed us the Old Forth in the center of a 1 and 1/2-acre field near the old residence. It seemed like a pile of stones with trees and holly bushes growing out of a mound of earth and stones. My Grand Uncle said the Fairies lived there many years ago. They still heard them singing and dancing around the old Forth about mid night according to old Parley Murphy.

My mother went down the hill alone to surprise an old schoolmate. She knocked on the door and a voice replied "Who is there." My Mother said, "Open the door and see." What a pleasant surprise it was for Lizzie Reid to see her old schoolmate again after 9 years as Lizzie Reid and Jenny Kelly met in a warm embrace.

We spent several days at the home of my mother with the Kelly's of Drumart, Loughgall, Co. Armagh, where my aunts Minnie, Catherine, Bell and Annie and Uncle Thomas John seemed thrilled to have the Yankee kids and hear their American accents.

We then boarded the Great Northern train from Armagh City to Derry to visit my Father's sister Sarah Jane or Mrs. Daniel Gallivan. We got a warm welcome in Derry at the foot of Bishop Street. The Gallivans had four children then; Michael, Mary, Jenny and Tom, the biggest baby born in present day memory, said to be 19 lbs. at birth. My little sister then called him her fat poose. We did have kids to play with in Derry. I loved to sit upstairs and watch the Great Northern Locomotives shunting and making up trains. Their engines seemed much smaller than our big American hoggs. I think their fastest trains only went 25 miles per hour. They had no cowcatchers on front of the engines.

The common bye word or cry then on the streets of Armagh and Derry was "Remember 98" and "Who fears to speak of 98" was the theme song of patriotic Ireland as I remember.

As a boy, I enjoyed Derry and the sights: The old Round Tower Church and the shrine of St. Columbkille, with the big stone with the two deep holes near St. Columbs statue, which I thought were made by St. Columbs knees, then Derry Walls and the big old black cannon which the besieged fired on ships coming up the river Foyle to capture the besieged City. One of the biggest old guns, which I sat on, was called Roaring Meg. Then there were the three big Arched gates leading inside the walls; Ferryquay gate, Shipquay gate and Bishop gate. It was interesting to walk along Derry wharf and see ships from Liverpool, Glasgow, Southampton, Holland, Norway and Sweden and sometimes from France and Spain. There were fishing boats and the big dredge with two big yellow funnels and also the two or three pleasure boats; Earl of Dunraven, Lady Clare and the Abbot Ross. One day I and my brother Tommy and Sister Katie and my Aunt Sarah Jane Gallivan and some of my cousins went for a pleasant sail on the Earl of Dunraven down the Foyle to the fishing town of Moville.

After seeing more sights in Derry like the Statue of Governor Walker and another one called the blackman, we prepared to visit the little town of Claudy, where my Aunt Catherine Devine was married to a big Claudy merchant named Michael Doherty. We made the journey of 10 miles by jaunting car. It was a long hilly road by horse and car and usually took over an hour and 10 minutes by mail car. I remember those long tedious rides. Soon after we landed in Claudy and met my Uncle and Aunt Catherine and the shopboys, we were shown around the big store and garden at the back. Then next, we were taken to visit the famous Browknowe. It was only about 300 yards from the little town of Claudy. Behind the big red fence were the buildings now composed of the big barn then the byre for stall-fed cattle, a big loose box building for cattle, a stable with two stalls and two loose boxes with windows and bars for the race horses. About 1780 and up into the 1800's there was a nice dwelling in which lived the Maid of the Sweet Browknowe of whom the famous song was written. Her name was Betty Simpson, a beautiful maid whose lover's name was Johnny. West of the buildings was the big Knowe that sloped up some 40 or 50 feet above the buildings. It contained 11 acres that were kept in pasture during the memory of the oldest people up to the dry summer of 1911, when it produced the biggest crop of oats in the district or county. The oats grew from 4 1/2 feet to 6 feet tall and a man standing in the crop could not be seen. It produced abundant crops of oats for three consecutive years yielding over 200 stone per acre in the first 2 years. In this big Browknowe field grazed 4 milk cows, two racehorses, two workhorses, a donkey named Bidy, several cattle and about 22 sheep. My big Uncle said to me, "Come Jimmy, I will show you a couple of nice horses." In one loose box he introduced me to a black Beauty with a white blaze on her face. She was beautiful with a black silky coat and nayed modestly when we entered. She poked her nose around my Uncle's pockets, then he gave her two white peppermint lozenges. She seemed quite a pet. My big Uncle Mike

Doherty said, "Jimmy this is my pet 'Fanny', but her real name is 'The Maid of the Sweet Browknowe' and she has won many races and made lots of money for me." In the next loose box we entered, we met the tall light bay horse almost a chestnut color. He was 16 hands 1 inch tall compared to the 14 hands tall Maid of the Sweet Browknowe. He was 8 years old, but still a good horse. My Uncle said "He beat some of the best horses in the world, including your Marcus Daly's pride of Montana, the great 'Tamanny'. We call him Pat, but his real name is 'Hiawatha' of USA stock and he too made lots of money for me." Pat was nosing around big Mike's pockets for lozenges and got them. Then, back on the Browknowe Hill we met 'Biddy' the donkey also looking for lozenges.

One of the most pleasing ways to amuse us kids was giving us a ride in the donkey cart. An old native Claudy man took us for rides day after day. He was 60 years old or more and his name was Phil Feeney. He would bring the cart to the door with Biddy hitched up. My Aunt Catherine Doherty provided us with sandwiches and arrowroot cookies and a few bottles of lemonade. Old Phil preferred a couple of bottles of porter. He took us all round the Fir Glen Road and we stopped with people who were delighted to meet the Yankee kids and hear their American accent. My older brother Tommy talked much and people loved to hear him and asked questions about America.

Sometime in August the great Rising of 1798 was to be celebrated in Dublin. My Father and Mother and my Uncle Mick Doherty had planned to attend. Over a thousand from Derry planned to attend. I remember the three of them leaving Claudy in a horse and trap for the Great Northern R. R. Station in Derry as we kids stood on the Street in Claudy and waved to them. After leaving Derry, the train went through Dungannon and stopped at Portadown. It seems the Orangemen had gathered there in a large number. When the train stopped the passengers received a bombardment of stones, brickbats and bottles. Half of the windows in the train were broken and many passengers received injuries during the 12-minute stop. The Portadown authorities did nothing to prevent the bombardment.

My Father and Mother had a happy time in Dublin as bands played Irish airs; 'God Save Ireland', 'Who Fears To Speak Of 98', and 'The Boys of Wexford' and many rousing speeches were delivered. In the meantime we children had a happy time in Claudy riding with Phil Feeney in the donkey carton picnics. We played much with the Reids and Robinsons boys and some of the Lacey's.

Father and Mother returned in a week so we had plans to visit my Father's old home at the Locks on the Strabane Canal where my Great Grandfather had been Superintendent for some 40 years. So one nice day we left Claudy by jaunting car and took the Donegal R.R. train to Ballymagorry near Strabane. Uncle Bernard Devine's jaunting car met us at Ballymagorry Station. They drove us for a mile through Ballymagorry village and Greenlaw until we were at the Locks. It was the first time we saw locks on a canal. My father was practically raised there by his Grandmother after his own mother died, so he knew all about the Locks. In those days there was much traffic on the canal going to and from Derry and Strabane. The canal boats were some 50 feet long and 9 feet wide. They hauled grain, barrels of liquor, oil, food supplies and all kinds of packages and cost less than railroad transportation. I marveled at and was puzzled at one horse on the towpath hauling 4 and 5 boats loaded. At times the horse must have been hauling 80 tons. The worst pull was getting the boats started. Once started it seemed easy and they went right along. The locks were always a puzzle to me then seeing how opening the sluice could make the boat rise higher between the two gates. It was fun to open and close the gates to let the boats pass through.

My Uncle Barney's wife was a nice tall kind person, but seemed at least 10 years older than her husband. She was a schoolteacher and very neat and clean. Uncle Barney had two children, Katie and Tom. Katie was over 20 and married to Tom Christy. Tom was younger and would not stay in college. He wanted to work around the Locks and on

the farm with horses. Both Katie and Tom were the children of Barney's first wife. Miss Flanagan, his second wife, never had any children. She was a good cook and gave us very good meals with white table cloth and napkins on the table when we dined at the Locks.

After several days at the Locks, we went by train to Killygordon and the farm at Mullingar where my Father lived with his father and Stepmother before he came to America. So my Father's half brother, my Uncle Mick Devine and his wife were now the proprietors of the farm at Mullingar. They had two sons Tom and Barney, who was about my age. We had lots of fun with these two Devine children. They had lots of poultry, hens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. I did not like the geese, mostly because of the unfriendly gander who came at you hissing. I tried to kick him but he bit my legs and tried to beat me with his wings.

My Mother was just a couple of years younger than Mrs. Ellen Devine so they had much in common and lots of fun together, especially with my brother Tommy, who had funny sayings for a little boy of 7 1/2 years old. I loved to ride the jaunting car at Killygordon to the Chapel at the crossroads chiefly because of my Uncle Mick's smooth fast trotting horse.

After the pleasant time at Killygordon beside the beautiful Finn Valley, we returned to Claudy for another fine time of outings in the donkey cart. I used to go to the field with Phil Feeney to get Bidy the donkey. I could not lay a hand on her to pet her; neither could Phil if he did not have some oats in a pail. He had to let her munch some of the oats before bringing forth the bridle from his back to place the bit in Bidy's mouth. They called the bridle there 'the winkers' because of the shields on each side of the animal's face so she could not see from side to side. We had the same lemonade and arrowroot biscuits and Frys Chocolate as we had a few weeks before. We enjoyed the friendly people of Claudy and the Reid kids, the Robinsons and the Lacy boys. After this joyful time at Claudy we made another visit to the Locks on the banks of the Strabane Canal. We stayed about a week at the Locks. From the Locks we visited our cousin Katie Christy who was married to Tom Christy at Glenmorning. Another day we visited the old Devine home at Woodend, where so many Devine's had been born for three generations. The owner then was Denis Devine a brother of my grandfather and a son of Edward Devine and Sarah Hegarty who died in 1876 at age 95 and 1/2 years. Denis Devine was the only member of my Grandfather's family of sixteen that I ever saw. He was in ill health sitting in a big armchair and not talking much. He was after having a stroke and seemed like well over 70 years old. He died four years later. I saw his wife then and she lived on to about 1909. She was a niece of Dr. McLoughlin, Bishop of Derry. I remember my Mother talking to Denis Devine and bidding him farewell. The next day we visited my Mother's home at Tamnacrum towards Castlefinn. We also visited Mother's cousin at Rabbstown the same time. At Tamnacrum, my Mother's cousin John J. Kelly was probably there, although I don't remember him, but his sister Maggie and Lizzie Kelly were there. And two were brought in to entertain us from the neighborhood and I remember them both singing McNamara's Band as someone played the violin and the then popular song about the racing dog Master McGraw.

It was about the end of the harvest time then, and I saw the reaper at work at Claudy and at the Locks. Many rabbits ran out from the oats as the reaper came closer and the men and women tying up the sheaves of oats. Doherty's little terrier dog chased the rabbits as they came out of the standing oats. She was close to one that came out and gave it a close chase up to the rabbit hole. I was very disappointed when the rabbit got into the hole and old Phil Feeney said I "Gave one roar that could have woke a dead man."

We stayed in Claudy until about a week before our departure back to the USA. We were due to sail from Moville on the 15<sup>th</sup> of October on the S. S. State of Nebraska. My father and Mother when in Armagh a few weeks before learned of the desire of my Aunts Isabell and Annie to emigrate to the USA. The Gallivan family about 1<sup>st</sup> October

moved from the foot of Bishop Street to a newer home at Stanley's Walk, which seemed a nice place. We went into Derry two days before our sailing. They were barely settled then, but had beds arranged for all of us. I was surprised to see my Aunts Isabell and Annie there, and more surprised to learn they were coming with us to the USA and on to Anaconda. Gallivan's house was full of friends and relatives who came there on the eve of our sailing to bid us farewell and all seemed sorry to see us leave. The next day, I remember my cousin tying a religious medal around my neck with tears in his eyes. In a few hours we would be boarding the tender for Merville.

## APPENDIX 9

Letter from James Kelly, brother of Jane Kelly, the wife of Thomas Devine, and uncle of James M. Devine. The letter appears to have been written to one of his two sisters, Isabell or Annie, then living in Anaconda, Montana. He had been involved in mining in Montana and South Africa, and was suffering from ill health. He died at an early age probably due to his mining activity. He was greatly loved and admired by his nephew James Devine.

November 27, 1905  
Roodepoort

My dear Sister

I received your letter and glad to here from yous. I am feeling fairly well at present. You did not say whether you were well or not. Hoping this will find yous all well. You said you were not so fat and only weighed 110 pounds. You must have gotten thin since I saw you. I am glad you are doing so well with my property. Tom is well pleased that you are doing so well with his. You want to keep the taxes paid on the Butte properties as well and let me know if it is improving any. In regards to the cesspool, do what you think is best. I am not there so any thing that is to be done please yourself and do what you think is best. It is well for little Tommy Devine that God took him. Tom is having lots of trouble lately. I am thinking of leaving this country ever since I came to it. I never liked it. I will get out of it as soon as I can get some money that I have invested here. I think it is as well for me to keep my property than sell it. I am a great deal changed so it might come in useful to keep me if I should live to be old which I don't think I will, but if I should think of selling you can have it at a reasonable figure. Remember me to Andy and Talky. That is all. Wishing yous all a happy Christmas. Good bye.

Your loving brother  
James Kelly  
Box 93, Roodepoort  
Transvaal  
South Africa

P.S. I got no photos taking since I have been here or I would send you one.

Letter from James Kelly to his brother-in-law Thomas Devine living at Laraghaleas, Campsie, Co. Derry.

Johannesburg  
May 9, ??10

Dear Tom,

I have not started yet. I will start some time this week. I will let the cars go and try and get home. I am a little bit afraid, but the doctor said I am all right. I am feeling bad. It is an awful thing to be so far away. I will write from Capetown. I may be feeling better. I can't breath. I can't walk. I won't be long alive but I am not discouraged a bit. I will give you some news when I write from Capetown.

Goodbye.  
Yours as ever  
James Kelly

## Appendix 10

Letter from S. J. Gallivan to her nephew James M. Devine at the occasion of his Father Thomas Devine's death.

Hillford House, Leixlip, C. K.  
August 16<sup>th</sup> 1929

My dear Nephew,

How delighted I was to get your letter. I was thinking of Katie and you all the time. Your dear Father's death was a terrible shock on me and what must it have been on his good children that loved him so well. My!, but he loved his family beyond our knowledge. He was faithful to you all each day of his life. God rest his soul. His death was sweet. Just imagine him dying in the company of Our Lord. We should praise Our Lord every day of our lives for his great gifts to us. Eddie was up seeing us and he looks well and is very anxious about his home. He says Sophie is great and took her Papa's death very well. He and I talked all the time about your Papa, his sayings and doings for some time before his death. Eddie is a very good straight boy and means well. I was sorry he could not stay longer with us. It gave me great comfort to see him. It was very lucky you were home that summer. You gave your Papa great pleasure and he enjoyed it so much. He was a wonderful man of his age. He wrote to me very often before he died, oftener than I deserved. It was all about Uncle Barney's affairs. He was afraid that I would think he would get down hearted. He always let me know how brave he was. God love him. I am sure he is in heaven. You will settle up the best you can. I know you can have every confidence in Dr. Alexander. He is an honest man and will do what is right. I am delighted you are succeeding so well. You were very good to your Papa and all. Eddie tells me Katie is getting on great. Give her my warmest love and sympathy. We had a beautiful summer in Ireland this year. I hear often from Isabell. Her aunt, Joseph and herself were going to Portrush, but I am afraid they waited too long. The weather is not so good. Your auntie is wonderful. Your Papa's death was severe on her, also your Uncle Barney's (death). Father Devine looks very well. He is in Newton Stewart giving a sick priest a 3-month holiday. He is then going to Liverpool. Your Uncle Barney's affairs were never settled up. Daniel is well. Daniel is doing dentistry in Dublin and is getting on very well. It was a great venture the Bass. Margaret is splendid. We had a great time at the emancipation. Your Uncle T. J. and Mrs. were up, also Sister Columba and Minnie. They all looked well only Sister Columba, she was not feeling well, but is better. I conclude with the best of good wishes from everyone. Hoping to hear from you now and again. It is so hard to write to everyone. God Bless You. God send you the best of good luck. I remain your loving Aunt.

S. J. Gallivan

P. S. My own health is midling. I am fit to go around every day but do nothing. My sight and hearing have gotten bad. Excuse this writing and mind also I am got a bit stooped. God be praised for everything.

## Appendix 11

Hillford House, Leixlip  
24-12-28

My dear Jim

Just a line to let you know we received your very welcome card this morning and we would have sent you a card for Xmas, but we did not know your address. We had a very busy time preparing for Xmas. I had a letter from Isabel and they are all well up in the North both in Claudy and Eglinton. I suppose you heard that Bernard and I were in Rome in November for Tommy's ordination. We never saw anything in our lives like it and I would give all I had not to have missed seeing Rome. Tommy is a grand priest. Mother was in the North in the summer and she just talks away about Joseph. I suppose you heard Jennie has a baby girl. It was too bad about my Uncle Barney dying so quickly at the last, R.I.P. I hope you like New York. This work will hardly be as hard as in Montana. How is Katie, we never hear from her at all. Do not forget but to give her my love and also mother. Tom is going on well in Dublin now and we expect all the boys home for Xmas. Mother Father and all the boys join me in wishing you all the joys and happiness for the New Year.

Your loving cousin  
Margaret

Letter from Margaret Kelly to James M. Devine, 407 Audubon Ave., New York City.  
Abercorn Square, Strabane, Co. Tyrone  
Feb. 18<sup>th</sup>, 1939

My dear Cousin

I received your kind letter a few weeks ago. Brother William J. met his death five or six doors down the street from here. He was coming out of a shop after buying tobacco and was ridding out his pipe when this large lorry went over him or struck him. It was a great shock to us all. The Doctor said death was instantaneous. Father Devlin anointed him. Our own two Leckpatrick priests came too and were very sorry about him. When Barney came up from his own place to the scene, not knowing that it was his Uncle till he saw him. With great presence of mind he took his happy death cross out of his pocket and made an act of contrition for him. He says his pulse was warm, when he put the cross into his hand. I trust the Almighty God has mercy on him. As he was so very deaf, he should not have been in the way of lorries or motors. Thank God he was at Mass at Cloughcor Chapel that morning attending neighbors funeral. Little did he think his would take place the next day. We had to take a new grave as all the graves of the Devines are filled up. I heard last week that your brother Eddie was up getting a headstone over your father's grave. Father Devine of the Locks called a few days ago to see me. He looks well. I showed him your kind letter and photos. You inquired about Dennis. He is rather delicate and has a slight touch of bronchitis since childhood. John is next to him and strong. He has three sisters. They are getting on well. Their Mother is a great manager, although not much of a favorite. Kindest regards to your wife and children.

Your affectionate Cousin  
M. Kelly

## Appendix 12

Letter from Thomas Devine to his son Thomas Devine in the United States in anticipation of the senior Thomas Devine's death.

Mullingar, Killygordon, Donegal  
Oct. 1889

My dear son Tom,

I send you my Blessing and my last farewell and forever in this world. I join in sending the last farewell to my son Edward and his wife and family. Goodbye from your loving father. If I have done you any wrong, I hope you will forgive me.

Thomas Devine

## Appendix 13

Account written by James M. Devine on the life of Dennis Fee a friend of his Father.

It was in 1880 that Marcus Daly deepened the shaft of the Anaconda Mine in Butte, Montana from the 60 to the 125-foot level and discovered instead of silver, a high grade of copper ore. This discovery meant that Marcus Daly's lucky star was beginning to rise in the sky of fame and wealth and it also meant that Butte was destined to go on the map as the greatest mining camp on earth. Marcus Daly when a young man emigrated with his parents from the neighborhood of Ballyjamesduff, Co. Cavan, Ireland to the United States. The news of his discovery and success reached the County Cavan and prompted many of his native Irishman to try their luck in the land of opportunity. Among them was one Denis Fee, who hailed from that part of Cavan known as the Shannon Pot where the Great River Shannon issues from a little well. Dennis Fee arrived in Anaconda in 1886 three years after Marcus Daly had founded the town of Anaconda on Warm Springs creek and proclaimed as the site of what was to be the greatest copper smelters in the world. Denis was a strapping young fellow of about thirty and was soon given a job by Marcus Daly. He was of a generous hearted and kindly disposition and actually gave money away to those who pretended to be his friends. He was rather generous at providing liquor and intoxicating drink for those who did not care to spend money on it themselves. Denis made some real good friends among them Pat Daly, brother of Marcus Daly, Joseph McCaffery and Thomas Devine. The three got together one day found Denis, and gave him a talking to and pointed out to him how hard he was working and not getting anywhere. Denis took their advice to heart and for a long time as the old saying went you could not squeeze a nickel out of him with a crowbar.

He soon accumulated a few hundred dollars and started to invest in real estate. He proved to be a capable and steady worker. Marcus was quick to see this and by 1895 he was made foreman at the Old Works. By this time, he was the owner of a large amount of house property and had enough income from rents to keep a large family very comfortable. But he still kept on plugging. It might be said he did not allow women or drink to stand in his way.

There are two things a man's heart longs for. They are 'the lure of old and true love of a woman.'" Denis seemed to concentrate all in the pursuit of gold. He was a gentleman among ladies, but never seemed to run after them. In 1903, the wife of his best friend Tom Devine died and Tom Devine decided on taking his family back to Ireland. Times were changing in Anaconda. Marcus Daly the Great Copper King had died. The new smelters had started East of Anaconda and the Old Works had shut down. Denis was no longer foreman. He was soon without a job, but independent and wealthy. A couple of years later the gold boom started in Mackey, Idaho. Miners and prospectors went there in thousands. Denis thought he saw a good proposition. He sold out in Anaconda for some 30,000 and went in 1906 and started a saloon. For several months he flourished. Then the gold boom began to fail. People started leaving. Denis had become soft and generous hearted again. Those that were left behind came to Denis for financial assistance. His wealth was leaving him very fast. He sold the saloon and got out. He drifted to Eastern Montana to a brother who was doing well in the livery stable business. In Eastern Montana, Denis invested in 640 acres of land 45 miles from Glendive. For several years he did fairly well until the droughts of 1919 and following years. Cattle in this neighborhood were dying in thousands from thirst. Denis still held on but was not making anything. He had one good spring at one end of the 640 acres that never went totally dry. This was a great asset.

One day during these drought years he started to sink for water about 100 yards from his house. He had only gone down 1 ½ feet when he struck a hard black surface. Coal, cool shining black coal right beside his house. It proved to be a big vein about 10

feet wide. He digs coal for his own use, but it does not pay to dig and haul 50 miles for \$4.00 a ton. Someday it will be worth more.

Denis's brother had now become wealthy during the war years and drought years in the sale of hay. He decided to retire and sold out his entire business for \$185,000. He put the money all in one bank in Glendive. Denis tried to persuade him to take such a large sum and put it in one of the best banks in New York, but his pleading was in vain. Finally Denis persuaded him to put \$40,000 in the First National bank of Glendive. Soon after he did this, the other bank went broke and William Fee lost \$145,000. Luckily he had partly taken Denis advice. He still had lots of money and went to live with Denis on the 640 acres. He bought modern machinery and equipment for Denis, but still things did not prosper. William then left Denis and went to the Pacific Coast to live the remainder of his days in a mild and beautiful climate. Denis still stays on close to nature living a solitary life. No friends or foe near him. His dog and his cattle are his companions. "My dog will never betray me or deceive me" he says. He does his own cooking and washing and lives like a hermit. He is religious and often spends hours in prayer before retiring. He still hopes to make a big strike or haul with his cattle. How happy he might have been now, had he married when in his prime and wealth. He doesn't appear to be lonesome, but he must. Such a fine generous hearted man as he was surely could have married a good girl in his young days. Such is his fate. He chose the lure of gold instead of love.

## Appendix 14

James Devine's written account of speech he gave upon departure from Ireland after a visit in the 1950's.

Dear friends and relatives here in Ireland, my wonderful vacation and holiday is drawing to a close and I expect to be soon back in New York in harness again, obeying Postal Laws and Regulations. My vacation started out with a bang as the SS Olympia left the pier at 88th St., and sailed down the Hudson past the glorious Statue of Liberty. Right away, I fell into good company with Father O'Callaghan who was leading a large group of pilgrims to the shrine at Knock in western Ireland. Among the pilgrims were many from my own neighborhood near Fordham. I will say that everynight on the 4<sup>th</sup> deck was Irish night, as we lilted to Irish music and sang patriotic Irish songs. On arrival at Cork, I felt good to be met by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Maguire of New York. When I arrived in Derry, I was thrilled to see the old city again. After I boarded the bus for Eglinton, I felt so happy that I burst into song though there were many a long face around me. I brought the smiles when I referred to the good old flower shows and sports of yore and sang 'Rolling home', and 'Coming Home Again'. Then, after greeting my brother Eddie, whom I had not seen for 27 years, came another big thrill, greeting Rev. Felix O'Neill P.P of Faughanvale. We sang many old songs of yore as we toasted good old happy days and the freedom of Ireland. Father O'Neill was my pal and friend, as he entertained me and took me to weddings and sick calls. I felt that he made me the honorary P.P. of Faughanvale. One thing I feel grateful to Father O'Neill for is that he got me started to learn to serve Mass again after 40 years. I really felt honored to serve Mass for such a fine Priest as Father O'Neill. I pretty near lived around the Parochial House. I also feel very thankful to Father Devine for the fine tours he gave me around Donegal. I will never forget the trip from Derry to Millford, on to Falcargh, Creeslough and Dunfanaghy.

## Appendix 15

Letter from Thomas Devine in his latter years to his son James Devine.

May 21, 1928  
Campsie, Co Derry  
Ireland

Mr. James M. Devine  
1432 Commonwealth Ave.  
Bronx, New York  
Dear Jimmie

I received yours of 11 inst. I was very anxious to hear how you were making out in your new position in the Postal Dept. No doubt it shall require some time to become acquainted with the ways of the workings of the Postal Dept. A person always feels things a little difficult in any new undertaking. One always requires patience at first, and we must curb our temper and bear a little rag chewing from the worthless PO rats, who may be in a position to find fault with new beginners. In a short time you shall master all the details of the business, if you only get a fair chance.

I am sorry to inform you of Uncle Barney being very poorly; in fact I am expecting the worst news at any moment. Your Aunt Catherine and I were up for four or five days last week. His death (Barney) shall bring about an ugly mess.

It is rather unpleasant of Lasrick not paying his rent punctually. I see no way for us than getting McGreavy to collect the rent for us. In fact we require some person, who is not interested to look after the property. There might be bad neighborhood between the Mallons and our tenant. You had better write to McGreavy and let him inspect the property and see that everything is in order. We do not know what may be among them.

Now regarding Ulrick's bill, write to him and in case he is not willing to wait till the house rent pays the bill, it might be better for us to forward you \$60 or \$100 to reduce it. I hope it shall not be necessary for us to resort to extreme measures, but if we find it so, we shall write David Morgan to look after the matter. You have expended a lot of money on the property and hope that it shall repay you.

Perhaps the property in America should be assigned to you, but here is the difficulty, in case you met with an accident, it would cause trouble. I may add, I must, as a matter of course, soon make arrangements regarding the disposal of the property at my death. We shall think it over and consider what is best for us to do.

I hope that this shall find you well and that you are getting into the ways of your new position. I read Gene Tunney's lecture on Shakespeare to Harvard students. It was very good. You gave the Dutch and Irishmen a great reception in New York and Philadelphia, in fact in every town in Canada and the States. We are having a great drouth. No rain since April. We hope that this shall find you well and that things shall be all right.

Your loving father  
Thomas Devine

## Appendix 16

Letter from Edward Devine to his brother James Devine informing him of the death of their father Thomas Devine. Dated 7<sup>th</sup> May 1929.

Dear Brother

I scarcely know how to begin to write this letter which contains news of a very painful nature. May it please God to give me strength to write. May He in his own way fortify you for the shock of tragedy.

Dear Jimmy on Friday evening May 3 our poor father was called to his eternal rest.

His prayers for a merciful death were surely answered in a way no one foresaw.

He was gathered to his father's bosom in such a way that up to his death he had possession of all his faculties and strength. He died in harness as he must have longed to die. He was spared a lingering illness. His own were spared the spectacle of his final agony. His final passing gave no trouble as he had longed. Swift as the blow fell he made confession and was attended by priest and doctor. How the Almighty God planned such a merciful relief from the terrors of death shows that his prayers and tribulations were not in vain. I will try to describe the tragic details and remember that the sort of death we sometimes dreaded was spared our beloved papa R.I. P.

The death was sudden and took place in Derry Infirmary. The cause of death was heart failure. He had some slight business to do in Derry. On Friday evening 3 inst, he went to Derry accompanied by Sophie on the bus. He transacted his business at once and in less than two hours was ready to come home. He was in his usual health and strength and no visible signs of the impending calamity. His business was very trivial, a shave in the barber's, a visit to the watchmaker, a purchase of some vegetable seeds comprised it all. Sophie was with him and left him to the bus termini. Her plans were to see him safely on his way home and she would remain some time longer in the city.

This she did and the last time she saw her father alive. He was seated in the bus, which was due to start in 23 mins. That was 6.5 P.M. He appeared quite as usual and she went away with no misgivings as to his safety. The bus started on its way and had got as far as the Midland Station, Waterside, when he collapsed in his seat. The people in the bus realizing that he had taken a weak turn, drove slowly and when half way up Bond's hill stopped opposite Dr. McKinney's house. The doctor came on the scene at once. The bus was emptied and he was laid on the floor and a restorative administered. The ambulance was telephoned and arrived in a miraculous short time. He was unconscious. When he got to the infirmary, he revived and was able to give his name. Father Conway was brought at once and ministered the last sacraments, heard his confession. He expired in half an hour of admission. And so his poor weary pilgrimage was ended. God have mercy on his soul. The news was brought to me by Father McGlade when the bus reached here. I was in the kitchen the front door ajar, a loud knock, a clergyman met me in the hall saying my father was very ill. He told me he gave him absolution, that he was dying and to go to the Infirmary at once. He went away on the bus after telling me. I was alone in the house. I was at the infirmary before 7.15. They told me he was living, but very ill. After a few mins., they took me into the ward to a bed that was screened and there I saw my poor father lying dead and undressed. I fell down beside him crying. Then they took me outside the ward which was full of patients. The priest comforted me and stayed with me all the time. The doctor asked me his age and if he ever took sick. They asked if he had a weak heart and if he had not taken turns before. They asked me his age. I said 83 and they were astounded. A nurse wrote his age and occupation. When I recovered somewhat, they let me go and told me to return in the morning. After telling Minnie, I got the bus home at 8.15 P.M. Nellie Key and Lily Donaghy were waiting in the house when I got back and so the news was broke. Sophie did not learn the news till she came to the bus termini to come home at 9 P.M. Bella Donaghy was with her. The dread news was

blurted out unawares by a conductor. She nearly collapsed. The bus people drove her and Bella to the Infirmary to see if it was true. They came home at once. Many people came that night. The strain was terrible the first night. Next morning to Derry G.P.O. I wired all around. This was Saturday. Aunt Katherine and Isabel came direct by motor to our house. Bernard Gallivan and his father arrived same night. I stayed in Derry till I had all fixed. Everything was made so easy and simple by Neely, undertaker. They relieved me of all responsibilities about the corpse and at 6 P.M. brought it to house dressed and coffined. We laid it in the parlour, looking so like himself, only the face was younger and so kind and pleasant that everyone gazed on him, amazed. The sad part of my task is now over and no words of mine can describe the thrill of pride at the manner in which the local people thronged the house from early morning on Sunday to offer sympathy and testify to the esteem in which our dear father was held. Uncle T. J. (*Tommy John Kelly*) arrived on Sunday night looking splendid and handsome, we felt so proud of him. He promised earnestly to return next week. The funeral took place at 11 A.M. Monday, after Mass in the room. It was by motor hearse. The funeral was lovely, though small. The weather was fine and everything went off perfect. Papa is buried in Cloughcor in the best and first grave of the plot. He lies alongside the Yankee (*Yankee Ed Devine who worked as a pilot on the Delaware River*) R.I.P. in a clear open grave which he chose himself, Mrs. Mary Devine told me. The grave is ideal for a headstone etc. which, D.V., we will erect.

The funeral went slow till it reached Campsie, then full speed to Cloughcor Chapel. It was composed of motor hearse, 1 Laudaulette, and there were 2 motors. Only a few people at Cloughcor appeared to accompany the coffin into the chapel for prayers and then the interment. We were home at 2 P.M. Father McEldowney said Mass in our house and the curate went with us. Offerings amounted to about 25 pounds.

Luckily we had plenty and to spare in the house. His own provision, bless him, for the emergency he knew would come. Everything is in order, but there is no will and this will all be arranged by mutual consent, let us hope. I will send Katie a note and you will give her the details herewith. Her letter came for him the day of the funeral. May God soften your grief and give us one and all the faith and succor we need. There is really nothing to grieve for, his end was so merciful and may he reap the reward of his suffering. God bless you and Katie in your sorrow.

Your loving brother  
Eddie Devine

## Appendix 17

Letter from Sarah McKenna to her cousin James Devine, Bronx, NY

Dungiven, Co. Derry  
24<sup>th</sup> May 1960

My Dear Cousin

It is near time for me to write or perhaps you are the culprit?

Your sisters are home from America. I hope they will get good weather, it is showery enough this past while.

I hope you are keeping in good health. I am, Thank God, fine, but very stiff. I can't complain, seeing I will be 88 years on the 18<sup>th</sup> July. Thank God.

Everything is quiet around here. The earthquake has been terrifying, such a loss of life, Lord Rest their souls. Ireland is the best country to live in, though poor.

I was talking to Mother Columcille on Sunday. She was asking for you. She is looking very well and is very friendly.

My great granddaughter, Paula, who is 4 months, was invited with her mother to come down and get dedicated to the Mother of God in the Convent Chapel. It is a very touching ceremony. I met quite a lot of old friends there.

We are all fine. I hope to see you next year when you visit Ireland. Write soon as I always enjoy your letter.

I remain

Your loving Cousin

Sarah McKenna

## **Appendix 18**

Letter from Helen Johnson to her cousin James Devine, Bronx, NY

Helen Johnson  
3562 Augivin Dr.  
San Diego, California 92123

Dear Cousin James

I have been wondering if you have been ill, it is so long since I have heard from you. Sister Grace said she had not heard from you either. I have not been well my self. My XXXX was very sick. She had complications. She was in hospital for 14 days. She had 5 electric heart treatments. I have made novenas to St. Anthony and St. Jude. I made 54 days rosary to the Blessed Mother that God will spare her for her family especially her son Curtis. I sent Nellie Connell a card. Pray for my daughter Theresa. I pray for you. May God bless you and family. Merry Christmas. The enclosed prayer cards and 1968 membership card in St. Jude League were sent to me to give out.

Love from Cousin Nellie

## Appendix 20

Letter from Mother Columcille to her cousin James Devine in the Bronx, NY.

Loreto Convent  
Colerain, Co Derry  
Feb. 5, 1968

My dear Jimmy,

I meant you to have this letter around Easter, but I was very busy and my correspondence got into arrears. The Paschal Season is still with us and I hope it will bring peace and unity to your disturbed country. I was thinking a good deal about you during the riots consequent on the murder of Martin Luther King. It was a dastardly act, but King, R.I.P., surely went straight to heaven as he worked on Earth to carry out Our Lord's wishes that Peace and Goodwill would reign among all men. This I am praying for too, as well as the Racial Disturbances. Please God, you and yours will be safe.

I had a visit the other day from Father Tom Devine, Katie and Sophie. He was visiting in Laraghaleas and brought them along to see me. Katie is greatly improved and is talking about going back to New York. She is worried as she says no one wants her except Sophie. She has been through a good deal and I imagine the treatment for the heart has unnerved her and she thinks she is a burden to all.

I was very sorry for her even though I understood the situation perfectly. Sophie is very patient and calm and does all she can to make her happy. Old age and sickness change people. Thank God, I keep quite well for my age. How are you? I hope you take life easy and let all worries pass over your head.

John Gallivan is still working hard. He begins at 6 AM and ends at 6 PM, that is a long day. He is leaving Berkley and returning to Pasadena. He hopes to come home at Christmas and says he would like to visit a few Universities on the way. I hope Cornell will be one of them, as I would like him to meet Tommy. They should have a lot in common. I read that the discoveries made in the field of Biology will overshadow those in the other sciences.

How are Mrs. Devine and girls? I hope all three are well and in a safe area.

Jennie is improving and putting on weight. Katie has lost a few stone. Dan Kelly is very pleased with her. He was more than good to her, got her the best of Specialists and into a 1<sup>st</sup> class Hospital free of charge.

With love to you, Mrs. Devine and the girls and hoping to hear good news of you and America soon.

I remain,  
Your loving Cousin  
Columcille

## Appendix 21

Letter from Mother Columcille to her cousin James Devine in the Bronx, NY.

Loreto Convent  
Crumlin Rd.  
23 July 1967

My dear Jimmy,

Very many thanks for your letter and enclosure which I am returning. Mr. McAuley does not forget his old friends even in his present exalted position.

Sophia told me she had a letter from Tommy telling her that he was going to take up a position as “Professor of Plant Breeding” in Cornell University. She is very fond of Tommy and proud of him. Well she may, as he is a credit to not only you and his mother, but to the whole clan. Give him my congratulations and tell him I wish him every success in his new venture.

I was telling Bernard and he says that one of Shane McCarthy’s sons has got a scholarship to Cornell – he intends to do Physics.

Poor Katie is having a bad time since her arrival in Ireland. She is laid up with Sciatica in Laraghleas. I hope she will soon get relief, as it is very painful and difficult to treat. It is a pity she would not see a doctor. Dan Kelly would only be too pleased to treat her. His younger daughter Marianne got her BA degree in German French and English.

You probably heard of the additions to the family tree. Teresa Quinn has got another little boy – three boys and two girls – lovely looking children and bright. Margaret has a little boy who arrived a fortnight ago. Her little girl, Moira Sinead is just beginning to step out. Mr. Heron intends to reconstruct Claudy house – he is making a Lounge Bar out of the old shop, putting the dwelling house in the center and the groceries etc. on the other side. Margaret is very good in the business.

Did you hear that Jennie had a rather serious operation? She is beginning to get back her strength, which is not too easy for an elderly person. Put her in your prayers, which I know will be a great help to her in every way. I have great faith in your prayers.

How are Mrs. Devine and the girls? You will have a great time at Tommy’s Graduation Ceremony. I suppose you will have the camera and I may see some of the photos.

I am here on holidays until the 11<sup>th</sup> Aug. It is a nice place for a holiday and I can see family. Bernard’s flock is scattered. Maire and Mary are in Dunquin Co. Kerry learning Irish, Monica is in Spain, Sara and John in U.S.A., Camilla is at home and kept busy.

With love to you and all in your care, especially Mrs. Devine, and hoping to get a great account of the graduation event.

I remain, your loving cousin  
Mother M. Columcille

## Appendix 22

Letter from James M. Devine to the Urseline Mother General concerning his teacher Mother Loreto.

2820 Bailey Ave  
New York, 63, N.Y.  
1953

Rev. Mother General  
Ursuline Convent  
Great Falls, Montana

Dear Rev. Mother General,

This will be my story, which I hope will not prove too uninteresting. Long ago, when I was barely eight years old, in the fall of 1899, the Ursuline Sisters came to my town Anaconda, Montana. They started to teach in a private house on East Third Street. Sister Loretto was a teacher in the lower grades then and started to teach me in the second grade. She was a very young happy jolly sister then. Sometimes she could not resist joining in our games at recess time. The spirit of youth and happiness ran strong in her youthful veins. I can very well remember how she used to enjoy snowball fights. In class she was capable of maintaining strict discipline. Mother Angela was the principal of the school then. She was a big fine looking blue eyed woman who was formerly known as Miss Lincoln. She was reported to be closely related to the Great Emancipator. I heard my father describe her as a very intelligent able woman. After a year, I was moved into Mother Catherine's room, which only took up to the third grade. I remember very well most of the boys in Mother Loretto's room. Among them were Joe Gilmore and his brothers Tim and Jack. That little red haired kid, Joe Gilmore, is now the Bishop of Helena. Sister Loretto gave us music lessons after we were promoted and moved to other rooms. Then Mother Angela was transferred and we got Mother M. Theresa as principal and Mother Superior. She also taught us music, sometimes, and was very fond of teaching dramatics. Once she put on a big play in the Margaret Theater that was remembered by the people of Anaconda and talked about twenty years after.

In 1901, the Ursuline Convent was forced to move to the West End of town due to financial failures and inability to build a new school in the East End of town. So it was in September 1901, after the new bell was hung in St. Peter's Belfry and President McKinley was shot, that my little brother Tommy and I had to attend the public school and no longer enjoyed the presence of Mother Loretto, Sister Catherine or Rev. Mother Mary Teresa, whom we all loved.

In May 1903, My Dear Mother died, Lord have mercy on her soul. Then my father took all us children to Ireland where we grew up, except my brother Tommy, who died in August 1905.

I returned to the United States in 1919. My Dear teacher died in Anaconda in 1924, without me ever seeing her again. That was mother Catherine and she used to often speak of me and my brother Tommy to Father Coopman. I regret I never saw her again.

In 1946, I got a thrill in meeting an old friend that I never will forget. My family and I left New York that year on Sunday evening 26<sup>th</sup> May. We were going to Anaconda, Montana to see my cousin Rev. William E. Morley ordained and to assist at his first Mass. The ordination was a grand affair and one of the happiest days of my life. The sacrament of Holy Orders was conferred on the two young priests on Saturday, 1st June 1946 by his Excellency Bishop J. M. Gilmore, who was a pupil with me in Mother Loretto's room in 1900.

After the ordination, there was a reception held in the Montana Hotel. It was during the reception that I met Bishop Gilmore for the first time since he became a Bishop. We had quite a little chat about boyhood days in Anaconda. The next day we attended Father Morley's First Mass, and another reception was held. There were a few children at the reception. I overheard them talk about school and their teachers were mentioned. One of them spoke about Mother Loretto and the nice teacher she was. I said to the little girl, "That is strange, when I was a little boy going to the convent school here over 40 years ago, we had a teacher named Sister Loretto, whom we boys all loved. Then towards the close of the reception, I heard Mother Loretto mentioned again. Then I said,

“Little girl, is Mother Loretto a young sister or an old sister? Oh! Mister, she is an old sister and has been teaching here for years and years. Then, I reached for my hat and excused myself from the party. When I got out on the street some man called to me, “Hey Jim, when did you get into town? I replied “Two days ago”. Glad to see you after so many years”, he said and where are you going now? I said, “Down to the Ursuline Convent to see if I know anybody there.” He drove me in his car to the convent door.

After I rang the bell, I was greeted by a sister I never saw before. I asked her, “If there was a Mother Loretto there?” She said, “Yes, there is, but she is busy now, giving a music lesson.” She will be finished in less than half an hour. “Alright”, I said, “I have got time to wait if you don’t mind.” I was then shown into a nice little reception room. The sister then said, “Who will I tell Mother Loretto, wishes to see her.” I said, “Just an old friend.” “But, what name would I give.” I said, “No name yet, just tell her an old friend of long ago. I want to see if she remembers me.” I didn’t wait any half-hour, but just a few minutes. The child was put to practice her music, and there in the door of the reception room stood Mother Loretto. Yes I said, “You are Mother Loretto, all right, not much changed for 45 years.” I last saw you in 1901. She took a long look at me and said, “You are one of the Devine boys.” “Right” I said, what a marvelous memory you have.” Then she asked me if I were Tommy or Jimmy Devine. I replied, “Jimmy” and she inquired about Tommy. She felt sorry when I told her Tommy had passed to his eternal rest in 1905. Then we talked about old school days in Anaconda, and she remembered all the boys I could name. We talked much about little red haired Joe Gilmore, now the Bishop of Helena, and other boys who seemed outstanding or notorious to me then. We talked of Mother Monica, who could manage the most mischievous boy without punishing him, and another teacher I had, Mother Catherine, who was a convert. Then we talked much about Mother Teresa who died recently at St. Ignatius Mission and was still teaching at the age of 85. She was quite a dramatics teacher and put on a several good plays in Anaconda. Were it not for the fact that she chose a better life, she would have surpassed such actresses in modern life as Rosalind Russell, Betty Compton and about 50 others. So I spent a most pleasant 40 minutes with my dear teacher of long ago, recalling school pranks, school songs, notorious boys and hobbies and games and the works of Dear  
(additional pages unavailable)

## Appendix 23

Letter from James M. Devine to the Bishop Gilmore probably about 1962.

2820 Bailey Ave  
New York, 63, N.Y.

Dear Rev. Dr. Gilmore

My memory often drifts back to old days in Anaconda, when we attended the old Ursuline Convent School on East Third St. with Mother Loretto, Mother Catherine, Mother Monica and the Superior Mother Angela. I can never forget the happy evenings we spent playing about the corner near the Parochial House on Alder Street before we went in for the Latin Class, first with Father Pirnat and later with the young Belgian Priest, Father Leitham. We sometimes had interesting conversations tinged with a little wit and humor with both those dear priests. Everytime I attend the Stations of the Cross here in Lent, I feel Father Pirnat's voice ringing in my ear with his peculiar pronouncing at each Station. His voice was sincere. I can see your big brother, Jack, carrying the cross from station to station and how happy I used to feel when it fell my lot to carry a candle beside Father Pirnat. You sometimes carried a candle with me. I can still see Jack Gilmore and Willie Earley lighting the charcoal and blowing it to stimulate the red heat from a lighted candle before Benediction.

Before the meetings, which used to be on Tuesdays and Fridays I think, we used to play cap ball and Pom-Pom-Pull-Away at the corner of St. Peters. We were all a happy gang, free from worry and little care except to learn our Latin and practice it correctly.

While thinking of those days, I have attempted to put them into verse which I enclose. After some attempts, I got able assistance from a young lady here who once lived a couple of years in Anaconda. She is Eileen Gallagher a niece of Jack Hamill, who had the contract for building St. Peter's School. I hope you read this poem and if you can offer anything to add to it, we will make another try. I may send a copy to Matt Kelly, if he is still around, or any other old Altar boys of those days that are still around. I have not been in Anaconda since 1946, when I met you at Father Morley's Ordination. Thank God, he made a good priest. I try to remember the names of the old Altar boys at St. Peter's from 1901 to my departure from Anaconda in Sept. 1903 after my Mother's death at age 34. Those I remember best were: Jack Gilmore, Willie Early, Frank Grusse, Emil Page, Jim Tonner, Joe Gilmore, Frankie and Johnny Fitzpatrick, Anthony Lepke, Eddie Barrett, Tom Logan, Matt Kelly, Andy Keltus. I can't remember if George or Christy Strakal were Altar boys or not. I hope to return to Anaconda for a visit next year and look up old acquaintances, if any are left.

My family are grown up now. Margaret is a Social Worker hoping to graduate from Fordham in June with an MA degree. Tom, my second child, obtained his BS degree from Fordham in 1959. He is now attending Penn State hoping to obtain his MS degree in science next Jan. He had the pleasure of being in audience and speaking to Pope Pius XII in Sept. 1958. My younger daughter has been working for the Sonotone hearing aid Company.

I am still engaged with the NY Post Office Dept. after 33 years service. I plan to retire about the end of July. We are about the same age. I may seek an easier job next fall for a little while before final retirement. I nearly retired last year to go to work in a museum here directed by Mr. Ross K. Toole of Helena. I think his father, a red haired Irish kid, attended the Ursuline Convent School with us. Mr. Toole is a writer, but he did not like New York as well as Montana, so he gave up his high salaried job here and returned to the West. He writes for the magazine 'Montana'.

Gary Cooper wrote an interesting story two years ago about Mary Fields, the only woman mail coach driver. Our dear old friend Mother Angela's name featured in part of

the story. I showed the story to Ross K. Toole from the Catholic Digest. He was much interested and hoped to refer to it later in Montana Magazine. Gary Cooper was a man Montana might well be proud of. He met Pope Pius near to the time that my son did. The Pope died about a month later. Wasn't it wonderful that Gary got the grace to come into the True Church. Of all the old boys of Anaconda there was an unforgettable character I did not like to see pass. He was Tom Connolly, the big, athletic, jolly comedian with a powerful body. He was by no means tenderhearted, but possessed a generous personality, R.I.P. I would like to hear your critical opinion on my poem.

Your youthful friend and old timer,  
Jimmy Devine

## **Appendix 24**

Newspaper article on the ordination of Father James (Seamus) Quinn grandson of Thomas Devine of Anaconda, Montana and Laraghaleas, Co. Derry.

There was a large turnout out of parishioners at Claudy, Co. Derry on Tuesday when the village welcomed home Rev. James Quinn, C.S.S.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Quinn, Claudy, following his recent ordination in England.

Father Quinn, who was accompanied by the members of his family and friends, was met outside the village by about fifty cars and was escorted in procession to the church, where he celebrated Mass and imparted his blessing to the individual members of a large congregation.

The church grounds, as well as Father Quinn's home were lavishly decorated for the occasion with Papal flags and bunting.

Father Quinn was ordained in St. Joseph's, Hawkstone Park Shrewsbury, by the Bishop of Shrewsbury, Most Rev. Dr. John Murphy. His first Mass, which was a solemn High Mass, was celebrated in the House of Studies at St. Joseph's. A Redemptorist student was deacon, the sub deacon was Rev. E. Higgins, St. Peter's College, Cardross, Scotland, and the assistant priest was Rev. J. McCabe, of Salford Cathedral, a native of Bishop St., Derry.

After receiving his early education at Claudy Primary School, Father Quinn continued his studies in St. Columb's College, Derry from where he transferred to Campion House, Osterely, before entering the Redemptorist Order.

Among those present at the ordination ceremony were Father Quinn's parents, his sisters, Misses Mary, Teresa and Margaret Quinn, his aunts, Miss Annie Teresa Quinn, Claudy, and Miss Sophie Devine, New York, and three cousins, Thomas Devine, New York, Mrs. Murray, Selbright, and Dr. Maura Murray, Manchester. His Godparents, Mrs. P. Donaghy and Mr. P. O'Neil, Claudy, were also present. After a short holiday spent at home, Father Quinn will return to Shrewsbury for further studies.

## Appendix 25

Letter from Edward Devine, Laraghaleas, to his brother James Devine on the occasion of congratulations on the marriage of James Devine.

Dear Jimmie

I got your card today. I was a little surprised at the announcement of your wedding. I think it is a good thing for you as it gives a fellow some aim in life, not just drifting along to the grave. I think you will have made a good choice as you have seen a good deal in your time and should know your mind by now. If the lady is a contented and thrifty person you will have no worry as long as you get enough to do. If the future would brighten up a bit I would like to marry, but I do not see how it can be done as things are. A bad year, the loss of a horse or failure to pay the annuity, would bring things to a stop here.

We have had more heat and dry weather than for a long time. The hay was stacked on 7 July. It got no rain. I remember cutting hay on 11 July. So this is an easy year. The turnips are a failure so far. Even a second sowing was burned up in the intense glare of heat. Potatoes are growing well. They have started very cheap and now 4d per stone. Young Bernard Devine was here one day from Locks. He had terrible hard luck in an operation for appendicitis, which leaves him unfit for army or police tests. He is a fine looking husky fellow.

Now dear brother, I hope you will have many years of happiness to come. You have given and sacrificed so much for us who always lived securely at home. Those terrible long lonely years you spent in Anaconda were a drain on your youth and strength. I hope your wife will be fond of you, as she did not go astray in her pick of a husband. So God bless you and her and grant you peace and happiness.

Eddie

Letter from Jennie Gallivan to James Devine at Fox St. P.O. Sta., Bronx on the occasion of his marriage.

Hillford House  
Leixlip  
24<sup>th</sup> July 1933

My dear Cousin,

Just a few lines to offer you my heartiest congratulations and all good wishes for your future happiness. My mother and all in the house are delighted that you have got married and more especially delighted to an Irish girl. My mother says she is very fond of the Cavan people as she has some great friends from Cavan.

I hope Katie is getting along well, she has not written now for quite awhile. I had a letter from Isabel a few days ago; she is feeling much better now. Minnie had a very severe winter, but she got a great tonic and now she is better than ever. Margaret has got a position in Co. Louth. She goes there on the 15<sup>th</sup> Aug.

Times are pretty bad in this country, but I think it is the same everywhere. I am sure you and your bride had a great time in Chicago, we will be looking forward to a visit from both of you in a few years time.

Mrs. Devine of Mullingar is very poorly; she had to have a finger amputated, gangrene set in. She was ill with it when Katie was over last year. We are expecting Eddie up in August. I think I have given you all the news.

Again wishing you and your bride every happiness, prosperity and God's Blessing from my mother and all here.

Your loving Cousin  
Jennie

## Appendix 26

Letter from James Devine written during his trip to Ireland to his wife in New York.

Dear Annie,

I left Belfast this morning and stopped off at Coleraine to see Mother Columcille. She was on Retreat but when the nun at the door learned that I was a relative that she had not seen for 27 years and gave word to Mother Superior, she got excused for an hour. So, we had a very nice visit and tea. She was very pleased to see me. I showed her a good many snapshots that interested her a lot. Mrs. Kelly in Nazareth House did not know me. She thought I was Barney Maguire, whom I wrote about might visit her when he would be in Ireland. She said to me, I must be the man that Jimmy Devine said would call. I let her talk a good while about Jimmy Devine and the great man his father was. Then took her outside to take her picture. Took two pictures of her before a shrine, then told her to look again at that picture of Jimmy Devine and son and then look at me with my hat on. "My Goodness!" she said, "You look like Jimmy Devine." You guess the rest. She was thrilled and very happy.

Annie, when in Dublin I did stop round to see Rose, but like you said, she was not home. An old woman, like Aunt Bell type, was taking care of the children and was very gruff. Little Rose was a nice, healthy, beautiful-looking child with red cheeks. Little Sean looked a little pale. I left the little doggies with them. I might see Rose on the way back by Dublin after I write to her. Send on the checks for me to sign.

Your loving husband

James Devine

P.S. I hope the children are all well. I prayed for you all at the holy well at Dundalk. Jean Tunney stayed last night at the Royal Avenue in Belfast, but I did not see him. Richard Hayward ate at the next table to me in the Royal. Tunney was supposed to be with him. If he had, I would have introduced myself and mentioned Eddie Egan. A priest I talked with told me to have nothing to do with Hayward of Holywood. He was right. I'll send you the check back, after I sign it tonight. I hope Tommy still feels like holding down the job. I am feeling fine, not a day sea sick on board. I won't get to Carrickmacross or Cootehill.

Letter from E. F. Devine of Bordentown, N. J. to James Devine, 1934.

Dear Cousin James,

Yours of the Second was welcome. I was speaking to Mamie of you a day or two before. I am pleased to hear that you and Mrs. Devine are well again. I have had good health for the past year, but I cannot speak the same for Mamie as she has been sick in bed for about two weeks. She is up and around again and very much better. You say you are careful of your diet. I would advise your using 'crazy cristal', it will give you better health. I can eat anything and it doesn't seem to bother me. There is not much change in our little city. There are a lot of our people out of work and others working on short time. Francis is taking up Radio Engineering and is employed in a radio store here where some repairing is done. So he will get a little practice with his studies. He does not get much but it is something anyway. He has a lady friend and she has red hair, but she is a nice girl. He is about as tall as I am and does not bother with booze. He might take a glass of beer but I have never seen him do it or the sign of it on him.

You say you have lost all trace of Sister Kate and family. They are living in Tacony but I don't know the address as yet myself. They have shortly moved too and I have not seen any of them since. Helen and husband are living in Homesburg, PA. I will give you their address on a slip in this letter. They have five boys and another soon. Larry is at present in our little city at sister Margaret's. Her family are most all grown up, the boys are all tall six footers. Ed is still with the State Highway Dept. I will tell Larry to drop you a few lines. I am sorry you did not have a chance to stop off at Bordentown on your way to Philadelphia. We would be all glad to see you and meet Mrs. Devine. I am still at the Water Works still working the same time and same wages. NRA does not affect us. I am sorry to hear of the death of our cousins Charles and Edward. I received a card from him and a letter also. He was telling me of his properties. He was repairing some of them at that time. Yes, I guess he was well fixed. I may drop a few lines to his wife. It must have been very enjoyable to your sister Katie to visit her old home and Seattle and Denver. I am glad to hear you are working, if it be steady or not, it sure is something, and you have a chance to advance in the future. Things sure do look bad for some of the people this coming winter and I think it will be another bad one. Well I have about 8 or 9 tons of coal in the cellar, but I hope it is nothing like last winter. I spent some cold moments waiting for a bus to take me to the plant. I used to dance the cannick man's ramble, the highland jig, Miss McClogs reel and every step in the calendar to keep from freezing those cold mornings. Mamie says it is time to go to bed, so I will have to close. With kindest regards and best wishes to you and my cousin Miss Devine, as ever,

Your affectionate Cousin

E. F. Devine

PS My sister Kate's children: James, Edward, Mary and Anna, who is Sister Grace Catherine of the St. Joseph's Order are all well. Mamie and Francis join me in my good wishes to you.

Address for Helen and husband referred to in letter above:

Mr. Arthur Corbet

4526 Millit St.

Homesburg, PA

Letter to James Devine in New York City from Mrs. Margaret Kelly, born Margaret Devine at the old Devine Mansion at Woodend about 1867. She died at Inchaney near Strabane 26<sup>th</sup> April 1952 aged 85. This Margaret Kelly was probably the mother of Dr. Dan Kelly, MD of the Waterside, Derry.

Abercorn Square  
Strabane  
Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> 1937

Dear Cousin

Your kind letter received of sympathy over the death of poor Marion, RIP. I hope she is happy for she got a lovely death with all her friends praying around her bedside and the priests never left her for almost two days before she died. She had the largest funeral seen in Strabane for a number of years. It went from here to the Church of the Immaculate Conception from that to Melmount to be interred there beside her Father. That was her wish. I miss her more and more every day but God's Will must be done. Dear cousin the history you wrote of the Devines is still to be had. Brother Charlie gave it over to Woodend as far as I can remember. I thank you very much for yourself and your little daughter's photo. You look very like your Father, RIP. And Margaret is a great name with the Devines. Barney's little daughter is called is called Margaret she is four years old last April, I must show your letter to Denis first time he be in. In fact I forgot all about telling him last time he was in. I have so much to see about.

Mullingar Devines, Woodend Devines all seem to be getting on very well, also the Locks. Neil works very hard. Father Tom senior is just the same no great improvement that-----  
--Fr. Tom is a great priest.

I must now conclude by sending my kindest regards to your wife and hopping to see you and family paying a visit to Ireland in the near future.

I am your affectionate Cousin  
Margaret Kelly

**Two Letter from Dennis Devine to his cousin James Devine in New York City.**

Woodend  
Strabane  
12<sup>th</sup> November 1947

Dear Cousin James

I am very sorry for the delay in writing to you to thank you for the photographs, which you so kindly returned to me some time ago. I am indeed very pleased to have that little bit of history in connection with my great ancestors and I do hope I shall be able to follow in their footsteps in some small way. I was also glade to hear that your sister had a pleasant crossing after her holiday in Ireland. She paid us an unexpected visit one-day and Mother had not been feeling to well at that time. So we expected to have her call again before her return to America. James you may remember sending me a copy of the Devine Coat of Arms drawn by yourself and very good indeed. I have got it framed and hung up in the living room. But I would be very grateful if you would let me have one of the painted ones you were telling me about in one of your letters. I was looking for that photograph of Father Neil Devine, but there does not seem to be any trace of it here. Mother says she never remembers seeing it in this house, perhaps he was not anxious for having his photos taken. Some time in the near future I will send you some snaps of our family here at Woodend. I will conclude hoping you and your family are all keeping well and to hear from you soon again.

Yours Sincerely  
Denis Devine

Woodend  
Strabane  
1<sup>st</sup> March 1951

Dear Cousin James

I wish to thank you for sending on the coat of Arms, which arrived on The 22nd Feb., also your letter. I must say that you packed it very carefully as it reached me in perfect condition. I think it is really beautiful. My sister Mary got some glass to fit the frame and we have it now framed and hung up in our drawing room. I can assure you we will treasure it very much and I am very grateful to you for sending it.

It's strange that you did not meet my brother John and my sisters Mary and Kathleen. Kathleen is married and lives in Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh. Her husband is attached to the bank there. John, Mary and myself carry on the farm here at home. We do see our cousins from the locks quite often and they are very proud that Mick hopes to have a son ordained a priest. I guess you are looking forward to being present at the ceremony and I hope Father Tom will go over. He calls with us now and again. Aunt Margaret Kelly is still hale and hearty and able to go to town every week. She is the last of my father's family. Dr. Dan has a very big practice in Derry he visits us occasionally. I think Dan is the friendliest of the Kelly family.

The food situation is not good here with tea, sugar, etc. rationed and the coal was very scarce this winter. However, we can manage fairly well as on the farm we can produce some of our own foodstuffs. We have got the electricity and water installed, which makes work easy.

The Spring work is now in full swing and the weather is mild. In a few weeks we will be starting to sow the corn. We usually start after St. Patrick's Day. I believe they have a great Day in New York on that day. I will conclude hoping you are all well and again thanking you for the picture and hoping to hear from you soon again.

I remain,

Your Sincere Cousin,  
Denis Devine

**Letter from Sarah Jane Gallivan to James Devine in New York City.**

Hillford House  
Leixlip, C. K.  
13- 11-1933

My Dear Nephew

A line to say we were all sorry to hear you were so sick and I trust you are quite better by this time. Blood coming frightens people but I know several people got an attack of it and never a bit the worse. We are praying for you to get strong. I trust your dear wife is well. She looks a lovely Lady and I trust that you and her will have a very happy life and God's blessing. Thank you very much for sending me the photos. I appreciate it very much. Jennie's mother in law died and she was down in the North and visited Eddie and Sophie. Nobody happier than they are. They have improved the house greatly and one of the priests is living with them. Eddie is a great farmer and Sophie is looking well. She stayed with Isabel a couple of days. She is splendid and has 3 lovely children. Aunt Minnie is in great health going about like a Lamplighter. Father Devine is in Rome doing Cannon Law. Bernard and Daniel were in Rome this year. They went to Liverpool and then went by car enjoyed the scenery immensely, also Rome. I am so glad to hear Katie is well. She wrote to me from Canada. She said she would write to me from New York. I hope she will. I often be sad when I think of your dear Aunty being dead. I be very sad. We have to all go that way, welcome be the will of God. I feel very weakly some time, hardly able to go alone. Your Papa was a great man. He is always in my memory. He was a man of knowledge and culture and had a wonderful memory. He was studying all his life. He loved the language. If he only got a chance, what would he not have been? There were no chance in his days like what is now. Trinity was the place in them days. Your Father was of very independent nature. He was gentle and kind, honest and truthful. I could write forever about him. My mother loved him and never seen his fault. I hope you will write soon to me and me let me know if you are well. I just think of your family as my own. I hope I will live to see you and the Misses over here sometime. I love the Cavan people. Give my warmest love to your wife also Katie. All my family join in wishing you every thing that is good. God Bless you

Your loving Aunt  
S. J. Gallivan

I am no good for writing letters now.

**Letter from Dr. Daniel Kelly, Waterside, Derry to his cousin James Devine in New York City acknowledging the receipt of condolences on the death of Dr. Kelly's mother, born Margaret Devine at the Locks.**

2 Clooney Terrace  
Londonderry  
31-5-52

My Dear Cousin

I wish to thank you for your letter with enclosures to me in the death of my Mother which I quite appreciate you were very sorry to hear as likewise Kitty and Sophie as her demise removes almost the last of the older stock of the Devines and I expect to you one of the links with older Ireland. She had been in comparative good health until about 3 weeks before her death. She was able to go in ----- where she had been residing with Paddy in the Farm to Strabane on foot up to a month before her death and was quit alert and active, able to read all the papers got all the news. About 3 weeks prior to the death she had a heart attack and gradually got weaker. She was buried at Melmont near to the Agricultural College where you were in your early years.

The day after her burial I just heard of the death of poor Tom Gallivan RIP. I heard he had not been in good health recently and was suffering from high blood pressure and had surgeons. Those were all the details.

Mc Loughlin, Glendermott Road who you mentioned in your letter, Frequently visits me professionally often talks about you and tells me he hears from you occasionally. Isabell was at the funeral. But Eddie and Father Tom Devine were not there nor represented nor have I seen Father Tom since he came back from America.

I found in your letter and snaps to Paddy. I am herewith enclosing three memorial cards so perhaps you will kindly forward one to Kitty and Sophie. How are they both keeping? Things are rather dull here in Ireland. At present a great deal of unemployment with no immediate promise of improvement with a great deal of emigration mostly to Canada and Australia. Although the country is looking really beautiful and we had almost a two-month spell of unbroken summer weather since 17<sup>th</sup> March, one of the best springs in years.

I hope you and family are keeping well.

We have four of a family Delores (17), last term in Loretto, Coleraine, and Kevin and (16) Maurice (14), both in CastleKnock College, Dublin and Marion 8 in Waterside School.

We have the new health scheme. And so I haven't got to worry so much as in the old days of private practice, which was dependent on the state of prosperity of the people, which now ---- is definitely bad. Will conclude now with very best wishes and thanks.

Your Cousin

Daniel Kelly

**Letter to James Devine, New York City from his cousin Barney Kelly, proprietor of the Classic Grill, The Square, Strabane.**

The Classic Grill

The Square

Strabane

July 18<sup>th</sup> 1952

My Dear Cousin James,

I am very grateful for your kind letter of sympathy on my mother's death. She had a long active life and was quite active and energetic up till a few weeks before the end. As she was predeceased by my father by 52 years, life was not always easy for her, but she was blessed with an extraordinary constitution.

My brother Dan tells me you also kindly wrote to him and that he has acceded to your thoughtful request for a memorial card.

As you affectionately refer to my wife in your letter you had not heard of her death in March 1951. She had been for sometime a victim of Rheumatism and slipped on the stairs breaking a hipbone. The bone did not knit and after 9 months in Derry Hospital a second major operation was necessary if she was ever to get out of bed. This was too much and she passed away shortly after regaining consciousness after the anaesthetic. She was nine months in hospital and appeared to appreciate that at best she would be crippled for life and was quite reconciled. We had just one child – a daughter – Margaret (Margot). She was with Mother Columcille in Coleraine and obtained her leaving certificate there after a course in Paris. She had just completed her final exam in Coleraine the day her mother was taken to hospital and has been running the house for me since. She scored very high in her final leaving and obtained honours in Irish, French and Music. I was delighted to hear of your son's ordination, but am in the dark as to what family you have been blessed with. (Note the letter writer is confused. It was the son of Michael Devine residing in Buffalo, NY who as ordained a priest.)

Rose McGinnis – my sister in law who was in Lough Derry the time I met you there and who was then nursing in London has been suffering from severe heart trouble for the past few years.

The Lough Derg Pilgrimage is in full swing these days – 1<sup>st</sup> June /15<sup>th</sup> Aug. annually. I have been there about 22 times and hope to go again one of these days. Your Uncle Barney of the Locks was there somewhere about forty times.

The absence of Fr. Tom's name from the funeral list must have been an oversight as I am sure he must have been there or represented.

Yes one of the McGrath girls who is married to Tom Edwards of Dysart is living in Tamnacrum and have quite a family.

The two boys at Woodend – Denis and John appear to be getting on very well and have got electric light, bath, etc. into the house. A sister – Mary Ann – is living with them. Kathleen is married to a Bank Clerk in Belfast and the 3<sup>rd</sup> sister Margaret died some years ago of meningitis.

What about John James Kelly's sons? How are they getting along?

Your adopted country is on top of the world now. Poor Britain! She has never recovered from the blow she got in Dublin 1916 and is sinking ever since.

Are you not contemplating a flip over by air or on the "United States" liner? You should have a hop over here before the 'fall'; a few weeks would do you good. I have a very big house here and with frequent omnibus services in all directions from the very door. You will get around all your friends very cheap and in a very short time. The 'Border' is just at Lifford ten mins. Walk so that you can enjoy the best of both countries Britain and the Republic!

You will find a few weeks very interesting and bringing you back a good few years.

I am sorry I did not drop you this note sooner after receipt of yours.

Again thanking you very much and hoping you and yours are very well.

Yours Sincerely  
B.J. Kelly

P.S. Many thanks for very interesting - and to me historical – photo. Unfortunately I have none of myself at hand at the moment but I'll have Margot take some one of these days and let you have them. If I keep this note back another day you'll never get it!

**Letter to James Devine in New York City from Katie Christy of the Locks, at that time the oldest living member of the family. She was consulted by James Devine as a valuable source and reference check on his account of the family history.**

Locks  
14<sup>th</sup> July 1953

My dear James

I received your most kind letter and I was glad to hear from you and to know I was not forgotten and to hear of all my old friends. Well the very old people I don't remember. I just mind to hear my Father talk about his grandfather (Michael Cavanagh), but I mind my great grandmother (*Sophie Crawford*) well, watching me when my Father and Mother were at Mass on a Sunday. I was, I think, about or nearly 3 years. I remember her saying her prayers on the beads and I getting up on her knee and pulling them from her. I mind the sort of beads. They were white one time, then they were yellow with ages. I can see her sitting in the corner at the right-hand side of the fire, but that is all. I don't remember her death. Many a time I sit and tell our ones all about the old times long ago at the Locks. Yes, James I saw plenty at the Locks as you talk about milk and butter. I saw 23 milk cows and I don't mind how many young cattle. Big churns every morning and butts of butter. It was a warm home one time. I am the only one that minds anything about it. I remember my grandfather Thomas Devine, RIP and all the others: William Devine and all the property he left Aunt Margaret, she was a great old lady, and my Aunt Catherine (*Doherty*), Claudy. Many a week I spent in Claudy with my Aunt (God rest her soul). Neil Devine and his Mrs. are well also all our old friends. I mind my Uncle Tom your Father coming to the Locks and my Father and he sitting up nearly all night talking about the long ago. I often be sorry when I think of them all. Now they are all gone, I may say say, only myself. Mrs. Kelly was the last. She was 85 when she died. You were right, I am 82. When Mrs. Kelly was married she was 21 years. I was 16 years. That was how I know her age. The years soon go in life; life is but an empty dream. Remember me to Sophie it was very kind of her to think of me and tell you to write. I saw her in Claudy. We were out for a few days pleasure, my daughters and myself. Now James I must say good bye and God bless you all. From your cousin,

Katie

**Letter from Jenny Devine, mother of Father Tom Devine, to James Devine in New York City.**

2 Kennelsfort Road  
Palmerstown  
Co. Dublin  
20-3-1951

My dear James

Thanks ever so much for your kind and welcome letter received a few days ago. Glad to see by it that you are all well as it leaves us here at present (Thank God).

I am still in Dublin along with Ellen and her husband. It is very nice here. Well James, I am sorry that I am not able to go to the States on your kind invitation as I am getting to old now to do much traveling. It is a pity it is so far away. I am sure it would be great for to see you all again. Ellen and her husband wish to be remembered to you all. Remember me to Sophia and Katie and all the rest of my friends. That is a very nice young man of yours, God Bless him.

Father Tom is well and very busy as usual. It has been very cold weather here lately. It was a great day, St. Patrick's, here in Dublin. I will conclude now, hoping to hear from you soon again. I remain, as ever, your old friend, J. Devine to James with love and best wishes to you all.

God Bless you all.

The Locks  
Strabane  
Co. Tyrone  
31-12-52

My dear James

How are you all getting along? I hope well. It is a long time since I heard from you now. I expect you know Fr. Tom has been changed from Drumquin down to Drung in Co. Donegal. It is just four miles from Moville, just along the sea. It is a lovely place and the church is ten minutes walk from the house. You can see the church from the house. Well James it was a great surprise to me to see Mick coming over in June, but his time was far too short. He looks well. I was very very glad to see him. I wish you would take a surprise trip over, as I would love to see you again. Remember me to your wife and family. I saw Mrs. Quinn one day in the summer they were all well.

How are Sophia and Mrs. McGrath? I hope they are both well. Remember me to them. I did not see Eddie this good while. Neil and his wife wish to be remembered to you all. I was speaking to Miss Doherty that came over from Canada. She is going to build a new house in Ballymagorry. I think she is not going back again. Well James, I will end this scribble, hoping to hear from you soon. From your old friend Jennie Devine. With heaps of love to you all. Wishing you all the best of good luck and prosperity. To my friend James Devine

I was just looking at photo you sent me and I saw it was near your son's birthday. I wish him many happy returns and a happy birthday.

God Bless You All.

Hoping to hear from you soon

Please excuse mistakes

This is Fr. Tom's address: Drung, Quigley's Point, Co. Donegal.

Letter from Mrs. Mc Kenna, Dungiven, senior living member of the family to her cousin James Devine in New York City.

Dungiven 21<sup>st</sup> Oct 1958

My Dear Cousin,

I need not tell you how delighted I was to receive your letter this morning and such a newsy one too.

Imagine, 50 years ago since you were here, and what changes since that time.

Your Aunt, Mrs. Doherty, was a great woman and a great friend of mine, in fact it was she who introduced me to Dungiven. Well since then, I had 4 sons and two daughters.

Patrick Joseph is the eldest who lives in Dublin and has six sons. The eldest is studying for the priesthood, a Jesuit, who will be finished, please God, in three years. He will then be ordained after fifteen years studying. His second son is in Nigeria, an engineer. The third son is married a couple of months and has a nice home in Dublin. He represents Guinness and Carins Ale and has a car and his run is through Dublin. The fourth boy is a dentist in London. The last two boys are studying at the university; one for engineering the other for dentist. He was married to a very nice girl from Athlone, who has two brothers Carmelites and two sisters nurses in Roscrea Convent. Patrick has grocery ... business in Dublin.

Patrick Phillips was my grandfather. Father Neal Devine never got his photo taken, I believe. I remember old Aunt Margaret. She lived with Grand Uncle William Devine after Father Devine died. She was housekeeper to him. Yes, Katie McCafferty is still alive at the Locks, poor soul. Mrs. Quinn promised time and again to visit me but does not keep her promise so far.

Your son Tom is a very nice young man. It was great of him having the honor of speaking to the Pope.

I hope you will take that trip to Ireland in 1960 if I am alive, you see I am 86 and very stiff with rheumatism and not able to go out, but can get up every day, thank God.

I live with my son Thomas Bernard and his wife and four daughters - lovely girls, the eldest Carmel is getting married at Easter. He is a teacher and a very nice boy. Thomas Bernard's second girl is in St. Mary's Training College, Belfast for a teacher. His 3<sup>rd</sup> girl has entered the Loreto Convent, Rathfarnham Abby, Dublin about a month ago. The youngest Therese is in Coleraine Convent. They have all been taught under Mother Columcille who has been very good to them indeed.

Eddie was over here for 8 months he is terribly changed.

I was thrilled to hear I was related to Royalty, the Duke of Argyle, Ha Ha!

John Hugh my youngest son is married and living in Derry, manager of the Golf Club. No family. Kathleen has a drapery business in Castlefinn, Co. Donegal. Eileen, my second daughter is a teacher there.

Don't delay in writing that book of the clan please. I would like to get it.

Father Felix O'Neill is still hale and hearty and calls to see me. Thomas Bernard, whom I live with, is married to a very fine woman a teacher from Co. Down. I think I have given you all the news and I hope to hear from you soon.

Your loving Cousin  
Sarah McKenna

**Letter from Mother Columcille to her cousin James Devine in New York City.**

Loreto Convent  
Coleraine  
18-2-1947

My dear Jimmy,

I took your second letter to make me realize that Lent was fast approaching and that your Xmas letter still remained unanswered. I was delighted to get both with news of Mrs. Devine and the children, not to mention the historical light you threw on our ancestors whom you think must have hailed from Scotland. I wonder did they come at the time of the Plantation of Ulster. (*Note by far most ancestors were Gaelic Irish, however Isabel St. Clair's ancestors came directly from Celtic Scotland – the Hebrides, others in the Kavanagh line had Welsh or Scot ancestry and converted to the Catholic Faith*) If they did, they must have been of a rather decent stock, as they seemed to have adopted the religion and customs of their new country. The Devines were very staunch Catholics and at a time when it was no easy task to prepare a boy for the priesthood, they made the sacrifice and could boast of a very saintly priest in the family. My mother, R.I.P., often told me stories of Father Neal Devine, R.I.P., and he seems to have been a fine character. I was delighted to get the photo of my grandfather, R.I.P. Do you know that my Mother, R.I.P., resembled him very much. I never saw the likeness before so evident as in that photo. If I can I shall try for the one of William Devine whom you say was in an old album in Woodend. Barney Kelly's little girl is at school with us and the next time Barney comes on a visit, I shall ask him to look it up. Since Eddie Devine died, I do not think there is much come and go between the Kellys and Woodend but Barney is very obliging and would I know do this for me. If I get it, I shall send it on. Barney is now chairman of the Urban Council in Strabane. He has a fine appearance and a very good manner, so can carry out his duties satisfactorily. He has bought over his Mother's place and also the hotel next door, which Mrs. Kelly runs as a sort of restaurant. They are doing very well and seem to be quite well off. Margot their only child is very dark and rather good looking, but small. She is both clever and musical. She is thirteen and still a child.

Dan Kelly's little girl Delores came to us this year. She is quiet. I think she is like the Treacys – her mother's people.

Mrs. Kelly is still alive and in spite of frequent bronchial attacks is able to be around, and goes to mass quite frequently.

Poor Isabel had a hard time at Xmas. On Xmas day Harry was taken off to hospital with diphtheria and for a few days his condition was critical enough. Thank God he is better again, and if he rests sufficiently should soon be as well as ever. He is a great businessman and I think his profits last Xmas have been high enough to relieve him of all financial worries. Joseph works hard, but finds time for his theatricals and racing. He took a rather important part in a play 'The Far Off Hills' which was produced by a Miss McDermott who teaches Elocution in all the important Catholic Schools of the North. I believe he was good and showed great promise. The caste toured the North and acted the play in all the provincial towns usually for a charitable purpose.

James is still in St. Columb's, but he is not keen on study. Isabel thinks she will train him for a business career and then he can help his Father. The Quinns are very generous, and I think at the present moment James would give away all his father's goods. He should go to a stranger for a few years.

Mary is still with us and is wonderfully well improved. She has got stronger and is more interested in her lessons. Theresa is coming to join her next year, so poor Teresa's wings will be clipped. She is a lovely looking child and has the blue eyes and dark eyelashes, which you say is the Kelly inheritance. Margaret is lovely too and very affectionate. I like all the Quinns, but you know Isabel is just like my own sister. I was up in Dublin at

Xmas and saw most of the Gallivan clan. I got eczema in my ears and eyes just before the holidays and had to go to see a specialist. He put me into a nursing home for a fortnight and gave me treatment. It responded well at first but since I came home my ears have been troubling me I think it is the cold. We never had such a spell of frost and snow without any interruption.

Tom was not well when I was up. He was to go to the hospital after I left, but I heard no word since. I wish you would say a prayer for him and get the children to pray. He is a great worry to me.

I think from your letters that you have a happy home, and that you are a good practicing Catholic. It is from our religion and the restraints it imposes on us that we get the real happiness even in this life. It is well Jimmy that you did not acquire a taste for drink.

Tom has a lovely little boy Donald – he is intelligent and bright. Tom's wife has opened a shop – dairy and grocery – she may succeed and I hope she will. The others are all well and in good form. Daniel has a big practice in both Dublin and Leixlip. Jennie's elder girl Maura has got her 1<sup>st</sup> exam in medicine and the other, Peggy, is still at the Dominican Convent Eccles St. Jennie is very much interested in greyhounds and rears a number for the market.

I was sorry to hear that Mrs. Devine was not well, and sincerely hope she will improve under the diet. I always had the idea that you had two boys and a girl – now you tell me that the youngest is a girl. She is very like Teresa Quinn. I suppose Isabel sends you snaps of the family. What stage is your boy at in his education? I suppose he still attends what would correspond to our primary school. You realize the value of education and I know you give him every chance. He looks bright from the photo, but you know industry and character count for far more than brains. I think character training is all important in the child's education.

Your Papa unconsciously stressed that very much in your upbringing and the result is apparent. It always struck me that you were a very upright and honorable family. I never knew anyone of you to tell a lie.

Do you ever come across any of J. James Kelly's family? My father R.I.P. was always interested in them. He did his best to save Tannacrum for him, but J. James did not set as much value on the old home as he did and gave him instructions to sell it. He did so to one of the McGraths. It is now in the hands of strangers now. I expect Barney Devine will let Mullingar go – he has it let. I do not like to hear of these old family residences changing hands.

I must conclude now with my very best wishes for a happy 1947 to you, Mrs. Devine and the children. May the Divine Infant watch over you all and keep you safe from all sin and evil. With love to you all, your loving Cousin M. Columcille

P.S. Isabel showed me the photo of Father Morley's ordination. It was a lovely group. The priest himself looked a bit like Father Tom Devine. He reminds me always of my Uncle Tom. M, J. Columcille

**Letter from Mother Columcille to her cousin Sophie Devine daughter of Thomas Devine during Sophie's residence in the United States.**

Loreto Convent  
Coleraine  
Co. Derry  
14.9.'52

My dear Sophy

I have been reproaching myself for a considerable length of time over the neglect I showed in answering Jimmy's letter and in acknowledging the Mass card both of you so kindly sent me on Tom's death R.I.P. The many masses and prayers that were said for

him have been a great source of comfort to me. Poor Tom was not wise in the ways of this world and spent the thousands my father left him in a few years. The rest got very little compared to Tom, but it was not much use to him. However for the few years before he died, he changed completely. He never touched drink and went to Mass and Holy Communion every Sunday and lately attended daily Mass. I think it was his compassion for his fellow creatures and kindness to all in trouble that got this grace for him. Jimmy's prayers were of great spiritual help to him. He has a very nice wife and two nice children. The little girl is very interesting and I think both are clever. She has a small grocery establishment in the poor part of Dublin.

Your letter and enclosure were a pleasant surprise for me. Very many thanks for all your kindness. Gratitude is a quality that I appreciate more as days go on, and I think you do not forget all my mother did for you when you were small and helpless. She was a wonderful woman and no one that I have met could measure up to her sympathy for her fellow creatures no matter what class or creed they belonged to.

Well I have good news for you about Theresa – she passed Junior, quite creditably too, and no one was more pleased than I was. Theresa and I were very friendly and I miss her this year. She is very highly strung and I think a life the open will suit her better than pouring over books. She has gone to the Domestic School Navan and will do a general course there in sewing, cooking, poultry keeping and dairy work. She hopes to get into Newbridge with Mary and then both will be together. This success will give her confidence and courage. The whole family went over to Perth for James' profession. They had a wonderful time, and all were greatly impressed by the ceremony. After the mass, coffee was served and a little later a lunch in which each student sat between the parents. After the lunch James got out with them for the rest of the day and they were delighted. I am sure Harry and Isabel bought him plenty. Next morning all the novices went to Wales to the "House of Studies." There they were to have a week's holiday before work began. Joseph's little girl is lovely. Her Aunt, Mother Christine, was here on the holidays and both Joseph and Una came to see her often.

I was in Dublin for a month and saw all. Jennie's elder girl Maura is House Surgeon in Richmond Hospital and Peggy has got her 1<sup>st</sup> Medical. Bernard has four girls and one boy. They are fine healthy children. Daniel has bought a new house in Lucan and is leaving Leixlip.

Mother Rose's brother died about a fortnight ago. He was the last of the family except herself, and she was very lonely for a few days. She is in good form again. You heard that Father Mick McAuley died in March R.I.P. Maggie has one of her girls married to a dentist in Derry. It was very sad about Father Shiels R.I.P. Everyone lamented his death. Father Tom Devine has been changed to Drung outside Merville. He will have his own house and the place is convenient. It is great to know that you are coming to Ireland again. I hope you will have time to visit Coleraine. You will be very welcome. I won't see the Claudy folk too often now. I must write to Jimmy so I shall conclude with my best love and thanks for all. Your loving Cousin

M. Columcille

P.S. give my love to Katie when you see her. When is she returning to Ireland?

**Letter from Father James McGlinchy in Ireland to James Devine in New York City.**

Ballinascreen  
Draperstown  
Co. Derry  
9.2.1948

My dear James

I have your very interesting letter, and your far too generous offering. I have said two Masses – one for your father, Thomas Devine and one for Catherine Doherty – peace to their souls.

I need not say that I would be delighted to meet you and your son, and if you come to Ireland in my time, you both surely come to see me. I am not very far from Claudy and the road turning in to the right in Feeny and over the hill is good.

I knew all the Killygordon – Mullingar – Devines pretty well. I never met Father Devine who died in Claudy and peace to his soul, but I heard of him often.

I could not say, but I somehow think you maybe at any rate proximately, right, that your father's first going to America was in 1877 or around that time. It was when he returned that I knew of him, and saw him; and what fixed my mind in regard to him was the great part he took in the Land War, and the presentations he received on that account when returning to America after his sojourn home. He was certainly an able and an upright man.

That was certainly a striking and inspiring incident, the meeting with the guard on the train. I am sure you must have been deeply impressed. You and the rest of the family were certainly blessed, having so good a father.

Yes I knew Eddie well. He was at St. Columbs in my time. He impressed me as a very solid sensible boy, who worked hard, and carried himself self-respectingly and honorably. Isn't it a pity he did not marry, but maybe his vocation was a single one. God disposes these things for those who are faithful, and indeed sometimes for those who are not – but he was faithful.

I heard at the time of your father's death. It was very providential in the circumstances how he received the Rites of Holy Church. Michael Doherty was a very fine man, and, as you say, great for sport, but always temperate

These are two very fine photos. I enclose them. Both faces (Thomas Devine I and Thomas Devine II) are familiar to me.

My Mother – peace to her soul – died in Carndonagh in 1908, and then I was called into the College. I am in my 23<sup>rd</sup> year in this parish. It is large, three churches and an Oratory, and two assistants.

And poor Johnie Kelly is dead, peace to his soul. Yes he attended very faithfully to me at Dungortin. He became a highly successful teacher.

You know the time your father returned home – first time – and if you know how long he was in America then, you could have no difficulty in coming very close to the date you require – or seek.

My home was some three miles from Killygordon just right opposite the village, or if you like Mullingar. I left home at around 14 –15, was back a year 19 –20 and then on vacations from college every year for 9-10 years.

Times are still uncertain. Peace seems yet far off. We in Ireland have been very fortunate. We pretty well escape world wars, and we do not want for food. Thank God for it all.

Always remembering you and yours alive and gone at the altar. And may God ever kindly bless you and your son, and with every kindest and best wish to you both, I am, Yours most gratefully and sincerely

James McGlinchey, P.P. V.F.