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THE PHONE

Kae Lewis visits the tomb of her ancestors

Sojourn on Sunday Island

Died and/or buried in DUNEDIN

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PO Box 14036, Panmure, Auckland 1741. 159 Queens Road, Panmure, Auckland 1072. Telephone (24 hour) 09 570 4248. Fax 09 570 4238.

Website: http://www.genealogy.org.nz Email: nzsg-contact@genealogy.org.nz

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Editor: Richard Stedman PO Box 5523, Moray Place, Dunedin 9058 Telephone 03 467 2036

Email: editor@genealogy.org.nz

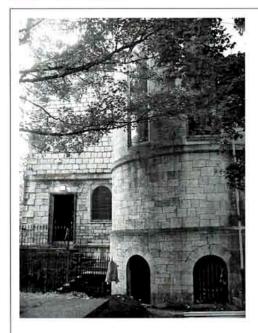
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Cover Story

In August 2006, Kae Lewis, received a phone call from RTE Television in Ireland which literally opened the door to her fulfilling a long-held aspiration to visit the tomb of her ancestors in Cork, Ireland. In this issue Kae takes us from her home in the US to Cork as we accompany her on a visit to the 350-year-old crypt holding the remains of one of Cromwell's inquisitors, who played a key role in the history of Cork.

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From the editor

In the almost 10 years that I have served as editor of *The New Zealand Genealogist*, I have been impressed with the diversity and quality of the stories which members have submitted for publication. A number of these have remained with me as the years have passed, and while I am unlikely to be able to identify which issue they were published in without checking, it is the essence which is indelible in the memory.

The things that stay with me are the richness of the history uncovered, the tireless research and careful consideration that has been applied to the process of preparing the story, and the indomitable spirit of many of our ancestors.

This has sharpened my own awareness and interest in the history around me.

It is unfair, I know, to single out any one story for its significance or impact, because they are all so individual, but I am going to do it anyway. So if you will forgive me, I will commend to you the story written by Kae Lewis which begins on page 309 of this issue. When Kae sent me this story a few months ago, I knew I was going to need some space to do it justice, because it is such compelling reading that it needed to be presented as one piece. (Kae had sent it as two separate stories, but I felt they should be told together).

Two things will come through to you when you read this work. The first is the incredible experience that Kae went through to complete the ultimate genealogist's journey; and the second is the depth of her knowledge on the subject based on detailed research.

If I were asked to nominate the story of the past decade, all others are in second place. I hope we have done it justice.

Richard



By KAE LEWIS

IT WAS August 2006. I had just arrived home from work in the late afternoon and was organising our evening meal. There were several saucepans bubbling merrily on the stove and a pie needing attention in the oven.

The phone rang and feeling harassed, I snatched it up. I knew who it was — my son wanted me to collect him from the other side of town. I would have to put everything on hold and leave immediately.

But no, it wasn't my son. The line crackled, and I could hear the distant voice of a young man introducing himself.

"This is Eoin O'Shea, a director with RTE."

At that moment, the letters RTE meant nothing to me, but I was soon to learn that it was the public television channel of Ireland. I knew then what had led to this phone call. I had several friends in Cork, Ireland, who had told me during the past weeks that a television company was becoming interested in filming the crypt of the

old church of Holy Trinity (also known as Christ Church).

I knew that the deconsecrated church which is situated in the centre of Cork City was now derelict, locked up and falling down.

My HODDER family had been closely associated with this church since the 1600s. I knew from Charles SMITH's book¹ that William Hodder and his brother John Hodder were buried in Holy Trinity crypt. William was my 8x great grandfather and both were once Mayors of Cork City.

When I visited Holy Trinity in 2001, Cork Archives was using the building to store the county archives, stacking them on the venerable old pews. However, at that time, the archivist had refused even to consider allowing me to enter the crypt. He showed me the firmly-closed door to the crypt which is outside, under the altar and explained it was simply not open to the public. In any case, I had noticed that, with the weight of the archives on top, the floor had a distinct slope on it and I lost all enthusiasm to pursue the matter.

Now in 2006, Cork Archives had moved out to a new purpose-built facility at Blackpool. That, as far as I could see, left the fate of Holy Trinity church in limbo. When I heard that a television programme might be interested, I immediately felt that such publicity for the old church could be vital for its future preservation.

When RTE began making inquiries, someone remembered my interest in the crypt. To encourage the filming and the subsequent publicity, I had said I would be happy to pass on what information I had and subsequently wrote a long email to the address for RTE that I had been given. I told them about my abortive attempt to get into the crypt previously, and what information I had on the people buried in there, including the Hodders. I explained that the Hodders were my ancestors and that I had been researching them for the past 20 years.

I even did some research for them on some of the other people in the crypt, which turned out to be a very interesting project indeed and definitely warrants more work later.

I had sent the email off a few days before, expecting no gain for myself and probably not even a reply. This phone call from Eoin (pronounced Owen), the RTE director of *Urban Tales* was my reply. I was flabbergasted to realise that he was asking me if I would come to Cork and take part in the programme. He explained that the Hodder graves were intact, but that you had to crawl to get to them. I listened as he explained his angle from a director's standpoint.

They wanted to focus the programme on the Hodder graves. I would be taken into the crypt with the camera rolling so they could film my reaction when I came face to face with my ancestors for the very first time. I would explain my feelings about it — a dedicated genealogist pursuing her quest to the end. He wanted to establish categorically that I had never before entered the crypt since it was vital to the programme that I was going there for the first time.

I reassured him that I had never seen the graves, despite years of trying. As an aside, he felt there would probably be time for me to say something about the Hodders and their lives too.

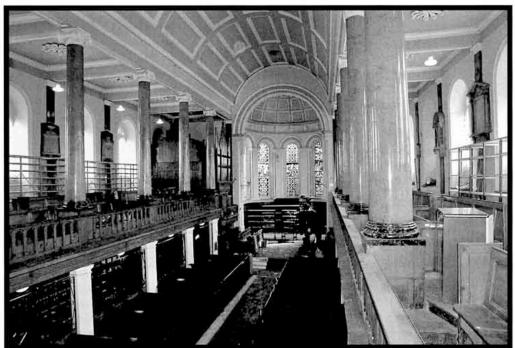
He explained they were going to pay my return airfare from my home in the United States to Cork, hotel and meal expenses, airport transport, etc., but that because they were a low budget company, there would be no payment for my time. Of course I jumped at the chance, in spite of the fact that I had no leave left available from work. Somehow I would get it all together.

Oh and by the way, he said rather apologetically, they would start filming at the end of next week.

The pie was burning, the pot was nearly boiling dry and my son was still waiting for a lift home as I listened, stunned, while Eoin explained his plans and ideas for the programme. I spoke to him about my fervent wish to record all the



Left: Cracks in the masonry are evident on the exterior of the disused Holy Trinity Church in Cork, Ireland. The film crew's equipment occupies the steps at the front of the church as filming of Urban Tales is under way. Right: RTE Sound technician Tiffany Hodder and US-based New Zealand genealogist Kae Lewis are both descended from William Hodder, the subject of Kae's research.



The interior of the Holy Trinity Church was untidy, unswept, and littered with discarded cabinets, papers and documents from Cork Archives.

graves and monuments in the crypt and he promised to try to allow me time after the filming. The next day, he emailed a contract to me, and then I knew I hadn't dreamed it. This included the following:

"RTE Television is Ireland's national broadcaster for both television and radio. Our new history series, *Urban Tales*, will be a primetime RTE1 programme with a potential viewing audience of 500,000.

"As part of the series we are doing a short film of the crypts of Christ Church in Cork City. Due to your work in this area, we are looking at including you in the final sequence of this film.

"We would introduce you as a person who has spent much of their life studying the lives of the people in the crypt, and especially the lives of the Hodder family who you are a relative of. We would bring you to the relevant site of their burial and you would tell us about them and their importance to Cork City. You would also tell us how it feels to eventually gain access to the crypt after all these years. We would then film you taking photos and taking notes.

"This will be a tight schedule Kae. Access to the crypt is, as you know, extremely difficult to get. I cannot guarantee that there will be much time to browse or study after we have finished our filming requirements. But I do promise to try to get you some time alone in the crypt after filming.

"Yours will be a short but highly significant role in our film. It will show that people still have a real attachment to the crypt and the people within.

"I am looking forward to this film Kae. I think you realise how shining a spotlight on the church and its crypt at this time is a good idea, especially in the current building boom. Always great to have a Kiwi on board. Eoin O'Shea, Director."

A week later, I was in Cork.

After a weekend relaxing with friends and touring graveyards in County Cork, I presented myself at Holy Trinity church on the Monday morning. Film crew were everywhere, moving their equipment between the church, where they were filming first, and the crypt.





Left: The interior of the disused Holy Trinity Church, Cork City, Ireland. RTE producer Eoin O'Shea with his back to the camera and the presenter Rob Vance facing the camera. Right: Eion O'Shea, and Rob Vance, of Urban Tales in consultation about the next stage of filming.

Eoin met me and explained I would not be needed until later in the day. In the meantime, he wanted my assurances that I would not go near the crypt until they were ready for me. I obtained his permission to photograph the church interior and the wall plaques. I wanted to transcribe all the monuments for other genealogists who also would have had difficulty gaining access to either the church or the crypt.

The church was untidy, unswept, and littered

with discarded papers and documents from Cork Archives. I spent several happy hours photographing every corner of the church, every memorial plaque on the interior wall and the graves in the churchyard, ready for later transcription.

Although the exterior of the church now showed some horrendous cracks in

the stonework walls, the interior is in excellent condition and very beautiful indeed. Spectacular yellow marble pillars soar among the dark-stained woodwork and pews to lovely effect. It seems such a shame that it has been left unused and in such a poor and unkempt condition. However, I knew that this was not the church my ancestors

had attended in 1640-1670. That church had been pulled down in 1716 and rebuilt on the same site. It had then been extensively rebuilt again in 1828. Since the 1665 and 1673 Hodder graves were still in the crypt of the present day church, the crypt must be the last remaining vestige of the old pre-1716 church still remaining. They must have left it intact and built the new building on top.

Holy Trinity had always been the church used by the mayor and corporation of Cork, as well as

judges, for all civic occasions from at least the 17th to the 19th century. It is said that Cromwell used it as a stable for his horses during his stay in Cork in 1649.

Eventually Eoin reappeared and led me out to the churchyard below the altar, where filming was in full swing. I was introduced to Rob Vance, the presenter and

interviewer, and was then rigged up with wires by the sound technician. By an amazing coincidence, the sound technician was Tiffany Hodder, a distant cousin and another descendant of William Hodder. I already knew her parents who lived at Fountainstown, the old Hodder family seat.



As Tiffany and I chatted, I could see Eoin and Rob in serious consultation about the next segment of filming — me.

SOON I was led down through the door and entered the anteroom of the crypt. This small untidy room was filled with film crew, cameras and equipment on standby. There was a restriction placed by the council (who now own the church) on the number of people who were to enter the crypt due to the carbon dioxide we breathed out leading to further deterioration of the skeletons and monuments.

Rob led me towards the crypt itself where we had to bend over double as the ceiling came down very low. Then we climbed up and over some huge drainpipes (a 20th-century addition by the look of it) and entered the vaulted-ceiling crypt itself.

The air felt dry, cold and dusty and everything was coated with a gray dust. The floor was gritty with dust and sand underfoot, with occasional concrete and marble slabs lying horizontal on the ground. Some of these gravestones had been broken and pushed aside, leaving great gaping black holes. In the semi-darkness, I dared not take my eyes off the ground, as it would be all too easy to step down into one of these ancient graves.

As I approached the camera and film crew, I was blinded by their lights but caught sight of the cameraman following my progress as I stumbled through the crypt. Rob led me forward and pointed out the Hodder graves and the plaque. I certainly did not need to act out my awe and deep reverence as I looked on the place where my 8x great-grandfather William Hodder had been buried in 1665.

Rob pointed to a black marble slab leaning up against the wall near the iron gates of a vault. He started, with some difficulty, to read the inscription on this marble slab, but it had faded with time and he could not get further than the first line.

But I immediately recognised the first line of the Hodder monument I had come to see. As the dedicated genealogist I was accused of being, I had my tote bag filled with notebook, pen, reference books, camera and talcum powder (for reading faded gravestones).



The rear of the Holy Trinity Church showing the entrance to the crypt. That is the gaping hole in the centre of the photograph where the presenter has hung his spare shirt for filming.

I rummaged in my bag and produced my clipboard on which I had placed the original inscription read and recorded in 1873 by the historian Richard CAULFIELD and published in the 1893 edition of Charles Smith's book¹. I then proceeded to read off the original transcription on camera:

"Here lyeth interred the body of William Hodder, of the Citty of Corke, alderman, who departed this life, May the eleventh, 1665, second Mayor of the said citty since the Protestant Settlement of that Corporation, and the first High Sheriff for the County of Corke, after the happy restoration of our most gratious Soveraigne King Charles the Second.

And here also lyeth interred the body of John Hodder, of the Citty of Corke, alderman, who departed this life the third day of May, 1673, and the first Mayor of the said Citty after the Protestant Settlement of that Corporation, and the year after High Sheriff of the County of Corke. Anno Domini, 1673"

"Cut!" cried Eoin.

Rob started me off again with the question that was uppermost in their minds.

"How do you feel seeing your ancestor's grave for the first time?"

How did I feel?

Stunned, awe-struck, very pleased with myself that despite all the odds against it, I had seen the grave for myself. I was sure that very few genealogists have been able to visit the grave of their 8x great-grandfather and find it clearly marked as such. I felt very privileged. I had researched William's life for so long, I felt I knew him and I knew this really was as close as I was ever going to come to seeing him in the flesh.

This was part of who I was. Touch my skin and there are some of William Hodder's genes there. And I thought about his family. Although she wasn't mentioned on the plaque, I felt sure my 8x-great grandmother Margery nee McCARTHY (died 1677) was also buried at this spot with her husband. I tried to explain my feelings as best as I could, in the hope that others would be able to understand my passion for genealogy and feel the power of the past with me.

"Cut!" called Eoin again.

Rob encouraged me to talk about my ancestors as we stood there in the dust by their graves. I tried to tell their story.

"Cut!" cried Eoin.

Eoin did not want my dates and long-winded explanations of who was related to whom.

He was more interested in the emotion I felt at coming face to face with William Hodder. I knew with a sinking heart that any genealogists who saw the final production were going to complain about the lack of detail. They need to know that I did try. Dates and relationships, the stuff of genealogy, is guaranteed to produce a great collective yawn in the general public for whom Eoin was making the film. I had to be silenced.

We repeated the whole sequence several times so that the single cameraman could film it from different angles. I was asked to go back through the tunnel to the antechamber and enter the crypt again, acting out my original awe-struck sequence all over again — three times. Then we passed on to filming the fading-out sequence. It was everyone, except me and the cameraman, out of the crypt.

THEN they left me in the deep silence to potter around by myself, exploring the Hodder graves and the rest of the crypt while the camera continued to roll. I ignored it and reverted to being a genealogist again.

Now I was in my element.

There was an rusty iron gate on the Hodder vault with engraved wooden or iron plaques attached to it and the adjacent walls. The plaques named Hodders who were very familiar to me, mostly from the 19th century, and I photographed them all. I squeezed in behind the





Left: The Holy Trinity crypt lit up by the camera lights. Each chamber was linked by low entrances where we had to bend over double to pass through. Note the uneven floor levels indicating that there has been much excavation over the centuries. Right: Lighting reveals comparatively recent plumbing work running through the crypt.

half-open iron gate of the vault where I was amazed to find nine wooden coffins stacked one on top of the other.

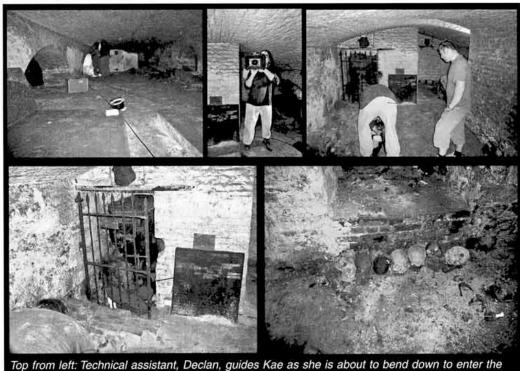
They were held together with rows of rusty iron rivets, as if built by a 19th-century shipbuilder. On top of several of the coffins were very rusty plaques decorated with words or a family crest. Unfortunately, I was unable to read any words or recognise the crest since they were too far gone with very flaky rust. I spent some time quietly trying while the cameraman continued to focus on me. I was not able to identify any of the coffins in fact and so could not say conclusively that they were Hodders. But since the gate of the vault was labeled with several Hodder plaques, I had to assume that they were all my relatives.

I was shocked to discover that the coffin on the bottom layer had burst open to expose a white half-decayed skeleton where the white heart and blood vessels were still intact. As I bent over to examine it, I came face-to-face with my own mortality.

Suddenly it was all over.

Eoin explained to me that I would have only a short time to look over the rest of the crypt and take my own photographs while they packed their equipment. The technical assistant, Declan, then began to retrieve the equipment and lights he had strewn all over the crypt. As he switched each light off, the crypt slowly reverted to its normally inky and eerie interior. I retrieved my own torch from my bag and began to explore.

In several antechambers closed off from the main crypt area, I shone my torch through the small ventilation holes in the brick wall and was amazed to see hundreds of ivory-coloured skeletons stacked together in a very haphazard



glare of the camera lights which illuminate the tombstones on the floor the group kept stumbling on in the dark recesses of the crypt. Cameraman at work. Director Eion O'Shea Instructs the cameraman as he records Kae inside the Hodder crypt. Lower from left: Behind the iron gate, Kae inspects the coffins of her ancestors placed there 350 years ago, the tombstone is leaning against the wall at right. Not all the bodies were buried. In some of the closed off anti-chambers, there are hundreds of unburied skeletons stacked on the floor.

Additional photographs: Randy Jordan.

fashion with no coffins in sight at all. There was no sign of any identification plaques for these mass graves. There were skulls stacked against the wall in the main crypt chamber. As the moments passed and the lighting became progressively worse, I had to go carefully so as not to fall into the several open graves in the floor. The floor was very uneven. I went from one side of the crypt to the other and into the side chambers, photographing each gravestone as I went. I used my torch to focus the camera in the pitch dark then the flashlight of the camera took a perfect photograph of each ancient monument, some of which were medieval. I have since used these photographs to produce a much-needed transcription of each memorial and gravestone still surviving. They compare favorably with the transcriptions seen by Caulfield in 1873 although it is evident that much has gone missing in the intervening years.

It was impossible to know if this was how it had all looked in 1665 when William Hodder was buried here. In fact, with all the construction work undertaken in the intervening years, it was even possible that the floor level had changed and the 17th-century burials were at a different, much lower (or even higher) level. The fact that William and John Hodder's black marble tombstone was just leaning up against the wall indicated that it was no longer set in its original position. All I could say with some certainty was that it seemed likely that their remains lay buried in the vicinity. It is even possible that they were re-interred from their original burial place during one of the reconstruction periods.

The following was written in the church records in 1754, nearly 100 years after William and John Hodder's burials:

"It being found that the vaults under the church were in a dangerous and ruinous condition, and were detrimental to the health of the parishioners, it was ordered:

That such vaults as are vacant shall be filled up, and such vaults as are now in ye possession of parishioners, and out of repair, if not speedily repaired to be filled up; that notice be given the parishioners to repair them with stone lintels and a flag stone over them, and that no vault shall be raised above the surface of the floor."

When Richard Caulfield visited the vaults on Friday July 4,1873, he described them as follows:

"The vaults are composed of a central aisle, with three lateral ones, in which are vaults made of brick, with iron gates and timber doors; most are full of decayed coffins; there are hundreds in the vault. What are in the chancel vault would amount to some hundred."

This description fits with what I saw in 2006, except that the Hodder vault was the only doored vault in the entire crypt. The others must have been bricked over as I saw no other coffins. The hundreds of skeletons were still lying unburied in the chancel vaults with no coffins.

All too soon, I was retrieved by the film crew and ushered out of the crypt. Then the door was closed, firmly padlocked and the crypt was left to further decades of dark, peaceful decay.

I was rushed off by the film crew to do some outside shots, which formed part of the introduction to the film as I approached the church. (Directors, it seems, seldom film a show in its proper sequence.) Rob asked me some more questions about what I had seen in the crypt. Then as the sun began to sink on that long eventful day, Tiffany Hodder took me off to Fountainstown to dine with her parents in our ancestral home.

Fountainstown was built in 1699 by Samuel Hodder, my own 6x great-grandfather and grandson of William Hodder of the Holy Trinity crypt. The land of Fountainstown formed part of the 7000 acres William Hodder owned near Carrigaline in County Cork during his lifetime. During the evening, I held an elaborately engraved silver tankard that was once owned by John Hodder and was engraved with his name. It was a fitting end to an amazing day.

Two days later I was back at work in USA.

Postscript: the TV programme *Urban Tales* aired on Irish TV in February 2007 to good reviews². I feature in the segment about Holy Trinity and predictably my genealogy friends are clamoring for more detail. Within weeks of the showing, the Cork City Council has announced that it will pursue the idea of turning Holy Trinity into a concert hall. This is an excellent use for a beautiful old church and will surely assure its future.



Here lyeth interred the body of William Hodder, of the Citty of Corke, alderman, who departed this life, May the eleventh, 1665, second Mayor of the said citty since the Protestant Settlement of that Corporation, and the first High Sheriff for the County of Corke, after the happy restoration of our most gratious Soveraigne King Charles the Second.

And here also lyeth interred the body of John Hodder, of the Citty of Corke, alderman, who departed this life the third day of May, 1673, and the first Mayor of the said Citty after the Protestant Settlement of that Corporation, and the year after High Sheriff of the County of Corke. Anno Domini, 1673.

Left: The coffins in the Hodder vault which were examined by Kae during the filming. The metal plaques on the coffins were too rusted to read or identify.

Below: All that is left of William and John Hodder's 1665 and 1673 tombstone in the crypt of Holy Trinity Church, Cork after nearly 350 years.



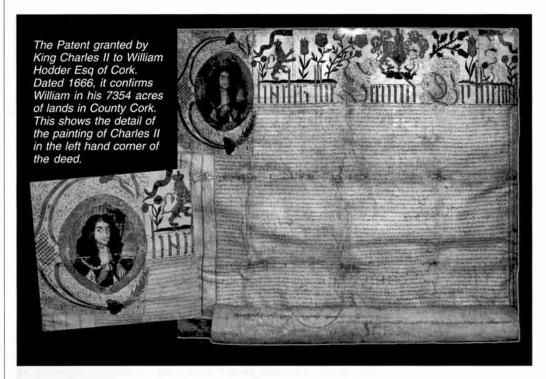
WILLIAM AND JOHN HODDER were brothers, both born in Melcombe Regis in Dorset, England in about 1610-1620. John Hodder came to Cork from England, possibly as early as 1642 and lived initially at Ballymacow in Churchtown.³ William Hodder was living at Kantuck, Co Cork in 1642, supplying beef, wheat and oats (victuals, presumably for the army) to the English Parliament in London.⁴

In the days when John and William Hodder walked the streets of Cork, the world was a treacherous and dangerous place. A step wrong, a word in the wrong ear, or a failure to keep up with the changes and you could be reduced to beggary on the streets, thrown in jail or murdered in an instant, no matter from what exalted position you viewed the world at the time.

To stay on top, you had to have the sharpest sword, the quickest mind, the driest gunpowder, the biggest mouth, the right loyalties, correct religion, marry someone of the correct religion, and you had to have the right friends in high places. And just as quickly as the winds of politics changed, you had to be able to change your loyalties, your friends, your religion and your convictions to retain that wealth and prosperity. John and William Hodder demonstrated that they had all these qualities and were both extremely skilled at working the system for their own benefit.

The story of the Hodders is one of adventure and war, oppression and depression, great sorrow and loss for many, and great wealth for the few. After 1649 in Cork, you had to be on Cromwell's side if you wanted to keep your head, your family alive, your land and your way of life. The problem became that as time went by, and Cromwell died, the "right side" to which you should belong in order to retain these benefits turned to completely the opposite camp.

Before 1649, Catholic Cork was relatively peaceful and democratic. Then in that year, along came Cromwell and his army, and all things changed. If you were a Catholic landowner in Ireland, you had naturally sided with your king and country, even if he was the hated King Charles I of England.



Charles I was executed in the same year, and as Shakespeare would put it "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it".

BEING ON the wrong side condemned the landowners of County Cork, both Catholic and old English Episcopalians alike. Puritan Cromwell lumped them all together as "idol worshippers", the Anglican faith too closely resembling Roman Catholicism for his liking, and branded all who had fought against him as "rebels".

Cromwell appointed Colonel John Hodder as Chief Inquisitor in Cork to preside over the trials of the rebels. Over the next few years, few Catholic landowners in County Cork escaped the retribution. Their land and property was redistributed among those loyal to Cromwell and his religious beliefs. Families of the rebels were evicted to beg for their food on the roads of Ireland.

William was also an officer in Cromwell's Commonwealth Army at this time.

Cromwell's problem was that he lacked the cash to pay his soldiers, and so John Hodder was charged to give them land grants instead. At the same time, John granted large tracts of land to both his brother William and himself. The

Hodders then added to their holdings by buying land from soldiers who had no wish to remain in Ireland. Most of the soldiers had homes and families in England and wanted to return there just as soon as they could. Their land was going cheap for those who had the money.

In 1652, 40,000 soldiers of the original Irish army, mostly Catholic landholders and their tenants, were banished to Spain. Other Catholic men, together with the crowds of orphan boys and girls were shipped to the West Indies to work for the English planters on their sugar plantations while the remnants of the Irish nation were transported to Connaught to eke out a living in the poor soil as best they could. This left the land of County Cork available for redistribution among the conquering army and its friends. 5.6.7

John Hodder himself obtained several grants of land under the Act of Settlement of 1653 totaling 4133 acres. These included Balliday at Bridgetown, Cluemore Granger, Egmont House (Ballymacow) at Churchtown and Dunkittle near Cork City.

William Hodder obtained grants of land totaling 7364 acres, which were also confirmed in the Act of Settlement in 1653. These were the lands of Coolmorine, Coolmore, Ringabrow (Hoddersfield), Ballea, Ringabella and Fountainstown.⁸ Ballea Castle originally belonged to the McCARTHY family, and during the Cromwellian trials, it was granted to five soldiers. William Hodder bought it from the soldiers some time later.⁹ Fountainstown originally belonged to Patrick ROCHE, but was confiscated during the trials and granted directly to William Hodder.¹⁰ Both the McCarthys and the Roches were wealthy land-owning Roman Catholic families prior to 1649.

By 1655, things in Cork, at least for the Protestants, were beginning to settle down. Protestant rule began in Cork City that year with a meeting of four men, including John Hodder, who formed a ruling committee. This evolved into the new Cork Corporation with John Hodder elected as mayor for the first two years (1655 and 1656). This in itself was unusual because mayors had traditionally (and ever since) held office for only one year each. William Hodder was appointed as high sheriff for those two years and mayor of the city the following year in 1657. The brothers were by now two of the most wealthy and powerful landowners in Cork.

Although they were Dorsetmen and would have spoken English with a distinct burr, they both married locally and settled on their land in County Cork to raise families. William Hodder married Margery McCarthy, who may have been from the same McCarthy family that had been evicted from Ballea Castle by John Hodder's Court of Inquisition. In this case, she would have been Roman Catholic, as were most McCarthys.

Cromwell's rule of law would have demanded that she immediately convert to Protestantism. If not, William would have been considered a more "odious Papist" than a real or actual Papist for having married one, and he would have lost his land. In fact, we know that she did convert, because there is a record of her presenting a chalice to the Carrigaline Church of Ireland parish in her own name after her husband's death.

"The Chalice belonging to the parish church of Carrigaline: the inscription of which reads: The gift of Margery Hodder, relict of William Hodder, of the citty of Corke, Alderman. To the use of the Parish of Carrigaline. Anno Dom. 1670." 12

This marriage also perhaps illustrates that although William had benefited greatly from Cromwell's anti-Catholic repressions, William himself harboured no personal grudges against the Catholic Irish people and was mingling with them socially. It is also likely that there were few good Protestant girls available to choose as his

wife during this time of war in Cork, with most of Cromwell's men having left their families in England. Margery McCarthy would have known that she had few choices: it was either conversion to Protestantism and marriage or exile to poverty in Spain, the West Indies, or Connaught with the rest of her family.

Then in 1658, Cromwell died in England and with him went much of the anti-Catholic feeling. In 1660, Catholic Charles II was restored to the throne of England with a vow to treat Catholics and Protestants alike. Suddenly everyone in power in Cork City was on the wrong side again. The names of William and John Hodder were placed on the list of Protestant traitors but fortunately for them, there were no trials of treason as had happened under Cromwell. This was because King Charles II had agreed before his restoration that there would be no reprisals for acts committed during the Civil War either in England or Ireland.

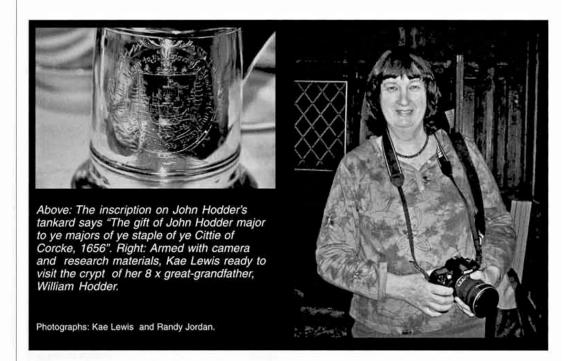
Eventually, in 1691, their names appear on a list of Protestant landowners of Ireland who were pardoned by King James. It is possible that the Hodders lived under a shadow of Catholic reprisals and land confiscations until that time.¹³

In 1666, King Charles II presented a huge parchment roll with his seal attached, to William Hodder, who by that time was unfortunately deceased. The parchment, which I have personally seen, is headed "Patent granted by King Charles II to William Hodder" and confirmed him in all his land holdings, each being named and identified to the number of acres and location, the total specified as being 7546 acres. It does mention that one Owen CARTHY, being declared innocent, should be restored to 529 acres at Ballea.

When William Hodder was buried on May 11, 1665, this document must have been anticipated and the words "the happy restoration of our most gratious Soveraigne King Charles the Second" was added to the inscription on his grave in Holy Trinity crypt in gratitude. The inscription was most probably written by John Hodder himself, and we can see already his quick side-stepping in order to be seen to be, once more, on the winning side.

It seems likely that John had received a similar confirmation of his land holdings from King Charles II.

There is much evidence that the Hodders kept a house in the City of Cork as well as living on their various lands in the county, from the 1650s



right up until the 19th century. During times of military strife or rebellion, it was safer to be in the city but, as frequently happened in Cork City, during times of fever and cholera epidemics, it was safer to retreat to the countryside.

Here is evidence that the brothers lived and worshipped in the parish of Holy Trinity in the City of Cork as late as 1664.¹⁴

December 8th 1664 — An account of what money received by Robert FLETCHER and Thomas WALKER, Churchwardens of the parish of Christ Church by virtue of a rate made upon the seates with the saide church belonging to persons of other parishes —

Alderman William Hodder £0 10 0 Alderman John Hodder £0 10 0

William Hodder and his wife Margery also lived, at least in the latter days of their marriage, in the deCogan Castle at Coolmore. ¹⁵ At the time of his death in 1665, William was "of Coohmarein", as was his wife Margery at the time of her death in 1677. ¹⁶ They had two sons, William of Ballea Castle, and Francis. ⁸ They also had four daughters including Sarah, who married Swithin WALTON of Walton Court, and Anne, who died in 1658 while her father was still mayor:

Christ Church (also known as Holy Trinity) Parish Register:¹⁷

Burials: Anne, the daughter of Mr Willi

Hodder, Maire, deseced and was buryed the 14 of September 1658.4

John Hodder married Jane and had a daughter Jane, but no sons. During his lifetime, he gave his nephew William SMART from Dorset (son of his sister), the lands of Dunkittle as well as other estates. In John's will dated 1671, most of the rest of his estate went to his nephew Francis Hodder, son of his brother William Hodder. John's daughter Jane married Alderman John NEWENHAM who later bought Coolmore from William jun's son, Thomas.8

The historian Robert DAY, recorded the following: 12.18 "Through the courtesy of Francis Hodder, Esq., I am able to describe a silver tankard of 25oz which is amongst his family heirlooms... The front of the tankard had the city arms upon a shield mantled with ermine, surrounded with an inscription, the whole enclosed within a wreath of foliage... The inscription (on the tankard) reads:

The gift of John Hodder major to ye majors of ye staple of ye Cittie of Corcke, 1656.

The cover of the tankard is engraved with the lions of England on a shield royally crowned, and bears the inscription:

"This Tankard was remade at the expence of George Hodder, Esq., mayor of ye staple, 1749."

The silversmith mentioned by Robert Day was

the George Hodder of Fountainstown who married Mary BAKER in 1738 and died in 1771. He was the great grandson of William Hodder, whose grave is in the crypt of Holy Trinity and 5x great-grandfather of the author. George Hodder was a well-known silversmith, who produce many silver and gold presentation boxes and other silver plate as ordered by the Corporation of Cork. He was also Mayor of Cork in 1754. Today any of his pieces of highly ornate silver that come up for auction fetch astronomical prices, more every year.

There is a record of the money paid to bury William Hodder in the crypt of Holy Trinity church on May 11, 1665¹⁴. His brother John Hodder was buried in the same grave on May 3, 1673:

May 31, 1665 —An account of what money received by Robert FLETCHER and Thomas WALKER, churchwardens of the parish of Christ Church for breaking the ground for the Graves within the Chancell and body of the said church, during their churchwardenship:

Alderman William Hodder £0 10 0

Although John and William Hodder and their descendants were a wealthy and powerful family in Cork throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, they were decreasingly so in the 19th century. Over the years, the Hodder lands were leased to both Catholic and Protestant farmers alike. As the land laws changed in the 20th century, and the lands were mortgaged and fortunes were spent, the Hodder lands were gradually sold to leaseholders until today only about 200 acres of land in County Cork is owned and occupied by descendants of William Hodder, while much of Coolmore is still held by the Newenham family who are descendants of John Hodder.

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Kae Lewis

Email: kae@chartertn.net

Submissions for publication

should be sent to the editor,

PO Box 5523, Moray place, Dunedin, Email: editor@genealogy.org.nz

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