

APPENDIX

An eclectic selection of other pieces culled while compiling the database

1. A tragic instance of forced cannibalism on a dismasted boat off the west coast of Ireland
2. The marriage notice of Patrick O'Neill, aged 113, to his 7th wife in Clonmel
3. A mysterious deposition of honey dew in Rathiermuc
4. A note on James Roy McPherson of Caithness aged 109 years; highland piper and rebel
5. The marriage notice of George Southern, to the widow Talbot; their combined aged was 171; she was reported to be now pregnant.
6. A bog burst in Loughcornute, Co. Galway
7. A note on James Ryder, Crumlin
8. A note on a 74 year old macaw in Coleraine
9. The marriage notice of centenarian Robert Judge and teenager Ann Nugent
10. The capture of an eagle at Lough Tay, Co. Wicklow
11. The marriage notice of Mr. Patrick Stephens, aged 109, to Mrs. Barry, aged 102
12. An obituary of one Macdonnel, an Irish officer, who died in Croatia aged 118
13. The discovery of an inscribed 1343 headstone in Aghade, Co. Donegal
14. Description of Richard Crosbie's balloon Dublin adventure and what the fashionable balloonist wore
15. A description of a bog burst in Co. Tipperary
16. Obituary of Owen Mc'Carthy of Blarney, Co. Cork
17. A note on the execution of J. B. V. Guillotine M. D.
18. Description of the funeral of Roger Byrne, Roseanallis, who weighed 600lb
19. A description of a dare by a 'thoughtless wretch' on the spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral

2/1760: Galway, 24th February, Michael M'Daniel of New Ross in County Wexford, mariner, the only survivor of the unfortunate crew of the late ship Anne and Mary, of this port, wrecked on the coast of Kerry in December last, arrived here on Saturday last, and gives the following relation of the sufferings of that unhappy crew. He saith, that he, with eight others, sailed from Dronheim (recte. Trondheim), in Norway, the 1st of Sept. last laden with deals for this town. That after a series of contrary winds and bad weather they on October 10th, from an observation taken the day before, computed themselves to be within 15 miles of the islands of Aran, in the opening of this bay. As they were to put to allowance some time before, it is easy to judge how pleasing it was to find themselves so near their desired port. But that night, which proved squally, in wearing the ship in order to lie to, she overset; in which condition she remained, tossed about for the space of five hours, when by cutting away the rigging, and part of the foremast, (the only one they could then come at) she righted again. But during this disaster her counter was stove in and her entire cabin carried away, whereby they lost not only what little provisions they had left, but also their compass, and every other article that could be of use to them in

navigating their vessel. Ten days passed without their taking a morsel, except two rats, which were equally shared among the starving crew. What followed next, nothing but devouring famine could suggest. It was agreed that one should die to support the rest and accordingly they cast lots. The first fell upon Patrick Lidane, the only son of a poor widow in this town, who requested, that for their immediate subsistence, they would dispense with the calves of his legs; and that perhaps before they should be necessitated to have further recourse to him, Providence might do more for them than they expected. His request was granted and after cutting away the flesh of his legs, which they ate raw, and whereof he begged a morsel himself, but was refused, he was permitted to live 30 hours. The second person who suffered the same fate was James Lee, who was delirious three days before he suffered; the third was his brother Patrick Lee; and the fourth was Bryan Flaherty. On these four bodies, which were eaten raw, and without any kind of drink, but what rain water they could catch in the skulls of the killed, died the rest subsist (while the three of them who escaped the lot died in the forecastle) from the 20th or 21st October to the 1st December following, when the vessel was drove into the county of Kerry as aforesaid. The captain and present survivor were so worn out by famine and distress that they were unable to stand and scarcely shewed signs of life and, notwithstanding the great care was extended to them, the captain died in about 30 hours after he had been brought ashore. The same care was continued to this survivor, who, so soon as he was in a condition to travel, made the best of his way hither, to fulfill the dying instructions of the crew who fell by lot as aforesaid, who severally made it their last and earnest request, that whosoever should survive, should, as speedily as possibly they could, repair to this town, and there relate to their friends their miserable sufferings and sad catastrophe.

9/1760: Clonmel. Yesterday was married here one Patrick O'Neill; he was born in the year 1647 and is now married to his seventh wife, who is of the family of the O'Connors. He was married to his first wife Aug 18, 1675, to his second, July 9, 1684, to his third May 4, 1689, to his fourth March 8, 1701, to his fifth June 5, 1720, and to his sixth October 9, 1740. He enlisted for a dragoon in the 17th year of Charles II and continued serving their successive majesties till the year 1740 when he was discharged having been in all the battles, sieges and skirmishes with King William and the Duke of Marlborough. It is remarkable that this man never drank anything stronger than plain ale, never eat meat but when he chose to treat his family, living mostly on vegetables, rising and going to bed with the sun, unless his duty prevented it. He is now in the 113th year of his age, in perfect health, understanding sound, and walks without a crutch or a stick and though he has arrived at this incredible stage of life, he never knew an hours illness, and goes on Sundays with his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren to his parish church.

7/1762: A dew of honey fell in the neighborhood of Rathiermuc in Ireland, which loaded the trees and long grass in such a manner, that quantities of it were saved by scoops, a method used for saving water in the West Indies. (Something of this sort, but not in any quantity, may, at this time, be observed on the leaves of oaks, but whether an exudation, or a dew, we do not pretend to determine).

2/1766: One James Roy McPherson is now living in the shire of Caithness aged 109 years; he was a highland piper during the last two rebellions and is still capable of performing the ordinary business of husbandry.

5/1766: A few days ago was married Mr. George Southern, lineally descended from the ancestors of the famous poet of that name to the widow Talbot of Donaghmore in the Queen's county. Both their ages make 171 years, he being 90 and the lady 81; and what makes this more remarkable is, we hear, she is advanced in the happy state of pregnancy.

6/1767: Six to eight acres of the great bog above the lough of Loughcornute in the county of Galway, (part of the estate of Mr. Nettervill) fell suddenly into the lough, and made so prodigious a noise, that it extremely terrified the inhabitants for many miles around. The water of the lough has overflowed the grounds all about: the passage from the lough through Mr. Nettervill's ground, is quite shut up, and the course of the water totally changed.

5/1768: They write from Dublin, that there is now living, near Crumlin, one John Ryder, a Palatine, aged about 120; he served under the duke of Wittenberg when Vienna was besieged by the Turks in 1683, and retains all his senses. Benefactions are collecting in the city for his support.

10/1768: A gentleman in Coleraine has now living a parrot, which was sent over to his father, among other curiosities, from Jamaica, in 1694; it is of the macaw kind, but through its great age has lost its former beautiful diversity of feathers and is become entirely grey.

2/1769: Married in Ireland, Robert Judge, Esq., of Cooksborough, near Kilbeggan, who served in king William's wars and received a ball in his nose, aged 95, to Miss Ann Nugent, aged 15.

3/1769: A few days ago, as some gentlemen were hunting near Lough Tea, Co. Wicklow, a large eagle hastily descended and seized their terrier; which being observed by some of the company, they encouraged the dog, who, turning on the eagle, as he continued to soar within a few paces of the ground, brought him down, by seizing a wing, and held him fast till he was secured by the gentlemen. He measures seven feet from tip to tip and is designed as a present to the marquis of Rockingham.

6/1772: Married at Lazar's Hill, Dublin, Mr. Patrick Stephens, aged 109, to Mrs. Barry, aged 102

10/1772: Old Macdonnel, the Irish Officer who lately died aged 118 at Madruz, Croatia, was father to the brave officer of that name who in 1702, in the war about the Spanish succession, made prisoner at Cremona, the Marshal de Villeroi, who offered him on the spot 10,000 louis and a regiment if he would release him. Young Madonnel was then but a captain and the offer, though made by a person who was sufficiently able to keep his word, and which would have tempted many, did not in the least stagger that honest

and faithful officer who refused it. Such greatness of soul so well established his reputation, that his father, when interrogated by his friends. “How he managed to look so fresh and well in his old age,” used commonly to reply “That the remembrance of the disinterestedness and fidelity of his son contributed greatly to prolong his days”.

7/1778: At a burying place called Aghade in Co. Donegal, there was lately dug up a piece of a flat stone, about three feet by two, the device on which was a figure of death with a bow and arrow, shooting at a woman with a boy in her arms; and underneath was an inscription in Irish characters of which the following is a just translation: “Here are deposited, with a design of mingling them with the parent earth from which the mortal part came, a mother who loved her son to the destruction of his death. She clasped him to her bosom with all the joy of a parent, the pulse of whose heart beat with maternal affection; and in the very moment whilst the gladness of joy danced in the pupil of the boy’s eyes, and the mother’s bosom swelled with transport – Death’s arrow, in a flash of lightning, pierced them both in a vital part, and totally dissolving the entrails of the son without injuring his skin and burning to a cinder the liver of the mother, sent them out of this world at one and the same moment of time in the year of Christ 1343”.

1/1785: Yesterday before 11am upwards of 40,000 persons were collected at Ranelagh and the adjacent fields, in anxious expectation of beholding their ingenious and aspiring countryman ascend the air. On account of the heavy rain which fell the preceding night and part of the morning the inflation of the balloon was considerably retarded, and about 1am Mr. Crosbie having entered the carriage found to his mortification that it would not rise. The business of inflation continued and at 2.30pm our brave adventurer found everything ready to complete his wishes – he accordingly again resumed his car, and the rope being cut, he mounted awfully majestic, while the air resounded with shouts – the prayers – the admiration of the delighted multitude. In three and a half minutes an envious cloud secluded him from mortal sight, and all was solemn silence – fear for the safety of the gallant youth beat high in every breath, till in about twelve minutes he appeared descending at the northward. The lateness of the hour preventing the aeronautical charioteer from taking any further journey, he alighted in perfect safety on the North Strand, where he was instantly surrounded by the populace, who testified their approbation and regard for the triumphant hero, who made the air subservient to his wishes, by carrying him in procession to Earl Charlemont’s, amid unbounded bursts of congratulation and applause. The balloon and chariot were beautifully painted and the arms of Ireland emblazoned on them in superior elegance of taste. Mr. Crosbie’s figure is genteel; his arial dress consisted in a robe of oiled silk, lined with white fur, his waistcoat and breeches in one, of white satin quilted, and Morocco boots and a Montero cap of leopard skin. The Duke of Leinster, Lord Charlemont, Right Hon. George Ogle, Counsellors Caldbeck, Downs and Whitestone attended with white staves, as regulators of the business of the day.

3/1788: On Tuesday, the 27th March, a large bog of 1,500 acres, lying between Dundrum and Cashel, in Co. Tipperary, began to be agitated in an extraordinary manner, to the astonishment and terror of the neighbouring inhabitants. The rumbling noise from the bog gave the alarm and on the 30th it burst, a kind of lava issued from it, which took its

direction towards Ballygriffen and Golden, overspreading and laying waste a vast tract of fertile land belonging to John Hinde Esq. Everything that opposed its course was buried in ruins. Four houses were completely destroyed and the trees that stood near them torn up by the roots. The discharge has been incessant since the 30th and how far it will extend cannot be determined.

12/1790: Died near Blarney, County Cork, aged 84, Owen M'Carthy, commonly called Master-na-moran, or lord or master of the principality of Moran. He has left an only son, now governor of Miranda, and colonel of a regiment of horse in the Portuguese service. The deceased had 15 brothers, 13 of whom emigrated for bread, after losing their estates, and were promoted to high ranks in the different armies of France, Spain, Portugal and Germany.

2/1794: J. B. V. Guillotine M. D., formerly of Lyon, was among the multitude of persons who have lately been executed there. He was charged with having corresponded with persons of Turin. It is an extraordinary thing that he should die by an instrument of his own invention. He died with great reluctance, and declared, that when he produced his instrument to the world, it was from motives of humanity alone. (no Irish relevance but very ironic)

4/1804: The remains of the largest person In Ireland, at least since the days of Fion M'Coul, were interred in the church yard of Roseanallis in Queen's Co. The coffin, with its contents, weighed 52 stone, which amount exactly to 600lbs. It was borne on a very long bier by 30 strong men, who were relieved at intervals. The name of this extraordinary person was Roger Byrne, whose residence was near Borris in Ossory. He died of suffocation occasioned by excessive fat, which impeded the action of his lungs, and put a period to his existence in the 54th year of his age. He was 13-stone heavier than the celebrated Bright of Maldon, whose waistcoat buttoned around seven large men. Byrne was a married man; his widow is a very small woman, by whom he has left four sons.

6/1808: On Monday night the scaffolding which had been raised around the spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, (in order to reach the top, some time since disturbed by a thunder storm) having been completed to within ten feet of the ball, a thoughtless wretch, for a small wager, determined to be the first to reach the ball. He accordingly clambered up by his hands and knees, and, to the extreme terror of a multitude of spectators, placed himself astride that part of the spire which the storm had bent into a horizontal position; he had scarcely done so, when, the whole gave way, and, with the ball and about one ton of stonework, the unhappy wretch was precipitated in a moment; he fell upon the first scaffold, and was carried by the weight through the next two stages, when his clothes entangled in the timbers, and he was detained; the ball passed down to another stage of the scaffolding, and the stonework, hurled from a height of 200 feet, was forced nearly a yard beneath the surface of the pavement in St. Patrick's Close. The man soon extricated himself from his difficulties, descended exultingly to the street, and was carried in perfect safety to the next whiskey shop, to celebrate his extraordinary exploit. The ball was put up in 1754.