



**AUBANE:
WHERE IN THE WORLD IS IT ?**

A microcosm of Irish history in a Cork townland

by Jack Lane

AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A u b a n e : W h e r e I n T h e

W o r l d I s I t ?

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PREFACE

I was pleasantly surprised by the reception given to our earlier pamphlets on Aubane and the Butter Road which were published in 1997. As they are out of print and in some demand I thought it would be worthwhile having the contents available in book form along with more information on both topics. This publication contains the contents of both pamphlets plus over 100% more material that has been collected recently.

I have tried in particular to illustrate how the people of the area were involved in the events of their time and where possible I have listed the people concerned. They were never passive observers of what was happening around them. They played a full part and it has been fascinating to collect this information and put it together. However, this is only the tip of an iceberg of information that needs to be put together for this and other areas and I hope that others will do something similar for their own localities.

It would be practically impossible to list all the people who have assisted me in this and if I tried I would inevitably omit some which would be unfair. I hope all will be satisfied with recognising their own contributions in the book. I must thank Maura Walshe and all at IRD Duhallow for again helping us meet some of the publishing costs. I hope that our publications go some way towards meeting the aims of the Leader Programme in helping to develop the area by making available material on its rich history from which lessons might be drawn to meet current challenges.

Jack Lane
October 1998



*"He who cannot draw on three thousand
Years of living from hand to mouth" (Goethe)*

1. ORIGINS

This is really a collection of some notes I have made over the years about Aubane and nearby townlands. Local historians around here have a great problem regarding sources because of the Gaelic tradition of recording things and events orally. This took delightful forms, in song and in story, but was subject to being easily lost when the society was disrupted as has so often occurred since Tudor times. The result is a dearth of recorded information for great periods. In this respect we are part of the "hidden Ireland" of the past.

*To the memory of 'the boys' of the
Mushera Company of the IRA*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

To start with the name. Aubane obviously comes from the Gaelic, *AbhaBan*, which can have two meanings and both would indicate an essential topographical feature associated with the river. One is white river. The 'ban' also has the meaning of green pasture land so it is likely to also mean the river of, or with, pasture land. The two features are also interconnected in that it was the river in flood (when it is really white) over the millennia which created the pasture land beside it. The white could refer to the whiteness resulting from the shallowness as it is near its source and it is flowing over rocks and stones. But no doubt it would refer mainly to its floods which were a very regular feature and it was this flooding that provided the fertile soil for the valley. There is an inexhaustible supply of this soil to be had from its source in Mushera mountain. Mushera is a sponge of soil that has the unusual feature of having a well near the top of it. The river has had the same effect in its own small way as the Nile which created Egypt. This meandering river has therefore in a real sense created Aubane in that it has created the pasture land of the surrounding area. So the river of the pasture land is the most likely meaning.

However, earlier versions of the name clearly indicate that there was an 'Augh' sound at the beginning and this can be the Gaelic for a ford in a river and there is no doubt that there was once a ford where the bridge now stands. The ford could indeed be a very 'white' area of the river and it could also mean the ford of the pasture land. It is understandable that, as the ford disappeared and was forgotten about, the name changed gradually from an emphasis on the *Augh* to that of *Abha* while at the same time maintaining an appropriate name for the area no matter which meaning is taken. There is a place in Scotland called Oban probably with a similar origin. There is, I believe, at least another Aubane in Ireland near Killeshandra. And of course the 'white' river flows into *an Abha Dubh*, the Avondubh, the blackriver, the Blackwater. This is by contrast properly dark being deep, wide and smooth flowing. It was also

known as the Avonmore, the big river, which again is a case of two descriptions each very appropriate.

Townlands are a uniquely Irish method of naming areas. In Gaelic Ireland it was the measurement of the amount of pasture land that would feed 300 cattle per year. Each townland had 8 ploughlands which was the amount of land that would employ one plough for a year. All townlands have a meaning in their name: for example, *Tullig* is from *Tulach*, a hill, *Tooreenbane* is the enclosure in the pasture land: *GurraneDubh* is the black grove or shrubbery; *Lackadotia* is the burnt hillside or sloping field; *Mushera*, dark and brooding—all of which give clues as to what they were, and still are in some cases.

Mushera has a continuing brooding presence over the area. It was and is the great physical landmark for the whole area hereabouts. When people in Cork city want to describe people who are beyond their comprehension they say they are like people "from the back of Mushera", which indicates that the mountain is more than just a physical landmark. Its name probably has the same origin as Muskerry which is derived from *Muse raighe*, the descendants of Muse, son of Conaire, an Irish monarch at the beginning of the third century. Its pronunciation should reflect its origin and not include 'kerry' as in the county of.

There is an old Gaelic saying about Mushera and Clara in predicting the weather that goes:

*"A fog on Mushera and Clara clear, is the best possible sign for fine weather
But a fog on Clara and Mushera clear, is the worst possible sign for bad weather."*

WHY NOT ON THE ORDNANCE SURVEY MAP?

We are entitled to have a real complaint against the map makers of the 19th century in not ever having put Aubane on the map. This has made it difficult to trace a lot of information specific to the townland. The Ordnance Surveyors, while they did a great job overall, continued the tradition begun by William Petty, Cromwell's Surveyor, in the *Downe Survey* map of 1654-59, and the *Civil Survey* of 1654, of only referring to Tullig when mapping and describing this area. The Ordnance Survey, unfortunately, was a continuation of the Planters' approach. Aubane was put into the "hidden Ireland", or unofficial Ireland, quite literally, as far as they were concerned. But Aubane existed and was known as such before the modern map makers. This is shown by Vallencey. I will come back to more evidence later.

Not being on the official Ordnance Survey map, the actual size and shape is something that also needs to be defined. Aubane is roughly rectangular (more of a trapezium to be exact) and would, according to the Ordnance Survey maps, constitute approximately the southern half of Tullig. I believe it is really defined to a large extent by streams, small white rivers. Certainly the boundary with Tooreenbane is a stream. Likewise with Lackadotia, a stream just beyond Denny Long's house, which is also a *cumar*. The northern side, the boundary with Tullig proper, is I believe the stream and *cumar* at the bottom of Tullig hill just beside

Mikie Buckley's farmyard. The Southern side would be just beyond the Kerryman's Table, but lies on the near side of the road to Ivale, and takes in a piece of Mushera of about 80 acres above the road, and beyond the cross roads there towards St John's Well.

EARLY INHABITANTS

The area has obviously been inhabited for some thousands of years as evidenced by the stone circles, *gallauns*, as well as the later forts and *souterrains* (underground passages) nearby.

There is also an argument for saying that there is an even earlier people, or civilisation, lost under the bogs. Bogs can be caused by man. The first inhabitants, who came up the rivers in what would have been an almost totally wooded landscape, would have begun to cut down trees for shelter, fuel and tools. The result would have been an increase in moisture retention, which, combined with heavy vegetation growth, marsh and bog conditions, would develop, covering what existed and making it uninhabitable. This area, with plenty moisture and good vegetation, will still create bogs if given half a chance and plenty time. A bog grows at about 1 inch per century. Throw in an earth movement or two to put pressure on this bog and you could have had coal.

However, by the very nature of things there is little we can say about a people whose only evidence may be under the bogs of the area.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES

As regards stone circles, *gallauns*, forts, etc., the area is typical of the whole Blackwater and Mushera region in having a large concentration, the largest concentration in the country. I calculate that in the townland alone there are/were the following which are now in various states of preservation and some no longer clearly visible. I have included the references from the recently published *Archaeological Inventory Of County Cork* (Vol. III, Mid Cork), followed by the references from the *Sites And Monuments Record* (SMR). Where there is no reference to these features in either of these works, I mark the fact with (—).

- The Kerryman's Table (*Clochaniar*) 9422 and 48.

4 Stone circles/alignments

- one near Barrett's old house. 6529 and 47.
- one near what was Con "Con Tim" Buckley's. 6481 and 44.
- one in what was Denny Long's "rea" and known as Crash Rock. (—).
- and there is possibly one buried around the *Gallaun* (see 6876 and 43 below) in Jerry Kelleher's farm. (—).

3 Gallauns

- one near Barrett's old house. 6878 and 47.

- one near Lehane's (reputedly thrown from Knocknakilla by a giant!). 6877 and 46.
- one in Jerry Kelleher's farm. 6876 and 43.

3 Forts

- one in Jackey's field, (John Joe O'Donoghue's, now a repository for rocks), next to Lane's cottage. 8786 and 195.
- one in John "Mick Johnny" Kelleher's. 7891 and 164.
- and one in Barrett's old farm. 7890 and 163.

3 Limekilns

- one in O'Donoghue's. 9739 and 45.
- one in Buckley's above the Creamery. (—).
- one near Mushera. (—).

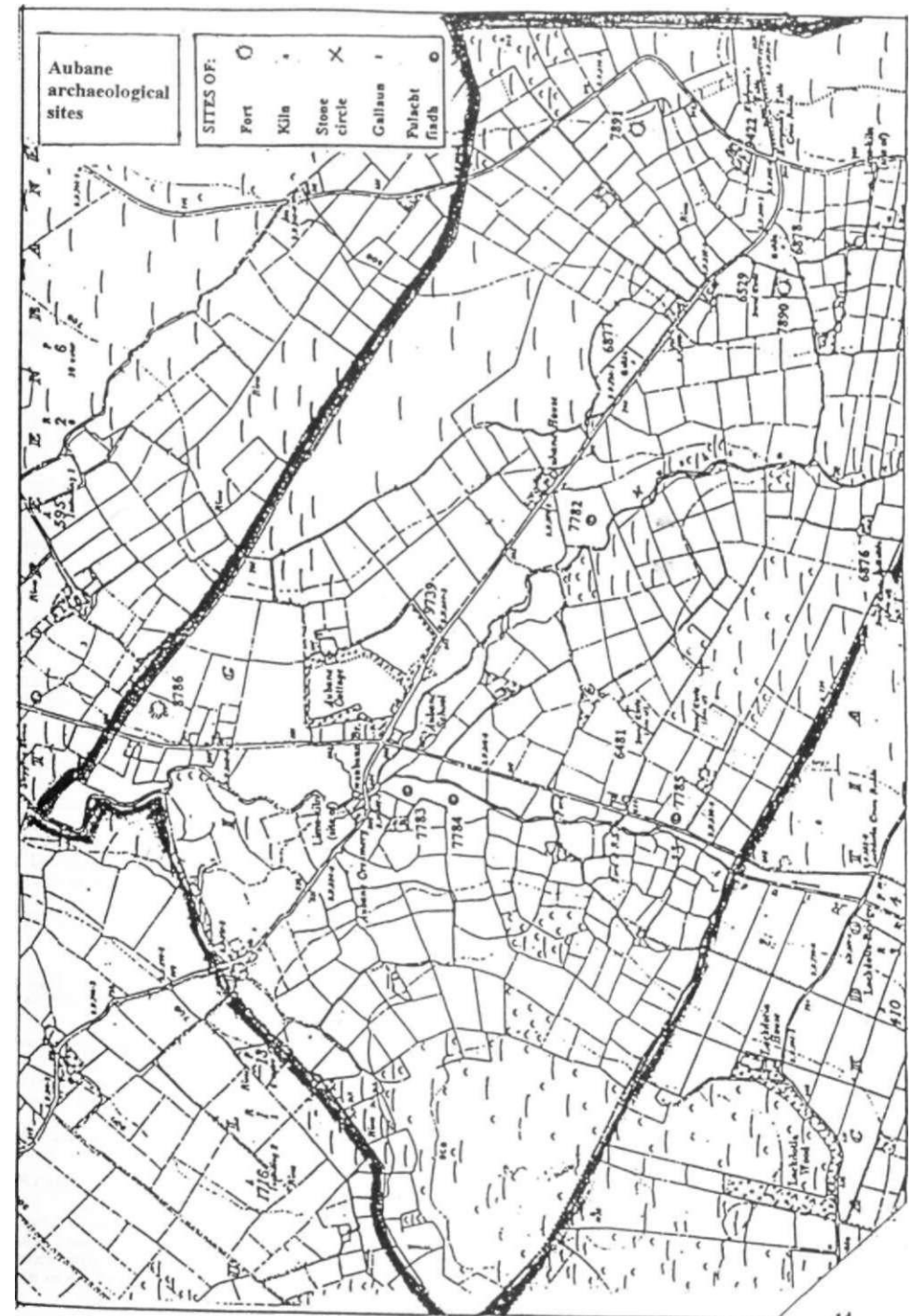
Fulacht Fiadha

- one in Jerdie Buckley's. 7783 and 203.
- and another in the same farm. 7784 and 204.
- one in Dan Barrett's farm. 7782 and 202.
- in Matthew Creedon's farm. 7785 and 217.

On the next page is a map indicating these sites followed by the extracts from the Inventory relating to the sites they identified in the townland. This shows 14 out of the possible 18 listed above. (The main *souterrain* in Garraneduff, 8281 and 91, is also omitted.) The *Fulacht Fiadha* are approximate locations. Unfortunately, by following the Ordnance Survey, Aubane is not classified as a townland in the Inventory.

I will not attempt to explain what the stone circles and *Gallauns* were used for. That is a fascinating study in itself. It has been fashionable to suggest they had some utilitarian use, for example as a calendar, but they may well be ceremonial and/or religious. After all, if they were for use as calendars, why so many and so near each other? Those in this townland are within a few fields of each other. Did the people concerned have such a dire need for calculating time and dates? After all, they didn't have a train to catch! They would surely have calculated all the times and dates they needed directly from the position of the Sun itself.

The sites could also have had a more mundane use as a meeting place, landmarks, and some have included graves. They are probably anything up to five thousand years old. The later forts and *souterrains* from about 2,000 years ago possibly, seem more functional, but who knows for sure? The strength of fear and awe of these fairy forts has certainly had an amazing grip on people ensuring that we have structures here some thousands of years old. How many modern structures will last as long?



6481 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:3:3 (644,534) 'Stone Circle (site of)' (1938)
 OD 600-700 13095,08760
Five-stone circle In pasture, at N foot of Musheramore Mountain between the Owenbaun and Musheramore Rivers. Monument destroyed shortly before 1933. Earlier records indicate that this was probable five-stone circle; gallin (6801) and site of possible stone circle (6485) c. 450m to SW. (6 Nualliin 1984a, 31. no. 51)
 48:44

6529 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:4:4 (744,505) 'Stone Circle' (1938)
 OD 800-900 13201,08729
Stone row On level patch of ground, in sloping pasture at NE foot of Musheramore Mountain. OS Name Books (1841) record '5 standing stones TA to 4 feet high (c. 0.75m to c. 1.2m) and placed in a straight line of 30 links (c. 6m) in length'. Row of four stones is present, aligned ENE-WSW, 5.2m in overall length. NE stone is 0.6m L, 0.2m T and 0.75m H. Next stone, 0.35m to SW. is 0.65m U 0.3m T and 0.95m H. Third stone. 1.25m further to SW. is 0.9m L. 0.3m T and 0.95m H. SW and tallest stone, 0.45m from last, is 0.9m L, 0.55m T and 1.15m H. OS Memoranda (1933) record low stone (H c. 0.3m) c. 2.4m to N of third stone; no visible remains. (6 Nualliin 1988, 231, no. 8)
 48:47/01

6876 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:3:6 (675,475) 'Calldn' (1938) OD 700-800
 13128,08698
Standing stone Not shown on 1842 and 1904 OS maps. In pasture at foot of NW side of Musheramore. Removed c. 1966; said to have stood c. 1m high.
 48:43 10-4-1986

6877 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:4:1 (722,532) 'Calldn' (1938) OD 700-800
 13177,08758
Standing stone Not shown on 1842 and 1904 OS maps. In rough grazing, on NW foothills of Musheramore. Stone (H 1.6m; 0.7m x 0.6m) is almost square in plan, leaning heavily to SSW. Long axis E-W.
 48:46 17-4-1986

6878 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:4:4 (748,498) 'Calldn' (1938) OD 800-900
 13205,08721
Standing stone On NW foothills of Musheramore, c. 70m SE of stone row (6529). Removed; stone (L 2m; 0.65m x 0.4m) leaning against nearby field fence may be standing stone.
 48:47/02 17-4*1986

7782 TULLIG Map 12b
 OS 39:0:0 Not shown
Fulachtfiadh Broker (1937, 16) recorded a fulacht fiadh on Dan D. Kelliher's land — 'Heap 4 or 5 feet across, round, 1 foot high: removed for tillage'. Exact location not known.
 39:202

7890 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:0:0 Not shown
Possible ring-barrow According to Broker (1937, 50), on Eugene Barrett's land is 'fort 1/16th of acre. Fence gone'. No local knowledge of site; not located.
 48:163 6-10-1993

7891 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:4:5 (775,529) Not shown OD 900-1000
 13222,08759
Possible ring-barrow In level pasture; to S, land rises to Musheramore. Circular area (9.35m N-S; 8.65m E-W) defined by earthen bank (max. H 0.6m), with some stones visible on surface. Bank partially levelled to S. According to Broker (1937, 50), on Michael Kelliher's land is 'fort, less than 1/16th of acre. Almost levelled'.
 48:164 6-10-1993

8786 TULLIG Map 12b
 OS 39:15:6 (643.35) Not shown OD 600-700
 13098,08905
Possible ringfort In pasture, on NW-facing slope. According to local information, enclosed by single bank (H 2ft); levelled c. 1989. Low rise (H 0.5m) survives SW->NW; topped by large field-clearance boulders; smaller stones scattered across site. Broker (1937, 50) recorded 'fort, 'A acre' as partially destroyed, on Mrs Humphrey Donoghue's land.
 39:195 27-9-1993

9422 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:4:5 (782,502) 'Kerryman's Table*' (1938)
 OD 1021 13241,08725
Miscellaneous At roadside; recumbent, flat-topped sandstone block (L 2.6m; H 0.5m; Wth 0.55m), partially incorporated into roadside hedge. According to tradition was 'a sort of resting place' (O'Donoghue 1986, 220) on the 'butter road' from Kerry to Cork city. Travellers stopped and rested themselves and their horses here; local suppliers came with produce and it was 'renowned as a place of social exchange as well as business exchange' (Crowley 1994, 64).
 48:48 20-3-1986

9739 TULLIG Map 2
 OS 48:3:3 (663,576) Indicated (1938) OD 644
 13116,08805
Limekiln On S side of road. Rectangular kiln; front elevation (SW) has arched recess (H c. 2m; Wth c. 2.4m; D c. 2m) with lower inner arch. Front wall (H c. 4m; Wth c. 7m) has two horizontal ledges: at mid-height of recess and just above recess arch.
 48:45 10-4-1986

7784 TULLIG Map 12b
 OS 39:0:0 Not shown
Fulachtfiadh Broker (1937, 16) recorded a fulacht fiadh on Michael Buckley's land '...removed in Inse near river...round, 6 feet across, 2 feet high'. Exact location not known. One of two fulachta fiadh on this farm (7783).
 39:204

7783 TULLIG Map 12b
 OS 39:0:0 Not shown
Fulachtfiadh Broker (1937, 16) recorded a fulacht fiadh on Michael Buckley's land '...removed in Inse near river...oval 10 or 12 feet by 20, 3 feet high'. Exact location not known. One of two fulachta fiadh on this farm (7784).
 39:203

7785 TULLIG Map 12b
 OS 39:0:0 Not shown
Fulachtfiadh Broker (1937, 16) recorded a fulacht fiadh on John Long's land 'heap 40 tons of stones, round, 3 or 4 yards diameter 4 feet high; removed by Sein Ribeird O'Sullivan*. Exact location not known.
 39:217

The entries are laid out in the following manner:

The first line gives the site's unique inventory number, its townland name and location map number.

The second line contains locational information, listed in the following order: Ordnance Survey 6-inch Sheet/Plan/Trace; co-ordinates on the Ordnance Survey 6-inch sheet in millimetres (Easting and Northing); Ordnance Survey designation on the latest edition of the 6-inch map on which the site appears (italics represent Old English script on the map); the Ordnance datum (OD) given in feet; and a ten-figure National Grid reference.

The site classification is given in each case, followed by a short description of the monument with principal dimensions. Items enclosed in double quotation marks refer to information obtained by personal communication, usually in the field, rather than from published sources. The SMR number is at the bottom left-hand corner of each entry and the last date of visit by survey personnel, where applicable, at the bottom right-hand corner.

The placename index is arranged by townland and refers the reader to the appropriate entry number in the text. The OS 6-inch map number is given in brackets after the townland name. The local/historical name index lists the names of sites which differ from the name of the townland in which they occur. The text is accompanied by topographical, distribution and index maps and by fourteen location maps showing the position of each monument indicated by black dots with the accompanying inventory number. The road network shown on these maps is based on the current edition of the OS half-inch map; recent roads, which are not yet marked on the OS maps, may not therefore be shown; likewise, recently closed roads may be indicated as open. We regret any inconvenience that this may cause.

Where compass points are given in entries as NW—>SE, the meaning is 'clockwise from NW to SE'. For example, if a feature is described as 'surviving E->NW, then it survives from E clockwise to NW. In the case of buildings, all measurements are external, unless otherwise stated.

The phrase 'no visible surface trace*' is used here when the inspection of the site by the Cork Archaeological Survey did not reveal any detectable trace of that site on the ground.

Abbreviations and contractions used in the text are as follows:

C	chord	int.	internal/interior
N	north	ext.	external
S	south	max.	maximum
E	east	min.	minimum
W	west	diam.	diameter
H	height/high	elev.	elevation
Wth	width	dims.	dimensions
L	length/long	Ho.	house
D	depth/deep	ed.	edition
T	thickness/thick	CofI	Church of Ireland
km	kilometre	RC	Roman Catholic
m	metre	OS	Ordnance Survey
cm	centimetre	OPW	Office of Public Works
ha	hectare	SMR	Sites and Monuments
ft	foot/feet		Record
in	inch(es)	B.P.	Before Present (AD 1950)
ope	opening	c.	circa
circ.	circumference	no.	number

FR. WILLIAM FERRIS

We are very lucky in having had Fr. Ferris who in the 1920s and 30s collected a great amount of information on these features at the stations and at meetings with local people. He made it available in his "*Sraid an Mhuilinn—a history of its people, by its people, for its people*", and in his notes. In his foreword he has a very profound comment on the virtues of local history, which he refers to as 'parish history' and with which I entirely agree:

"I like parish history. It is the best antidote for as it is the antithesis of the daily newspaper, the latter focusing all space on one small point of time and making in my opinion for ignorance and savagery and the former focusing all time on one small point of space and making for knowledge and civilisation".

I know little of Ferris himself although he seems an interesting character. His theories on the features he recorded (and other subjects) are not in fashion now, but he collected the information and made it available and that's the important thing. A few years ago I asked some priests at a function in the Aubane Community Centre (the old school) about him and all they would say was that there was a saying in their circles when Ferris was mentioned that went,

"There is religion, there is heresy and there is Ferrisey".

Ferris' book on the area should be updated to make sure that the features (some of which are no longer obvious) are now located by a detailed map.

The names of fields and the present owners would also be very useful. This would be a good project for the schools of the area. Otherwise, most of its vital information could be lost forever and its value could soon be totally lost if this is not done. Despite all the information in the *Archaeological Inventory*, he has additional information that should be preserved in a proper format.

It is rather odd that the *Archaeological Inventory* does not mention that Ferris is the author of *Sraid an Mhuilinn*. It only refers to 'Broker', his publisher, when mentioning the work. Ferris had to be anonymous because of Canon Law and it's a pity the *Inventory* did not take the opportunity to 'release' him from this. It follows Ferris in identifying sites by giving the names of the farmers of his time on whose land they were located, which is not very useful 60 years later, especially in an area of many similar names and where most farms have changed first names, if not surnames.

UNKNOWN PERIOD

There is a big gap between the time when the forts were operational and when we can again see some evidence of the recorded history of the area. There were no churches, castles, big houses, monasteries, graveyards in the area, so there is no history as usually understood for what would be called in Europe, the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages, though these terms makes no sense in Irish terms. The Danes had no effect on the area that I can discern, but the Normans may have, in that it is likely they disturbed the existing Gaelic Clans as they moved across the country from the East. They disturbed some of the old *Eoghanacht* families like the McCarthys and

O'Sullivans who moved towards Cork. From along the Blackwater valley the Buckley's may have come here because of that. Apparently they were strong around Killavullen but seem to have been here so long that they are now native to the place. The Normans by and large were only acting like the Clans themselves in pushing each other around. After all, they did become more Irish than the Irish themselves. It was later that the Clan system itself was attacked, beginning with the Tudors, particularly with the Surrender and Re-grant policy which began the process of separating the Clansmen from the Clan lands. And, of course, the break with Rome by the Tudors for reasons of state, put the two countries and the rest of Europe on separate spiritual courses that could not be reconciled. From there on the English state went its own unpredictable way—its one constant being the increasing of its own power in the world by whatever means necessary. Its only relationship with Europe became one of divide and conquer which caused, among other barbarities, the two World Wars of this century. That is why Britain today cannot reconcile itself with the great project of European Union.

THE STORY OF MAHON—AND MOLLOY.

One of the most dramatic periods recorded in the history of the area was in the tenth century when Musherá was the scene of the slaying of King Mahon, or Mahoun, the first of the *Dal Cais* to oust the *Eoghanacht* from Cashel. The *Dublin Annals Of Innisfallen*, Geoffrey Keating in his *History Of Ireland*, and Charles Vallancey in his *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis* (1770), give Musherá as the scene of the crime. They say that the place he is buried was marked by a heap of stones known as *Leacht Maghamhna* or Mahon's heap. Musherá was then known as *Muisire na mona moire* (Muisire of much turf). There is a large heap of stones on the very top of Musherá but I have never heard it claimed as indicating the site of the murder. There is a tradition that he was murdered and buried on a site below the Kerryman's Table; and that the Table is what's left of the heap marking his grave: that it was once upright facing towards the west and his home at Kinchora.

The stone does indeed seem to have had a history before it became known as the Kerryman's Table because it was previously known as *Cloch an Iar* (the stone of the west) and had a cross roads named after it.

The background to the story, which is told in a wonderfully dramatic and vivid way in *The War Of The Gael And Gall*, is that in 976 the *Eoghanacht* Clans led by *Maelmudh*, or Molloy, son of Bran, King of Desmond, took revenge on Mahon—whom of course they regarded as an upstart and a usurper and who appeared set to stay a little too long on 'their' throne. The plot, which also involved Ivor, King of the Danes in Limerick, was for Donovan, son of Cathal, King of *Ui-Figeinte*, to invite him to dinner under the pretence of seeking to make peace between him and Molloy. For this purpose he was assured safe conduct by Columb, the bishop of Cork. Donovan delivered him to Molloy's brothers who were under instructions from Molloy to slay him immediately, which they did, after taking him to Musherá, a remote spot between the territories of Molloy and Donovan. Molloy looked on

from a neighbouring hill, (could it have been *Musherabeag?*).

Molloy was immediately cursed by a clerk or priest to the effect that he would go blind and would be buried in a place where the sun never shone. He had incensed the priest who had asked him what he was doing as Mahon was being slain, by remarking sarcastically, "*Cure him, if he comes to you*"- and galloping off.

In 978 Molloy was defeated, captured, blind in an alder hut, and slain by Brian Boru's son, *Murcadh*, after the battle of *Bealach Leachta*, near Macroom, and buried in a dark and dreary spot in accordance with the prophecy.

The treacherous act of Mahon's killing was a turning point in the history of Gaelic Ireland, because the Eoghanacht reckoned without taking account of Mahon's younger brother, Brian Boru, who was an unknown quantity. But it turned out that,

"he was not a stone in place of an egg; and he was not a wisp instead of a club; but he was a hero in place of a hero and he was valour after valour."

In revenge on the slayers and their allies, the Donovans, Mahonys and the Danes under Ivor, King of Limerick, Brian went on a campaign against them, defeated them, and established himself and the *Dal Cais* as undisputed Kings of Munster and laid the basis for his High Kingship of Ireland. The rest, as you might say, is history.

The story of Mahon and Brian was the basis for some great poems by, among others, Alice Milligan and the 'Bard of Thomond', Michael Hogan. There is also a poem by Vincent Reardon of Millstreet (who died in the 1930s) about the killing of Mahon on *Mushera*, but I have not been able to locate it.

In his *Lays And Legends Of Thomond*, Hogan gives a wonderful description of Mahon winning the Battle of *Sulchoid* in Tipperary against the Danes in 968 and his hand to hand fight with Torrell:

*"King Mahon first through the centre burst
The steel-clad chiefs o'erthrowing
And he swept them away, like the dark-brown hay
When the harvest sons are mowing
And the crash of his stroke, like a falling oak
Was heard o'er the furious clangor
As he broke thro' the ranks, like a flood thro' its banks
In the strength of its wintry anger*

*Fierce Torrell came, like a column of flame
To oppose the Dalcais leader
And his mountain-height o'er the wave of fight
Was seen, like a desert cedar
And shield to shield, on the smoking field
They met, like two night-demons rending
The fiery-gloom of the storm-cloud's womb
For the rule of the lightning contending*

*As things of light, in their aerial flight
Flash'd their arms in ringing collision
And their spears hiss 'd loud for a drink of blood
As they leaped on their deadly mission
But the shafts fell down, with a surly groan
From each sounding buckler's centre.
As if each strong spear refused, with fear
Those terrible shields to enter*

*Then they drew their 'spans', and in riven parts
The shields to the plain flew sounding
And the chiefs swayed back, from the fierce attack
Like waves from a cliff rebounding
But the King, with the bound of a fleet wolf-hound
His ponderous war-axe winding
Drove its fiery edge, like a cleaving wedge
Thro' the Dane's stout armour grinding*

*His blood wet the plain, as a shower of rain
And he reel'd, with his broad breast sever'd
And fell, like the fall of a granite wall
By heaven's artillery shiver'd
Then the Northmen raged, and the hosts engaged
With a fiercer and deadlier fury
And the broad swords clash'd, and the shields were smashed
And the battle-flood roll'd more gory "*

The *Dal Cais* killed some 5,000 Danes in this battle and some of their most important leaders. They chased the survivors to their headquarters at Limerick city and sacked it. Mahon comes from an old Irish word from 'bear' and it seems most appropriate as he was, without doubt, a bear of a man. There is also a dirge by Hogan on the death of Mahon of which the following are extracts:

"There's gloom in the house of the golden swords
And the sky has a fiery stain!
And the sons of the mighty, like maidens weep
For the Prince of the people is slain!
O Cashel! Where is thy bright-hair'd King!
The brother of princely Brian!
Has the Wolf-Dog of Desmond lapp'd the blood
Of Kincora's prouid war-lion!*

*And Brian loved the dark-eyed King!
As the hawk loves the gold-orb'd sky!*

Then why should Manon, unavenged,
 Like the elk of the wild hills, die?
 God's curse on the hand of the son of Bran
 Whose murderous steel cut down
 The topmost bough of our Royal Tree
 With its glory-blossom'd crown!

Remember the field of Red Sulchoid!
 And Luimneach's blazing towers,
 Where the hot heart-streams of the Sea-Kings gush'd,
 Like the thunder's burning showers;
 And Torrel's shield, like an iron moon,
 By the hand of our king was broke;
 And the enemy flew from his sweeping steel,
 Like grains from the thresher's stroke!

And no songs shall be sung, nor red wine drunk
 In the Palace of the Golden Swords!
 Till the grinding steel of our Chiefs shall feast
 In the blood of Desmond's Lords!
 Saint Columb's curse on the dark Molloy
 Is before the Throne divine
 And his grave shall be made on the cold hill-side
 Where the sun shall never shine!

* The Dalcassians wore gold wire around the hilt of their swords as an ornament

It's a great pity that such enthralling, imaginative, stuff is not on the school curriculum and that such poetry could be replaced by stuff with no metre, rhyme or—reason, in many cases. Some of this modern 'poetry' is about as enjoyable as footing turf and as back-breaking for the imagination.

(An odd coincidence is the prevalence of Kellehers in the area. The Kellehers are descendants of *Ceileacher*, a nephew of Brian Boru, son of Brian's brother *Donnchua*. They are said to have migrated to the Cork area in the 14th century—but is there a possibility that they have been around before that, since Brian and his relatives were in these parts some time earlier? Also, the Murphys are reputed to be descended from Brian Boru's son, *Murcadh*, mentioned above. Have they been here since then? And the Hickeys were the hereditary physicians to the O'Briens of Thomond. The Twomeys are descended from Mahon himself. The O'Regans (from another brother of Brian's) and the Sheehans, Noonans and Aherns are also Dalcassian. So maybe Brian Boru and his relatives were very attached to the area and did more than fight some battles when they were around here.)

2. LORD MUSKERRY TAKES OVER

The McCarthys were the dominant Clan in this area, and most of Cork, from about 1200 until 1690. They had moved from areas further East following the Norman invasion, as the Normans moved westward from the east coast. The McCarthys had checked the Norman advance at the famous battle of Callan around 1260 and this made them the dominant Clan in South Munster. There were three main branches in Cork namely those of Carbery, Muskerry and Duhallow.

A sub-branch of the Muskerry McCarthys came to Drishane and they built the castle there around the mid 15th century. Drishane itself was important as a religious settlement and was located on the strategic pass or route between the mountains via Kilmeedy, that gave access from Muskerry to Kerry and Duhallow. This is also a reason why Millstreet later came into existence. Aubane as a townland of Drishane became thereby part of Muskerry officially and has so remained.

The area was never really part of Muskerry proper in any real cultural, social or even physical sense as the *Boggeraghs* cut it off. It has always felt part of Duhallow.

By 1641 the whole area was owned by McCarthys. Donagh Mac Owen had Drishane castle, and among his townlands were Tullig, Garraneduff, Liscahane, Lackdotia, Musherah and Tooreenbane, which interestingly enough included the area of Aubane. In other words, Tullig did not include Aubane, a concept which only appeared with Petty's *Downe Survey* and the Cromwellian *Civil Survey* (see below). Tullig ended, appropriately enough, at the bottom of the hill of Tullig. Donagh's first cousin, Owen Mac Donagh, owned the area beyond Lackdotia and on towards Clondrohid. This was obviously the result of the sharing of areas and townlands between sons. Primogeniture was not yet established.

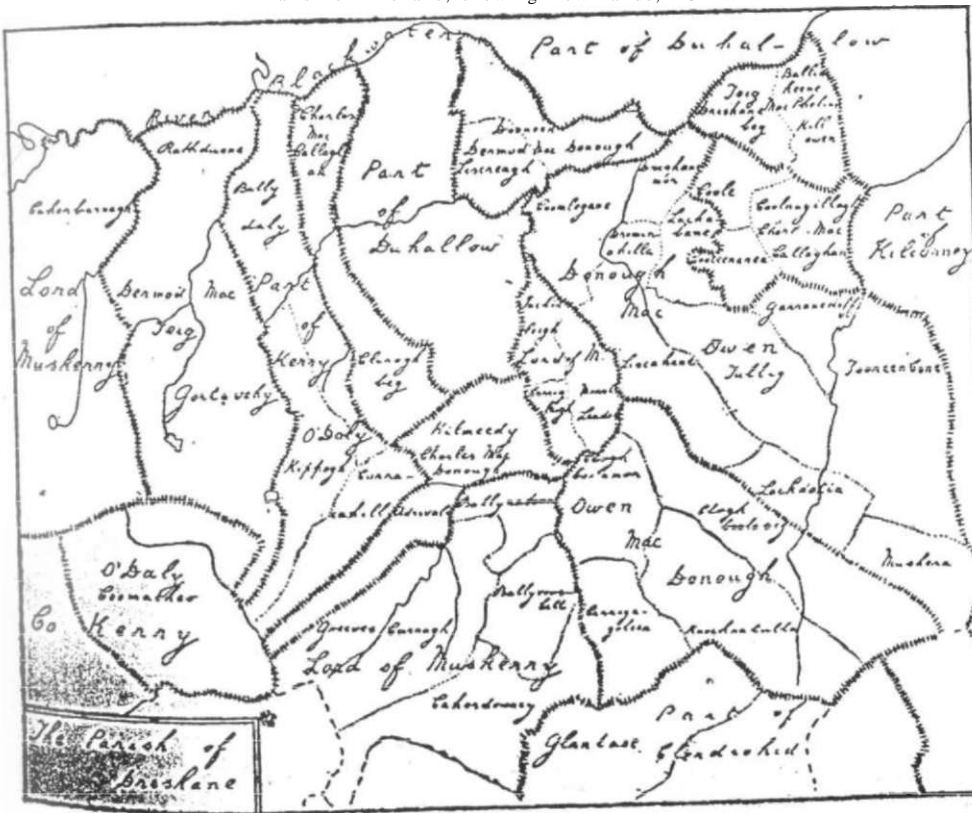
The map of Drishane below was created by the great historian of this period, William F. T. Butler, M.R.I.A., in his *Gleanings Of Irish History* (1925).

In 1642 Drishane was mortgaged by its owner, Donagh Mac Owen McCarthy, to his relation, Lord Muskerry, also called Donagh. Lord Muskerry was a leading figure in the Confederation of Kilkenny and, like most Irish Chiefs, took the Stuart side in the Puritan Revolution—quite understandably.

The Irish Clans were always prepared to have a *modus Vivendi* with any English regime, but the tendency was for constant political upheaval in England which prevented any stable relationship developing. The Clans' loyalty to an British regime became rebellion when that regime was overthrown in England, even

though it was none of the Clans' doing. Their loyalty suddenly became betrayal and a perfect excuse to have war waged against them. They would in any case have found it congenitally impossible, as normal human beings, to see the point of latest upheaval—the rise of Puritanism. To them life was for living and not something to be endured as a perpetual battle between the damned and the saved, good and evil, God and the Devil.

Parish of Drishane, showing Townlands, 1641



The McCarthys were a powerful and ambitious Clan, or rather a series of Clans, whose Chiefs were quite willing to reach accommodations with anybody as long as they got a good deal for themselves. But that reasonable approach was not possible with the makers of the 'Glorious Revolution' of 1688, which was a very inglorious revolution in Ireland. The fate of the McCarthys and the many other Clans in Duhallow show that its benefits did not travel very far or very well for anyone but the social group that made it. The 'Glorious Revolution' meant war, confiscation and the Penal Laws in Ireland and a big expansion of the Slave Trade elsewhere—this was "Freedom" and "Progress"!!!

THE CIVIL SURVEY

The Civil Survey of 1654 was drawn up by the Cromwellians to assess what they had confiscated with a view to parcelling out the choicest areas as payment to the their soldiers. Drishane as a whole was not of much interest to them and the reason was put with typical Cromwellian bluntness:

"For the generality of the soil it is for the most part, Cold, Mountainous, Rocky, & Boggy, & not proper for much tillage".

This saved us from a deluge of Cromwellians. However, one of them, Wallis, did acquire a juicy bit, the Drishane estate, some time later. However, within living memory, the family went broke after nearly two hundred years of lording it over the area. His workers and customers conspired to bring this about.

The Survey has a description of the location and land of Tullig (which would have included Aubane, as it says Tullig stretches to the Muskerry mountains, i.e., Musheru) as follows:

PARISH OF DRISHANE

L ^d of Muskery by way of Mortgage as above	Tullagh by Est one plowland	Ar & past 633 : 3 : 8	Arable pasture 40	Red bog Mountain Shrubby Wool 20 250 20	16 : 00 : 00
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3. The s^d land is bounded on y^e East wth y^e lands of Muskery Mountain. The Nature of y^e Soil is indifferent good for tillage, etc. The p^rmisses are Mort^g as aboves^d.

Extract from Civil Survey, 1654

THE END OF THE CLANS

Muskerry went into exile with Charles II in France and one of his thank-you's from Charles when he came back to the throne was to be given back Drishane in 1661; he had already been made Earl of Clancarty. He leased it back to the former Donagh, or one of the same name. (It is almost impossible to distinguish between all the similarly named McCarthys.) However, Muskerry lost out again when William of Orange defeated James in 1690 at the battle of the Boyne. He was charged with high treason in 1691 and an inquisition on 15th August 1694 declared all his lands forfeited. This was the end of the McCarthys as a ruling Clan, as with many others, and the end of anything that could be described as a Gaelic society. Muskerry (Clancarty) himself was given a royal pardon on condition that he went into exile. He died in Germany.

Drishane with other Muskerry lands, a total of 139,372 acres, was then put on

the market,

"exposed to sale at Chicester-House Dublin on 16/11/1702. By Cant to the best Bidder"

by the company that had financed William of Orange, the Hollow Sword Blades Company, to pay some of William's debts. "Tulligg alias Tullagh" was included in one lot with Glauntane and Cloghbuolybegg, and all three sold for £93,000 on 23rd June 1703, averaging less than £4 per acre. Tulligg was described as consisting of 160 acres and 3 roods of arable land as well as 853 acres 2 roods and 32 perches of mountain, "where 5 acres make about 8 English". It also had,

"...a Good Stone House, Barn, Stable, and a small Orchard",

which referred no doubt to Tullig House. It is probably some consolation that in this transaction Aubane (being mostly mountain at this stage) did not pay much of William's bills. (Drishane itself was acquired by Wallis in 1709 and remained in that family until 1902). Aubane thereby became part of the Williamite settlement with a landlord class that never formed a relationship with the society, except insofar as they could extract the maximum and invest the minimum. They operated as a caste on top of society, but a caste that absented themselves from the country, drew their rents and left the rest to the tender mercies of their agents and middlemen.

SURVIVAL BY TERROR

The only thing that kept the society from being ground down completely was the existence of agrarian terrorism, the Whiteboys, Rockites, Moonlighters, Starlighters, Rightites, etc. (They could be likened to Hamas and others of today who are also trying to prevent their land and rights being taken from them by state terrorism.) This agrarian terrorism kept the rack-renting landlordism in check and it was this activity that helped prevent the worst excesses of the Famine, which was caused essentially by the breaking down and demoralisation of the Gaelic system that had existed for centuries, and the fact that it was replaced by a totally irresponsible landlord system. We will come back to this later.

But by the very nature of things it is not possible, despite their significance, to give any full account of these agrarian terrorists and do them full justice. After all, their very effectiveness and survival depended on people not knowing too much about them. Effectively, they protected and preserved a society. If it were not for them, the native Irish would have had the same fate as that of the natives of North America and elsewhere who were the victims of essentially the same theologically correct savagery.

MUSKERRY OR DUHALLOW

The physical location cuts off Aubane from Muskerry proper and it is part of it in name only, in purely formal terms. Don't forget that it is not in Cork in the religious structure, it's part of the diocese of Kerry. The formalities of borders are not that important around here and never have been. For example, there is no doubt

that *Sliabh Luachra* exists but it does not appear on any maps and has no formal, legal or official existence.

Also, Drishane parish had some six townlands in Duhallow, which looks very odd in any map of Duhallow.

Of course Drishane no longer exists as a parish (I am not sure if it does as a Protestant parish) and its townlands have long gone to other parishes, the vast majority to Millstreet. And, while Millstreet is officially in Muskerry, one of its sub-parishes, Cullen, is in Duhallow. There is no straightforward logic to these boundaries. If there were, it would have been logical to have put Aubane and many other townlands formally in Duhallow a long time ago. But, in any case, home is where the heart is and the heart around here is in Duhallow and North Cork, whatever the formalities say.

FIRST MAP

One of the first of the modern records highlights the river. Charles Smith writing in 1749 in his *History Of Cork*, when describing the *Boggeraghs* says:

"Several considerable rivers, besides an infinite number of brooks, flow from this wild country... On the north, the Clydagh, the Lyre, the Oovane Racool river, and the Fin-Awan, which discharge themselves into the Black Water." (page 183.)

There are a great variety of ways of spelling the name, but this is the most unusual I have seen.

In 1785 Charles Vallancey (or Vallancey) published a military survey of the area, as part of a series for the whole country, in which the place is named with the spelling of *Aghavane*. It was a thorough piece of work (things military being taken as the most serious business of the English state) and very colourful. There are 5 dwellings indicated for Aubane, as can be seen in the extract on the next page. This makes it the same size as Ballydaly was, which means a very substantial place in the context of the time. Otherwise, it would not have been included in this map. This is the earliest record that I have been able to locate which clearly establishes the existence of the townland. The map also indicates the area that was cultivated and the large areas that were apparently still a *rea* at the time. The Park near Millstreet was in its full glory at the time and coloured bright green in the original map.

3. THE BUTTER ROAD

One of the most important and best recorded events concerning the area is the building in the mid 18th century of the 'Straight Road', or the 'Old Kerry Road', now better known as the 'Butter Road,' which runs through the centre of the townland. It is easy to take roads for granted. They rarely get the adulation and praise that other structures get despite the fact that their building and their usefulness is as worthy of admiration as many other human constructions. The Butter Road has had an enormous impact on the development of this area, and all along its route, but it has been there for so long, and is so much part of the scenery, that it is very easily taken for granted. But when one considers the route and the time it was built, it is remarkable in many ways.

It was one of the first planned and properly built roads in the country, as opposed to roads that simply developed from paths, tracks, etc. It was built as a Turnpike Road, which was a new method adopted by the Irish Parliament after 1729. These roads were usually organised and constructed by the local gentry who collected tolls to meet the cost. This road was unusual in that all the construction and all the financing was carried out by an 'ordinary,' but extraordinary, individual named John Murphy from Castleisland. The gentry reckoned they could not do it themselves, that it was too big a project. They acted as Trustees and entrusted Murphy with the work. He raised all the money to build it and was to get it back from the tolls he organised on it. It was a risky business and so it proved for Mr Murphy. But before dealing with his problems it is useful to get an idea of the enormity of what he did.

It is fortunate that, as this was one of the first ventures of its kind, there was very detailed Act of Parliament passed that spelt out the contract with Murphy in great detail, which gives us a good description of what he undertook and achieved. Recently we saw the amount of work that went into just widening and repairing the road for a few miles from Millstreet to service the Country Park. Murphy practically built 56 miles of road, which included the building of all the bridges on it: 9 large ones, of which that in Aubane would be an example, and 15 small ones. He estimated that it would take him 8 years to build—and all without any mechanical help. We could also judge his achievement by considering that it took nearly another 250 years before a comparable road was built from Cork to Mallow.

Murphy built many others straight roads in Kerry and was recognised as a something of a genius in his time. The historian of Cork and Kerry, Charles Smith, speaks of:

"...Mr Murphy, a man, who by the meer dint of genius hath extremely well



executed several new roads here, and taught others to do the like, and carry them on through very difficult and almost impracticable bogs and mountains."

He was more than likely a Catholic who became a Protestant (or went through the motions as many did to survive), as no Catholic could have got the support he had from the Protestant gentry of the day, when the Penal laws were at their height. The Penal Laws sought to wipe out the Irish Catholics—it's called genocide these days—and were argued for in the theologically correct jargon of the day. A major part of the laws was to systematically deprive Catholics of landed property, which was considered the only real wealth at the time. This was therefore a major way to eliminate a people. One of the consequences was that some Catholics developed more unorthodox and novel ways of making money—and making money from road tolls, or toll farming, was certainly the type of business that would have attracted entrepreneurial Catholics—whether calling themselves Protestants or not.

The idea of a straight road was very revolutionary and in many ways was not sensible or economical, certainly from a construction point of view. It would have made more sense in many ways to take more circuitous routes. This type of road only made real sense with the mechanised travel of the 20th century. So Murphy was very ahead of his time.

The proposal for the Bill in the Irish Parliament in February 1747 is on the next page.

The second Bill on the Order paper that day in February 1747 is also worth noting and very typical of the time—more typical than the road Bill. It is an example of the Penal Laws—in this case to drive Catholics out of places of employment. The Members of the Ascendancy Parliament in Dublin was as conscientious in this as they were in the building of the road and they certainly spent more time on such efforts to eliminate the Irish Catholics than they did on roadbuilding or any other socially useful activity. And, of course, in this particular case they could not even build the road themselves.

The road was built as the route from Cork city, the second city in the country, to facilitate travel and communication with the developing Kerry area and, particularly with Killarney, which became famous for its Lakes at this time. Murphy is the father of Cork-Kerry tourism and travel. It was the straightest route between the two points and the list of Trustees in the Act below is a Who's Who of the Cork and Kerry gentry of the day, who sanctioned its construction to service them.

The Act itself is reproduced in its 11 pages because it describes every aspect of the project in amazing detail and this is unusual. It does not leave a stone unturned, so to speak. It reads like a contract or the completion of a tender. The gentry knew exactly what they wanted from Murphy.

The Shannah-Mill referred to is now Rathmore.

The reader has to be aware that the letter "s" sometimes closely resembled "f" in the English print then in use. Many of the words are no longer in use because

what they describe no longer exists, or rather is no longer in use—the various types of carts, tackling etc. These are described in some detail in order to lay down exactly the tolls that had to be paid and how much and for how long. Murphy could collect them for 61 years from 1st May 1748. Also described are the penalties for trying to fiddle the tolls or taking side roads to avoid payment. All this was punishable by law. Also spelt out are the penalties for those refusing to work on the road if they were obliged to do so, unpaid, by previous Acts when there were other systems for building roads, before the Turnpike system. There was an extra toll for people who used young trees as a source of umber for carts and tackling, to discourage them cutting down these trees. The language is obviously old fashioned and legalistic but clear enough to understand—with a little patience.

VOTES

OF THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Veneris 26 Die Februarij, 1747.

A Bill, Intituled, *An Act, For repairing the Roads leading from the City of Cork through Mill-street to Shanah-Mill in the County of Kerry, and from Shanah-Mill, to Killarney, as also from Shanah-Mill, through Castle-Island, to Listowell in the said County, and for laying an Additional Toll at all Turnpikes in this Kingdom, on all Carrs and Carriages making use of any part of any Saplin or Trees as or for a Bow or Back-Band, or making use of any Saplins twisted into Gads for Back-bands, Halter's, Traces to draw by, or Gads commonly called long Gads*; was presented to the House and read the first time, and ordered to be read a second time To-Morrow Morning.

A Bill, Intituled, *An Act, For allowing further Time to Persons in Offices or Employments to qualify themselves, pursuant to an Act, Intituled, An Act, To prevent the further Growth of Popery, according to Order* was read a second time, and committed to a Committee of the whole House.

Resolved, That this House, will To-Morrow Morning, resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to take the said Bill into Consideration.

D d d

A

C H A P. XIII.

An Act for repairing the Roads leading from the City of Corke through Mill-street to Shannab-Mill in the County of Kerry, and from Shannab-Mill to Killarny; as also from Shannab-Mill through Castle-Island to Listolwell in the said County; and for laying an additional Toll at all Turnpikes in this Kingdom on all Cars and Carriages, making use of any Part of Saplin or Trees as, or for a Bow or Backband, or making use of any Saplins twisted into Gads for Backbands, Halters, Traces to draw by, or Gads commonly called long Gads.

WHEREAS the highways or roads leading from Aghanebee, being the bounds of the liberties of the city of Corke, through the town of Mill-street in the county of Corke to Shannab-Mill in the county of Kerry, and from thence to the town of Killarny in the said county, and from Shannab-Mill aforefaid through the town of Castle-Island to the town of Listolwell in the said county, are become so ruinous and bad, that many parts thereof are impassable and very dangerous for travellers, and cannot by the ordinary course appointed by the laws and statutes of this realm be effectually amended, and kept in good repair: wherefore, and to the intent that the said highways and roads may with convenient speed be effectually amended, and kept in good repair, be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That for the better surveying, ordering, amending, and keeping in repair the said highways or roads, it shall and may be in the power of the right honourable lord Percival, the right honourable Henry Boyle esquire, speaker of the honourable house of commons, the honourable John Fitz Maurice esquire, Sir Richard Cox baronet, Sir Mathew Dean baronet, Sir Maurice Crosbie knight, Sir John Conway Colthurst baronet, John Blenerhassett the elder esquire, Emanuell Pigott esquire, Nicholas Colthurst esquire, William Crosbie esquire, Arthur Hyde esquire, Robert Fitz-Gerald esquire, James Colthurst esquire, John Blenerhassett the younger esquire, Arthur Crosbie esquire, Edward Herbert esquire, Arthur Blener-

7 G. 3. c.

^{10.} The road not to be repaired by the ordinary course.

Trustees appointed for speedy repair thereof.

23 G. 2. 16. may sue, &c. as if incorporated.

hassett esquire, John Colthurst esquire, Richard Ponsonby esquire, William-Francis Crosbie esquire, Thomas Herbert esquire, Arthur Herbert esquire, Henry Wallis esquire, Robert Dring esquire, doctor Nathaniel Bland, Rowland Bateman esquire, Richard Eyre esquire, Anthony Stoughton esquire, the reverend Francis Bland, the reverend Edward Herbert, the reverend Horatio Townsend, James Crosbie, George Herbert, William Carrique, Thomas Stoughton, William Blenerhassett, Thomas Blenerhassett, John Crosbie, Samuel Scelly, Lancelot Crosbie, and John Hewson esquires, and the survivors and survivor of them, who are hereby nominated and appointed trustees of the said roads, and they, or any eleven or more of them, or such person or persons as they, or any eleven or more of them, shall authorize and appoint, shall and may erect, or cause to be erected, one or more gate or gates, turnpike or turnpikes, toll-house or toll-houses, in, upon, or cross any part or parts of the said highways or roads; and also a toll-house and turnpike to be erected and fixed at Aghanebee aforefaid, not to be set up or erected within the liberties of the city of Corke, but without the same, there to remain during the continuance of this present act, and there at the said gate and toll-house, and at every other toll-house, gate, or turnpike, to be erected pursuant to this act, there shall be received and taken the tolls and duties following, before any horse, mare, gelding, ass or mule, cattle, coach, berlin, chariot, calash, chaise, chair, waggon, wain, cart, carr, or other carriage, shall be permitted to pass through the same: (that is to say) for every coach, berlin, chariot, calash, chaise, or chair, drawn by six horses, geldings, or mares, the sum of one shilling and seven pence halfpenny; for every coach, berlin, chariot, calash, chaise or chair, drawn by four horses, geldings, or mares, the sum of one shilling and one penny; for every coach, berlin, chariot, calash, chaise or chair, drawn by two horses, geldings, or mares, the sum of six pence halfpenny; for every waggon, wain, cart, or carriage with four wheels, ten shillings and ten pence; for every wain, cart, or carriage with two wheels, drawn with more than two horses, mares, geldings, oxen, asses, or mules, the sum of two shillings and eight pence halfpenny; for every cart or other carriage, drawn by two horses, geldings, or mares, the sum of four pence; for every carriage, commonly called a chair or chaise with one horse, mare, or gelding, the sum of four pence; for every carr or other carriage, drawn by one horse, mare, gelding, ass, or mule only, the sum of two pence; for every horse, mare, gelding, ass, or mule, not drawing, one penny halfpenny, except horses carrying turf, and for them only one penny; for every drove of

It trustees may erect turnpikes, &c.

a turnpike to be erected at Aghanebee, not within the liberties of Corke.

Toll to be taken from passengers.

The toll.

oxen or neat cattle, the sum of one shilling and eight pence by the score, and so in proportion for any greater or lesser number; for every drove of calves, hogs, sheep, or lambs, the sum of ten pence by the score, and so in proportion for any greater or lesser number; which said respective sum and sums of money shall be demanded and taken in the name of or as a toll or duty; and the money so to be raised is and shall be hereby vested in the said trustees, and the same, and every part thereof, shall be paid, applied, and disposed of, and be assigned to and for the several uses, intents, and purposes, and in such manner, as is hereafter mentioned and directed; and the said trustees, or any five or more of them, are hereby empowered by themselves, or any person or persons by them, or any five or more of them, under their hands and seals thereunto authorized, to levy the tolls or duties, hereby required to be paid, upon any person or persons who shall after demand made thereof neglect or refuse to pay the same, by distress of any horse, or other cattle or goods, upon which such toll or duty is by this act imposed, or upon any of the goods and chattles of any such person or persons who ought to pay the same, and may detain and keep the same until such toll or duty with the reasonable charges of such distraining and keeping shall be paid; and it shall and may be lawful to and for the person or persons so distraining, after the space of five days after such distress made or taken, to sell the goods distrained, returning the overplus (if any be) upon demand to the owner, after such toll, duty, and reasonable charges for distraining and keeping the same, shall be deducted and paid.

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The money raised vested in trustees.

Any 5, or persons by them authorized under hand and seal may levy the toll, by distress,

and sale after 5 days.

Difficulty and expence of said work.

Proposal by John Murphy to defray expence of obtaining this act, and lay out his own money on the road, erecting bridges, turnpikes and toll-houses:

The proposal.

" I John Murphy of Castle-Island aforesaid do propose to undertake and make a turnpike road from the liberties of the city of Corke, beginning at Aghanebee, through Mill-street in the county

10 H 2

" county

A. D. 1747. Chap. 13.

" county of Corke to Shannali-Mill in the county of Kerry, and from thence to Killarny, and also from said Shannaugh-Mill through Castle-Island to Listowell in the said county of Kerry, containing in the whole in length by computation fourteen thousand and eighty perches plantation-measure, or forty four miles, and to build nine large bridges and fifteen small ones in said road, which are absolutely wanting, at the rate of sixteen shillings by the perch, including the bridges, turnpike gates and toll-houses, for each and every perch in length of said road: and in case the said turnpike road shall measure more or less than the above computation, then the expence to increase or be diminished according to the above rate; the said road to be made in short and straight lines from and to the above mentioned places, as the nature of the ground will permit: provided the same shall not be carried through any house, garden, planted walk or avenue, and be thirty feet broad within the trenches, and sixteen feet of it in breadth, sufficiently gravelled from end to end, to be begun the first day of May next, and carried on with all convenient speed, so as to have it quite finished in eight years, turnpike gates and toll-houses to be erected, and all kept in repair during the term in the act for that purpose specified; all which, and the necessary expences of procuring said act of Parliament, shall be at my own expence: provided said act shall have continuance for a term of sixty one years, and that the said tolls and duties in said act be secured to be paid to me, my executors, administrators, and assigns, till the principal and interest of the expences of making said road, erecting said turnpike gates, toll-houses, and bridges, according to the above rates, and of procuring such act of Parliament, be repaid; gates and toll-houses to be fixed in such parts of said road, where they will best answer and secure the payment of the tolls and duties; and upon failure of keeping said road, bridges, houses, and gates in repair, after the term of eight years, that it be in the power of the trustees to be appointed by said act, after giving ten days notice, to apply a sufficient part of said toll towards completing the repair of said road:"

11 trustees may contract with said Murphy upon such terms,

and make over the tolls to him, till principal and interest paid;

Be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That it shall and may be in the power of the said trustees, or any eleven or more of them, at their first meeting in the city of Dublin, or elsewhere, at any time after the passing of this present act by any deed in writing under their hands and seals to contract with the said John Murphy, his executors, administrators or assigns, for repairing the said road upon the terms of said proposal, and to lease, mortgage, assign,

assign, or otherwise make over the tolls and duties of the said roads to him or them for any time or term during the continuance of this act, till the principal and interest as above mentioned be paid, and to appoint him or them surveyors of the said road.

III. Provided always, and be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in case the said roads, or any of them, shall not be compleatly amended and repaired according to the said proposal on or before the first day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty eight, that it shall be in the power of the said trustees, or any twenty or more of them, if it shall appear by the oath of any other five of said trustees, that the said road is not compleated and kept in repair from time to time according to said proposal, by any act under their hands and seals to vacate any contract, lease, mortgage, or assignment, that they shall so make, or have made, with the said John Murphy, his executors, administrators and assigns, and to appoint any other overseer or undertaker, they shall think proper, to compleat the said road; and if at any time after the said first day of November one thousand seven hundred and fifty eight the said road shall not during the continuance of this act be kept in sufficient and proper repair, it shall and may be lawful for the said trustees, or any twenty of them, to apply the tolls and duties, arising on the said roads, to amend and sufficiently repair all such parts thereof, as shall appear to the said trustees to be out of repair; and from thenceforth the said John Murphy, his executors, administrators, or assigns, shall not be intituled to said tolls and duties during the continuance of this act.

IV. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That every person, chargeable by any law now in being towards repairing the said highways or roads, shall yearly during the continuance of this act do and perform two days of that work, commonly called the Statute-Work, which is appointed by the laws now in being for amending the highways in this kingdom, in such manner, place and places, being part of the highways hereby intended to be repaired, and at such time, as the surveyor or surveyors, to be appointed by virtue of this act, shall by writing under his or their hand or hands from time to time order and direct, and shall not be again chargeable for the same by any surveyor or surveyors of the respective parishes or other person whatsoever; and also that the respective surveyor or surveyors for the time being of all and every parish and parishes, in which the said highway and road, intended to be repaired by this act, lye, shall yearly and every year, within four days after request made to

A. D. 1747. Chap. 13. and appoint him surveyor.

If the road not compleated, pursuant thereto, by 1 November 1758, said trustees, or any 20, on oath by 5 other trustees of not being compleated and kept in repair, may by act under hands and seals vacate such contract, and appoint any other undertaker. If after 1 Nov. 1758, the road not kept in repair, 20 trustees may apply the tolls thereto.

Persons chargeable shall do two days statute work as surveyors by this act appointed.

and not again chargeable by parish surveyors, who shall yearly, in 4 days after request, give a list of persons chargeable, and how, to

A. D. 1747. Chap. 13. surveyors by this act:

and in three days after notice summon so many as required.

penalty for their neglect 40s.

Persons keeping a cart, &c. not obeying such summons, forfeit 5s each of the 2 days.

labourers to forfeit 4s each day.

Penalties levied by distress, &c. by warrant of 5 trustees on information on oath;

and applied to the tolls.

him or them by the surveyor or surveyors for the time being appointed by virtue of this act, give a list or an account in writing under his or their hands of the name or names of all and every person or persons in the said respective parish or parishes, who are by the laws now in force chargeable towards the repairing the highways of the respective parishes, and what he or they is or are chargeable with respectively for and towards the same, to the surveyor or surveyors appointed or to be appointed by virtue of this act; and that the said surveyor or surveyors of the said parishes shall, within three days next after notice given by the said surveyor or surveyors appointed by this act of the time when and how many of the said persons, so chargeable as aforesaid, he or they would have to do the said two days work in and upon the said roads to be repaired by this act, either summon or give publick notice thereof to the said person or persons so chargeable as aforesaid; and if any surveyor or surveyors, of the said parishes respectively shall neglect or refuse to do, as they are hereby directed and required, he or they for every offence shall forfeit and pay the sum of forty shillings; and if any person or persons keeping a team, cart, carr, or other carriage, and chargeable towards the repairing the highways as aforesaid, shall neglect or refuse to do and perform the said two days work in the said highway, by this act intended to be repaired, after such summons or publick notice given as aforesaid, he or they shall forfeit and pay the sum of five shillings for each of the two days such person or persons keeping a team, cart, carr, or other carriage, shall make default; and if any labourer, or other person so chargeable towards the repairing the highways of the said parishes, shall at any time neglect or refuse, after such summons or publick notice given as aforesaid, to do and perform the said two days work in the said highway, by this act intended to be repaired, he or they shall respectively forfeit the sum of one shilling for each of the said two days, such labourer or other person or persons shall make default; all which penalties and forfeitures by this act imposed, shall be levied and recovered by distress and sale of the offenders goods or chattels, by warrant of 5 trustees under the hands and seals of the said trustees, or any five or more of them upon the information of one or more credible witness or witnesses upon oath; which oath the said trustees, or any five or more of them, are hereby impowered and required to administer; and the said forfeitures and penalties before mentioned, when recovered, after rendering the overplus (if any be) to the party or parties whose goods or chattels shall be so distrained, the charges of such distress and sale being first deducted, shall go to and be applied

plied for and towards the amending the said highway intended by this act to be repaired, in like manner as the tolls intended by this act are to go and be applied.

V. And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said trustees, or any five or more of them, are hereby impowered to erect one or more gate or gates, turnpike or turnpikes, on the side of the said highway or road, cross any way or lane leading out of the said road, and to build a toll-house or toll-houses, and there to receive and take such toll as is appointed by this act to be taken, so as the same does not extend to a double charge, and in case of passing the same day through any other of the turnpikes to be erected by virtue of this act: provided that no gate shall be erected by virtue of this act in any part of said road within half a mile of the said town of Listowell, or so as to cause any toll to be paid on the road leading from the said town of Listowell to the town of Tralee.

VI. Provided always, That in case there shall be more than one gate or turnpike in, cross, or on the side of the said highways or roads intended to be repaired by this act, no person on having paid the toll or duty at the first gate or turnpike, through which he shall pass, and producing a note or ticket that the said toll or duty was paid (which note or ticket the receiver and receivers is and are hereby required to give gratis) shall be liable to pay any toll or duty at any other of the said gates on the same day; and no person passing the place where the toll or duty shall be paid, who shall return the same day upon or with the same horse or carriage, shall be liable the same day to pay the said duty more than once.

VII. And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any person or persons whatsoever with any coach, berlin, chariot, calash, chaise, or chair, waggon, wain, cart, carr, or other carriage, or riding or driving any horse, mare, ass, mule, or any other sort of cattle, shall go out of said road into any by-ways to avoid the payment of the toll by this present act appointed to be paid, and shall thereof be convicted upon the oath of one or more witness or witnesses before the said trustees, or any three or more of them, who are hereby impowered and required to administer such oath, or before one or more justices of the peace for the county where such offence shall be committed, who are also hereby impowered and required to administer such oath, such person or persons shall forfeit and pay to the trustees above mentioned, or such persons as may hereafter become trustees by virtue of this present act, the sum of ten shillings, to be levied by distress and sale of the offenders goods by warrant under the hand and seal of such justice of the peace, or under

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5 trustees may erect turnpikes cross any way leading there-out, and take toll, so as no double charge.

No gate within half a mile of Listowell, nor toll paid from thence to Tralee.

On producing ticket of payment at a gate, not liable to pay at another the same day.

nor returning with the same horse or carriage.

Penalty of going out of the road to avoid toll, on conviction on oath before trustees or a justice, 10s. to the trustee.

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5 trustees may ascertain part of lands adjoining, not built on, or garden, &c. as said trustees, or 9 of them, think fit for carrying it in direct line.

9 trustees may agree with owners for recompence out of the tolls.

and on refusal or disability, 7 trustees may issue warrants to sheriffs to return a jury to inquire the value.

whose verdict conclusive.

11 trustees may at meetinge summon John Murphy and all receivers.

the hands and seals of the said trustees, or any three or more of them, rendering the overplus (if any be) to the owner, the charges of taking and disposing of the said goods being first deducted.

VIII. And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That it shall and may be lawful to and for the said trustees, or any five or more of them, to ascertain, describe, and set apart such part and proportion of the lands adjoining or contiguous to the said highway or road, or which otherwise lye most convenient for carrying on and continuing the said highway or road straight and in direct lines, not being houses, gardens, parks, or paddocks, adjoining avenues, plantations, or planted walks, as they the said trustees, or any nine or more of them, shall judge necessary for carrying the same straight and in a direct line as aforesaid; and the said trustees, or any nine or more of them, are hereby further authorized and impowered to treat and agree with the owners and others interested in the said ground, to be made use of in carrying the said road straight as aforesaid, for such recompence and satisfaction to be made for the same out of the tolls and duties arising by virtue of this present act, as the said trustees, or any nine or more of them, shall think fit and reasonable; and in case any person or persons shall neglect or refuse to treat or agree as aforesaid, or through any disability by nonage, coverture, or special limitation in any settlement or settlements, or by reason of any other impediment cannot, or otherwise howsoever shall refuse to, dispose of their respective interests in such lands, as the said trustees, or any seven or more of them, shall think convenient for the shortning the said road, in every such case the said trustees, or any seven or more of them, are hereby authorized and impowered to issue forth their warrant or warrants to the sheriff or sheriffs of the county, wherein such ground doth lye, to impannel and return before the trustees, or any seven or more of them, at such time and place within the said county, as shall be appointed in such warrant or warrants, a sufficient jury, who upon their oath (which oath the said trustees, or any seven or more of them, are hereby impowered and required to administer) shall enquire into the true and real value of such ground so to be made use of for the said highway or road; and such verdicts or inquiries, as shall be so found and returned by the said jury ascertaining the value of such ground, shall be final and conclusive, as well to the said trustees as to the several and respective proprietors of such ground, notwithstanding any disability or incapacity whatsoever; and the said trustees, or any eleven or more of them, or any other trustees to be chosen by virtue of this act, may at any of their meetings as aforesaid, as often as they shall think proper, summon the said John Murphy, and all and every the

receiver or receivers of all and every the tolls and duties to be paid by this act, before them, and audite and state their several and respective accounts, and thereby from time to time to ascertain not only what sum and sums shall have been advanced and expended by the said John Murphy on account of any of the purposes aforesaid, but also to ascertain what sum or sums of money shall be from time to time received by the said John Murphy, his executors, administrators, and assigns, for and on account of the same out of all and every the tolls and duties to arise and become payable by virtue of this act, and for that purpose to examine on oath not only such receiver and receivers of the said several tolls and duties, but also the said John Murphy, his executors, administrators, and assigns, which oath or oaths the said trustees are hereby impowered to administer, and for which no fee or reward shall be taken.

A. D. 1747. Chap. 13. and state their accounts.

and examine on oath.

IX. And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That it shall and may be lawful to and for the said John Murphy, his executors, administrators, and assigns, and for such person and persons as he or they shall appoint, to dig, raise, gather, take and carry away gravel, furze, sand, stones, or other materials, out of any waste or common of any parish, town, village, or hamlet, in or near which any foundrous or ruinous place of the said highways or roads do lye; and for want of sufficient gravel, furze, sand, stones, or other materials there, to dig, gather, raise, take, and carry away the same, out of the waste or common of any neighbouring parish, town, village, or hamlet, without paying any thing for the same; and where there is not sufficient of such materials in any commons or waste grounds near adjoining, it shall and may be lawful for him and them to dig, raise, and gather the same, in the several grounds of any person or persons, not being a garden, orchard, yard, or meadow, planted-walk or walks, or avenue to a house, where any such materials are or may be found, and from time to time to carry away such and so much thereof, as he or they shall judge necessary for the repairing and amending the said highways or roads, paying such rate for such materials to the owner or occupier of the ground, from whence the same shall be digged, raised, gathered, and carried away, as the trustees appointed or to be appointed to put this act in execution shall adjudge reasonable.

Power to John Murphy, &c. to raise materials in neighbouring waste or common, without paying.

and where not sufficient, in any grounds, not a garden, &c. making reasonable satisfaction, adjudged by trustees.

X. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That no person shall be hereafter elected a trustee to put this act in execution, who shall not actually be in the possession of a freehold estate of the clear yearly value of forty pounds at the time of his being elected a trustee, or who shall not have a personal estate of the clear value of one thousand pounds; and that upon

None to be trustee who has not 40l. per ann. freehold, or 1000l. clear personal estate. 23 G. 2 16. 50l. per ann. freehold.

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On doubt of the value must, if required swear theretofore 5 trustees at a board. Give and receiver of a ticket to avoid toll, on conviction on oath before 5 trustees or a justice, forfeit 10s.

any doubt arising of the value of such estates the person so elected, before he shall be admitted to act as a trustee, if any trustee shall require it, shall swear, that his estate is of the said value, before five trustees assembled at a board; which oath the said trustees are hereby impowered and authorized to administer.

XI. And for preventing frauds and abuses in the said tolls and duties, be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any person or persons having paid the toll or duty by this act granted and made payable, and having such note or ticket, notes or tickets, as are hereby required, shall give or dispose of the same to any person or persons in order to avoid the payment of the said toll or duty, every such person giving, disposing, or offering, and the person receiving, such note or ticket, notes or tickets, and being thereof convicted upon the oath of one or more witness or witnesses before the said trustees, or any five or more of them, or before any one or more justice or justices of the peace of the county wherein such offence or offences shall be committed, which oath the said trustees and the said justice or justices are hereby impowered to administer, shall respectively forfeit and pay the sum of ten shillings, to be levied, recovered, and disposed of, as any other penalty or forfeiture is directed to be levied, recovered, and disposed of by this act.

Continuance 61 years from 1 May 1748.

XII. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the tolls and duties hereby granted, shall take place and have continuance from and after the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty eight for and during the term of sixty one years.

But if before the road adjudged by majority of trustees sufficiently repaired, and John Murphy repaid, the toll to cease.

XIII. Provided nevertheless, That if at any time before the expiration of the said term of sixty one years all parts of the said road shall be sufficiently amended and repaired, and so adjudged by the majority of trustees, appointed or hereafter to be chosen by virtue of this act, by an adjudication made, and repayment to the said John Murphy, his executors, administrators, and assigns, of such money as shall have been paid or borrowed, with the lawful interest for the same, and the costs and charges thereof, the said tolls and duties shall cease and determine; any thing herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

11 trustees on death, removal, or refusing to act, may elect others, living in Curke and Kerry.

XIV. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That for the continuing of a sufficient number of able persons to be trustees for putting in execution all and every the powers in this act contained for and during the continuance thereof it shall and may be lawful to and for the said trustees, or any eleven or more of them, upon the death of any of the said trustees, or their removal or refusing to act in the said trust, from time to time, and at all times hereafter during the term aforesaid, to

elect, nominate, and appoint in the room of such trustee or trustees so deceased, removed, or refusing to act; another fit and able person, or so many more fit or able persons, living in the said counties of Corke and Kerry, to be joined with the said trustees in the execution of all and every the power and powers in them reposed by virtue of this act; and all and every person or persons to be chosen trustee or trustees to join in putting this act in execution, as they are herein before qualified to do, shall and are hereby impowered to act to all intents and purposes in as full, large, and ample manner, as the said trustees are by this act impowered to do, and so *toties quoties*, as often as occasion shall require.

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XV. And whereas the young timber-trees and saplins of this kingdom are greatly destroyed by making bows and backbands thereof for cars, and twisting the same into gads for backbands, halters, traces to draw by, or gads, commonly called long gads: be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That from and after the first day of August one thousand seven hundred and forty eight all carrs and carriages, making use of any part of any saplin or tree as or for a bow or backband, or making use of any saplins twisted into gads for backbands, halters, traces to draw by, ~~or~~ gads, commonly called long gads, shall for passing through any turnpike-gate in this kingdom pay the sum of one penny halfpenny, over and above the toll or duty required to be paid by an act now in force for passing through such turnpike-gate; and also that every horfe, carrying any pack tied with gads made as aforesaid, shall for passing through any turnpike-gate pay the sum of one penny, over and above the toll or duty required to be paid by any act now in force for passing through such turnpike-gate; and the trustees of every turnpike-act in this kingdom are hereby required to give notice in writing by posting the same on every turnpike-gate, that from and after the first day of August one thousand seven hundred and forty eight the said additional tolls and duties will be demanded and taken for all carrs, carriages, and horfes, using bows and gads as aforesaid.

To prevent destruction of young timber,

cars and carriages using a saplin or tree for a bow or backband, or twisted into gads, shall pay at turnpike 1d. halfpenny above the toll.

Horses with packs tied with such gads shall pay 1d. above the tolls.

all trustees shall post up notice of said additional tolls.

XVI. And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That this act shall be deemed, adjudged, and taken to be a publick act, and be judicially taken notice of as such by all judges, justices, and other persons whatsoever, without specially pleading the same.

This a publick act.

There are some glimpses of Murphy, and his sons in the *Kenmare Manuscripts*. The first was on 3rd May, 1727 in an account concerning the building of some wall and buildings where he is described as having done all the specified work and was a "very honest, industrious man of very good performance and esteem in his county".

Viscount Kenmare, Valentine Brown, describes his involvement in the road, but despite this he was not one of the trustees, no doubt because he was a Catholic. In describing the situation at Knockaninane he says:

"At my coming of age in 1748 I found most part of this estate a great dreary waste without a passable road in it, limestone in the mountains but no way of coming at it and the whole in a state of nature without any attempt at improvement. I first prevailed on the gentlemen of the county to apply for a turnpike road to Cork and lent the money to pay for passing the bill to Murphy the undertaker which road will be of utmost service to this country. I next offered 'praemiums' in imitation of those of the Dublin Society for ditching, draining and planting."

He refers to Murphy on many occasions, but none of them favourably, describing him and his family as rogues and knaves in that they took advantage of his public spirit to get cheaply rented land from him and were not very good at paying what they owed. They used the building of the road to excuse non-payment of rent on more than one occasion as Kenmare describes about a farm at Knocknaccarra:

"This was in my father's time part of a grand lease of several denominations called, Knocacapull, Gullane, etc., set to one Mahony and on the expiration rose amazingly and was set to Hum. Moynahan, of Rathbeg, and this part on't to Morto Murphy, son of John Murphy. The pretence for him taking this at £42 ster, and receivers fees was that as he was employed by his father in executing the turnpike to Cork and he represented they could not proceed on the line from Killarney to Millstreet without some land to keep their horses and people on. My zeal for the road was such that I accommodated them with this at said rent and with another large division at Knocknaseed at as reasonable a one; and the return I met with for it was their running in arrear with me for near £300, which I was obliged to take in oats, potatoes, etc., as they were a parcel of beggars. His father-in law, Moynahan of Rathbeg, has now an assignment of his farm and pays the rent punctually, but I insert this memorandum as one of the many knaveries practised on me by John Murphy and his children."

Kenmare describes "being vilely imposed upon by John Murphy", who persuaded him to rent land cheaply at Kilbreamore and Boulecullane on the promise of him setting up a linen manufacturing and bleaching business, which never happened and Kenmare felt "cheated and disappointed" and describes Murphy as a "rogue". He rented from Kenmare at Knocknamucklagh in 1748. He is also mentioned in connection with renting a farm at that time at Droumadisart with a Mahony who had married his daughter, and he is described as "cunning" in getting Mahony the farm

North Cork and West Cork and southern parts of Kerry. The basic structure of the town developed as a series of houses, shops, pubs etc. along both sides of the road. At the same time, modern major roads and the railway in a sense bypassed the town, and it has had to wait for the television age of communication before establishing itself again.

Also, butter-making was one industry—some would say, *the* industry—that made Cork city the second city of the country.

The Road opened up Aubane, and other areas, and the populating of the place was no doubt heavily influenced by the opportunities provided, mainly supplying butter to Cork. But there would have been a lot of other trade as well. That included robbery and mugging by some famous highwaymen in the mountain areas of the road. The most famous of these was Simon Browne who lived just beyond the Kerry man's Table in the townland of I vale across the road from John Buckley's house. An ancestor of Mick "Johnny" Kelleher (a great grandfather of Johnny Kelleher born in 1855) was denied absolution for 7 years for not testifying against Browne (see below).

One thing this kind of robbery means is that there was a cash economy—though in a restricted sense. Although limited, this was important when it came to the Famine. The Road became the central economic focus of the area, as the river would have been centuries earlier, and it was to the area what railways and airports were to other areas later—a great means of communication and transport, and you can't get far without them.

TRAVELLERS AND THEIR THOUGHTS ON THE ROAD

The Road became for a time the main route from Cork to Killarney for visitors who could brave the journey. It was after all, as it still is, a straight route between two of the most famous sights in the south: Blarney Castle with its Stone; and Killarney with its Lakes. Both places were very fashionable places to visit. As tourism has expanded so much, there is all the more reason today for it to be a much bigger part of the 'tourist trail'. A natural introduction to the Ring of Kerry!

Some of those who travelled the route left accounts of their journey, their views on the people and the area at the time, which is a side-benefit of the Road. The journey seems to have had the effect of helping some of them reflect on the world in general. The accounts also say quite a lot about the authors. In fact they say much more about them than they say about the area and the people. They also reflect the official attitudes of the time and I think they are worth quoting at some length, as there is no substitute for reading or hearing direct personal experiences.

These visitors saw only misery, poverty and superstition and, at the same time, made no causal connection between this perceived awfulness, and the role of their government, that had been in absolute control of the place for over a hundred years. The underlying attitude was that all the misery was the people's own fault and the government could do no wrong. These observers were in fact oblivious to the existence of another society with its own life, values and integrity. Their

strict and neat little theological categories could not comprehend the richness of Gaelic society.

It is easy to see how they would have seen the Famine some years later as a judgement of their God to sort out this awfulness. They never seemed to know that the people sang, danced, made music, told stories and generally lived to enjoy themselves, and, if they had commented on this, it would probably have been to condemn such activities as examples of more superstitions and perversions. To our Puritan minded travellers life on Earth was to be endured—to the Irish it was to be enjoyed.

I am only quoting from those who made the full journey between Cork and Killarney. Many others travelled the Road between Killarney and Millstreet, and went via Macroom or Mallow. These I am ignoring, as it is more appropriate that those who travelled the whole route deserve to be acknowledged in this type of publication, despite their obnoxious attitudes in most cases. I have left in all the old-fashioned style and spellings, and mis-spellings of which there are quite a few when it comes to local names.

MR. DERRICK—FLEA OR LOUSE?

One of the first sightseers on record was a very minor English poet called Samuel Derrick, who seems to have been very keen to ingratiate himself with the aristocracy and the gentry by writing to them describing his travels in detail. He describes himself as "the Master of Ceremonies at Bath", looking after the needs of those who went there to take the waters. He was born in Dublin and failed to make it as an actor. He fancied himself as a wit, but had to publish his own jokes. He was a great self-publicist and would have probably been a gossip columnist if alive today. He was known to Dr. Johnson. When Johnson was asked to compare him with another minor poet of the time, he commented in typical fashion to the effect that, "there was no way settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea", which put Mr Derrick exactly in his place.

One of Derrick's letters from Killarney to the Duke of Pomfret describes his journey on the Road on horseback from Cork, when there were still turnpikes on it. There was one such beyond Musherah on this side of Rylane, run by a man called Hely where Mr Derrick spent a night.

"LETTER XII.

"TO THE EARL OF POMFRET

Killarney, Oct. 1, 1760.

"MY LORD,

"On the 29th of September we set out for this place, on horseback, the city of Corke not affording, at this time, any kind of carriage for hire. After riding for about an hour, it began to rain very heavily; so that we made up to a cottage, through an avenue of dirt that almost smothered us: the master of it was a blacksmith and farrier, who put our horses up in his shop, and then invited us into his hovel, having first, in order to make room, turned out two

yelping curs and three pigs. The case is the same everywhere, the poorest hovel has its pigs and cur-dogs, which are very disagreeable to travellers.

"On our entrance we found a clear turf fire: near it sat an elderly woman, with two grown lads, one of them blind; and four girls, the youngest about seven years old, really handsome: this is not the case in general, for the peasants are indifferently featured, much tanned, and clumsy. It being Sunday, the family appeared in their most decent clothing, which, Heaven knows, was very indifferent. The man and woman spoke English very willingly; I say Willingly, because, though you meet many on the roads who cannot, you see more that can but will not. When I was last in Wales, I found the natives exactly of the same stubborn cast; and the only means we had to make our guides answer our questions, was to whip the horses hard: they then found their tongues, and entreated us in tolerable English, to spare the cattle. To this we agreed, provided they solved our inquiries, which reached no farther than the name of a village, or the owner of a neighbouring house.

"This couple were remarkably civil; and indeed their countenance bespoke good-nature, resignation, and content: perhaps they never had known any different scenes: they were not perplexed with compound or comparative ideas. We divided with them a cold turkey, and a bottle of shrub, which our servant carried; and they received both as gifts from Heaven. They honestly told us, that they were strangers to the taste of flesh meat from one year's end to another; that their constant food was potatoes and butter-milk, of which, they thanked God, they had enough to share with their neighbours. It is a melancholy consideration, yet it is truth, that in this distressed kingdom there are people so very wretched, as to be in want even of such poor viands. We asked the woman how she intended to support her family, 'Some of them, (answered she) as they grow up, shall go out to service, and one or two help me in and about my grounds at home: as for Donogh, my eldest boy, who was blinded by the smallpox, we have got a man to teach him the bagpipes, with which and begging there is no fear, under God, but he may get an honest livelihood, and live very comfortably: at any rate it is better than being a sorry tradesman.'

"This is too much, and too unhappily, the false pride of the nation; they prefer beggary and wretchedness to the sweets of industry and labour. Nor is it in these parts alone, that the people live in such poverty; we found the case the same all through the kingdom, even to the borders of the capital.

"The face of the country about the city of Corke is very pleasing; the grounds have the appearance of fertility and cultivation; the houses are neat; the gardens, however small, laid out to advantage; and the plantations thrive apace. But at the distance of six or seven miles you lose all this beauty. As you climb the mountains, which are very high, and from the tops of which we are told, the eye may often command one half the kingdom's breadth, you lose every trace of improvement; you see nothing but wild heaths, black bogs, and

rocky hills, with a thousand little streams bursting from their sides, and dashing down to the increase of the rivers that water the subjacent plains. The white rocks, that start up among the green plots are scattered through these barren and extensive heaths, look often like the ruins of so many grand buildings, and give the whole the appearance of a depopulated country. Yet the landscape is more sublime, more various, and certainly more comprehensive, than when the whole was one continued forest, which is said to have been formerly the case; and this seems to be confirmed by the vast quantity of wood daily dug out of the bogs and glens, above which these mountains tower, losing themselves in the clouds. This wood burns like a torch.

"We saw, in our travels, many ruined castles, mouldering churches, and decayed abbeys, scattered every where; but scarcely a comfortable habitation till we came to Mill-street, where we found an inn, considering the misery of the place, convenient enough; with a barrack, wherein are a few soldiers, and an officer. There are two good houses about a mile off, one belonging to Mr Wallis, of whom I have heard a very amiable character. Those vast tracks of high barren grounds, that lie between Corke and this place, which is situated in a very beautiful vale, are called the Muskerry Mountains. A good estate hereabouts was forfeited by one of the Muskerry family, Maccarthy, in the rebellion of 1641.

"The inn at Mill-street, however indifferent, is paradise, compared to the spot where we slept the preceding night: the rain continuing to pour very heavily, and without ceasing, we stopped at a wretched hovel on the confines of a bleak, extensive, rugged mountain; where they collect the dues of the turnpike: they showed us into a miserable cabin, in which there was something that wore the appearance of a bed, whereon we rested all night, wrapped in our great coats: we had a fine turf-fire lighted up, at which we dried ourselves, and were furnished with a young turkey fresh killed and boiled for our supper, and a bottle of excellent shrub: this fare, which was far beyond anything we could have hoped for, appeared so very sumptuous, that I do not remember I was ever better satisfied. We were at a loss, indeed, for water, the springs and streams being all muddied with the continual rains: however, through the interest of a splendid shilling, we had a gallon of water fetched from a covered well, at about a mile's distance.

"Mine host of the cottage, whose name was Hely, had more importance than a grandee of Spain. He told us, that there was not a better man in the counties of Corke and Kerry than himself; that he was well acquainted with the earl of Shelburn and Sir John Coulthurst, to both of whom he was nearly allied; and therefore he never let either of those families pay turnpike; for he chose to keep up family connexions.

"In our way to Mill-street, next morning, we crossed several little brooks, now swelled into rapid rivers, and, in one place, not without some danger;

the bridge, which had been built over it for the use of travellers, having been broken down in the night. The road from Mill-street, to the lake of Killarney, is made through a bog, and covered with gravel: it runs in almost a strait line, and, though it shakes under you, scarcely retains the impression of the horse's hoofs. It was odd enough to see the country people riding with their faces to the horses tails; thus letting the rain pelt their backs, and the horses chuse then-own way: at first approach, there was something so strange and whimsical in the sight, one was at a loss to find out the meaning of it.

I have the honour to remain, MY LORD, &c."

(Samuel Derrick: *Letters Written From Liverpoole, Chester, Corke*, etc., 1767.)

The broken down bridge he refers to is undoubtedly the bridge at Aubane and it confirms a local folk memory that the original was destroyed. Its knocking down and replacement no doubt added to Mr Murphy's problems mentioned above. I think it is also worth noting that the bridge here is built differently from others along the Road, as indicated by the parapets.

A DUBLIN GENTLEMAN

In 1764 John Bush, 'a Gentleman in Dublin', travelled the road from Cork to see the 'Lake of Killarney', and he described it in a letter to a friend at Dover on 30th of November that year. The only thing that impressed him was the Road, and his description of the area gives some idea of the enormity and the enterprise of the task there must have been in building it, in what was considered by Mr Bush and others such a dreadful part of the country:

"We made an excursion from Cork on purpose to visit it, [the Lake of Killarney, JL], through a most dreary and almost uninhabited country, for 30 English miles that we rode in the first stage, without meeting with anything other than a little bad rum and good water for ourselves, our horses were forced to stand it out. At the end of our second stage we reached Killarney, and were amply compensated for our uncomfortable ride over the bogs, and through clouds on the mountains over which we had to pass; the road, indeed, was good, but through a country the most infertile of entertainment of any in the South of Ireland. Indeed if it is equally so in every other direction to the lake one would imagine that Nature had neglected the country round about it for many mile on purpose to be lavish of beauty and fertility superior to every description we have yet seen." (John Bush, *Hibernia Curiosa*, 1769.)

AN ANONYMOUS TRAVELLER

In 1788 a traveller who has not left us his name did the same journey and made some quick notes along the way:

"Saturday, 19th July, 1788. We left Cork about eleven o'clock on our way to Tralee, distant forty miles from the top of the hill. Just after we left Cork we had a charming prospect of the whole city below us, and it really looks very

pretty for about 4 miles beyond Cork the country is pleasant, the greatest part of it being very well improved and having a good many Gentlemen's seats. Ten miles from Cork we stop to get some dinners and to feed the horses, the country here begins to be very Barren and mountainous. Just after we left this place it began to rain, which it continued to do for the remainder of the Day, from here to Millstreet where we were to lay that night is an entire mountain, in some few parts we could see some miserable cabins and a few lands of potatoes near them. We got to Millstreet a little before it was dark after having travelled 12 miles of the poorest country that I have ever seen. The Inn at Millstreet is by far the best in this part of the Kingdom and indeed is a very good house, where there is great plenty and every thing very good." (Ms. 25638 in the National Library.)

CHARLES T. BOWDEN

Mr Bowden visited Ireland in August/September 1790 and reflected as follows on his journey from Cork to Killarney:

"I abridged my stay in Cork through my impatience to view the natural curiosities Killarney afford, to which I drove as expeditiously as possible. It is situated in the southern part of the county of Kerry. I arrived there the day I left Cork; and in my journey had only time to notice the poverty I passed through. It is a melancholy circumstance for a traveller to behold such numbers of boys and girls, as are seen in most parts of Ireland, idling away their time in barren amusements, ignorant of any business by which they might support themselves. One great cause of this is I attribute to a ridiculous pride which prevails in that class of natives called middlemen. Too proud to train up their children to business, and too poor to afford them the means of direct subsistence, these semi-gentry, rear them in the habits of sloth, and it is thus that pride and beggary go hand in hand through the country. For their offspring, trade is too vile an employment, too grovelling an idea. If they are raised but one step above the surface of beggary, their daughters are troubled with the delicate attentions of the head landlord, and the sons are dedicated to the exalted pursuits of cock-fighting, horse racing, hunting, or the ruin of female innocence. Upon an income of two or three hundred a year, it is not uncommon to see six or seven 'gentlemen' reared' and when the patrimony it comes to be divided between them, it will afford perhaps to each as much as will enable him to exist without labour, yet to get drunk, insult those whom he please, and fight duels. Instead of this class in England, there is a yeomanry useful, hardy and industrious."

(Charles T. Bowden, *A Tour Through Ireland In 1790*, 1791.)

It is rather amazing that Mr Bowden, like many others, made no connection with how his government had organised the political system of the time, creating the consequences that horrified him. Why did this class of middlemen exist, but as a direct result of the absentee landlord system! He also like others seemed not to

appreciate that only in his society did people find it natural to be industrial slaves and not conceive of the notion that life could have other, more enjoyable, objectives. In fact he himself, at the end of his book, described some of the virtues of the society that survived despite the way it was run:

"However prejudice may represent the Irish, certain it is human nature is much the same as in England. The common people are far removed from that semi-barbarous state, which is the general opinion on the other side of the water. They appeared to me friendly, obliging, and sincere; at least these traits are stronger than that in the English peasantry... And of the natives in general I must confess, more hospitality, attention, or civility, I never experienced than I did amongst them." (Ibid.)

THE ARTISTIC MR HOLMES

Some years later, in September 1797, an artist called George Holmes travelled the Road on his way from Killarney to Cork and, although he does not give a detailed account, he describes the impression the scenery made on his artistic soul:

"Cork, Thursday, Sept. 7, 1797

"Yesterday morning early, we departed from the Lakes, three miles from which we entered a boggy mountainous tract. On our right, we were much struck with the singular appearance of the two hills, called the Paps. They are smoothly formed to the fairest proportion, imitating in the closest manner the beautiful outline of a woman's bosom. On the summit of each is a rock, resembling the nipple of the breast (an odd coincidence), giving the most interesting finish to the whole: they derive their name from this extraordinary similarity. Quitting the county of Kerry, we entered the county of Cork, near Mill-street, where we stopped to take some refreshment, before we encountered the Baggra mountains, which extend themselves nearly ten miles. In winter, these wilds are in most places impassable; but in summer, hard and firm, producing grass and heath, and grazed by vast herds of cattle, which are removed to the low lands, when the season is over. Black fogs are engendered, and constantly hang around these inhospitable hills.

"The brown burnt earth

Of fruit and flowers, and every verdure spoiled,

Barren and bare, a joyless dreary waste,

Thin cottag'd, and in time of trying need,——

Those roving mists, that constant now begin

To smoak along the hilly country, these

The mountains cisterns fill; those grand reserves

Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,

Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,

And their unfailing stores the rivers draw,

To send a thund'ring torrent to the main.'

"To the west, the hills of Muskerry lend their assistance to this dreary scene, conveying the appearance of a boundless rocky desert. On the borders, near the road side, is Donaghmore, the patron saint of which was named Lachteen; and some years ago, a brazen hand was kept here as a holy relick, by which the people swore upon solemn occasions; but it was removed, very properly, by the order of one of the Roman Catholic bishops of Cloyne. Passing Blarney castle, five miles brought us to Cork, fatigued to death, and happy to rest our wearied limbs". (George Holmes, *Sketches Of Some Of The Southern Counties Of Ireland Collected During A Tour In The Autumn 1797, In A Series Of Letters*, 1801.)

His reference to taking cattle up Musher for Summer grazing (*booleying*) was quite accurate, and there is a green part of Musher, above the Country Park gates, that was known as *Cuimin na budeoige* (The commonage of the cattle) because of its suitability for this purpose.

MR. JOHN HARDEN

A few days later, a Mr John Harden, who travelled with Holmes, recorded his thoughts on the journey and saw nothing that interested him:

"Sunday, 10 September 1797 after havg breakfasted mounted our horses & pushed on for Cork—nevertheless highly delighted with the reflections on Killarney & contemplating a return some short while with female company wch wd add much to the pleasure—we ascended gradually for about 3 or 4 miles from the town and looking back commanded an extensive and delightful view of the Lakes Mountains & surrounding shores—we now entered on a dreary long boggy uninteresting road—no diversity no object to engage—we at length arrived at Mill St 16 Ms where we were received into a very good Inn—fed our horses, snacked, mounted and so moved on a further continuation of dreary wretched mountains dispiriting to the last degree 'till we came within 5 or six miles of Cork when the country became interesting we at last reached Cork 23 Ms—the evening dusk & somewhat Jaded after a ride of 40 Ms in all this day—we had written to engage Lodgings at Mr Geo Noble's that we might be altogr. & were sure we had nothing to do but possessn but being assizes week changed the story—& we were obliged to take beds at the Hotel (Scotts Georges St) for the night & accommodate ourselves tomorrow—rested well—" (John Harden, *Tour In Ireland In 1797*).

THE VERY POMPOUS MR CARR

In 1805 Sir John Carr, one of the best known travellers of his time, made a tour of this and other countries. It was a version of the traditional 'Grand Tour' of Europe, made by aristocrats to get acquainted with the art and civilisation of Europe, the English version of which had been vandalised by the Puritans at home. He was one of the first tourists and travel writers as we know them today, and a bit of a pompous show-off always letting the reader know how

much he knew about everything and he really indulged himself on the Road between Killarney and Cork:

"On the 17th of October I bade adieu to Killarney, in company with an intelligent Irish officer, and set off for Mill-street, about twenty miles distant, which I do not see, although a good-sized town, indicated in Faden's Map of Ireland: the road is a cross one, and deplorably bad, and the country as dreary on that side of the lakes as I found the approach to them from Limerick. On our right, for a long way, we saw Glenaa, the Turk and Mangerton mountains, which were succeeded by a chain of lessening hills, upon the sides of which patches of stationary vapour rested in very singular forms. Upon the road we overtook peasants with horses carrying barrels of butter to Cork, secured as usual with ropes of hay. The cabins were generally thatched with potatoe stems, and had a very wretched appearance. On this side of Cork tillage appeared to be much neglected, and as a natural consequence the population is very thinly scattered,

"The cows and cattle of this county (Kerry) are deformed from starvation; but when the former is taken care of, they exhibit good symmetry; and though very small, not weighing more than sixteen stone (14lbs, to the stone), give frequently as many quarts of milk at the two milkings.

"Ireland and humanity are greatly indebted to Mr Foster for his wise extension of bounties on the exportation of com, by which tillage has been extended, but pasturage has almost kept equal pace with it; the result however is, that they have both gained upon the waste lands, and the progressive increase of the former must call forth the energies and industry of the peasantry: it is a melancholy fact, that the number of poor in Ireland who derive an abject subsistence from slender employment is very considerable.

"In the beginning of the rebellion of 1798, the number of cottiers who assembled at distant places of rendezvous, without being missed, I was assured was very great; otherwise it is to be presumed that such a sudden vacancy would have caused alarm. So injurious is grazing to population and civilisation, that the most wretched peasants in mind and body generally inhabit the most luxuriant soil. Where the grass grows greenest, the face of the peasant is most sad...

"That the population of Ireland has increased no one can doubt. Mr Whitelaw informs me that, from such observations as he has been able to make from a few trials on a small scale, and from the observations of intelligent friends, he is induced to believe that it does not fall short of five millions, but does not exceed it, as some writers have asserted; whilst others have confined it to three millions only. I place great confidence in Mr Whitelaw's statement.

"The relative proportions of square miles, and of population, between England and Ireland, is as follows:

England contains	49,450	square miles
Ireland	27,457	ditto
England contains	9,343,578	persons
or	189	ditto to one square mile
Ireland contains	5,000,000	persons
or	182 1/10th	to one square mile

"I have already mentioned the difficulty of ascertaining the population of Ireland with accuracy. Sir William Petty, who wrote in the reign of Charles II, estimated the population of Ireland at one million only. His position as physician to the army in that country, and his long residence there, must have afforded him tolerable opportunities for judging. The number who perished in the rebellion of 1798 and 1803 is supposed to have exceeded twenty thousand men; but it must ever remain a matter of conjecture. The population of Ireland, and consequently its agricultural improvements, must have received severe checks at various eras. The war of 1641, which lasted eleven years, and the plague and famine which accompanied it destroyed six hundred and eighty-nine thousand persons; and, in 1652, Dublin was obliged to import provisions from Wales; and, about forty years since, corn to the amount of 380,0001.

"To no country under Heaven has nature been more bountiful than to Ireland, and in few countries have her bounties been less tasted by those for whom they were destined. Her history presents the gloomy picture of man opposing the happiness of man...

"The causes which promote population have been ably ascertained to consist of food, frequency of marriage, a salubrious climate, favourable to health, generation, and long life, to which I think the absence of English poor-laws may be added. Under these propitious circumstances, population will double in less than twenty years. What would the population of Ireland have been, if her political happiness had been commensurate with her physical advantages? What may not such a country become in the space of twenty years, under the fostering care of a wise and beneficent government?

"The retarding causes which affect the population of Russia, prevent it from doubling itself in less than forty years. The amazing population of China has been attributed to the expences attending the marriage state being so inconsiderable. A little rice, some raw cotton, or other materials, for clothing, and a couple of mats, form almost all the furniture of an ordinary Chinese house. The lower orders of Chinese are, I believe, more wretched than the lower Irish. We are credibly informed, that thousands of families live perpetually in little fishing-boats upon the canals and rivers, and that they frequently subsist by fishing up the nastiest garbage thrown overboard by a European ship. In Ireland there are scarcely greater checks to marriage amongst the lower orders, than there are in the sexual intercourse of animals.

If the condition of the Irish peasantry were improved, I do not see that the population could suffer.

"Luxury is depopulating in its consequence, civilisation not. The voluptuousness of the Roman empire wasted the population of Italy to a shadow. Industry made Holland what she lately was; and the same spirit, and the progress of the arts and knowledge, have powerfully conducted to render England what she is. Polygamy is known to be unfavourable to population; for it has been with tolerable accuracy ascertained that, in almost every country, more men than women are born in the proportion of fourteen to thirteen, or of fifteen to fourteen. The low Irish are not only remarkable for their early marriage, but for the inviolate sanctity with which the marriage contract is kept; and hence, amongst other causes, the numbers and the health of the children which are crowded in every cabin.

"When our militia regiments were in Ireland during the rebellion, the numbers of the married men amongst the Irish regiments were astonishingly greater than those of the same description in the English regiments, to the no small and frequently jocose surprise of the Irish soldier. Sir William Petty well observes, that 'Fewness of people is real poverty; and a nation wherein are eight millions of people, is more than twice as rich as the same scope of land wherein there are but four.' Montesquieu quaintly calls population 'une immense manufacture.' I can confidently assert, that it is a manufacture well calculated to flourish in Ireland.

"I saw nothing in the road to Mill-street worthy of notice, but the object which suggested the few remarks before mentioned. The town is a long street, with several tolerable houses in it, and a barrack, where I dined with my intelligent companion and his amiable lady. The next morning I proceeded alone for the first stage, distant about twelve miles, over a most desolate mountainous country. Owing to a succession of mountains, and a very bad road I was five hours in accomplishing this stage. I was informed this road will speedily be improved, and that a mail is intended to run from Cork to Killarney, and thence to Limerick and Dublin. As I walked forward whilst my chaise was slowly climbing up a mountain, I took a wrong road: a peasant who had watched me, ran after me, and put me right. I helped a peasant remount his barrels of butter, the hay-ropes of which had given way. 'Ah!' said the fellow, 'may your honour live long, very long.'

"At Ten-mile house I was fortunate enough to meet with a female companion, an intelligent, sprightly Irish girl, who had been educated at one of the convents at Cork, whither she was going, and who relieved the dreariness of the road, by talking the Irish language, and singing some ancient Irish airs; the former sounded very mellifluous, and the latter very delightful...

"About four miles before we reached Cork, on our left, my fair *campagnon du voyage* pointed out to me Blarney Castle, upon a turret of which there is a stone which is very nearly *inaccessible*, and possesses, it is said, a rare virtue

of making those for ever happy *who touch it*" (John Carr, *The Stranger In Ireland tic*, 1806.)

Carr's book was parodied almost line by line by another writer, Edward Dubois, and was very amusing. Carr was highly offended and sued for libel but lost his case.

His reference to the road being considered as the mail road is interesting and is one of the great 'might have beens' for the road. Obviously the Post Office considered the gradient too steep in parts. The road via Macroom became the mail road instead.

The part of the Dubois parody corresponding to the above extract is as follows:

"On the 17th October I bade adieu (*posterioradedi*) to Killarney. Mill-street, a good-sized town, twenty miles distant, is not 'indicated in Faden's map.'—How can these chart-makers omit anything, when we tourists never do! The road is not only cross itself, but it makes those who travel on it so—it is '*deplorably bad*.'

"In the county of Kerry *starvation* is not found to be good for cows—it deforms them; and, if carried to any great length, I was informed, they would die! A treatment opposed to this, is said to have a different effect—it produces 'good symmetry,' even in a cow, which animal, according to the idea that passion is always represented by acute angles, should not be so passive and gentle as folks think. This deserves the fullest consideration of the professors of *vaccination!* When they have any thing to eat, (not otherwise) they yield 'sixteen quarts of milk at the two milkings.'

"*Note for my pocket-book*,—Perhaps I am wrong here:—according to a paper read at the Arts and Sciences, the cows are milked three times a day in Ireland, as well as in Germany. The writer recommended the practice in England, and stated that, by these means, two cows would yield as much in two days, as three according to the old mode; for he contended, and said it was proved by experience, that the cow's milk is collected in her udder, during the day, every four hours, and if you miss one of these periodical returns, the milk passes off, through other channels, and in the four hours after you obtain no additional quantity.

"Dr. Priestley, Mr Whitelaw, and Sir William Petty, on agriculture and population must give me a lift here. Heaven has been very bountiful to Ireland, but her bounties have been 'little tasted for whom *they were destined*.'—who has swallowed them all I can't say, but this passage will be sufficient to shew that I am not a predestinarian. 'Causes of population,'—state them all, but be delicate. Point out how the Irish 'population will double:'—the women will pray for you and the men will take it as a compliment. Montesquieu calls population, *une immense manufacture*, which affords me great pleasure, since it rescues an *Irishman*, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, from a bull, when he says that his great grandfather went over to Carrickfergus, one day, and peopled all Scotland with his own *hands*.

"I helped a man 'to remount his barrels of butter:' he repaid me in *wit*, the only coin they have—'Ah!, said he, may your honour live long, very long.'

"Having left my 'intelligent companion' at Millstreet, I met at ten mile house 'an *intelligent* Irish girl, who relieved the dreariness of the road by talking and singing,' Irish and this intelligent syren was as intelligible to me as if my ears had been stopt with wax.

"At *Blarney Castle* there is a stone, which has, it is said, the virtue 'of making those for ever happy who touch it.' *This is Blarney*" (Edward Dubois, *My Pocketbook*——By A Knight Errant, 1807.)

THE RATHER DOUR SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE

In 1806 Sir Richard Colt Hoare toured Ireland. He had begun travelling to get over the death of his wife in 1785 and toured a lot of Europe but had to stay nearer home during the Napoleonic Wars. Hence his visit here in 1806:

"Monday 21 July. Leaving Killarney with regret, I continued my journey towards Cork, stopping the first night at Mill Street, XVI miles, where I found a good inn. The road is very rough, and according to an Irish expression, 'as straight as a gun barrel'. On the right is a continued range of mountains, amongst which the figure of those called the Papps, is very singular. The face of the country presents an unvaried continuation of heathy bog, and woodless enclosures; but the numerous fragments of roots of trees, and timber dug out of the bog, prove that in former times, the surface of this country bore a very different appearance. We met on the road numerous troops of packhorses conveying casks of salt butter from the interior to Cork. \

"Tuesday 22 July. From Mill Street to Cork, XXIII miles.\At a short distance from Mill Street is a tedious, but gradual ascent, of four miles over a very rough road, heathy mountains and uninteresting scenery; a continued deluge of rain rendering every object still more dreary. We at length found a halting place, a little inn, called the Ten Mile House, where having broken one of my carriage springs, I had great reason to complain of imposing charges made both by the landlord and the blacksmith, whose assistance was wanting to mend the fracture. On speaking to a waiter about him, he told me, 'that the people of the district were very tough and quarrelsome.' The hills continue, and the road improves a little, but is still bad. Cultivation mends, and some good crops of wheat and barley testify the fertility of the soil. See on the left a castle amongst woods, and another nearer Cork, on the side of the River Lee; but the misty state of the atmosphere obscured all these views, which appear to be rich, as well as those of the City of Cork, We lodged at Scraig's Hotel, in George Street, a large but dirty inn." (Richard Colt Hoare, *Journal Of A Tour In Ireland A.D. 1806, 1859.*)

REV. SLEATHER'S LIST OF VIPs ON THE ROAD

In 1806 the Rev. Matthew Sleather published a *Topography And Itinerary Of*

The Counties Of Ireland, which was a guide to all the Church of Ireland parishes, churches, gentry, etc. It is not clear if he actually travelled the Road, but he gave a brief account of the Very Important Persons who lived on the route, and how many miles they each were from Cork. He also gives the turnpikes in the same way, even though they were not operating at the time. Maybe their existence was still evident:

"From Cork to Mill-street 22m, proceeding to Shanes Inn 26m in Kerry County. At 2m Mount Desert, Mr. Dunscombe. At 3m Ballycannon, Richard Spread, Esq. At 4m Blarney Castle in Garrycloyne parish: walls 18 feet thick, Mr. Jeffreys. This family has supporters to their arms bearing a coronet. Two cotton manufactories employing 800 people. A lake of 30 acres. (Dawstown, Mr. Davis). Woodside, Mr Carleton. At 6m Ardrum, Sir Nicholas Colthurst Bart. Cloghroe, the late Joseph Capel, Esq. At 7m is a turnpike. At 10m is Deny, Mr. Gibbs, At 13m Mountrours, Mr. Phelan. At 14m is a turnpike. At Mill-street 22m Coomlagane Mr. O'Leary. Mount Leader, Mr. Leader. At 26m Shanes Inn you enter Kerry County."

THE VERY INQUISITIVE REV. HALL

Another traveller was the Rev. James Hall who published an account of his tour of Ireland in 1813 and, being a very curious individual, he made a point of visiting and finding out about the people of the least known parts of the country:

"From Blarney to Mill-Street, which is more than twenty miles, there is neither town nor village, nor any thing but marks of poverty. The greater part of the country is in grass; the people, on account of the tithes, being averse from improving it; to be freed from which, many would give them more than ten per cent on their whole rent. Those who have sense, however, drive culum from Cork, and make lime for the improvement of their fields.

"The itch is not unfrequent in the cabins in this part of the country; and so poor are many, that there is neither chair, nor stool, nor table in the houses, but round stones about the fire for seats. The crook, as it is called, or hook, on which they hang the pot over the fire, is of wood, tied by a straw rope to something at the top, and the pot, for boiling potatoes, &c. is not unfrequently turned mouth downward, and used as a seat about the fire. Having gone into a variety of cabins, on various pretences, my boy jogging on with the pony, and hovering about until I appeared, in some places, thinking me a new tithe-proctor, they were afraid; others thought me a person appointed to lay on new taxes, or one sent by the landlord to see if a few more shillings could be got for the cabin; and therefore hated me. Some actually fell down upon their knees, thinking me a priest and father-confessor; while others, again, thought me one sent to contrive some scheme to rescue them from the hands of their oppressors, the middlemen, tithe-proctors, and the Protestant clergy. In short, the poverty and oppression of many hereabouts can scarcely be imagined.

"The kraals of the Hottentots, the huts of the Laplanders, and the caves and

holes of the natives of New Holland, seem preferable, in many points of view, to the hovels of the Irish. If they be happy, it proceeds from their ignorance, and not being habituated to other conveniences. What a contrast, when one considers the rooms in our great houses, furnished after the Grecian, the Italian, Egyptian, Turkish and other styles! In a word, when we view the carpets, hangings, splendid carriages, and numerous conveniences of the rich in this and other countries, as well at the present as in antient times, we are led to conclude that, if it were not for the prospect beyond the grave, of all men the situation of the poor cabin-people in Ireland would be the most miserable. The accommodation of these poor people called up to my mind the splendour of Solomon, and of the antients; many of whom had tables, cupboards, chariots, &c. &c. of solid silver intermixed with gold. It brought to my mind the splendour of Artaxerxes on his throne; of Pompey in triumph, blazing with diamond pearls; of Alexander the Great, who, at one time, entertained three hundred commanders on seats of solid silver; and of Poppaea, Nero the Emperor's wife, whose horses were shod with gold. On the authority of Seneca and Vitruvius we may assert, that, at Rome, the man was accounted poor and mean whose bath did not shine with precious stones and mosaic-work, the vaults arched with crystal, and the cocks of silver to spout out water; nay, so great was the Roman vanity and luxury that, in some, the whole side-seats and pavements were of pure silver.

"Roman Catholic priests here, as in many other parts, sometimes preach in English, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in Irish, and sometimes in a jargon of all three languages. It would have given me pleasure, had any sensible member of the Bible-Society been with me.

"In the Hill of Muckarty, between Cork and Killarney, I fell in with Colonel L——ley, whose carriage, the day before, had broken down. It being very rainy, the roads deep, and more than three miles to any house, even the meanest hut, the Colonel and his lady had stayed some hours in the broken carriage, in hopes that the rain might subside. Despairing, however, of this, and the night approaching, he and the lady were obliged to trudge in the mud, not knowing which way to go for shelter. The Colonel was cursing and the lady wishing herself dead. The servant had been away with the horses to a hut; as, if he did not, the Colonel knew well that, notwithstanding the rain, the carriage would disappear before morning; being torn in a hundred pieces, and carried away by the inhabitants.

"I was amazed to find that, in this part of the country, though they are all dairy-men, yet they never heard of Dr Jenner, a native of the dairy-district in Gloucestershire, nor of the inoculation for the cow-pox, so much now the subject of conversation.

MILLSTREET.

"At Mill-Street, an inland town on the borders of the county of Kerry, there may be about a thousand inhabitants.

"At the inn where I put up for the night, the best in town, I found a girl, about ten or eleven years of age, with something like a pin-cushion hung round her neck; which I learned, had been given her by the priest to cure her of a decline, and defend her from all diseases whatever. After looking much at it for some time, and hearing much of its value and virtues, I became anxious to see what was in it; but did not know how to come at it.

"Resolved, if possible, to accomplish what I wished, I called the girl to me, and gave her some money, begged her father and mother to drink with me, (a circumstance that pleases almost everyone in Ireland), and was kind to all the children. Being at a loss to know what it contained, the girl told me it was an oration(orison she meant) of immense value. On expressing a desire to see the inside, the girl said she would open the cover, which she did, before I had procured either the father's or mother's consent. When the linen bag was opened, I found it contained two pieces of paper sealed, which, they told me, was with holy wax, and the seal must not be broken. What to do I knew not. To open thus sacred seal, in a place where all are Catholics, I knew to be improper, and perhaps might cost me my life; and, to proceed no farther, was still to remain in the dark. Resolved, however, one way or other to come at the object of my wishes, I took the two papers; and, while I was handling them not too delicately, one of the seals flew almost open. Fortunately they took me for a priest; and as they thought I might have some holy wax about me, and be able to renew the seals, they allowed me to open them. The first paper I opened (which I confess I did with a trembling hand) contained nothing but these words, written in an indifferent hand, 'Apud Deum est sanatio corporis' and a short Latin prayer, that the bearer, whoever it should happen to be, might be cured, and preserved from all disorders. The other had merely the following sentence, copied from the vulgate Latin of the New Testament, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'.

"Priests write these during their leisure-hours, and sell them or give them away as they see proper. I returned the papers, thanked the good woman and her husband for their indulgence; saying they could easily be sealed, but that I hoped they would excuse me doing it, as I had no holy wax about me. When priests pretend to cure and keep off disorders by charms, is it surprising that the people believe them? But a country where ignorance prevails, is, and always has been, the proper soil for a plentiful crop of imposture. Those among the antient Romans who wrote of the Druids, observe that the Druids of Britain and Ireland were famous for curing disease by magic and charms. It is curious to observe, that their successors the priests have not yet laid aside this custom...

"It was fortunate that no priest came to the house at Mill-Street, where I lodged, while I was there; as, if he had, and they had come to know that one of their sacred seals had been broken open by the unholy hands of a Protestant, (the doing of which, I confess, was not right) it might have cost me much trouble, if not my life.

"But why speak thus of the credulity and ignorance of the people and the priests in this part of the country, when there are equal marks of credulity and ignorance

among ourselves? On the steps, for instance, of many of the first-rate taverns, coffee-house, shops, dwelling-house, &c. &c. even in London itself, we find a horse-shoe nailed, as you enter, to keep away evil. Many will not live in a house, unless one of these be nailed somewhere about the entrance. In some parts of England they have the shoe nailed on the middle of the door. And certain it is that many of our sailors will not live in a ship, unless they see more than one of these nailed to the mast. Admiral and commanders are obliged to permit this; otherwise many an excellent seaman would not venture to sea with them. When I asked an extensive dealer, and a rich man, why he had that horse-shoe, pointing to it, nailed on the front of one of the steps into his house? He replied, on my begging an ingenuous answer, 'To please my wife and keep out ill-luck'. Many of our servants, if they engage in a house that has none of these about the entrance, nail a shoe up privately; or as a Laplander, Icelander, and Hottentot would do, leave the house altogether. I know of a house where the two former occupiers failed in business. The present occupier, who, immediately on taking possession of the house, nailed up a horse-shoe at the entrance, having succeeded, and saved several thousands pounds, attributes his success, as do his wife and not a few of his inmates, to the virtue of the horse-shoe. It is for those who are better informed than I am, to say how the notion of the virtue of an old horse became so general, and has continued so long among us.

"There is no kind of manufacture at Mill-street, and they seem to be all poor, except Captain Watson, who has considerable landed property in the vicinity.

"Between Cork and Killarney many of the farmers have neither stable, nor cow-house, nor sheep-cot; but all lodge in the same house, and in the same place, without the least partition between the cattle and the people. In such houses, the first thing done in the morning, after the irrational part of the inhabitants are gone, is to clear away their manure, the straw from the floor. The dunghill is generally before the door, and so placed, that you must walk over it, before you can enter the house. This happens in some parts of Scotland. There being a heavy fall of rain, one morning while in this part of the country, I made towards a farm-house, from which I had seen smoke ascending. When I approached the house, I saw two cows looking out at the door, seemingly afraid of my umbrella. The house was full of smoke, through which, so soon as I could see anything, observed a number of people sitting round a fire of turf, drying their clothes, and smoking tobacco. Room was made for me and my boy at the fire, and for my horse not many yards distance, among the cattle. I sat down, when the good woman of the house went to milk the cows, which knew their names, and each came as she called them; Humley being the first called, then Brockley, &c. While she was employed in this way, a fine kid, only a few weeks old, leaped up, of its own accord, lay on my knee, like a cat, and seemed highly pleased; when with the upper end of a quill that I had used as a picktooth, I amused myself in scratching its head. So much did I become attached to this fine little animal, that had I had a house within twenty miles, I would have purchased the kid at any price, and ordered it thither. Besides the kid

on my knee, and another that had put its head into my pocket, in quest of some gingerbread I happened to have in it, there was a goat fixed by a hay-rope to a four-stooped bed, three calves, a large sow going through the house with young ones, a hen with chickens, two dogs, a cat, and a young hawk, which, after it was three weeks old, became more than a match for the cat, and fairly beat her off in a battle which happened between them, while I was in the house, with a number of fine half-naked children, all waiting till the potatoes were ready for breakfast, of which we all ate heartily, with milk; the cows being the only animals in the house that, when we began to eat, did not draw near. As for my pony, the boy could scarcely prevent him putting his head in over our shoulders, and his mouth into the basket with the potatoes, before us. The kid on my knee, the cat, and the hawk, ate potatoes as well as any of us.

"In former times, in most parts, people lived thus, under one roof with the cattle, to prevent them being stolen; and, in many places, for a like reason, they find it necessary to do so at the present day; necessity, which introduced the custom, still rendering it necessary. The truth is, did not the cattle live with the people under the same roof, in many places, they would be carried off during the night; and, owing to the fewness of the inhabitants the distance of magistrates, &c. &c; it might be extremely difficult to trace the property so as to recover it.

"In this part of the country, which is as unpolished as any in Ireland, and which is the principal reason for dwelling on the manners of the people, I found only one or two that could not speak English. But, as I had lived some time on the borders of the highlands in Scotland where they speak Gaelic, and nearly the same as the native Irish, I was enabled to understand what they said. Owing to the frequency of address in that language the dogs, horses, cows, &c. understand Irish better than when you desire them to stop, proceed, &c. &c. in English". (James Hall, *Tour Through Ireland* etc, 1813.)

THE FRANKLIN FAMILY'S DRAMAS

In 1826, a Franklin family travelled the road and their experiences were recorded by a Priscilla Wakefield, a Quaker philanthropist and writer for children:

"Mr Franklin and the boys left Cork early in the morning, hoping to reach Killarney that night. The road led them over the wildest and most dreary mountains that can be imagined, where craggy tops are broken into the most grotesque forms. From their sides project huge rocks, over which rush down precipitately, roaring torrents, in different parts; whilst here and there a cabin, or a patch of cultivated ground, amongst these desolate wilds, reminded our travellers that they were still in an inhabited country. About midway they were overtaken with a heavy rain. The wind whistled through the chasms of the mountains, the clouds gathered from all sides, and it grew very dark, whilst the blue mist hung upon the hills, and partly concealed their forms. For some time they braved the storm without murmuring but every mile they went, the sky

bore a more threatening aspect, and they were now wet to the skin; besides, continually clambering up and down the steep hills was hard work to the poor horses, who began to hanker as much after a warm stable, as their masters did for refreshment, and shelter from the rain. Compassion for the beasts, and their wet and miserable condition, made them determine to seek a night's lodging in a mud cabin, standing under the brow of a hill. The inhabitants of the wretched dwelling were willing to give them the best entertainment their hut afforded, which was only a few eggs, potatoes, and buttermilk: beds they could not offer because they had none. The mother of the family spread straw upon the ground; but when they saw the whole company for whom it was prepared, (mother, three ragged, dirty children, two pigs, and three or four chickens,) they preferred sitting on low stools, and resting against the wall. Thus seated, they got a little sleep; but they felt very great fatigue when the pigs began to grunt and the chickens to crow, as soon as it was peep of day. Mr Franklin asked this hospitable woman where her husband was. She replied, that he was gone to do penance at Muckcross Abbey. 'And how is that done?' said Arthur. 'By walking as often as the priest has directed him,' replied the woman 'round the Abbey, and saying his prayers all the while.' 'And will this wipe away his sins?' said Mr Franklin. 'Certainly.' said the woman. They repaid their kind hostess for her hospitality, smiled at her superstition, and pushed forward to a more convenient asylum, with all the speed their horse could make." (Priscilla Wakefield, *A Family Tour Of The British Empire, Particularly Adapted To The Amusement And Instruction Of Youth*, 1826.)

ENGLISH BEETLES

All the views expressed by our travellers reflect the attitude of most English travellers and commentators before and since. There seems to be an almost unbridgeable gap of comprehension on their part when it comes to the native society. This is nothing new. The first author of a written Irish history, Geoffrey Keating, writing in 1632, in the Preface to his *History Of Ireland* well over a century before any of those above put pen to paper, described them perfectly with a wonderful metaphor as "*beetles*", explaining that:

"The English historians... when they write of Ireland seem to imitate the beetle, which, when enlivened by the influence of the summer heat, flies abroad, and passes over the delightful fields, neglectful of the sweet blossoms or fragrant flowers that are in its way, till at last, directed by its sordid inclination, it settles upon some nauseous excrement... these authors dwell upon the manners of the lower and baser sort of people, relate idle and fabulous stories, invented on purpose to amuse the vulgar and ignorant..." In other words, they are full of crap!

O'CONNELL

Daniel O'Connell must have travelled the road a few times. He has left an account of the Inn at Millstreet. It was situated next the present Bank of Ireland building, and tradition has it that it then belonged to a Mrs. Riordan. The Murray

family in Millstreet opened a meal and flour shop there around 1911 and it was sold in the 1950s to Jerry Sheehan of the Avonmore Electrical Company. The last residents of the building were the Denis O'Riordan family of Clara Road. It later belonged to Buckley Stores and is now demolished.

"Speaking of the Inn at Millstreet, in the county of Cork, he remarked to his friend Mr Daunt,—' The improved roads have injured that Inn. I well remember when it was the regular end of the first day's journey from Tralee. It was a comfortable thing for a social pair of fellow travellers to get out of their chaise at nightfall, and to find at the Inn (it was then kept by a cousin of mine, a Mrs Cotter) a roaring fire in a clean well furnished parlour, the whitest table-linen, the best beef, the sweetest and tenderest mutton, the fattest fowl, the most excellent wines, (claret and madeira were the high wines then—they knew nothing about champagne), and the most comfortable beds. In my early days it was by far the best Inn in Munster. But the new roads have enabled the travellers from Kerry to get far beyond Millstreet in a day; and the Inn being therefore less frequented than of old, is of course not so well looked after by its present proprietor.'" (*T.C.Luby, The Life And Times Of Daniel O'Connell*)

O'Connell liked his creature comforts, but he did not like travelling the Butter Road, and does not seem to have left any account of a journey on it. Writing to his wife from Cork on 19th August, 1806, he said:

"My darling Love, I arrived here in perfect safety and in excellent spirits though if anything were capable of destroying my natural vivacity it would be those infernal mountains and roads between Killarney and this town".

And again on 27th March, 1809 he was complaining to her from Cork that:

"You cannot have an idea of anything half so terrible as the road from Killarney to Millstreet. It is throughout a broken pavement".

Of course, the fact is that O'Connell had accepted the essential parameters of the English way of looking at the world and human nature, including the native Irish, and he might well have written in similar terms to the travellers, if he had taken the trouble. After all, writing in his *Journal* earlier, he made the following estimation of the people, with which would the English visitors would have entirely agreed:

"I love, from my heart I love, liberty. I do not express myself properly. Liberty is in my bosom less a principle than a passion. But I know that the victories of the French would be attended with bad consequences. The Irish people are not yet sufficiently enlightened to be able to bear the sun of freedom. Freedom would soon dwindle to licentiousness. They would rob, they would murder" (29/12/1796).

Though very liberated himself, the 'Liberator' had very limited views indeed on how liberated the Irish people should be, and his nickname is a great misnomer.

THE HIGHWAYMEN /

Any road that had such traffic had another typical traveller of the time—the

highwayman. Denis O'Connell gives a good account of the most famous of the them on this road, Simon Browne, in the excellent history of Ballinagree, *Hold Your Horses*, edited by Dan O'Donoghue:

"On the Cork-Kerry route the Musher district was the most unsafe to traverse through. Thus in the 'Cork Journal' of 1767 we read 'lost on the mountain road of Musher, some days ago, a silver mounted pistol by a servant of Mr Denis O'Leary as he was in search of some robbers supposed to be on that road'. And on June 19, 1785, a Killarney postman, Garret Fleming 'was attacked on Musher mountain by a young man... who knocked him down with a hammer and robbed him of a pouch in which was contained a purse with fifteen guineas in gold, and ten shillings in silver which the poor man was bringing to Cork to buy timber for building his house.' The robber was 'a young man, squat, thick made, pale-faced and ill-looking/ The Musher mountain highway robber, Simon Browne, who flourished at about this period, was a powerful and athletic man, with a great run. On one occasion, he stole a pair of shoes from a shop in Cork. He was chased down the street by the shoemaker, who shouted 'Stop, thief !\ Browne responded, however by repeatedly calling out, 'Clear the way, we're running for a wager.' A similar story is told of his contemporary Breiceallach O' Buachalla, another 'Gentleman of the road'. He had, however, to run from Cork to Mallow before he made good his escape by jumping clearly over the Blackwater river. A washerwoman on the river bank remarked, 'By God, that a great jump.' O' Buachalla, when he had recovered his breath, replied 'Ah, but you should have seen the run I had up to it!'

"Little is known about Simon Browne's background. It is believed he was a native of Kerry. In Musher he lived in the townland of Ivale, on the left of the road, half a mile beyond the Kerry man's table. Although now there is little trace of the house, its situation can still be pointed out. The Buckley family, who lived in the same yard, moved into a house across the road in 1862. Con Buckley, who lived there at the time made a sundial which can still be seen today at the home of his great-grandson, John Buckley.

"A mile further on from here one passes a holy well where there was a cure for warts. Commanding a high position over the road was a rock 'Carraigin Browne'. This rock had a magnificent view of the road from both sides and was the principal site of ambush used by the Musher Mountain Highwayman. It was from here that he used to issue forth and, while waiting, the rock provided protection from the cold winds of these parts. He also had a look-out point on Duggan's mountain. From this point of vantage he could survey a great range of country and spy out possible pursuers or victims passing below. He had an excellent view of the Knoppogue road, at that time busy with carriers transporting butter firkins to Cork, many of whom were plundered by Browne as they returned from the city. So also were merchants travelling from Cork to Kerry.

"There was one constant traveller on the highway—the man on horseback. He may have been a man, such as Fleming above, on a journey to Cork to purchase raw materials, a businessman, a farmer going to the market, a landlord's agent collecting rent. Even members of the Irish Bar chose

regularly to travel on horseback with their briefs in their saddle bags. They were followed by mounted servants who carried the black gowns and law books. All were targets for the highwayman.

"On one occasion, according to tradition, Simon Browne spotted a gentleman on a white horse on the mountain road at Knoppogue. As he approached him, the stranger galloped his horse. Browne caught the horse by the tail near O'Keefe's, but was unable to use his sword. He still managed to hold on to the horse until as far as the top of Togher before giving in.

"The local landlord, Horgan, of Carrigagulla, had offered rewards for his arrest but without success. He was not alone extremely powerful but also well armed. On one occasion a pursuer of the highwayman tried to approach Browne at his home in Ivale, under the pretext that he was looking for sheep that had strayed. He was hoping to come as close to the highwayman so as to grab him, he being exceptionally strong. But Browne, with the words, 'Am I the sheep you are looking for?', discharged his firearm and shot the top off a finger of his would-be assailant.

"Then one foggy evening, as he was on the 'Carraigin Browne' he was suddenly surprised by a party of men, led by two Horgan brothers who resided in a farm in Ballinagree Upper. They came from above, from the hill. Browne turned around and raised his loaded musket. But the evening being wet, his powder got damp, and it failed to fire. He tried again without success and then seeing it was useless, fled down the steep incline and across the road. He then swept across the valley, through Finanefield and towards Horsemount. Then a stone was thrown and Browne was struck on the head. He was captured and delivered into the hands of the Kilcorney yeomen, the McCarthys.

"This so annoyed Horgan of Carrigagulla that he evicted the two Horgan brothers from their farm in Ballinagree. Dan Horgan, who died at 'Carrigully' in 1781 had the following inscribed on his headstone:

This modest stone which
Few vain marble can
May justly say there lies
An honest man

"The captors of Simon Browne may not have agreed with such sentiment, as they were forced to leave Ballinagree. They succeeded, however, in obtaining the lease of a farm in Kilcorney. One of the brothers, Dan Horgan had a son Thade (sometimes called Tadhg Donal) had all the athletic attributes of his father.

"Simon Browne was tried and executed in Cork." (*Hold Your Horses*)

An ancestor of John Kelleher at "Mick Johnny's Cross" was denied absolution for seven years for not testifying against Browne. This shows that he had sympathy with locals, and they were not prepared to help the authorities against him when it would have been easy to do so.

In *Kilcorney-Rathcoole, A History* Tadhg Crowley recalled part of one of the many songs about Browne, and gives a somewhat different twist as to how he got caught:

/

'Travelling down by Musher mountain
Having left my home at dawn
Never thinking of the scoundrel
Simon Browne, the highwayman.
I confess I was confounded
When I heard the loud command
Standing on the road before me
He ordered: 'Halt and stand.'

I was wailing and despairing
Yes, tearing out my hair
Robbed of all my earthly savings
I was forced to leave them there."

This bold fellow, however, after establishing a stable and a brilliant career for himself, finally met his Waterloo when he decided to take on a lady. This particular lady was travelling along the road, carrying a box of eggs for the Cork market. I am not sure if she was going to Cork or going to the Kerryman's Table. She had a small amount of money also, in her pocket. Simon ordered her to halt and robbed her of her eggs and her money. The poor woman began to wail and pleaded that this was all she possessed and that she had small children at home, who were depending on her journey for their food. Simon took little notice of her pleas and quickly disappeared. Her crying and wailing, however, penetrated the hills, and two brothers from nearby Horsemount, who heard the lonesome cry for help, came rushing to hear her tale. So moved were they by her plight that they followed Simon through the hills and soon caught up with him. The day was very wet and when Simon turned, aimed his pistol and pulled the trigger, the cartridge failed to go off. In those times the cartridge was put into the mouth of the pistol, and the intense rain had rendered the weapon useless. The two brave men captured Simon Browne and returned the eggs and the money to the woman. They sent word to the barrack in Millstreet and the soldiers soon took the prisoner to town. He was later moved to Cork Jail, where he was hanged. The brothers were offered a large reward by the State for their endeavours, but it is said that they never accepted it in case they would be accused of taking a bribe."

{*Kilcorney-Rathcoole, A History*, 1994}.

4. CARRYING THE BUTTER TO CORK

By far the most numerous travellers on the Road for nearly two centuries were the people who were carrying butter to the Cork Butter market. At the beginning, and for over half a century, this was on horse-back. The usual load was two firkins, weighing about a hundred-weight, tied on a horse with hay ropes. Despite the fact that they—and the later carmen, when carts were affordable—made hundreds of

thousands of journeys, they have left hardly any personal accounts of their experiences, for the obvious reason that they were not literate. This illustrates very clearly how selective a thing history is and what a minuscule part of history is actually available to us. Every journey must have been a courageous undertaking, and while it was as arduous a journey as anyone could contemplate—certainly none of the travellers quoted above would want to repeat it—it must also have been an adventure, and highly enjoyable for many. It is a great pity that more personal accounts of the journeys are not available from them. One account from these travellers would be worth a million of those from the tourists quoted above.

The closest we can get is the evidence of a Pierce O'Mahony of Killarney to a Select Committee on *The Employment Of The Poor* in 1823, describing journeys from Kerry. O'Mahony's responses to Committee questions give some idea of the crucial importance of good roads, and show how fortunate this area was in having such a facility. The exchanges are in the context of what could be done in Kerry to employ the poor and unemployed there:

"What is the state of the roads in this mountain district?"

"They are wretchedly bad; they are now improving, in consequence of Government's grants. There is a road round the coast, that is partly finished. Mr Nimmo, I find, recommended it in his plans, and it has been to some extent adopted; but there are several districts in which there are no roads at all.

"Has it been adopted a sufficient time to enable you to state the effects of that improvement, where the effects are visible?"

"It has not been adopted sufficiently long to be able to say that; but I know this fact, that Iveragh, which is the most distant part of the County of Kerry, sent its butter exclusively to Cork, as the market. I should think the peasant had to travel a distance of about seventy miles from his house, and his load was generally two firkins of butter, that was one hundred weight; they travel without lodging, with merely buying a piece of bread or a sup of milk upon the road, and so they make their journey and return again; all they have is the price of a hundred weight of poor butter. I have often heard it stated, and I believe it to be a fact from my own knowledge, that the general average of the expense of the peasant upon the journey for himself and his horse was not 4s.; generally about 3s.

"What are the obstacles that have prevented the peasantry of the barony of Iveragh from taking their butter to a more favourable market?"

"The want of roads; since the road has been opened it has reduced the distance considerably, and when another road, that is projected through Sir Nicholas Colthurst's estate, is made, I suppose it will reduce the distance nearly thirty miles.

"Could not a nearer place of export be found without difficulty for this butter, instead of going this immense distance to Cork?"

"Certainly, their country home market for it upon that coast there, is the river Kenmare, which is an excellent and safe harbour; that you may call the home market for the baronies of Glanrought and Dunkerron; and the barony of Iveragh could have a home market in the neighbouring barony of Trughanacmy,

which is Miltown, and Mr Nimmo's plans I find speak of that part.

"What difficulty is there in the way of reaching this place at the present moment?"

"None to the Kenmare river, but with respect to Miltown, the bar of Inch is the impediment.

"With respect to the home market, and carrying it down from Cahir, or any part Iveragh what difficulties exist now to prevent the sale taking place at the domestic market?"

"No difficulties as to the roads at present to Miltown, but there is a difficulty as to Kenmare, because the road is not perfectly made in that part of the coast.

"Is the price obtained at Cork so much higher than at the nearer markets?"

"There is no persons to buy at those places; there is an export at Tralee.

"An increasing export?"

"An increasing export very considerably with respect to oats. I understand the increase last year was to the amount of 50,001. in point of export.

"How long is the individual farmer in making this journey from Iveragh to Cork?"

"I should suppose he travels thirty-five miles a day; he travels night and day" (23 June 1823; Alexander Nimmo was one of the most famous civil engineers of the period).

This is the main picture that has remained of the Road. The butter trade to Cork declined towards the end of the 19th century, when it was undercut by cheaper products, butterine and margarine, and also the development of the local Co-operative Creameries making and selling their own butter. There was also the development of refrigeration, rather than salt, as a means of preservation and storage. But the main problem was that the authorities at the Butter Exchange, having built up a very successful business for over a century, could not realise that circumstances had changed and could not adapt to them—a most human fault.

When carts emerged butter was not the only product carried on the Road. Then it became a proper trading route, because the butter paid for other commodities to be bought and distributed along the route by the carmen. This is what made it a vital factor in the economic life of the area. All the traffic gave rise to other business and services. For example, there was a pound at John Buckley's, on the road to Togher. The indication of a *shebeen* with drink available was an empty bottle on the chimney. There were also what was known as staging houses, where people could put horses, cattle, pigs etc. overnight and rest themselves. These were the 'poor man's' Ten Mile House. In his book, *The Journeyman*, Bryan McMahon gives a vivid description of what life must have been like in these houses:

"A roaring turf fire, the smell of mutton pies boiling in soup in a large pot hung from the crane above the huge turf fire, the tang of frieze overcoats drying under light ill-provided by tallow candles of even splinters of bogdeal.

The men were gathered around the blaze with possibly a pair in the corner whispering in semi-darkness—when perhaps one was administering the Fenian oath to the other under the cover of conversation. All this, I feel, is worthy of depiction as a powerful frieze or mural illustrative, say as a jacket cover for such a book as Tom Flanagan's *Tenants of Time* which in fictional form conveys the powerful secret forces in the Ireland between the Famine and the Rising of 1916. These crude overnight stopping places were clearing-house for news and exchange of ballads. O'Connell and Davitt were names often heard mentioned around the fire. Councillor Butt was spoken of for legal scholarship. Mentioned too were the names of the Fenians of Cahirciveen. Details of local murders or the exploits of the moonlighters were common topics. By an imaginative extension, the carters who stayed there appear to be as blood brothers to the muzhiks of Czarist Russia, the peons of South America, the salt carriers of the East, or the Sherpa baggage bearers of the Himalayas. The characters may surface some day in what I write. Perhaps I shall exaggerate their importance. But then again that's the writer's business—to render the novel commonplace and the commonplace novel."

It is always difficult to quantify the full benefits of the Butter Road, but there can be no doubt that, for example, it lessened the effects of the greatest crime in Irish history—the Famine. The Famine was caused by the English government, which for nearly two centuries previously had systematically destroyed one type of functioning society, and replaced it by one of the most irresponsible systems of government that ever existed. A society was ground down to a subsistence existence on a single crop, which was always known to be a recipe for a social disaster sooner or later. The Road helped (though of course it was not built for this) to alleviate conditions somewhat, because it had enabled people to trade and have a certain amount of surplus produce which could be sold. In other words it enabled some to be above subsistence, which was the crucial fact that determined survival. It is impossible to quantify this and it did not of course prevent the horrors of the Famine in the area;

CAOINTE OF THE ROAD

There are at least two *Caoinnte* associated with the Road, and in each case it is the story of a mother from this area going to collect the body of her son, who died or was killed in Cork. They are the "*Caoine Dhiarmada Mhic Eoghain na Tuinne*" and the "*Caoine ar Dhiarmuid Mac Carthaigh*" and were published in the first volumes of *Eigse—A Journal Of Irish Studies* in 1939. They have the haunting expressive quality of the true *caoine* and can never be adequately translated

One of the *Caoinnte* is reproduced below with the explanatory notes provided with it in *Eigse*.

CAOINE AN DIARMUIO MAC CÁRTAIS
6 RÁÉ DUBÁIN, A BÍ 'NA CEANNUIGE IME I SCORCAIS

A MÁTÁIR DO DÈIN

Seo blúire as an leictir do cuir Caitlín Ní Bhuacalla a' triall ar easgatóir Éigse i tseannta an leasam* seo de Caoine Diarmuio mic Eogain:—

"Deir Seán Ua Caúla go ndubairt an tsean-bean gur duine de Clann Cártais Rát Dubáin a bí cailte. Is i Rát Dubáin a bí comhairde ar Diarmuio mac Eogain na Tuinne (Cártae doob ead é) timpal ceitne ficio bliain ó som. Bí a mac, Seán Mac Cártais, ann 'na thiaró sin, agus tá sgealta as na sean-daoine fós go stopfaí an traen do leat slige ioir Sráio a' Muilinn agus an Rát Mór. Bí tigearnas na dútáige timpal acu trát do réir deallraim—mar a' veir an bean a veim an caoine—acé bí a scothaic agus a maom tráigte nuair a fuair Seán Mac Cártais an oibreacé. Bí clann eile den mhuintir céanna i Lios na gCeann, seacé mile siar ón Rát Mór; agus bí tigearnas dútáige na Mainge as clann eile.

Nuair a bí an bean so as caoine a mic cuimhne sí (alc vii-alc x) ar an mbrón eile a bí as foilleamaint uirce—go raib Máire 'ngean Eogain pósta as fear a bí 'na droc-ceann sí. Tá Cloe Buaile Uige trí míle, nó mar sm, ar an tsaob teas de Sráio a' Muilinn, ar an slige go dtí Maí Cromta.

Is é cunntas a fuair Seán Ua Caúla ar an tciontóisc ná gur cuairt Diarmuio Mac Cártais lá i scoiluaodar daoine uairte eile as cluide fiaó i gCorcais. Tós a capall ceann agus caic Diarmuio dá d'ruim i scoinne pálae ar saob an bótair. Marbhuigead ar an látair é. Nuair a cuata a mátair i Rát Dubáin san, o'imeis sí gac comgar agus aicgiorra tar 'Muisire' agus comgar na gCurraigte' gur srois sí tís an córraí i gCorcais, mar ar vein sí an caoine os a cionn."

I.†

- I Mo cara a's mo rún tu,
Is dá mbeifeá ro dútáig
Ní mustarc ná túrann
Ná stoca beag-lúba
5 Do bead ortá mar éuram;

*Tá leaganada eile i gcló i néigse, I, lc. 22, lc. 90.

†Coisg Seán Ua Caúla agus Caitlín Ní Bhuacalla agus easgatóir Éigse beic 'na scoimhuide i b'fad ó céile, agus coisg an bean duubairt an caoine le Seán a beic ar slige na fírinne (beannaicé Dé Lena hanam), ní raib ar a gcomas uol i scoimairle le céile i tsaob poirtí acranada. Tá b'fí sin bí ar an

acé 'oir dócára daó curhang doib,
Ase fir as búirtis,
Ase mná as liúirtis
Teacé cum do cúirce (?),
10 A marcais na súl nglas.

II.

Mo gráó a's mo cumann tu
A' agus annsó a millead tu
Ase páil 'a ruoaire
Mar a gndacé fir'ne
15 A' agus fiaó dá cluide' aca—
San Dia i gcomar doib
Nar leasfad fuinneam leat
A marcais an iarrainn glais I

III.

Mo gráó is mo taisece—
20 Tá na mná óga as siosmarnaig
De cionn a ráó gur oileas tu:
Dá n'gabatois siúo Muisire
A' agus comgar na gCurraigte
25 Dáó ró-mór m'amras-sa
Náró fallsa na liobair iad I

IV.

Mo gráó is mo cumann tu,
Is ró-dred a measas tuic
Go mbead bóitire dá nglanad romat,
30 Fallaí dá ngealad romat,
Súirt dá leatad romat,
A' gtabairt mná abailé liot,
Seacas tu beic ar an aiste seo

EASGÁTOIR ROINNE ÉARTUIGTE DO DÈANAM AS A SCUAIM FÓIN. AR OAGLA léctóirí do cur amuó, áitac, seóbtar tagairt ins na nócaib seo u'adon acará tábactac dá veinead ar téax na láimsgáibne.

7. búirtis] " buacraig " is.
8. as liú ríis] " ar a n'gualnib " is. (cf. Éigse I, lc. 25, line 66—lc. 91, líne 23).
9. cúirce] " curca " is.
13. páil a' ruoaire] " páile ruoaire " is.
14. fir'ne] recte fireannaig?
16-18. is léir ná fuil na línte seo sa ceart agaimn.
26. náró fallsa] " nár fallsa " is. 31. súirt] sic is.
32. liot] " lit " is. (=leat). 33. aiste] " aiste " is.

- IOIR BUARÉAI SASANNAIS
 35 ΔḂSUS CLANNA CEANNUḂḂE
 ΔḂ UALAC CEACRAIR
 ΔḂ FÁSÁILT NA CAḂRAḂ—
 ḂO RAIḂ MAIḂ ΔḂAIḂSE
 Ó RÁMIḂEAS EADARAIB
 40 Ó DÍ SÉ 'O'EASDA ORM—
 ΔḂḂ RÍ NA FAIRBIMḂE !

V.

- MO ḂRÁḂ IS MO CAISCE TU,
 IS 'DÁ MBÉAD ΔḂAM TEACḂTAIRE
 NÓ COISIḂDE MĒANMNAḂ
 45 Δ RAḂAD COIS MĒAMḂE SIAR,
 IS MÓ BEAN DREÁ MASCALAC
 ΔḂUS MARCAC DREÁ CEANMASAC
 LE N-A N-IALLAIḂÍ 'DEARḂA
 ΔḂUS Δ MBÉALDACAÍ AIRḂḂO
 50 Δ' CRAḂAD 'ḂUS Δ' CARRAC ORḂ
 'O DAIḂFEAD TĒME CREASA AMAC
 Δ' FÁSÁILT NA CAḂRAḂ.

VI.

- MO ḂRÁḂ IS MO CUMANN TU,
 55 Ó CÁNḂ TŪ ΔḂ 'OUL CUN LUIḂTE
 ḂEARR-SE CORḂḂAR SLIḂTE,
 ΔḂUS NÁ 'DEARḂAD TIS NA CROISE :
 ḂLAOIB AR AN 'DÁ DRUMNEALL
 ΔḂUS AR 'DÍARMUID MĒAC EOḂAM NA TUIMNE.
 60 'SÉ 'OUBAIRḂ Δ 'OCEACḂTAIRE LIOMSA
 ḂO RAIḂ Δ ḂCUIḂO ÉADAIḂ NUA ḂAN CUMAD,
 Δ'S ḂO RAIḂ Δ SRIANTA DRISTE
 Δ'S Δ N-IALLAIḂÍ ḂAN ḂIORTA,
 ΔḂUS ḂUR IMIḂ Δ N-EACA AR BUILE
 65 CUN FIANCAIS FĒSNA CNOCAIB,
 ΔḂUS NÁ RAIḂ DON ḂADA 'NA N-IONAD
 'O CUIḂFEAD IAD I 'ḂFUIRM
 I ḂCÓIR AN FIAḂAIḂS 'S Δ' CLUIḂE !

34. Buaréai] sic ls. ("Dúir nú" san dá leagan uile).

41. Is ar éigin atá an líne seo sa ceart agaimn.

50. CraḂad] sic ls. ("Craial" ag amhlaoib Ó LoingsiḂis, Éigse, I, 24, líne 28).
 54-68] Is léir Ḃur ag labairḂ le uaine éigin dá raiḂ láiread agus a hí
 cun imeadḂ atá má'air 'Díarmuid a nno. 'Deallróó an eḂéal ná raiḂ puinn
 measa aici ar an leacḂéal 'o fuair sí ón "' dá drumneall."

VII.

- MO CARA TU IS MO SCÓR,
 70 Δ MĒAIRE 'DEAS 'NGĒAN EOḂAM
 NÁ RAIḂ BEAG NÁ MÓR
 IS DÍ SA MĒNLA CÓIR :
 'O SCOPAD NA FIR 'DÁ NḂÓ,
 NA LEADAI SUIAS 'DEN SPÓRḂ,
 75 ΔḂUS NA CAPAILL 'O DÍOD SA 'ḂRÓ,
 ΔḂ ÉISTEADḂ LE FUAIM 'O CÉOIL
 MĒROM DOIBINN FOḂMĒAIR
 SA MĒACA Δ' CRŪD NA MBÓ.

VIII.

- MO ḂRÁḂ TU Δ'S MO CUMANN,
 80 Δ ḂAMĒIN NA ḂAMMAIḂE DRIḂE,
 Δ DRŪSCAIR NA SAILLE,
 ΔḂUS Δ BŪḂLAC AN IME,
 NÁR CĒMEAD RIAḂ ΔḂUM-SA
 (ΔḂUS MĒ CĒMEAD, NÍOR CUIḂEAS)
 85 CUN ḂUR CUAḂAIS-SE UAIM CUN SURÓCE
 ΔḂE DUN CLOC 'DUAILE DRIḂE
 ḂO 'OÍ MAIḂÍ SĒIN NA CIRCE
 'O CUIḂFEAD SRIAN LEḂ CUISLINN
 Δ' RIAḂ AGUS Δ' FUME
 90 ΔḂUS Δ' CUN NA SEISREAC CUN SURÓCE,
 IS NÁ FUIḂFĒD FĒM M' IONAD
 ΔḂḂ SĒSPAN AN LĒMB.
 'O CŌḂFAD SÉ AN T-IM 'DE'N CUIḂINN
 ΔḂUS TUSA 'O SŪRDE AG AN 'OCEINE,
 95 ΔḂUS CUIḂFEAD NA CEARCA CUN NḂOE.

IX.

- MO CARA IS MO CIALL TU,
 Δ'S 'O ḂADAḂ SÉ 'DEN CSRĒAN ORḂ,
 Δ'S 'O 'ḂUIḂ NAOI N-IALL ORḂ,
 Δ'S 'DEN MĒARDE I 'NOIARÓ SĒIN ;
 100 NÍOR IMNSIS-SE RIAḂ É
 ḂO 'ḂFUARAS-SA Δ RĒAN ORḂ
 ΔR AN LEADARÓ CAR ÉIS BLĒAD' ORḂ.

87. MaiḂí SĒin] nó "' maiḂisĒin" ?

99. I noiáró sĒin] sic ls. ("na 'dial' san," nó "'na 'dialḂ sĒin" is coit-
 ianḂa i n'DeasḂmĒain).

X.

Mo gráó is mo taise tu !
 105 Tugas fíche dó bainne dúit,
 Carb cun dairte dúit,
 Lasair cun fuinte dúit—
 Mo mallact in' ionas dúit,
 Ní ro stoc ná it iocallainn,
 Ná i dteimteán na teine istis,
 110 Act ro éroide agus ro cuibleana
 do iarraid do éiorruigte,
 a bódais a' domblais !

XI.

Mo cara tu is mo máoin,
 115 a's do téigead do licir go cruinn
 go párlimint an Ríog
 a's go Corcaig na seolta síos,
 Mar a bfuigead do teactaine ite 7 fion,
 Mar a mbíod do cómrád cruinn,
 a dal[t]a síl agus a máoin.

XII.

120 Mo cara is mo máoin,
 a's bfuirist dom do bailte 'éur síos,
 Siar go Ciarraige an ghrinn
 Car n-aib aniar arís
 go pobal Cuilinn Uí Caoimh
 125 a's go n-áitán na meactán mín
 a's go 'Oriseáin an caisleáin doiré,
 a's go ptoctus tall a' truin
 a's go Rát Cuimhail an ghrinn
 a's go hort breac na líos,
 130 agus a' Duairt mór le n-a taoib—
 do dearrhadas dúit a cur síos
 agus fillm ar ais arís
 ar Drom na Dó Duibé.

106. Lasair] sic ls. (=lobair).

107. mallact] "mullact" ls.

111. do] "tu" ls.

113-119. (alt. xi—alt. xv). AS CAOINÉ ÚIARRNUIDA FÉIM ACÁ AN MÁOIN
FEASTA AS SO AMAC.

118. Cruinn] "cruinn" ls.

125. áitán] "áitán" ls.

129. líos] "líos" ls.

124. Cuilinn] "Cuileann" ls.

128. Cuimhail] "Cuimhail" ls.

130. mór] "mór" ls.

XIII.

Mo cara a's mo laos tu,
 135 agus rašair liom féimis
 go 'Oriseáin solmar
 a' caisleáin síle-sil
 is breagta i n-éirinn
 dá mbéad cuan éisg ann.
 140 Mara bfuil san féim ann,
 tá ann mil buide agus céir beac
 agus cruicneact 'na slaoib
 car brágaroib a céile ;
 agus mar dárr-ar šac don ruo
 145 go bfuil sé naoimta !

XIV.

Mo cara is mo rún tu !
 Déarfad liom tu
 go 'Oriseáin cumhra
 an caisleáin cúinnis—
 150 Caora cumhra,
 meas go glúme,
 da boga 'búirtis
 maidim bog úrúcta
 do iarraid a šcrúcta !

XV.

155 Mo gráó a's mo cumann tu !
 is ró-mór m'áthras, a cumainn,
 šur rúimín íseal cloctmar
 áit ar an ttaoib šoir den roilís
 šurab é do roša cun luigte.

Ó SEÁN UA CAÜLA, ac-máigistoir scoile i
 šcuileann Uí Caoimh, Co. Corcaige, a fuairas
 é so. Šgriob seisean síos é ó SEÁN-DEALL
 DE MUINTIR CÁTASAIŠ a fuair bás sa
 tsnárbdaile céadna tamall de blianta ó šoin.

CAITLÍN NÍ BUACALLA.

136. 'Oriseáin] "'Oriseáin" ls. [tá dá 'Oriseáin i n-áice a céile ann ;
ac dá mb' iad an dá céann a bead i šceist annso nác "'solimara" bead ann
san áit go bfuil "solimara" sa líne seo ?]

149. Cúinnis] sic éisge, I, 26, líne 71 ; "cumhangais" ls.

151. Meas] sic éisge, I, 26, líne 75 ; "masc" ls.

152. Búirtis] sic éisge, I, 26, líne 76 ; "buarcais" ls.

153. 'Úrúcta] sic éisge, I, 26, líne 77 ; "úrúctais" ls.

THE ROAD TO EDEN

The journeys to and from Cork meant different things to different people. All human life travelled it, the salt of the earth and the scum of the earth. It was the road to hell for the women of the *caoinnte* above, but for many it was a great adventure to experience the thrills of city life, the road to the Eden of Cork.

The flavour of what Cork could be to young travellers from Kerry is expressed in the poem, *Cork's Own Town*, where Cork is "*The Eden for you, love, and me!*" It appeared in 1825, and was reputedly written at St Finbarr's steeple on the day of the "vernal equinox 21 March 1825", appearing in the *Cork Southern Reporter* in March 1825 under the pseudonym of "Lanner de Waltram."

CORK'S OWN TOWN

They may rail at the city where first I was born,
But it's there they've die whiskey, and butter and pork;
And a neat little spot for to walk in each mom—
They call it Daunt's Square and the City is Cork.
The square has two sides—why, one east and one west,
And convenient's the region of frolic and spree,
Where salmon, drisheen and beefsteaks are cooked best;
"Och! Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me!"

"If you want to behold the sublime and the beauteous,
Put your toes in your brogues and see sweet Blarney Lane,
Where the parents and childer are comely and duteous,
And dry lodging both rider and beast entertain;
In the cellars below dine the slashing young fellows
That come with the butter from distant Tralee;
While the landlady, chalking the score on the bellows,
Sings, "Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me!"

Blackpool is another sweet place in the city,
Where pigs, twigs, and weavers, they all grow together,
With its smart litde tan-yards—och, more is the pity
To strip the poor beasts to convert them to leather!
Further up the east is a place great and famous,
It is called Mallow Lane—antiquaries agree
That it holds the Shebeen, which once held King Seamus;
"Och! Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me!"

Then go back to Daunt's Bridge, though you'll think it is quare
That you can't see the bridge—faix you ne'er saw the like
Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham Square;
Nor the narrow Broad Lane that leads up to the Dyke,

Where, turning his wheel, sits that saint 'Holy Joe',
And umbrellas are made of the best quality,
And young virgins sing 'Colleen das croothin a mo;',
And—'Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me'

When you get to the Dyke, mere's a beautiful prospect
Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees;
On one side with a beautiful southern aspect,
Is Blair's castle, that trembles above in the breeze.
Far off in the west lie the Lakes of Killarney,
Which some hills intervening prevent you to see;
But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of Blarney—
"Och! Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me!"

Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or
The sweet Boreen Manah, to charm your fair eyes;
If you do what is wise, take a dram of Tom Walker
Or if you're a Walker, toss off Billy Wise.
I give you my word they're both lads of spirit;
But if a 'raw chaw' with your gums don't agree,
Beamish, Crawford, and Lane, brew some porter of merit,
'Though poteen is the nectar for you, love, and me!

Oh! long life to you, Cork, with your pepper box steeple,
Your girls, your whiskey, your curds and sweet whey;
Your hills of Glanmire, and the shops where the people
Get decent new clothes down beyond the Coal Quay.
Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs,
And to sweet Sunday's Well and the banks of the Lee;
Likewise our court-houses, where judges in wigs
Sing, 'Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me'!

THE KERRYMAN'S TABLE AND . . .

This is the most well known landmark on the Road in the townland of Aubane. It is on the Butter Road, near the southern end of the townland. It is exactly mid-way between Cork City and Killarney, 25 miles either way. It was a traditional resting point for those travelling, and carrying butter from Kerry to the Cork Butter Exchange, a resting place for humans and horses.

It was also a meeting point for those who were not able, or who could not afford, to travel to Cork. They could bring their butter for others to trade, and collect payment. They could also buy goods brought from Cork. It was probably something of a trading centre being conveniently placed at a cross-roads called *Clochaniar Cross*. No doubt it was named after the stone itself—the Stone of the West—it being located facing the western end of the road from the other side of

Mushera. The road itself is no longer in use: it used to run down to the Butter Road, from behind the Butter Road Monument (erected in 1998).

The Table was also a perfect place to rest and have a good view of the countryside, which was useful for the highwaymen as well as everybody else. It may also have been a meeting point for the travellers to form convoys for protection against the highwaymen and any others up to no good.

The Road is intimately associated with Kerry and Kerry men. It was built to service Kerry, was built by a Kerry man, and by far the largest number of people who have travelled it were from there. So it is very apt indeed to have a monument to them on the Road.

. . . THE CORKMAN'S CHAIR

As a result of the improvement in the Road in the 1990s to service the Millstreet Country Park, we have a monument to Corkmen in the discovery of a Corkman's Chair, which complements perfectly the Kerryman's Table, a short distance away. What could be more appropriate objects to symbolise the very basic purpose of the road—to join Cork and Kerry! Despite all that has happened during the period, the Road has done this job admirably for 250 years and it was very appropriate indeed that its 250th anniversary was celebrated so well in 1998. Incidentally, the development of a Country Park in the area is as amazing as Murphy's construction of a new road, in terms of the scope of the project and the size of the investment.

FUTURE

The Road is an under-appreciated asset that still can do the job it was built for and for which there will always be a need—to get from Cork City to Killarney and vice versa as quickly as possible. For all those living along the way it is still the best means of doing this, and getting more useful as other routes get more congested as traffic increases. The gradient in parts ensures there are no great numbers of heavy goods vehicles, and it has more pleasant views than any other route between the two locations.

It would help greatly if there were at least one signpost for the route. Of course there should be many more. It would also be useful and interesting to signpost the locations of the turnpikes and the Ten Mile House and make the great views from Togher better known. The Aubane Social Club has made a great start with the erection of the Butter Road Monument, and the wonderful celebrations for the 250th anniversary of its construction.

For tourists, the Butter Road is the logical way to travel from Blarney to Kerry, as well as being the natural introduction to the Ring of Kerry and the Lakes of Killarney—in fact it could be the beginning of the Ring of Kerry. The view from the top of Togher is a perfect introduction to Duhallow and Kerry because on a fine day it is like looking at a map of these areas.

If all the historic sights and events on and near the route were clearly indicated,

it could be a very interesting journey for travellers today. For example, taking the stretch of a few miles from the top of Togher to the top of Tullig, which I happen to know best, a very short distance, there are:

- * Togher itself, the name of which indicates an ancient passageway from the Bronze Age,
- * a great view from there,
- * places associated with Simon Browne and other highwaymen,
- * a Holy Well with a reputation for curing warts (*Tober na nOganach*),
- * Famine roads,
- * three hedge school locations,
- * the Kerryman's Table,
- * the Corkman's Chair,
- * the 1998 Monument to the Butter Road,
- * St John's Well,
- * the Millstreet Country Park,
- * a stone circle near Barrett's,
- * the *Gallaun* in Lehane's,
- * a well-preserved Lime Kiln,
- * a very old dancing stage,
- * the Old School,
- * the old Creamery building and site,
- * with the ever present Mushera as a backdrop, together with the view from Tullig towards Kerry.

No doubt other stretches of the Road have even better varieties of views and attractions. It is a Road with a very human history, from its very construction—as it may have killed the man who built it—to its thousands of traders and travellers. It retains its human scale and there is no reason why its future cannot be as great and as useful as its past to locals and visitors alike. Its basic purpose as the most straightforward way to get from Cork City to Killarney and Tralee still applies as it did over 250 years ago.

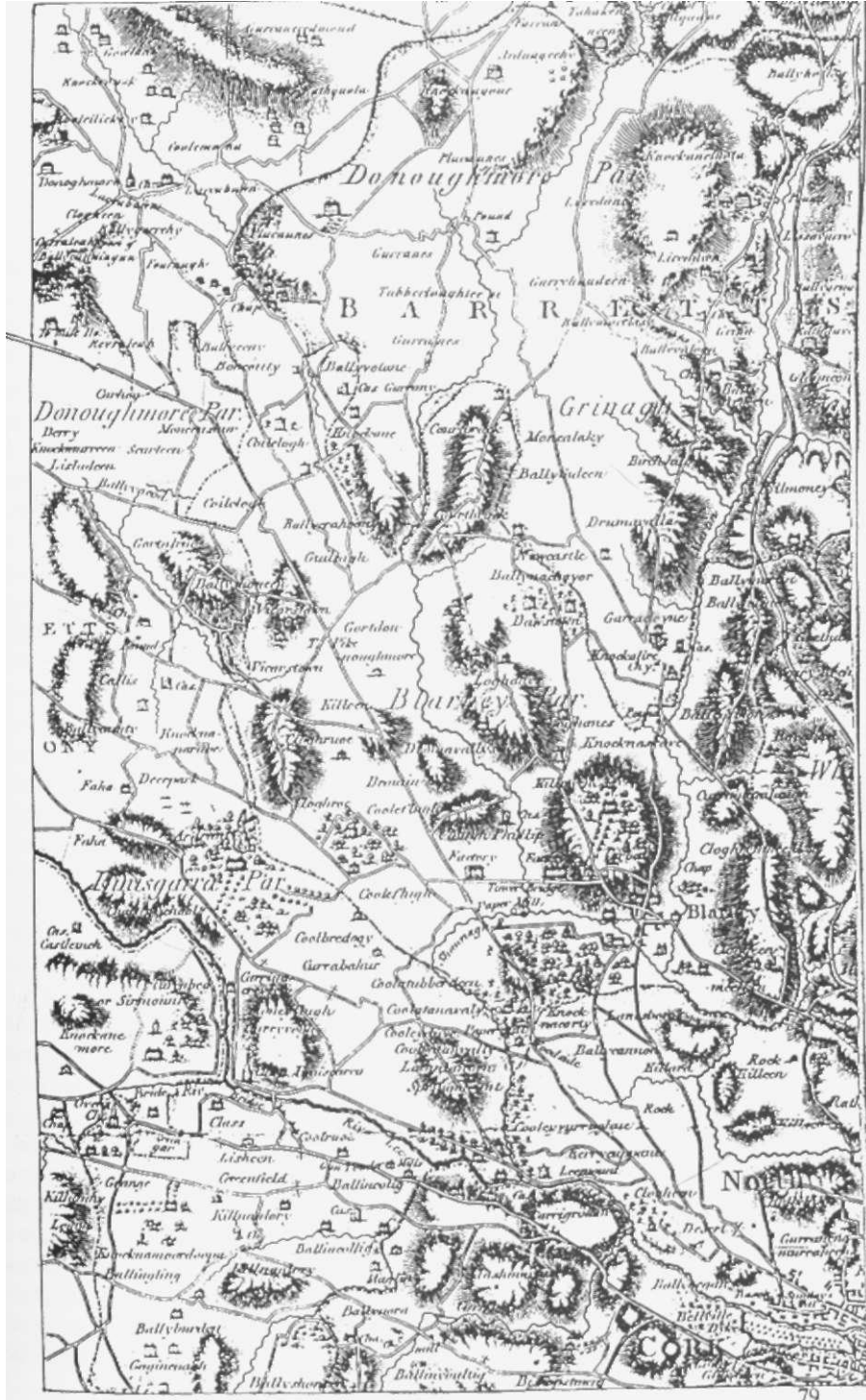
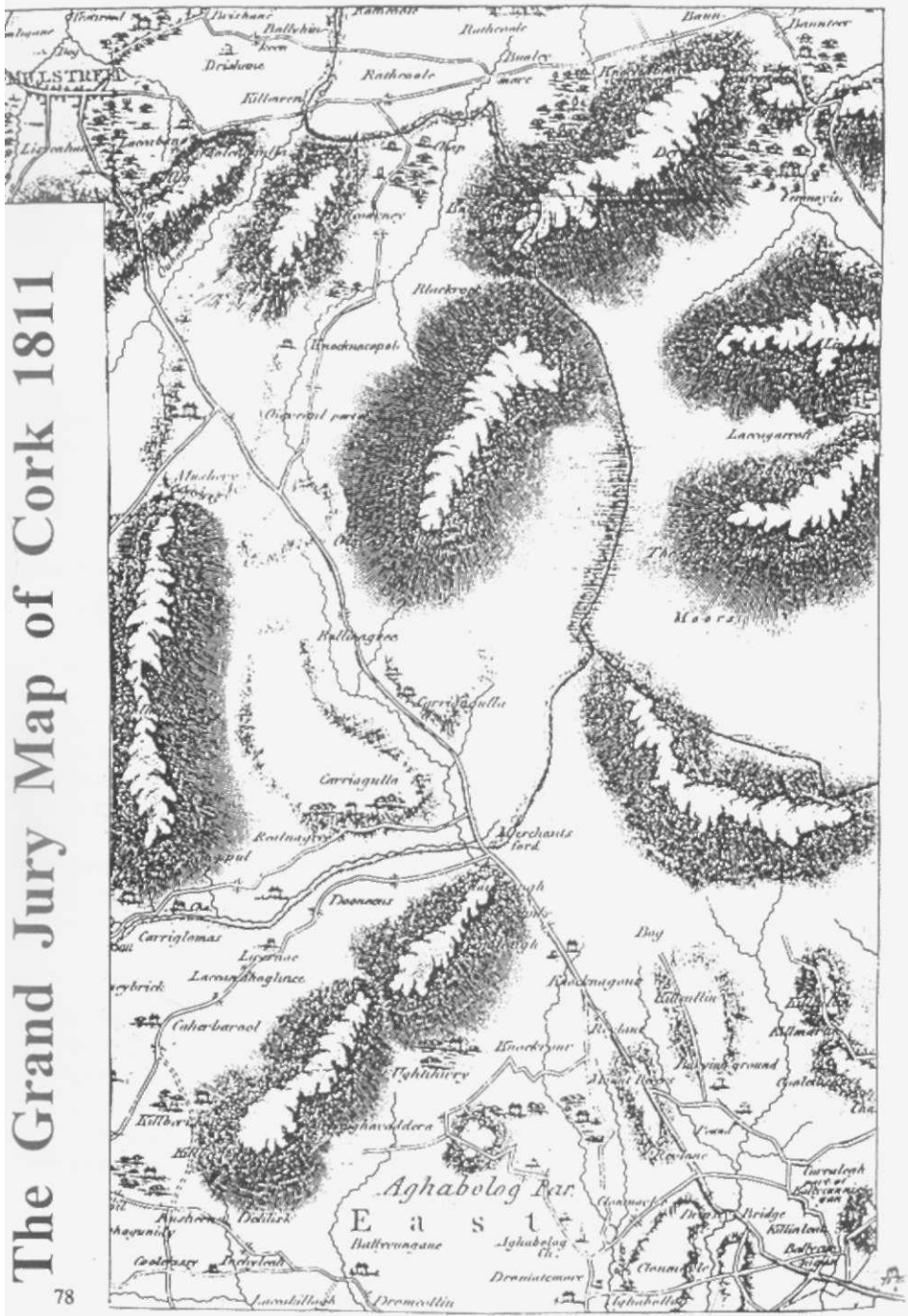
In fact the Road was really the first Cork-Kerry tourism project and John Murphy could be credited with being the founder of the tourist industry for the South of Ireland.

THE GRAND JURY MAP OF 1811

Overleaf is an extract from the Grand Jury Map of the County in 1811 which shows the Road in its heyday, with the Turnpike sites and that oasis for travellers, the Ten Mile House. The Grand Jury was the local administrative body responsible for running the County at the time in the interests of the landlords and gentry. It was the precursor of the County Council, though nothing like as extensive in its powers. It was the landlords' method of running the County, and this power was broken by the establishment of the County Council in 1899.

This map, along with the others in this publication, are in themselves a historical record of the area and the townland, and a good way of judging the development of the area over the last couple of centuries.

The Grand Jury Map of Cork 1811



5. THE PEOPLE'S ENTERTAINMENT

ST JOHN'S DAY

For centuries the big annual event was of course *St John's Day* on the 24th of June. On its eve there was a bonfire, or as it is more correctly pronounced around here, abonefire, because of the bones that were thrown into it. The Pattern Dance at the stage was a big feature on the evening of the Day itself, with people dancing all night in celebration of the onset of Summer. This was an event since Pagan times, the Midsummer festival where fun and entertainment were the order of the day, celebrating Summer and the Sun.

St. John's Day was the locality's annual holiday, and it is still the major annual holiday in some Northern European countries where the Sun is not taken for granted as much as it is in sunnier climes.

Religion was not central to the festival. There was a convenient system of paying to have your praying done for you.

The festival was a sort of Carnival, abit of *&Mardi Gras*, with dancing, singing, drinking, gambling, seducing, faction-fighting, running, jumping, wrestling, weight lifting, etc.

There was also a reminder of human suffering at the well: pain at the Well and pleasure at the Pattern. Overall, an exuberance of the physical virtues.

Latiaran's Day was a similar event in Cullen—now also sanitised. The poem *Musheramore* (reproduced in Annex 2, page 170) captures the atmosphere to some extent, as does an item in a very serious Catholic journal, written in the middle of the Civil War, when the thought of St John's Day clearly gave the writer something to feel good about at a bleak period:

"Hie we now to Mauma, 'neath the shadow of Musher. The spot is bleak, around St John's well; heather lands spread afar. On June 24th, the people of the district hasten to the 'Pattern'. Firstly, a 'round' is imperative, that is, the circuit of the Well, stopping at certain marked places, drinking a glass of the water, and incidentally a few Paters and Aves. Crutches bleach on the ground, votive offerings of Rosary beads, statues and medals testify to the faith in John the Beloved. Then away to the 'Pattern'.

"Here, heel and toe lightly step to the accompaniment of fiddle or melodeon. Away from the road, traders have pitched their tents, hucksters cry to all and sundry —'Oranges, good oranges!'. Lemonade, or any other beverage; gingerbread, all the allurements of the town shops are on sale for the holiday-makers; Antonio with his 'two shots a penny'; trick o' the loop men calling on all who wish to win fortunes. Joe—one-eyed Joe Gallagher—with his dice raucously shouts: 'Come on, gents, never venture never win. Here ye are! The lucky old mud-hook. That's where the bees and honey lie!'

"'Tis a day of days. John the fair-haired Saint does not forget to send a glorious sun and a gentle breeze. Never has his honour been at stake. 'Troth, Duhallow, or Muskerry, at its prayers or play can vie with grey old Donegal. To the sun's setting do the gathering forget the homeward bourne. Then, with swiftly closing night—stars even now peeping in a cold blue sky—to the four points of the compass pilgrims wend their way...

"Lateran! What a name to mention to an exile in New York. What scenes are conjured—the joy-days that are gone. St. John's is the only one that can vie with amusements provided at Cullen on Lateran Sunday. Such are the sports hallowed from Padraig's time, venerated by chiefs, sung by the bards of Muskerry in their own poetic Gaelic.

"When the nightmare has arisen from the minds of the people, as the mist clears from the crowns of Clara or Musher, when piper and rann-maker shall step joyously through the woodlands now shorn of beauty, then will there be joy in Duhallow and Muskerry forever" (C. Buckley, *Catholic Bulletin*, Oct. 1922)

A full account of the modern development of the Well is available, thanks to Jimmy Buckley, and there is no need to repeat that here. The other big event for people would have been *March Fair* in Millstreet and *St Stephen's Day*, with the gathering of the Wren, but St. John's Day was tops.

Other entertainment would have been provided for by numerous weddings and wakes, as well as dances in houses (any excuse would do to have a dance). Several times a week there would have been games of cards in people's houses: the typical country games then as now being 110 and 45—subject to local rules, of course.

Scoraiochting or rambling has only died out in the last couple of decades. Certain houses were accepted to be social centres, where people would gather for stories, gossip, witty conversation, reading newspapers, and card-playing. People needed no invitations—it was open house!

This self-entertainment of the people, which cost nothing, was part of the Gaelic heritage, which made life pleasant in material circumstances which outsiders, used to the luxuries of the market, could only view with horror.

A great amount of locally made songs, poems, recitations, *Skellig Lists* (bawdy verse about engaged couples) etc., would have been in circulation, and it is a great pity that most of these have been lost. The poems and songs would have metre, and rhyme beautifully, some to the air of a well-known tune and would usually highlight and exaggerate individuals' peculiarities, or some event. But the event was usually trivial and only an excuse to write about the individuals and their characteristics. Obviously they lose a lot if the subject is not known to the reader, but they were only made for the fun of the moment and not for preservation. They were the local equivalent of what is done today by radio, television and video, in recording or describing an event or a personality. Like a video they could also be 'played' over and over again.

If anyone knows any, please write them down and pass them on—to me, if

nobody else. A tiny number that have survived which I have got from different sources are reproduced in Annex 2. However, it would take too long to give any detailed background on all the people and events mentioned in them and they lose a lot thereby. We are most fortunate in having a Museum in Millstreet, with the most enthusiastic Curator I have ever met, Seanie Radley, and he would be the ideal person to give any material to—in any shape or form. He is doing much more for the whole Millstreet area than even Fr. Ferris did.

The imagination of the people was vivid: young and old were enthralled by traditional stories, particularly about fairies and tales of magic to frighten and amaze. A whole other world of the imagination and the subjective existed that was filled with magical delights and terrors that came fully into their own at night when all sorts of spirits, ghosts, fairies, banshees, piseoges, Jack 'o the Lanterns etc. did their work. (These stories also featured in the School Project of 1937—see below.) This was not just entertainment. It was a whole exotic parallel world of which the "real" world was but a poor shadow, and people lived through this exciting world much more than they did through the material world.

They did not depend on third parties, so to speak, like literature, theatre, Hollywood etc., to satisfy their imagination—they created their own world of the imagination. It is amazing how essentially similar the content of a lot of today's popular entertainment is to that world. For example, science fiction is but high-tech ghost stories and serves the same needs of the imagination that ghost stories served so well.

The love of dancing continues and there is a well known polka dance named after the area, *The Aubane Set* (reproduced at Annex 1).

All this was another world that was unknown and unknowable to the world of the travellers quoted earlier who only saw poverty, misery and dreariness and had no conception of the of the imaginative wealth that flourished under their noses—and which of course is the only wealth worth possessing.

6. THE TITHES RECORDS OF 1631

This is the first proper record of people in the townland of Aubane, that I am aware of at any rate. First and foremost it establishes that Aubane (spelt Aughbane) was an established and clearly defined area, although it does not include a map.

Tithes were originally a tax in kind of one tenth of one's goods, paid to the Vicar for the upkeep of the Established Church. It developed to become cash payment, based on the average value of corn, and also became payable to landlords, in whole or in part, as well as to the Vicars.

They were resented naturally, as the Church of Ireland was really the Church of England and not the Church of the majority, and they were a constant focus for conflict. An Anti-Tithe Army of several thousands led by Captain 'Starlight' crossed the Blackwater in 1822 and surrounded Millstreet. They planned to destroy it as well as Killarney. Afterwards, the Millstreet Barracks was reinforced and upgraded to maintain some infantry.

The record that exists is that for 1st November, 1831, and the land that is shown in it is that of Jeremiah Eugene McCarthy, the lessee of the Earl of Donoughmore. The Earl of Donoughmore still has a seat in the House of Lords as Viscount Hutchinson. He only turns up when the Tories are in real trouble. His title was created for selling his vote in the Irish Parliament to pass the *Act of Union*, Half of the tithe was payable to the Rev John Charles Mangan, the vicar at Drishane and the other half to McCarthy, the "lay impropiator" as he was called. The total for Drishane was valued at £630.0.51/2 rounded to £630.

Aubane is the first listed of 59 townlands in Drishane and is the 8th largest, at 936 acres 3 roods and 10 perches valued at £181.3.51/2, giving £9.0.8 each to the Vicar and McCarthy (which is not exactly half of a tenth!). It is rather odd that it comes first, rather than Adrivale which should come second, in an alphabetical list of townlands.

The largest townlands are Klaodagh, Caherdooney, Cloughulamore, Gortavehy, Ballydaly, and Curra. Tullig is last on the alphabetical list but not the smallest—it is listed as 780 acres 1 rood and 9 perches but giving £18.18.01/2 to each. In other words, Tullig, although smaller, was considered more than twice as valuable as Aubane.

It is interesting that at least three of these townlands had officially disappeared in the Census of 1841 (see below), including two of the largest, Klaodagh with 2,198 acres and Aubane—as well as one of the smallest, Glebe, with 25 acres. To show how arbitrary these changes were, Coomacheo was added, even though no one is recorded as living there!

AUBANE, 1 NOVEMBER 1831

	A R P			½TITHE	SOIL	QUALITY
	(acres, roods, perches)					
Tim Buckley	21	2	2	£0/10/9	Arable & pasture	Middling
	<u>19</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>12</u>	£0/ 1/5½	Mountain	Middling
	41	1	14	£0/12/2½		
Cornelius Buckley	15	2	5	£0/9/3¼	Arable and pasture	Middling
John Buckley & Andrew Hickey	28	3	18	£0/14/4½	Arable and pasture	Middling
Timothy Buckley Cornelius Buckley John Buckley and Andrew Hickey	108	2	12	£0/8/1½	Mountain	Bad
Michael Buckley	32	1	19	£0/19/5½	Arable	Middling
	<u>105</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>24</u>	£0/1/9½	Mountain	Bad
	137	3	3	£1/7/3		
Hugh Brien Cornelius Keleher & Denis Long	73	0	0	£1/16/5½	Arable	Middling
	<u>203</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>36</u>	£0/15/1¾	Mountain	Bad
	276	3	36	£2/11/7¼		
Cornelius Buckley	39	1	4	£0/19/7½	Arable & pasture	Middling
	<u>121</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>28</u>	£0/ 9/0½	Mountain	Bad
	160	1	32	£1/ 8/ 8		
Michael Darby Riordan & Tim Corcoran	19	1	10	£0/ 9/7½	Arable & pasture	Middling
	<u>57</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>31</u>	£0/4/3½	Mountain	Bad
	76	2	1	£0/13/11		
Daniel Danahy	26	0	10	£0/10/4¼	Arable & pasture	Middling
	<u>64</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>7</u>	£0/ 4/10¼	Mountain	Bad
	90	3	17	£0/15/2¼		
TOTAL	936	3	10	£9/0/8 (yearly)	(Total value £181/3/8¼)	

Although there is no map to locate the farms listed on the map above, I think it is clear that they are listed from the Tullig end to the Musherah end of the townland. There was a total of 16 occupiers, on 9 holdings. Of these, 8 were called Buckley, including 3 Con BUCKLEYS—though some could be the same people, as the two Andrew Hickeys undoubtedly were. A *rea* is described as a mountain area in the listing. There is no "good" quality soil. I should also say that some of the figures don't add up, for some reason.

WHO IS WHO TODAY?

Looking down the list of holdings, my guess would be that the names and farms would approximate to today as follows:

- the first of the 9 holdings would be Mikie "Pat Mick" Buckley's—the same BUCKLEYS as today
- the second is probably now part of an adjacent farm
- the third, Johnny "Big Jack" Buckley's—the same BUCKLEYS until a few years ago
- the fourth, a shared mountainy area above "Big Jack's"
- the fifth, Jerdie Buckley's—the same BUCKLEYS as today
- the sixth, Denny Long's and 'Con Rea's—as today
- the seventh, O'Donoghue's of today—then Buckley's, an ancestor of Jerdie Buckley (according to Ferris)
- the eighth, covering an area around Mick Johnny's Cross—the Riordans mentioned survived within living memory and were known as "Red Riordans"
- the ninth, the other corner of Aubane above and below the road towards St John's—the Danahy would be an ancestor of Dan "Tadgheen" Danahy.

If I am right, this shows an amazing social continuity since at least 1831 (and obviously for some time before that), despite a dreadful Famine, a Land War, a War of Independence, a change of State, a change of language, a Civil War, an Economic War, two World Wars and many other conflicts. If such people are considered conservative, it is obviously because they have something to conserve, and they know how to do so very effectively. It is also nice to know that, although the Earl of Donoughmore may be still about, he does not seem, relatively speaking, to have progressed as well as some of his former tenants.

DEFAULTING

However, not everyone paid their tithes. Whether they would not or could not is not clear and there may have been a mixture of reasons. In any case, the following were later recorded as refusing to pay,

Michael Tim Buckley, Cornelius Michael Buckley, Tim John Buckley,
Denis Long, Hugh Brien, Daniel Donnahy, Michael Riordan.

It is very pleasing indeed to know that my great, great, grandfather, Denis Long, was included among those who did not pay. This information was made available because the Government of the day decided to help out the clergy who could not collect 'their' tithes, and the Rev Mangan was among those who applied for relief and he had to spell out who had not paid.

7. THE CONTINUING PLANTATIONS

There is a folk memory in Aubane that people were pushed out of their own better land as the Cromwellian/Williamite lordship developed after 1690, and as all the Penal Laws were enforced—mainly, it is said, from areas west of Millstreet, from whence there came a lot of Kellehers. That seems very likely. Apparently a version of Cromwell's dictum, to Hell or to Connaught, applied—to Hell or Aubane. There is a item in the Aubane National School Project of 1937 which confirms this memory and explains that:

"^here was a 'Plantation' in Tullig (Tullig, Aubane) about the years 1834-39. In May 1839 Ruby was 'planted' in the farm now owned by Mr O'Donoghue. Previous to that there were others nearer Millstreet. The Kellehers were ousted from Tullig and forced to build themselves hovels in a bog on the slope of Musherah where their descendants have prospered and reclaimed the land."

There was always a push to create bigger farms and oust tenants to make way for pasture and grazing. This is what gave rise to the Whiteboys around here at the end of the 18th century. Pasture and grazing built up again after the end of the Napoleonic wars, which had boosted corn and other industries. Its end in 1815 caused a relative economic decline, and encouraged the drive for the consolidation of farms. The tenants were not a good economic investment, so they had to be driven into the mountains and poorer areas, and reclaim land, or go into the towns like Millstreet and beg, which many did.

THE SLIABH LUACHRA FACTOR

There had been a full scale Whiteboy uprising right across the Duhallow/Sliabh Luachra area in 1821-22, which was put down by the military with systematic executions, hangings, etc., after show trials in Cork. Afterwards the Government put a lot of effort into sorting out the area once and for all, so that they would be in full control thereafter. The area had been something of a law unto itself and had been treated as such by the successive Governments. Now, a proper colonisation was attempted. Kingwilliamstown was created on the Crown lands (i.e., the confiscated lands of Pobal O'Keefe). There was assisted emigration; roads built; a canal begun; mines developed in Dromagh, etc. etc. The best available brains of the day,

people like Sir Richard Griffith, Nimmo etc., were put to work on this project of colonisation.

However, the efforts, though very determined, never succeeded—which is symbolised by the fact that, among many other things, there is no Kingwilliamstown today. What seems to have happened instead is that the people of the area took drastic and radical measures to come to terms with the new reality. For instance, they adopted the English language. And, whilst remaining rooted in their Gaelic past, they renewed themselves with a new cultural identity that became best known through the works of Thomas Davis and Edward Walsh. The spirit which made this possible is hard to define because it transcended (and still transcends) language; it is a state of mind, as powerful as it is intangible. One of its strengths, and weaknesses, is its indifference to explaining itself to the rest of the world because it is content and at ease with itself. This is a rare thing nowadays, especially within the Anglo-American sphere of the world—the world of the WASPs (White Anglo-Saxon Protestants)—whose purpose on earth seems to be to annoy, irritate and intimidate the rest of the human race, impose their complexes on it, and live off it. Essentially, the people of this area were never colonised and remained subjectively free, that is, themselves. Long may they remain so.

A major element of this restructuring was a newly determined effort by the local landlords to 'consolidate' their holdings whenever and wherever possible. This meant eviction of tenants who were not considered a viable proposition and could not always pay their rent.

There was an opportunity presented to do some consolidation in this area when the lease of the Leader family in Tullig (living at what is now Cashmans) ended on the death of Henry Leader in 1834. The lease had been held for three generations and these Leaders do not seem to have been a 'bad lot', in that they must not have regarded the extraction of the maximum rents from their tenants as the be-all and end-all of their role in life. Their lands had a lot of tenants that were now regarded as a waste of space by the new type of landlord and agent who now appeared to sort things out. What was attempted created quite a furore at the time in the press, and later in the evidence given to the Devon Commission.

THE DEVON COMMISSION EVIDENCE

The Evidence given to the Devon Commission is one of the most important sources of information for an Irish historian. It's a pity it has never been republished. The Commission sought to collect information on the land issue, and put forward recommendations for its solution in the mid 1840s. It did a good job in collecting information and in making proposals. It emphasised the need for patience in solving the issue.

The land system was based on the confiscations following the Cromwellian/Williamite wars, that put an alien caste on top of the society, with no normal human connection with the society as a whole. The relationship was a purely mercenary one of exploitation, and there was no shared interest in a common society. The more

the tenantry tended to improve, the more they had to lose in extra rents, tithes, etc., and other forms of exploitation. It was a recipe for disaster. It was a problem that patience in itself would never have solved. The Commission realised all this but had to describe the real situation in rather oblique ways. For example, it said that the effect of the Penal Laws on Catholics was that they "...had checked their industry", which must have been one of the understatements of the century!

The Government of the day did not, in any case, have much patience with social arrangements that stood in its way of building an Empire, and it was just then presented with a great opportunity of solving the 'Irish Problem', i.e., the existence of another and different society, with the appearance of the potato blight. This was seen as God lending the government a big hand, especially when the Liberals came to power. The Devon Commission's patient approach was made redundant.

The vast majority of those giving evidence were landlords' agents and landlords themselves and it obviously deals with the issues from their perspective. Their main problem was how to get rid of people who were not judged a commercial success as tenants. The descendants of those who had acquired the land originally by war and confiscation saw nothing wrong in giving themselves the moral authority to decide other people's rights to the land by how hard they worked for them and by how much they were able to exploit them. This was the natural order of things as far as they were concerned. Resentment against this was considered some sort of perversion rather than being the most natural thing in the world.

The Commissioners met in towns throughout the country, though not in Millstreet, no doubt because of the fact that Millstreet was so much the private property of the local landlords and had practically no public life. The Commission met in Macroom and Kanturk. The local evidence is interesting, in that there was a glimpse of the resentment of the other side, provided by the evidence of Parish Priest of Millstreet, Fr. Patrick FitzPatrick, who put the proverbial cat among the pigeons by claiming that there had been an attempt at a Protestant Plantation in the locality by some landlords as part of their 'improvement'.

The particular interest for Aubane is the description of what happened after the death of Henry Leader of Tullig in 1834, who does not appear to have been an 'improving' landlord, which meant he did not go in for evictions. There was then a scramble to take over and 'improve' the estate. People who were not pulling their weight in the eyes of the new landlords were sent to the mountains, mainly Musherua. Some were Kellehers, and this is one of the reasons there were so many Kellehers in the Aubane area. Tenants were invited to come from anywhere, and as Protestants were considered by the landlords to be more 'improving' than Catholics, they were encouraged to come.

FR. FITZPATRICK

Probably the most significant figure in the history of Millstreet town was Fr. Patrick FitzPatrick, the Parish Priest from 1820-1865. He decided to give evidence to the Devon Commission on 18th September, 1844, to point out that the consolidation

of farms was being used to drive out the Catholic tenants and have them replaced by Protestants. What particularly infuriated him was that one of the most determined in doing so was a Catholic landlord, Jeremiah Eugene McCarthy, (who received half the tithes—see above). It was his evidence to the Commission that appears to have provoked FitzPatrick to intervene.

FitzPatrick produced lists of the people affected in various ways. Six families were dispossessed. Though the lists are not available in the Devon Commission papers, he later mentions that they included a John Shea, a Darby Corcoran, a Daniel Keeffe, and a John Butler. He produced another list of ten tenants who had their holdings reduced in size, and "the best part given to Protestant tenants". He claimed that seven Protestant tenants were brought in, including Nash, from Kanturk, and a Dr Orpen. Others are mentioned later. (There were none previously, except Leader himself.) Then another lot of nine families were, "removed to the mountain". He went on to give evidence that Wallis was doing the same, and then went into some detail in describing the way McCarthy in particular was behaving.

This naturally provoked a reaction and protests of innocence from all concerned, though FitzPatrick had his facts. The argument against him was that good, hard working tenants was what the landlords wanted, and if they happened to be Protestants, so be it. Tenants who did not, for whatever reason, organise their holdings to produce the rent demanded were *ipso facto* not entitled to keep their land and, if they were lucky, were given something "according to their means". This was a law of nature. The fact that the tenants considered their lands had been robbed from them in the first place was not a factor in the landlords' calculations though it was the crucial factor as far as everyone else was concerned, and what determined matters in the long run. Human life and human feelings proved stronger than all the economic and mercenary calculating—which is very reassuring. The Land War proved yet again that Man is more than an economic factor. For example, the landlords and the agents giving evidence could not understand why people were upset at being sent to a mountain when they did not charge them rent for it, even though they surely would when it was reclaimed by the tenants. They also assumed that tenants who accepted their proposals and demands were doing so as totally free and independent agents, and did not appreciate that they had no alternative in most cases, and that they resented the arrangements almost as much as those who were dispossessed.

But the reactions were very useful for putting some historical facts on record, which in effect provide a history of Aubane and Tullig in a crucial period—one that has shaped both places down to the present day. The most useful evidence was that provided by James Carnegie, the agent for Abraham Morris of Dunkettle. A close relative of this Morris, Ionas Morris, ended up sharing Aubane with Philip Rubie (or Ruby), after the shareout of Henry Leader's lands, as can be seen in Griffith's Valuation (reproduced on pages 108-112).

Carnegie explained:

"In 1781 the grand-father of Mr Morris demised the lands of Tullig, Cloughbonlybeg, Aughbane, Toureen and Glountane, containing about 3,500 acres of inland, moor, and mountain, to Mr Henry Leader, for the term of three lives, at a yearly rent of £245 of the then currency. Mr Leader sublet the lands to a number of cottier tenants, in consequence of which Mr Morris had for several years considerable difficulty in procuring payment of the head rent, being obliged to collect it from the miserable occupiers, who were exhausting and destroying the lands. In 1836 the lease expired by the death of the eldest son of the lessee, who was the last of the three lives. Mr Morris thus became entitled to the possession of this large tract of land, and found it greatly impoverished and deteriorated, occupied for the most part by a pauper tenantry, without either capital or skill, or any resources whatever to enable them properly cultivate the soil. Of course Mr Morris could not in justice to himself, and certainly I could not in faithful performance of my duty as his agent, allow matters to continue in this state. Here was presented a favourable opportunity and an extensive field for improvement, and it was our duty as well as our inclination to avail ourselves of it. I went over the whole of the lands, accompanied by two of the most competent valuers of land whom I could procure, Messrs. Rubie and Fitzgibbon. We divided it into regular farms, and valued every farm in itself. I then suggested to Mr Morris that his friend, Thomas George French, esq., of Merino, should go over the lands to check both the valuation and the division marked out. This also was done; our arrangements and valuation were approved of by him, and the lands were let accordingly. A question then arose as to our obtaining the possession without resorting to an ejectment on the title, but this was easily and promptly set at rest, as the old occupiers had confidence in us, and expressed to do whatever we wished. Our chief concern now was to dispose of all the occupiers and where to find tenants with sufficient enterprise and capital to build houses and offices, properly to cultivate the soil, and to set an example to the old tenants. The lands of Cloughbonlybeg [Cloughoolabeg, no doubt, JL] were occupied by tenants, each of whom had more ground than he could manage. Only one of the tenants was removed from his farm, and he got seventy acres of inland, and 111 acres of mountain on another part of the lands, being one of the new divisions. Three Protestant tenants were brought in and one Roman Catholic, viz., Dr Herbert Orpen, Mr John Smith, Mr John Philpot, and Michael Callaghan. As to the tenants on the lands of Tullig, the Widow Corcoran had a small farm on this ploughland. Darby Corcoran was joined with her in this farm. Darby had a farm on the lands of Kilmedy, on which he went to live; and she and her son Daniel got a farm on the lands of Glountane. Another tenant, Timothy Shea, had all his property seized by a butter merchant, and had run away before Mr Morris got possession. The mother of the two middlemen, a very old woman, had a lot of the ground; but having no means to cultivate it, she had no use of it, and it was not let to her, as her son was *ad* well able to support her as any man in the

County of Cork. The only ambition she had was to keep her house and garden, which she still occupies, paying no rent. John Shea was the only tenant on the lands who had any means of holding a farm that did not get one, and he had only held for a short time, and did not live on the lands. He had another farm on which he resided, and in which he had a considerable interest, and he would not bind himself to build and reside in Tullig. There was a farm on this ploughland which the middleman held in his own hands, on which his brother-in-law, Mr Daniel O'Keeffe, was living. He would have got this farm or any other if he would have bound himself to build and reside. Butler, I understood, was brought in by Sullivan, and was there for only one year. He had no claim, nor did he make any. Every tenant got either a farm according to his means, or from fifteen to forty acres of reclaimable moor, with various allowances. The tenants to whom the moor farms were allotted have improved their holdings and made them valuable, but have not hitherto been charged with any rent. Three hundred and twenty-three acres of inland, and 203 acres of mountain of the ploughland was let to the Rev. John Charles Mangan, rector of the parish, Mr James Nash, Mr Cadmore, and Mr Bastable; and Captain Wallis of Drishane, got twenty acres which joined a farm of his. With respect to the lands of Aughbawn, about thirty nine acres of inland and 251 acres of moor and bog were let to Mr Philip Rubie, and the old tenants got farms according to their means."

This latter phrase was a euphemism for reducing existing tenants' holdings, or removing them to areas such as Mushera mountain, to get on with reclaiming a piece of it. Carnegie goes on to explain that they are now getting three times the rent that was got under Henry Leader. Then he seeks to deal specifically with FitzPatrick's allegations:

"Now with respect to the tenants located upon the reclaimable moor or mountain, or as the Rev. Patrick FitzPatrick graphically stated 'located on spots of barren black mountain to drag out a miserable existence.' The number who held land were six—five in his parish, and one in the parish of Clondroghed; their names were: Jeremiah Killiher and John Killiher (brothers), John Sullivan, Daniel Kelly and his son-in-law Corcoran, and Matthew Shea, and were located as follows on Aughbawn—John Killiher got forty-five acres of reclaimable mountain, Darby Killiher got forty-seven acres. Those have now good houses, and have reclaimed and fenced a great part of their land; have good stocks, and are very comfortable; before they had only sixty-three acres of inland and mountain. On Tullig John Sullivan got thirty acres, Daniel Kelly and his son Corcoran got twenty-five acres. Those also have good houses, and have reclaimed a considerable portion of their lands, and have sufficient stock and are comfortable. There are two men who got a portion of this mountain, who were not tenants, but were living in huts by the side of the road on the land; they were sons of an old man who at one time held part of the lands—their names are Cornelius and Daniel Buckley: they got twenty acres. There was a

man of the name of John Riordan living in this mountain in a hovel holding five acres, and paying £3 pounds a year. I saw that this man had done a great deal on this lot, and I gave him ten acres more. He built a good house, and his widow is now independent/'

The mountain referred to here appears to refer to the mountain area to the west at the top of Tullig.

Rubie then gave evidence to confirm what Carnegie had said. He described himself as a farmer from Ardrum View, which is near Macroom. He explained that he valued the Morris property and divided it "according to the capital they had and their means". He said "five or six; perhaps seven" were removed to the mountain; that there had been great improvements made; and he had laid out £700 upon one farm—which is no doubt his farm in Aubane, now O'Donoughue's. He built the old house there, Aubane Cottage, originally called The Bungalow—the "Big House" in the area. Around 1855 he also tried to dam the river to bring water to the house. He also took advantage of a Government-supported scheme to plant trees around his house and estate. These trees are shown in the Ordnance Survey maps and are still evident around the field known as 'the Lawn'.

The Cornelius Buckley listed in the tithes (see above), who occupied Rubie's land then (1831), was an ancestor of Gerdie Buckley's. A Denis "Danny" Kelleher occupied it after Rubie, and then O'Donoughues who came from Liscahane. A lot of the Kellehers had emigrated to America and the first Humphrey O'Donoughue married in there. When one of the Kellehers returned, the farm that is now Dan Barret's was created for him. The O'Donoughues to their great credit have reversed over time what Ruby had done in driving people out. Their farm has provided sites for the Shop, the School, the Cottages, a Kiln, a dancing stage, and at least two extra farms and families. Their farm would also have, if necessary, provided the site for the Creamery.

Ruby lives on in memory, as someone to frighten children by the rumour that he is buried under a boulder by the *cumar* at the corner of the lawn near the old stage, and that he returns as a dog. He is probably buried in the Ruby vault at Donoughmore Church of Ireland Churchyard. He was obviously not a pleasant character.

To his dismay, a daughter of his eloped with a local lad named Healy. They spent their first night in the field above Eugene Barrett's house and it became known as "Healy's field". They eventually made their way to America.

NASH AND OTHERS

Nash's was the other Big House, in Tullig, now Cashman's. His name lives on in Nash's Kiln and Nash's Hill. He came from Ballyheen, near Kanturk, around the same time as Ruby, but probably a little earlier in 1834, shortly after Henry Leader's death. He is obviously one of the "the others nearer Millstreet", referred to in the above extract, who ousted the Kellehers and others onto the poorer land towards Aubane and Mushera. Fr. Ferris also refers to him in his notes as "evicting

all the people". However, Mushera mountain was as far as you could be pushed in that direction, and the evidence suggests that people there developed an attitude of 'thus far and no further'. They were determined that would they not be pushed any further, literally or metaphorically.

That clearance is no doubt why Tullig was more valuable in the tithes than Aubane, and why it has since been less densely populated than Aubane.

It is curious is that both the Nash and Ruby lands were recorded in women's names. Whether this was for some legal reasons or not I don't know.

A Cudmore built Daly's in Tullig and lived there for some time. They were probably from Cork City, where there is a well-known Cudmores, the current 'chief is well known for his sailing.

The Vicar of Drishane, Rev. Mangon, lived at Altamount.

A POETIC RESPONSE

The 1937 School Folklore Project quotes a poem in Irish by a poet named O'Brien, which gives a graphic description in Irish of what it felt like to suddenly see people planning your eviction to Aubane from a holding in Tullig one fine morning in the 1830s. A number of O'Briens do appear in Aubane after this period (see Griffith's Valuation below). O'Brien probably took more interest in poetry than working for his landlord, and may not therefore have been a 'good' tenant and so was forced to move. He very acutely saw that there would be "a day of reckoning" for this behaviour, and that in a nutshell explains the land war a generation later.

This poem was probably passed on orally in Irish for a century before being recorded by a child in 1937. It has survived therefore almost by accident. One can only imagine the number that have not survived. It's enough to make one cry. It was also written in the old Irish script. It's understandable therefore why some parts of it are not easy to follow today. Some of the words may have been written down phonetically by the child and therefore may not be spelt correctly and have a mixture of Irish and English letters.

Its historical accuracy can be confirmed by the fact that the people named in it are also given in the evidence to the Devon Commission as valuing and dividing the land in the area after Leader's death. The poem describes an incident in this work. I am grateful to Sean Sheehan for providing a very good translation, despite all the technical problems, and also having to work from a poor photocopy of the original.

"TULLIG WAY

On getting up one morning
At the beginning of an excellent harvest
When looking from the sloping field
On the expanse of my holding
I spied crowds of people
Heading in towards my house
Investigating our land

And calculating to themselves

Myself, I fell in a fit
 No movement was left in my limbs
 I was struck dumb
 With fright and with horror
 My hens were blind
 Neither cow nor bull lowed
 The cock did not call in the morning
 Announcing the day

When I came out of my fit
 They stopped nearby
 FitzGibbon was on horseback
 And bodyguards behind him
 And he measuring what we had
 The fruit of our sweat
 A group of men on horseback
 Investigating our land
 And calculating to themselves

I'll tell you their names
 Philpott from Duhallow
 Scoundrel of the Maigue
 And ugly was his appearance
 His grey cloak flapping
 And the bottom of it in the mud
 Small statured Smith in the saddle
 Man of warrants and summonses

Nash, in the nobleman's house
 A place that had plenty
 Where salt had taste
 Where wine was in casks
 Where information was dispersed
 By disinterested gentry
 The yelping of hounds in the morning
 Heading out into the plain
 A fine noble member of the gentry
 I wish for all that again

Mangan is happy and comfortable
 Down at the bottom of the townland
 Cudmore from the city
 Down in the middle of his place
 Healing disease
 And getting paid for it
 If Bastable comes
 Up to the top of the townland

He won't have his health
 And it will be no advantage to him
 There is always trouble there
 And he will inherit it
 But I think he will leave
 That place after him

If ever I'm leaving Aubane side
 I'm leaving my blessing there
 Oh, it's there I'll find young warriors
 Excellent, lively and strong
 Who will stand up for me on the day of reckoning"

SOME NOTES, THOUGHTS, ON THE POEM

The location is probably somewhere on the Millstreet side of Tullig hill, where there are a lot of sloping fields (*ileaca*). Mangan was the vicar of Drishane, who lived at Altamount, and there was a hospital there during the Famine, which may have been a nice little earner for the Cudmore from the City. Bastable did come to the top of the townland (now Eileen O'Riordan's) and indeed "the place is there after him". The Philpott became a landlord in Liscahane around 1837-8 and carried on the evicting he was planning here. A Wynne came to Gurranedubh at this time.

This poem raises an interesting point about the use of Irish in the area and when and how quickly people changed to English. The earlier road travellers confirm that people then could speak English if they wanted to, but did not. The poem would indicate an Irish speaking population in the 1830s, but there is no song or poem I know of, apart from this, that has survived. This indicates a quick and complete change of language. And it cannot be claimed that any schools were used as an instrument to do it as they did not exist. I think the people made a conscious decision to change to English as a means of self-preservation and development, and they certainly did not become English or West British in the process. They reinvented themselves. This was a most revolutionary thing for a so-called conservative people to have done, A people can do very revolutionary things sometimes, to simply conserve itself.

The same people certainly did not give up their land or their religion and, a couple of generations later, they helped get rid of the most powerful state in the world very quickly, when they put their mind to it. I think therefore that, if they had wanted to preserve the language, they could certainly have done so. Yet, despite the importance of language—to any people—they seem to have dispensed with theirs. There are still a lot of things to be fully explained about Irish history. But don't hold your breath for our professional historians to explain it to you. The social continuity in a place like Aubane provides the only proper basis for understanding history but, these days, what professional historian takes such places seriously? They equate such social continuity with conservatism, and that is a dirty word as we are all Liberals now—are we not? The virtues and social integrity of such places are

beyond the Liberal mentality.

OTHER BITS OF POETRY

O'Brien had a great affection for Musherá and there are scraps of his poetry about it in the School Project. The first verse below would refer to an area that includes the new Millstreet Country Park. He would no doubt be delighted with what Gerry Sheehan has done there, but probably would not have been surprised that others should also have realised how attractive an area it is:

"Behind the Reabhanac
Beside the Aubane river
From the hill up to the peak
Land as beautiful as you
O Musherá of Mauma
I could not take in the beauty I saw
There are pilgrims there in a circuit
And grace from Jesus
The presence of the saints in the stone circle
[missing line]
With grace coming forth
When sin is brought there
The eagle is there and the snipe
And the happy woodcock
Foxes and small creatures contented
The golden doe being harried
By a concourse of beagles
And a herd of cows, bright and speckled"

(The Reabhanac is a particular area of reá that stretches across part of Aubane and Lackdotia and familiar to locals.)

O'Brien had a poetic feud with another poet called Scannell from Ballinagree, who would always run down whatever O'Brien would praise. This type of feuding was typical of the Gaelic poets. An example was O'Brien's wish to be buried in Musherá:

"When I die I shall leave you as my will
To bring me high on Knock na Cille above
My mind will be satisfied if I am left standing in the grave
Gazing at the beauty of Mauma and the homes to the north"
Scannell's response was:

"There is a soft silly poet
Without sense understanding or wisdom
On the side of the mountain called Musherámore
My mind will be satisfied just to leave him standing in the grave
But if he is buried there his existence will be unpleasant
The frost will be going through him by night
And he frozen by the cold snow and the wind
Blowing hard in his ears
In his nose and in his mouth a hundred beasties"

6. THE FAMINE

The Famine was the next major event—much in the news recently. There is an impression created that it was a natural disaster. The truth is very different. The blight was, but the Famine was not, inevitable. The calamity was man-made. For the country overall, the Famine was a social catastrophe caused by a number of factors—the main one being that the British Government aided and abetted the landowners—the landlords established by the Cromwellian and Williamite Plantations—to behave in a completely irresponsible way towards the society they dominated. Their approach to the society was to use it and abuse it. One pattern of social life was slowly and systematically destroyed, without being replaced by a viable alternative—a recipe for an inevitable disaster of some sort. The society had been forced into a subsistence existence despite an abundance of food right through the so-called Famine.

However, it seems to me that the Famine did not have the disastrous effects around here that it had elsewhere. Why? Basically because the landlords were kept in check by agrarian terror. Rack-renting did not get out of hand. This terror ensured a security, a stability and a continuity of land occupiers. Farms were kept by the same occupiers and passed on relatively intact, and not subdivided and subdivided among children. This also meant that family sizes were controlled. The fact that one family of Healys in later years had 21 children, and was forever known afterwards as the "21s", shows that it was exceptional. It is said that this nickname was once explained to an outsider and the locals later went on to talk about the "60s". It had to be quickly explained that this term had nothing to do with family size.

It is also evident that the sharing of farms, which is very clear from the tithes records above, was very significant. It showed a collective and communal approach to land that would have been very helpful in critical times. This was probably a development of the Gaelic approach, which saw nature and its fruits as everyone's inheritance. Also, the people weren't as totally dependent on the potato as elsewhere. Here, thanks to the Butter Road, there was the basis of a cash economy and another means of living, milk and butter. During the Famine, the export of butter from the Cork Butter Exchange actually increased, and that would have had an impact on those who supplied the Exchange through the Butter Road. There was also a good supply of wildlife—game, rabbits and salmon—and it is also possible that, in a high area like this, being cold and windy, the blight itself was not so bad. It is said, for example, that there was no Famine in Rockchapel for that reason. The official population of Nad increased between 1841 and 1851, and that is also a high and windy spot.

FAMINE TRAGEDIES IN AUBANE

Aubane had its human tragedies typical of the Famine. A Herlihy family of five all died of diarrhoea or dysentery, one of the plagues associated with the Famine, in what became known as Herlihy's Field, in front of Lehane's house. There is a description in the *Cork Examiner* of what happened to a Lehane family that is as dreadful as it is typical of the Famine:

"The Rev. Mr. Maginn [a curate in the Parish from 1847-59, JL] was called upon, some days ago, about ten o'clock at night, to visit a poor man, Daniel Lehane, who lived in a distant village of this parish, called Obane. On entering the house, the Reverend Gentleman was struck with astonishment to find a grown boy of twelve or fourteen years *stretched in the cabin* and on approaching the spot where Lehane lay, he found him in an expiring condition. Lehane, the father of the boy, *was a corpse before the clergyman left the house*. Lehane's son in law, who lived in the same house, went two days before to beg for food for the starving family, but fell from weakness on the road, *and expired before he was brought home*.

"Three or four children cried piteously for food, unconscious of the terrible deprivation they had suffered, but there was no other to supply or provide them with it. The "parish coffin" was brought to the house on Wednesday last, and in it were placed the bodies of the father and son; I saw it driven quickly by the hotel towards the cemetery, unattended by a single individual, except the man that guided the horse. A grave was dug and father and son were dropped into the same hole, without coffin or shroud, or mourners to weep for them.

"But this is not even an extreme case in this unfortunate neighbourhood; it only exhibits in a slight degree the extent of the mortality, which, at the present rate, will ere long make this entire barony a wilderness. Many instances have occurred in the parish in which *entire families have been swept away, without leaving a single member behind to tell that they had once lived, or a vestige of any kind to denote the fact*" (*The Cork Examiner*, 14 April 1847)

But, despite these tragedies, I don't see a society collapsing, as happened elsewhere—and particularly elsewhere in Cork, where even cannibalism was resorted to. This decimation was considered by all the enlightened Liberals of the day as the right thing to have happened. It was not only right economically, but it was God's will that the lazy good-for-nothings, full of superstitions, who only lived for the enjoyment of living, be wiped out and make way for proper market relations among themselves and with the rest of the world.

Charles Trevelyan, who was effectively in charge of the country during the Famine, looked back at the problems of Ireland and the efforts that had been made in the past to deal with them and marvelled at the

"...direct stroke of an all-wise and all-merciful Providence as if this part of the case were beyond the unassisted power of man. Innumerable had been the specifics which the wit of man had devised; but even the idea of the sharp and effectual remedy by which the cure is likely to be effected had never occurred to anyone."

How could he have worked seriously to alleviate the situation and thereby risk insulting and defying his God, who had clearly lost patience with the Irish and had decided on His solution for Ireland's problems? God was a Liberal/Puritan English Gentleman and his followers were quite convinced of the need to make the world in their image, whatever the human cost—in Ireland, and in as much of the world as possible. This was progress, after all, and everyone had to bow down before it. We should be eternally grateful to the "terrorists" of the time who did not do so. The only problem was that there were hardly any of them during the Famine. Very few indeed

"stole Trevelyan's corn, so the child could see the morn".

All the constitutional politicians, O'Connell etc., disgraced themselves by their ineffectiveness during the whole period.

Any existing society that did not fit into the English Liberal scheme of things was to be destroyed. There was, for example, a war launched against China a little earlier, in 1839, the Opium War, to force it to have drugs imported and sold there, and thereby disabling it to make it ready for the world market (and Hong Kong forfeited as a punishment for resistance). This shattered Chinese society until Mao-Tse Tung put it back together again about a hundred years later.

The people in the locality obviously believed strongly in primogeniture, inheritance by the eldest son, otherwise Denny Long, for example, a direct descendent of the Denis Long who resisted tithes, would not be here today. The same Denis would be a great, great, grandfather of mine. Obviously there are Buckleys and Kellehers here in the same position. The Longs had come from Oughtaheiry near Rylane. But I think the Longs, being here for about two hundred years, are newcomers compared with the Buckleys. And anyone here for anything less than a century, like the Lanes, must be considered blow-ins!

The point is that farms have been passed on relatively intact for as long as records exist, and this was not typical of large areas of the country where middlemen sublet and sublet regardless of effects. This sub-division had facilitated an amazing expansion of population, which helped make the Famine the disaster it was. This tendency did not develop here.

THE FAMINE AND DRISHANE

There is strong evidence to show that the population of Aubane townland grew during the Famine. This would be unusual, but not unique, and a major factor would have been the "plantations" from Tullig in the 1830s.

There are British Parliamentary papers that compare the Census figures for 1841 and 1851 by Parish and townland and by the Union districts of the Poor Law. In the comparisons for the Millstreet Union, there is the extraordinary fact that, of we 13 districts that stretch from Knocknagree to Rathcool and comprising nearly 75,000 acres, the Drishane district is the only one that shows an increase in Population—from 3,341 to 4,555. Other districts, like Cullen and Rathcoole, nearly halved in population. The figures for the Parish of Drishane (reproduced Wow), consisting of 58 townlands (Aubane having 'disappeared' by now) show

that the population of the townland of Drishanemore, i.e., the Castle and Estate effectively, increased from 72 to 87.

From a quick glance at nearby areas, the only other area to grow substantially was Kanturk—no doubt because it had a Workhouse. But Millstreet or Drishane had no proper workhouse. It increased its population by doing well out of the Famine. Drishane, i.e. the Wallis family that owned it, had wealth, and anyone with money prospered because of the Famine, as indeed Wallis did for 50 years afterwards on the opportunities created by the Famine by someone in his position. The price of land and labour naturally went down because of the Famine. The family obviously needed opportunities like those provided by the Famine, because they went broke when the social playing field was more level a generation later. The composition at Annex 2, page 172, *The Plains Of Drishane*, gives an idea of how well Wallis did out of the Famine.

Wallis personified the system of government and the land system that caused the Famine. He had got Drishane as a Cromwellian, and kept it subsequently. A Major Wallis led the left wing of Broghil's army, the infantry, at the battle of Knockbrack (see *Spotlights On Irish History*, 1997, Aubane Historical Society, for further information on this complex bit of history). It is likely that it was then that a Wallis first saw the attractions of Drishane. Wallis did his bit for Broghil after Knockbrack by burning alive those who had fled to Dromtariffe Church, mainly women, children and older people. Only one survived (by using a tunnel) to tell the tale, and the number massacred have been put at up to two hundred. Kilcorney Church, the 'Old Chapel', was also burned down and the curate killed.

Wallis increased his lands considerably in 1728 by becoming a 'Protestant Discoverer', and thereby using the Penal Laws to get more of the McCarthy lands for £450, while the family was arguing over a will. Reputedly, the widow McCarthy was left freezing on her doorstep as a result. He later acquired most of the town of Millstreet by loaning money to McCarthy-O'Leary and tricking him into a bond which he foreclosed on. Thus he acquired everything from the 'Bridge' to Drishane.

The Wallis family was prone to boast of its generosity during the Famine in that it allowed starving people eat its turnips in the field—but it also ensured that none were taken away—that remained a criminal offence! It seems the family expected people to be eternally grateful for that. Another landlord, Jeremiah Eugene McCarthy, named in the tithes list for Aubane above, is reputed to have killed people eating his turnips by setting his dogs on them.

I think it was a wonderful irony that the great and the good, nationally and internationally, planned to make Drishane the culminating venue for events commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Famine. At last, the Famine would have come to Drishane. That plan was dropped.

There was great care taken not to give the impression that they were in any way seen to be celebrating the Famine—that would be in terrible bad taste, but a celebration of the Famine would have been very appropriate indeed in the case of Drishane. Drishane did well out of the Famine the first time around and it would

have been entirely appropriate that it did well out of it the second time around!

INFORMATION ON THE FAMINE

There is a shocking lack of real information about the Famine. This is largely because there was no proper workhouse here. No doubt that was kept out for as long as possible by the MacCarthy-O'Learys, Wallis etc., who between them ran the town almost as their private property. They kept out things they did not like, such as the railways later on, and certainly a Workhouse would be regarded as lowering the tone of the place to an outrageous extent. The town had no public life or identity, such as Macroom or Kanturk had at the time.

There are some brief reports in the *Cork Examiner* about the situation in the town and nearby, resembling those already quoted. The reporter was shocked at the lack of a Relief Committee, such as existed elsewhere, and he seems to have embarrassed the local landlords into subscribing for one. He reported what they subscribed in 1847, the grand sum of £78, from what he reckoned was at least an income of £10,000 a year. Even that seems to have been given largely because they were shamed into it, and some gave none at all.

"Capt. Wallis has contributed £10; McCarthy-O'Leary, Esq. £10; Henry Leader., Esq., £10; Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, P.P., £5; Rev. Mr. Mongan, £5; Miss Moore, £10; Counsellor McCarthy, £3; The O'Donoughue, £10; John McCarthy, Esq., £1; Herbert O'Donnell, Esq., £2; W. Adams, Esq., £1; Mr. D. Riordan, Curragh, £1; J. Adams, Esq., 10s.; Doctor Adams, 10s.; and Jeremiah Eugene McCarthy, Esq., holding 3,000 acres of land, gave the munificent sum of £4." (*Cork Examiner*, 23/4/1847)

We are indebted to an American visitor, William S. Balch, for a description of Millstreet and nearby areas. He passed through on 19th May, 1848 and what he saw made him think about the government that caused such a thing to happen:

"At Millstreet we stopped a few minutes, and most of the passengers took a lunch. A loaf of bread, the shell of half a cheese and a huge piece of coldbaked beef were set upon the table in the dirty bar-room. Each went and cut for himself, filling mouth hands and pockets as he chose. Those who took meat paid a shilling; for the bread and cheese, a sixpence. The Englishmen had their beer, the Irishmen their whiskey, the Americans cold water. Our party came out with hands full, but the host of wretches about the coach, who seemed to need it more than we, soon begged it all away from us, and then besought us, 'Please, sir, a halfpenny, oond may God reward ye in heaven'. A woman lifted up her sick child, in which was barely the breath of life, muttering, 'Pray, yer honor, give me a mite for my poor childer, a single penny, oond may God save yer shod'. Several deformed creatures stationed themselves along the street, and shouted after us in the most pitiful tones. Others ran beside the coach for half a mile, yelling in the most doleful manner for a 'ha-'penny', promising us eternal life if we would but give them one.

"We observed that the Englishmen gave nothing, but looked at them and

spoke in the most contemptuous manner. We could not give to all, but our hearts bled for them. We may become more callous by a long acquaintance with the scenes of destitution and misery; but at present the beauty of die Green Isle is greatly marred, and our journey, at every advance, made painful by the sight of such an amount of degradation and suffering.

"At one place, we saw a company of twenty or thirty men women and children, hovering about the mouth of an old lime-kiln, to shelter themselves from the cold wind and rain. The driver pointed them out as a sample of what was common in these parts a year ago. As we approached, ascending a hill at a slow pace, about half of them came from the kiln, which stood in a pasture some roods from the road. Such lean specimens of humanity I never before thought the world could present. They were mere skeletons, wrapped up in the coarsest rags. Not one of them had a decent garment. The legs and arms of some were entirely naked. Others had tattered rags dangling down to their knees and elbows. And patches of all sorts and colors made up what garments they had about their bodies. They stretched out their lean hands, fastened upon arms of skin and bone, turned their wan ghastly faces, and sunken, lifeless eyes imploringly up to us, with feeble words of entreaty, which went to our deepest heart. The Englishman made some cold remarks about their indolence and worthlessness, and gave them nothing.

"I never regretted more sincerely my own poverty than in that hour. Such objects of complete destitution and misery; such countenances of dejection and woe, I had not believed could be found in earth. Not a gleam of hope springing from their crushed spirits; the pangs of poverty gnawing at the very fountains of their life. All darkness, deep, settled gloom! Starvation, the most horrid of deaths, staring them full in the face, let them turn whither they will. The cold grave offering their only relief, and that perhaps, to be denied them, till picked up from the way-side, many days after death, by some stranger passing that way, who will feel compassion enough to cover up their mouldering bones with a few shovels-full of earth! And this is a christian country! a part of the great empire of Great Britain, on whose domain the 'sun never sets', boastful of its enlightenment, its liberty, its humanity, its compassion for the poor slaves of our land, its lively interest in whatever civilizes, refines and elevates mankind! Yet here in this beautiful Island, formed by nature with such superior advantages, more than a score of human beings, shivering under the walls of a lime-kiln, and actually starving to death!

"Oh, England! in thy rush for greatness, thou hast forgotten to be good!. Bedazzled with the glittering glory of thy armies and navies, thou has neglected the sources of thy real strength! Giddy in admiration of the tinselled trappings in which thou has bedecked thy queen, and her royal bantlings and nobility thou hast become blind to the misery which lie festering in thy bosom. Stunned and hoarse with the shoutings of thy own praise, thou art deaf to the voice of justice, humanity, and religion, and sufferest thy own kinsmen to be

wronged, insulted, cheated of the very sources of subsistence, and denied even the hope of redemption! What hast thou done—what art thou doing—for thy millions of true and loyal Irish subjects which thou hast subdued to thy authority! which is worthy of a great and christian nation? Talk no longer of thy humanity, of thy religion, of thy concern for the poor slaves, thy keen sense of justice and right, whilst so many are so wronged, and wretched at home! The world will not believe thee sincere and honest, but cold and heartless in thy pretensions, supremely selfish in the arrangement of thy public and domestic affairs, and anxious only to obtain a great name, without the trouble of deserving it!" (William S. Balch, *Ireland As I Saw It*, 1850.)

Balch was no sentimental Irish-American. He was totally American and the Famine made him and many Americans free themselves from British humbug about freedom and justice etc. etc., and helped make America an independent country in a real sense. It gave them the confidence to think for themselves and act on it. He was, as far as I can gather, a Methodist preacher and among the tracts he wrote was *Romanism And Republicanism Incompatible*, which indicates a typical theological hostility to Catholicism. But unlike the English Non-Conformists of his time, his God had a human heart when it came to the Famine and the suffering it caused.

There is also a brief description of Millstreet about a year later, 18th July, 1849, by Carly le who, in his usual direct style gives some idea of the effects of the Famine on the town.

"At 'Millstreet' dine or lunch; pleasant village among woods on the hill-slope, as seen from the distance; interior, one mass of mendicancy, ruined by the 'famine', by the potatoe-failure. All towns here seem to depend for their trade on the mere produce of the earth: mills, distilleries, bacon, butter,—what of 'respectability with gig' could be derived from that has taken station in towns, and all is wrecked now. After lunch, street filled with beggars; people in another coach threw halfpence; the population ran at them like rabid dogs, dogs of both sexes, and whelps; one oldish fellow I saw beating a boy, to keep at least him out of the competition. Rain' 'Hay-y-p!' down the hill at a rapid pace, happily we get away." (Thomas Carly le, *Reminiscences Of My Irish Journey In 1849*, 1882.)

OFFICIAL FIGURES AND WHAT THEY ARE WORTH

It is very hard to come to a firm estimate of the numbers of people lost to Ireland as a result of the Famine. It is usual to show the decline as between the official Censuses of 1841 and 1851. But these figures have to be treated with great caution. The 1841 Census was not very accurate. The original 1841 figures had to be revised upwards to be more realistic. On top of that, there had been a substantial population increase by the Famine peak year of 1847. There is also the fact that, looking at the difference between the two Censuses only shows the arithmetical decline in population: it fails to take the exponential factor into account as one has to bear in mind that the population was increasing by about 1.63% per year.

Taking these factors into account, it is clear the population was considerably higher than official figures suggest by the time the Famine struck, so that the drop in population is much more than the two sets of figures for 1841 and 1851 would indicate.

It is quite telling that the number of people eliminated by the Famine was never counted, despite the fact that the British State was renowned at the time for collecting and providing all sorts of information. Yet this rather important statistic was never established. It would have been a very worthwhile effort if the Irish Government had established the numbers lost as part of the Official Commemoration in 1997.

HOW MANY MILLION DIED?

Taking it in round figures: the official population of Ireland was about 8 million in 1841, but the Official and Religious censuses of 1834—seven years earlier—also put the population at 8 million, and the population had been increasing at a rate of 1.63%! If an estimate of the population increase between 1834 and 1841 is made, taking that rate of increase into account, a more correct estimate of the Irish population in 1841 would be 9 million but that is a conservative estimate.

The 1841 figure was not credible at the time. It has to be accepted as a gross underestimation. Cecil Woodham-Smith (by far the best historian on the Famine) says the population was probably 25% more than that, and she quotes a Relief Officer in Clare who calculated it was 33% more there (Cecil Woodham-Smith, *The Great Hunger In Ireland, 1845 To 1849*, 1962.) That would put the population at between 10 and 12 million in 1841. Of course, population numbers were higher again by 1847 as the population kept growing by 1.63%. Probably it had reached at least 11 million and that again is a conservative estimate.

When the population was officially counted again in 1851, five years later, there had been a massive drop: to 6.5 million. While this represents a drop of 1.5 million on the 1841 Census figure, it is clear that the real loss to Ireland is far heavier than that.

The basic fact is that if there had not been a Famine the evidence clearly indicates that the population would have been in the region of 13 million at least by 1851. The official figure of 6.5 million in 1851 therefore indicates a halving of the population that should have existed.

Allowing for a million emigrating and another million who were never born this means that at least 4.5 million died.

These are dreadful figures that are not acknowledged (as far as I know) in any of the academic literature on the Famine, which speak always in terms of a million or a million and a half. It is amazing that such a basic fact should not be clearly established 150 years after the event, and innumerable academic theses, and during the international Commemoration in 1997!

It is very difficult to quantify the full effect of the Famine. It has, for example, made it acceptable that the population of Ireland should be roughly as it has been

ever since: 5 million (or 3.5 million in the South). But anyone who thinks this is in some way natural or inevitable should consider the case of our neighbours in Holland. There they have a saying to the effect that "*God made the world—except Holland*", because they have reclaimed about a third of it from the sea. Yet, although it is not much bigger than Munster, and its soil not that different, it has a population of nearly 16 million.

For what they are worth, the official population figures for the townlands of Drishane in 1841 and 1851 are overleaf.

9. ORDNANCE SURVEY

Why was Aubane not put on the map by the Ordnance Surveyors? This can only remain a matter of speculation. The map makers' nameplate notes that exist for all other counties do not exist for Cork. Cork was the last county surveyed and this may have been the last part of Cork surveyed—they may have got slipshod. Their funding was also running out at this stage. Of course, their information depended largely on who they spoke to and there was a difference of language between those making the maps and those being mapped—so to speak. And, when one considers that it was the Nashs, Rubys etc. that they would have probably consulted in the area, it is no wonder maybe that Aubane was not mentioned. It was not exactly the most fashionable place as far as they were concerned. To them it was a dump, quite literally, into which they threw people.

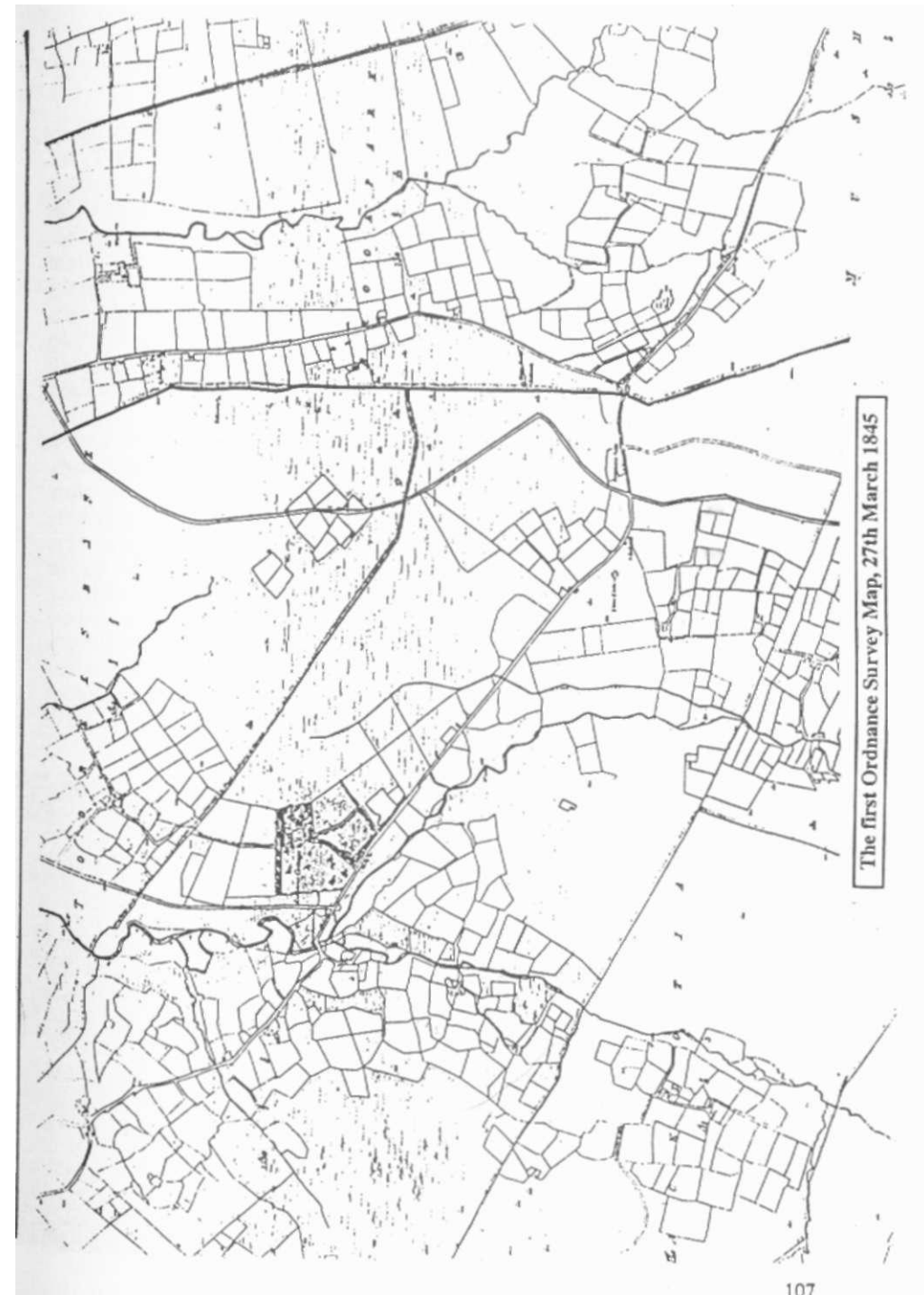
But it still remains something of a mystery why one of the largest townlands under Drishane, one that was clearly the first listed in the Tithes records for Drishane only a few years earlier, was omitted. Curiously, the river is listed as the Owenbane river, and of course Aubane Cottage also appears. Later, an Aubane House (now Dan Barrett's), Aubane School, and Aubane Creamery were added to the map, without Aubane itself being indicated.

Maybe it's time that the maps were drawn properly. If this is ever undertaken, we should be ready to make a case for including Aubane. There are other townlands in the same position. It is surely time that our maps were really reflective of the people in the area, instead of reflecting old planters' concepts. It is ridiculous that in this day and age we are stuck with the Cromwellian classifications and concepts of mapping the area, laid down for their own purposes well over three hundred years ago.

There is an extract from the first Ordnance Survey map on page 107.

PARISH OF DRISHANE

TOWNLANDS	POPULATION	TOWNLANDS	POPULATION
<u>Barony of</u>		<u>Barony of</u>	
<u>W. Muskerry</u>	1841 - 1851	<u>W. Muskerry</u>	1841- 1851
Adrivale	61 - 44	Inches	192- 146
Ballinkeen	229 - 114	Inchileigh	87- 47
Ballydaly	290 - 228	Killowen	59 - 32
Ballynatona	53 - 46	Kilmeedy,	
Ballyvouskill	53 - 21	East	114- 72
Cahirbarnagh	410 - 237	Kilmeedy, West	110- 55
Cahirdowney	84 - 84	Kippagh	90- 61
Carrigacoolecn	194 - 121	Knocknagallane	99- 32
Carrigleigh	30 - 30	Knocknakilla	152 - 90
Claragh-beg	52 - 73	Knocknaloman	106 - 65
Cloghoola-beg	198 - 115	Lackabane	80- 83
Cloghoola-more	199 - 146	Lackdotia	52- 29
Coolanarney	47 - 74	Liscahane	221 - 147
Coole	98 - 63	Liscreagh	174- 142
Cooleenaree	49 - 9	Mountleader	26- 25
Coolnagillagh, Lower	88 - 39	Mushera	60- 43
Coolnagillagh, Upper	41 - 44	Rathduane	72- 91
Coomacheo	- - -	Tober	21 - 22
Coomlegane	115 - 92	Toorboney	62- 34
Currahill	11 - 7	Tooreenbane	80 - 31
Curragh	113 - 73	Tullig	382 - 252
Derreen	31 - 32	Total	5,816-3,925
Dooneens	294 - 214	Millstreet Town	2,162-1,501
Drishane-beg	231 - 122	<i>Do.Bridewell</i>	-- 3
Drishane-more	72- 87	<i>Do.Workhouse</i>	--2,191
Drominahilla	145 - 102	Total	7,978 -7,620
Ferm	26- 19	<u>Duhallow Baronv</u>	
Geararoe	31 - 20	Annagloor	175 - 99
Garraneduff	84 - 43	Claraghatlea, North	88 - 82
Greeves	48 - 33	Claraghatlea, South	56- 5
Gortavehy, East	71 - 28	Claragh-more	195- 167
Gortavehy, West	79 - 66	Coolykeerane	234 - 135
(continued next column)		Shanaknock	142 - 72
		Total	890 - 560



The first Ordnance Survey Map, 27th March 1845

10. GRIFFITH'S VALUATION

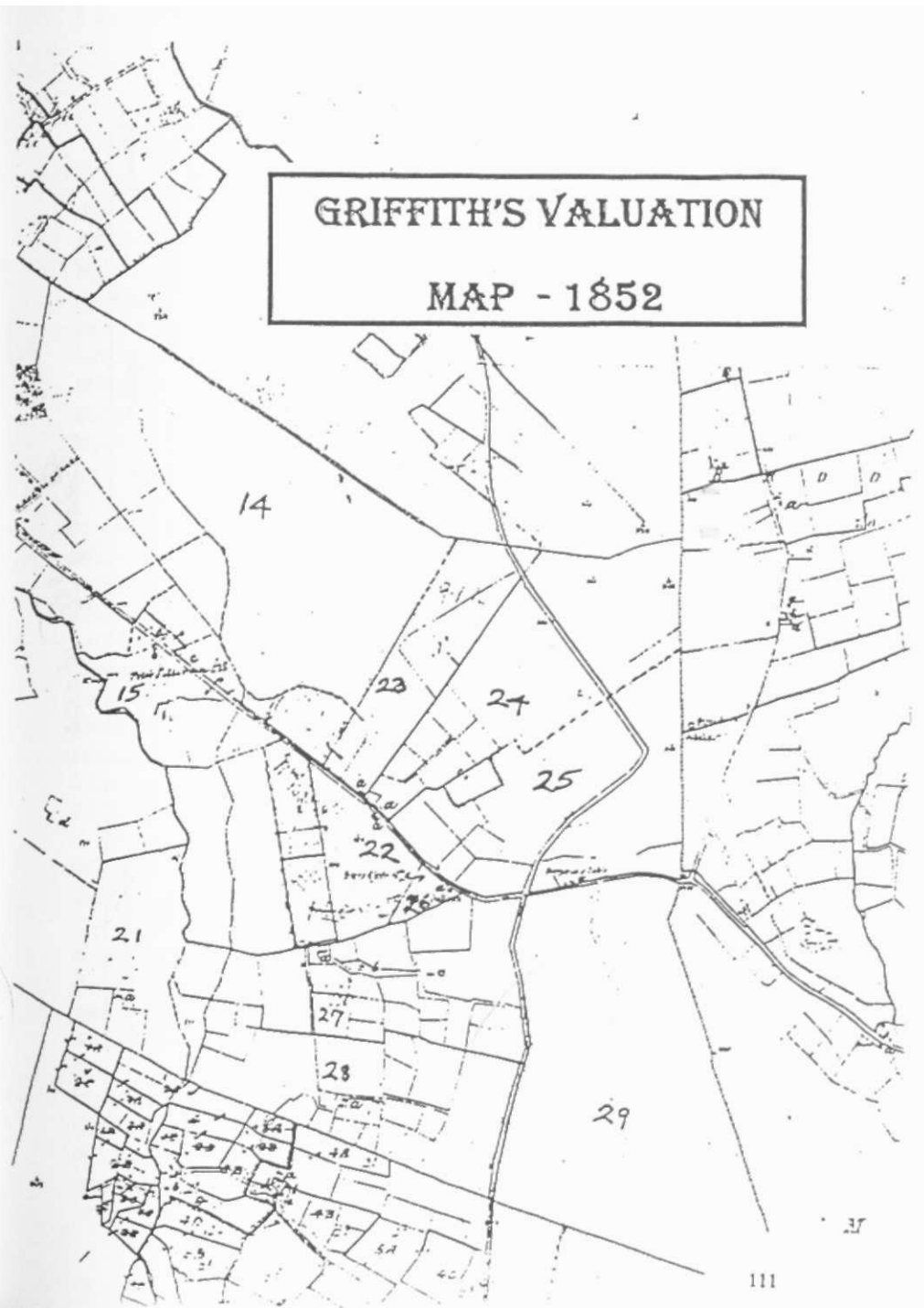
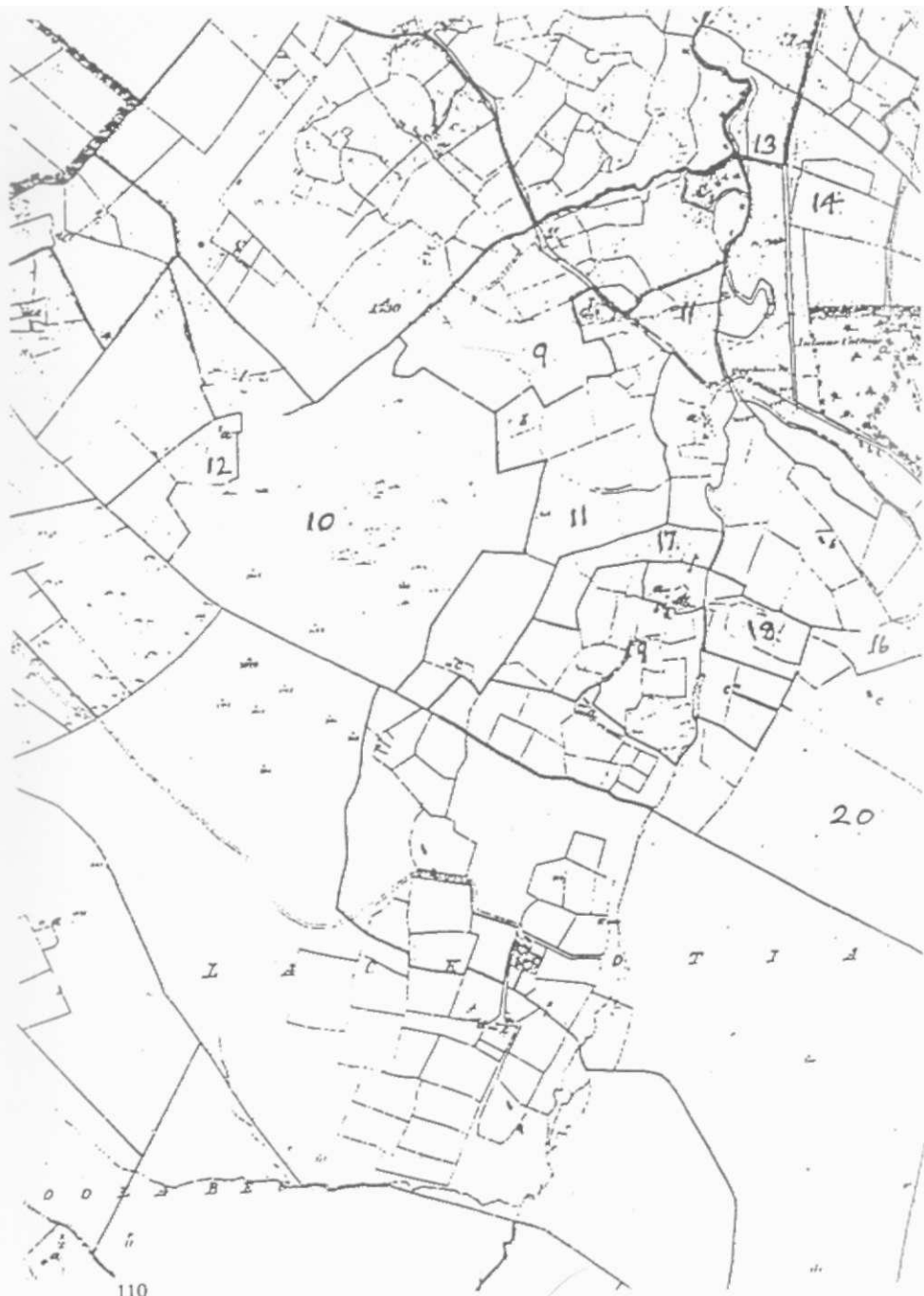
Griffith's Valuation was carried out during and after the Famine and published in 1852. It was to set up a basis for the Rates. It has the advantage over the Tithes records of having farms and names identified together with a map. A problem is that Aubane as such is not identified. It's all listed under Tullig, but it is possible to identify the farms in Aubane. The numbering of the farms is not very clear, and not all the farms are easily identifiable. On the map, those before 9a represent those from the Tanyard upwards. I have tried to make the numbers as clear as possible in the map. The quality of the original map has deteriorated. The farms numbers were altered for some reason in the original manuscript, which does not help. The map should be read with the first Ordnance survey map on page 107, which is much clearer in some respects, and which would have been used as the basis of the Land Valuation map.

The differences in the 20 or so years since 1831 are obvious. A lot had changed: there were now 21 holdings, and 32 occupiers (though some may be duplicated). Kellehers are now listed. This would confirm the clearing of Tullig and elsewhere of Kellehers, and others, some years earlier. This made Aubane more densely populated than Tullig. The new middlemen, Morris and Ruby, who between them owned practically the whole lot, appear. You can make other comparisons. But the most significant change it shows is a definite increase in population since and during the Famine, at least over the 1831 population. This is accepting of course that the tithes' record would not account for everyone, but then neither would Griffith's Valuation. The Valuation also shows a strong continuity of the same families throughout the Famine. The Valuation Survey was a massive undertaking and it remained the basis of the rateable valuation for land until some farmers got it overruled in a court action in the early 1980s.

Map ref.	Occupiers	Immediate Lessors	HOL*	Area A R P	Total rateable value
9a	Patrick Buckley	Ionas Morris	HL	45 2 18	£12/10/0
10	Patrick Buckley Jeremiah Buckley	"	L	77 2 24	£4/8/0
11a	Jeremiah Buckley	"	HOL	48 18	£13/15/0
b	Unoccupied	Jeremiah Buckley	H	-	£0/2/0
c	Timothy Callaghan	"	H	-	£0/2/0
12a	Michael Lehane	Patrick Buckley	HL	8 2 18	£1/18/0
13a	John Buckley	Martha Ruby	HOL	6 3 30	£2/10/0
14a	Martha Ruby	Ionas Morriss	HOL	192 2 24	£33/10/0

15a	Timothy Keleher	Martha Ruby	HOL	61 3 36	£16/5/0
b	Judith Lane	Timothy Keleher	H	-	£0/2/0
16a	Honoria Buckley	Ionas Morriss	HOL		£8/10/0
b	Conor Buckley	"	HOL	93 1 32	£8/5/0
c	Timothy Buckley	"	HOL		£8/0/0
d	Unoccupied	Honoria Buckley & others	H	-	£0/2/0
17	Denis Brien	Ionas Morriss	L	7 0 31	£1/8/0
18a	Connor Bryan	"	HL	10 0 12	£3/4/0
b	Denis Bryan	"	HOG*	0 0 11	£0/8/0
19a	Jeremiah Keleher	"	HOL		£5/5/0
b	Daniel Keleher	"	HOL	29 3 9	£2/18/0
20a	Denis Long	"	HOL	69 0 17	£10/15/0
21a	John Keleher	"	HL	22 1 6	£3/10/0
22a	Timothy Buckley	Martha Ruby	HOL	16 2 11	£3/15/0
23a	Timothy Corcoran	"	HL	11 2 10	£2/5/0
24a	Ellen Keleher	Ionas Morriss	HOL	38 1 6	£3/5/0
25a	Denis Keleher	"	HOL	52 0 15	£4/14/0
26a	Michael Healy	Martha Ruby	HOL	2 1 20	£0/14/0
27a	Michael Rierdon	Ionas Morriss	HOL		£2/14/0
b	Jeremiah Rierdon	"	HL	39 3 11	£5/15/0
c	Cat'ne Corcoran	Jeremiah Rierdon	H		£0/5/0
28a	Daniel Denahy	Ionas Morriss	HOL	40 3 6	£7/15/0
29	Michael Rierdon	"	L		£0/10/0
	Jeremiah Rierdon	"	L	86 1 2	£1/2/0
	Daniel Denahy	"	L		£1/14/0
		TOTAL		986 1 7	

*HOL stands for House, Offices (outhouses) and Land *G for garden



GRIFFITH'S VALUATION
MAP - 1852

11. THE LAND WAR

Unfortunately, there is little information easily and systematically available on the Land War or the Fenian Movement in the area, but folk memory and the fact that a Royal Irish Constabulary Barracks had to be maintained indicate that both had to be taken very seriously by the authorities. The Land War was a long drawn out struggle and there is no doubt that it was a war, and a war that was won and lost. And both sides knew exactly what was at stake and who won and who lost in the long run. The Land War was in fact a way of life for a couple of generations. Millstreet has a very honourable place in the history of the war. It got national attention through the *Hegarty Case*, which typified and personified the issues involved in the war. There were also many dramatic demonstrations of support for the Land League, including one in the Church on a Good Friday!

Aubane played its part in giving the Millstreet area a somewhat fearsome reputation during the period. No doubt the memory of the recent 'plantations', and the resentments created, would have been very much alive as they would have happened within living memory. The focus of this reputation in the Aubane/Mushera area for a long time was centered on a group operating near here who called themselves the Royal Irish Republic. It was led by a man called Dan Connell from Millstreet. He was an ex-soldier and was captured near Mushera on 29th December, 1881. The police believed they had captured Captain Moonlight himself and the event caused a great fuss. He had a group who operated like an army with sworn members, uniforms, ranks, drilling etc. However, because of the information he had on him, and as he turned informer after his capture, many of his followers (and others) were caught.

There was a report in *The Cork Examiner* of Connell's arrest that is a little classic of its kind. It is written totally from the point of view of the police and the authorities and the 'gentlemen' of the day, whose word is always taken as gospel. Full weight is given to what they have to say. However, Connell's surname is not even given consistently and the reporter did not even go to the trouble of getting his first name. It never seems to occur to the reporter to query or try to explain the social background that enabled a teenager (which is what Connell must have been when he began) to set up an effective and popular mini-army in this locality. All this is blithely ignored—he is a very modern reporter. The selective leaking of information to reporters and use of the media for trial and condemnation is obviously nothing new. It later transpired that Connell may have arranged for his own arrest as part of his becoming a turncoat. The police were acting on very good information to arrest him, so good it is very likely to have come from him.

"The arrest of the man Connell at Mushera on Tuesday night by the

District of Carobane

Reference	Top	Parishes & Occupiers	Parishes	Description of Tenement	Area	Rohank's Annual Value			
						Land	Buildings	Total	Rate
9	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 1	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
10	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 2	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
11	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 3	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
12	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 4	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
13	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 5	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
14	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 6	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
15	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 7	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
16	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 8	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
17	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 9	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
18	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 10	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
19	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 11	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
20	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 12	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
21	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 13	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
22	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 14	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
23	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 15	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
24	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 16	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
25	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 17	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
26	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 18	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
27	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 19	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
28	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 20	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0
29	a	Parish of Carobane	Carobane	House No. 21	0.5	0.15	0.65	12.00	0

Macroom police has proved to be one of great importance, inasmuch as the documents found on him reveal a well laid plot to murder two persons whose names were mentioned, and are likely to throw a great deal of light on the 'Moonlight' outrages which have taken place for some time in and around Millstreet. The police believe that in Connell they have captured the captain of the band by whom all these outrages have been committed and they have direct evidence connecting him with at least one of them. He is, it appears, not a man of the very best antecedents, and his movements have been watched with a good deal of suspicion by the police. He is a native of Millstreet, and is about twenty years of age. Discharged for bad conduct from the regular forces he joined the militia.

"On Tuesday night a large force of police, under Constable Cahill, proceeded to the house of Thomas Shea, a farmer living in the property of Mr M. J. Barry, at Musherah, a place midway between Millstreet and Macroom, and there arrested O'Connell on a charge of having arms in his possession in a proclaimed district. It will be remembered that it was close to Musherah Mountain that Mr Appleby, County surveyor, some months since was fired at in the middle of the day whilst riding to Millstreet Petty Sessions to prosecute some road contractors. Shea's house is situated in a wild and isolated spot, and he has been described by a gentleman who has known him for years as a most industrious, hard-working, and improving tenant. The district around Musherah Mountain has been very much disturbed for the past couple of years, and it was here that most of those night attacks and raids for arms occurred that brought Millstreet into such unenviable prominence before the public. The house of Mr John Howard, P.L.G., from which a number of guns were stolen, and that of Mrs. Fitzgerald, who was attacked and badly beaten because she paid her rent, are not far distant. Large rewards have been offered by the Government for information with regard to these outrages, but up to the present the police have not received a hint as to who the perpetrators of them were.

"From information received, however, with regard to Connell, a large force of police, under Constable Cahill, proceeded to Shea's house last Tuesday night and captured him there. The police reached Shea's house about midnight, knocked on the door, and were immediately admitted. Without much ado, two or three of them rushed upstairs to a loft over the kitchen, and there, in a bed with one of O'Shea's sons, they found Connell lying in his clothes. He started up on the instant, and endeavoured to divest himself of his waistcoat unnoticed and throw it away, but before he was able to do so a policeman seized hold of it. A struggle for the possession of the waistcoat ensued, in which one of Shea's daughters took part, and after considerable difficulty the policeman succeeded in taking possession of it. Tied up in an inside pocket of the waistcoat a number of documents were found, and on searching the rest of Connell's clothes, a watch and several bullets were discovered.

"Having searched the place thoroughly, the police proceeded to the outhouses

and there discovered four revolvers—two six-chambered, of the newest description, and two five-chambered, of an old class. There is a suspicion that one of the revolvers found was that taken from Mr W. H. Massey's gamekeeper when he was attacked by an armed party three or four months ago, but the person who sold the revolver to the gamekeeper, though he says it is like it, could not identify it confidently. There is scarcely any doubt that the gold watch found was that stolen from Mr Cudmore, who lives near Millstreet. The general appearance of the watch corresponds with the description of it given in the 'Hue and Cry' at the time and the numbers are identical. It will be remembered that on the occasion on which Mr Cudmore's house was broken into by a party of 'Moonlighters', his watch was carried off.

"The police are naturally very reticent for the documents found on Connell, and are most unwilling to divulge anything concerning them, but reliable information on the matter has been derived from other sources. It was hoped at the time that the outrages taking place in the district were not committed by any regular association for such a dreadful purpose, but from the documents found on Connell it would seem that a regular Ribbon Society has been in existence there for some time, by which sentences were passed and punishments inflicted. Amongst his papers is a list of 'offences' against the unwritten code of Connell and his associates for which the penalties have already been inflicted, and another list of 'offences' for which it was intended to mete out punishment at some future date, all signed and countersigned with fictitious names, and winding up with the words 'Examined and approved of as the work on the night——Signed, Captain Moonlight'.

"Most important of all, however, was the plot disclosed for the murder on the morrow of two farmers living close to O'Shea's house, named James Sullivan and Denis Coakley, and for the disfigurement of Sullivan's two daughters. Denis Coakley, James Sullivan, and Thomas O'Shea, all hold farms under Mr Barry. Coakley is described as being a very respectable man, and Sullivan and O'Shea are also described as being respectable men, by a gentleman who knew the three of them very well. Sullivan has a large grown family, all of whom attained good positions—some in the Excise and some as National Teachers, and besides the farm which Coakley holds under Mr Barry he is a tenant for large farms under two other landlords.

"These three men hold their farms under Mr Barry under leases of 41 years, expiring this year, and it appears that they are discontented with their position, inasmuch as tenants' holdings under such leases are excluded from the benefits conferred by the Land Act, and also as the settlement proposed by them to the landlord was refused by him. About a fortnight ago all the tenants waited on Mr Barry's agent, but having failed to come to a settlement with him they all left without paying any rent, nor did any of them pay a penny since. Mr Barry's agent states that neither Sullivan nor Coakley paid their rent, but it would seem as if O'Connell and his associates were under a different impression, for their

decree was that James Sullivan and Denis Coakley having paid their rent, should be shot on the 30th of December, 1881, and that Sullivan's two daughters should have their hair cut to the bone—one for having spoken to a policeman in the streets of Macroom, and the other for having dealt with Mr Hegarty, of Millstreet, a near relative of whose wife the girl happened to be.

"The instructions for the attack were all described in the document found with the greatest care and minuteness. All parties to engage in it were to assemble in a certain place at a certain time. There, in a haystack close by, they would find materials for completely disguising themselves, false hair, and whiskers and masks, together with the arms to be used in firing at Sullivan and Coakley, and the shears for the purpose of cutting off the hair of Sullivan's two daughters.

"Fortunately, however, information of the attack must have reached the police, and a hideous and disgracing outrage, planned with such premeditation and care, has been averted. Sullivan and Coakley however are not the only persons who have been saved from the attack. The names of others are set forth in the papers as being guilty of less aggravated offences, and were to be punished by having their ears cut or their property injured.

"Immediately after that the documents were found Connell was placed under arrest and taken to Macroom. Next morning he was taken before Mr Roycroft, J.P. Informations, in which the documents found were set out, made against him, and on these he was remanded to the County Gaol for eight days. He arrived in Cork on Wednesday night by the last train from Macroom. As the police were taking him from the barrack to the Macroom station a crowd assembled and hooted them. It has not been yet decided on what day Connell will be brought before the magistrate, but in all probability a special sessions will be shortly held to try him. It is expected that further arrests will be made in connection with the case but the police are silent on the matter" (*Cork Examiner*, December 30, 1881)

Connell's information led to a special trainload of soldiers arriving in the middle of the night on 10th January without warning. They surrounded Millstreet town, and went straight to the houses of a number of people and arrested them They included:

"Jeremiah Riordan, baker [whose name should have been spelt Reardon and who was "out" in 1867 in an attack on Mount Leader House, JL] Denis Corkery, grocer, Patrick Heaphy, baker, Daniel Keefe, labourer, John Connell, weaver, Michael McSwiney, grocer, John Armstrong, labourer, Jeremiah and Charles Murphy, sons of farmers living in Coomlagane, Donal Donoughue of Cloughoulabeg, assistant teacher at the National School, Cornelius Healy of Ivale, farmer, and John and Daniel Murphy and Timothy Cronin of Coolanarney."

The *Examiner* also reported that, "A small crowd followed the police to the station and cheered for the prisoners". It added: „

"The police force are 38 and are in various temporary barracks. Within a distance of a mile from the town there are 20 others".

This gives an idea of the scale of the conflict at the time. I think that these arrests were not of Connell's men, but rather "the usual suspects" that the authorities were only too keen to arrest and his naming of them was a good excuse. I think he later betrayed the real members, and more arrests and trials followed. The *Examiner* reported a series of arrests including:

"On Saturday night two other arrests were effected. Two parties of police left Millstreet barracks at the same hour and under similar circumstances as on the previous night. One party left for Musherah, and at Aubane, near Ivale, took into custody William Twohig. The prisoner lives with his mother who is a widow, on a small plot of land, and they live on the produce of the land and the proceeds of the work done by the prisoner. While the arrest was being effected the other party of police had gone to Aughnagloor, and there arrested a farmer, Matthew Fitzgerald. The two prisoners have since been detained in Millstreet and will be removed to Cork to-morrow (Monday) morning." (16/1/82.)

This Twohig, his brother, and others, were charged with the raid on Mrs Fitzgerald and Cudmore's and there followed a trial in Cork in January 1882 that made national headlines and was included in a popular book called, *Mysteries Of Ireland*, that claimed to be a history of Irish secret societies from 1798 to 1883.

In the course of this trial it was shown that Connell had been acting with the police for some time. The crucial evidence against the Twohigs turned out to be the behaviour of their dog. In the raid on the house of Mrs. Catherine Fitzgerald (whose grand-daughter of the same name was married to Maurice Finnegin) for some odd reason the raiders left their dog behind, which Mrs FitzGerald gave to the police. Connell told the police to take it to the Twohigs' house and see what would happen. The dog obviously behaved as their dog and that was enough for the judge and jury. The dog was produced in court and there was great hilarity over this piece of evidence. But of course it looked very much like a construction of incriminating evidence, because Connell's word on its own, as a turncoat, would not have been credible. Did Connell, who was leader of the raid and arranged it from Twohigs' house, arrange for the dog to accompany them on the raid and to be deliberately left in the house? Most likely. Was it inspired by *Oliver Twist*, which had just been published, and in which a similar fate is suffered by the villain, Bill Sykes, who was captured because of his faithful dog?

An indication of the feelings generated between people at the time can be got from a piece of a local song, which I once saw scribbled down, and which seems to refer to some incident connected with this case, as the sentence and the number convicted agree:

"_____was the limb from the Devil
Her daughter has sprung from the same
The mean_____were there in attendance
And the Chairman was black_____

They put six of our brave boys in prison
For seven long years to remain
But thanks to the great God in Heaven
They are free men in Millstreet again
As soon as those blood sucking snakes are all vanished
And their bones are dissolved in the clay
Then no more will the proud Mushera name
Be looked down on in Millstreet with shame"

Connell's family, apparently, stayed on in the area and became weavers and his grandson, Tim Connell, was a well known footballer and postman in Millstreet who died in the 1940s.

As a result of incidents like this, the Mushera area, including Aubane, became notorious for years and was treated like part of a police state, so much so that the *Examiner*, though always keen to understand and promote the authorities* point of view, felt obliged to report a few years later in a manner that went some way to paint the reality of life for people in the area:

"POLICE RULE IN THE MUSHRA DISTRICT
'PEASANTS' CABINS NIGHTLY RANSACKED
DECENCY OUTRAGED

"Some five miles from the town of Millstreet, around the base and on the western and northern slopes of Mushra mountain lies a district in which outrages committed in the name of the law are daily perpetrated—outrages perhaps not quite so bad in actual detail generally speaking, as those committed by the bona fide scoundrels who a few years ago used to go out to commit their crimes in the night time, and for which they are now 'doing' their terms of penal servitude, but still altogether too bad to exist with the recognition of the law, and tolerated by public opinion, even in Ireland. The public and the law are not much aware of those matters, but in this district of Mushra, the policeman is the law, and the police forces of Macroom and Millstreet alone can form an idea of the gross amount of pain, shame and misery that have been caused to the unfortunate inhabitants of this district by police raids, nightly visitings and searching during the past three years, and which continues to the present. To the general public outside the district all that has been known is that the police 'were acting firmly' and the impression that Mushra was a 'hot-spot' made the actions of the police seem necessary. Very few, however, could have any but a very faint idea of what the 'firm action of the police' really meant. As for the unfortunate people themselves, they have, with true Celtic capability, become quite used to outrages of every kind being perpetrated on them, and though the anger at the outrage is natural and does exist, the feeling of surprise no longer remains. It has been observed that eels get used to the process of skinning, and the unfortunate peasant of Mushra now regards the nocturnal visit of a constable as a matter of course, and feels that there is some breach of discipline if he is not called out of bed to hold a conversation with the officer or sergeant in command. 'In the beginning of the night there is no use in going

early to bed, for we expect to be routed and can't go to sleep. But when they don't come until a couple of hours before daybreak, then when we get up there is no use in going to bed again.' These were the words actually used by a young farmer to your reporter, who on Saturday was engaged in making some investigations as to the ways of the police towards the Mushra people, and they were spoken in a most business-like way without anything that would indicate a desire to exaggerate. He was not singular in this; it was substantially the same statement that was made in every house visited. Of course, everyone is aware that the 'Englishman's house is his castle,' but in Mushra the true proposition would be that every farmer's house and peasant's cabin is a police hut. There is not a man in that district of nearly twenty square miles who may not be called out of his bed by policemen at any hour of the night—many households have been visited by the police and alarmed three times in the same night—no man who may not be arrested if he goes out of his house after dark to look after his cattle or for any other reasonable purpose, and it is not going too far to say that the ordinary industrial operations of the district are seriously hampered and embarrassed by a galling system of police espionage. 'It would not be very pleasant or convenient to go to gaol now,' said a young man, 'and so I would rather run the danger of having a cow killed than being arrested by Sergeant Moroney, who arrested me a couple of weeks ago for the same thing. No excuse would be taken from me.' Worse than all this, females have been insulted and the sense of decency outraged—not long since two policemen made their way into a house in which there were only two girls who were in bed, and actually had the indecency to go into the girls' bedroom and remain there a considerable time, notwithstanding their protestation. If these things do not constitute an aggravated system of police tyranny, it is hard to see what further measure is necessary to increase the sense of wrong and injury which animate the people of the district. It seems too, from the statement of these people that the constabulary have not been very particular as to nice points of law in the their administration of the Crimes Act. It is, of course, well known that on the passing of the Crimes Act it was distinctly agreed that there should be no entering of houses by night except on the authority of a warrant. In Mushra, however, up to very recently the formality of a warrant was not considered at all necessary. The police entered the houses without explanation being given or question asked, remained as long as they liked, and departed how they chose. Some time ago, however, the people being informed of the state of the law in regards to the power of the police in breaking into houses at night, determined not to admit them on any occasion thenceforth without a warrant being produced. Generally since then the police patrols have not forced their way into houses without warrants, but on several occasions it has been done. Once recently when the police party at the door were asked to produce their warrant, the answer was that if the door was not at once opened it would be burst open, and a demonstration was made which showed that the

threat was not an idle one. The door was, of course, at once opened, and the policemen came in.

"Now, of course, it must be said that this Mushra district, the scene of Daniel ConnelFs operations, was not always a quiet locality. More than one wicked outrage was perpetrated there, and at one time deeds of violence were numerous enough. But those things have now ceased; no crime of violence has been committed in the district for a considerable time; and it is characteristic of the administrative ability of the powers that rule that as well as other districts that, while wholly incapable of dealing with an outburst of criminal violence while it lasted in Mushra, once all lawless crime, disappeared from the district—and for some time there has been no sign of it—all the energy of the police force has been utilised towards rendering intolerable the lives of people against whom there has been either no definite allegations of crime or who have been able successfully to refute any such allegation when made. If people could be prevented from committing crime, or caught in the act of committing it, or if there were any grounds for apprehending that criminals were waiting merely for an opportunity to perpetrate outrages, there might be some justification for even excessive interference on the part of the police, and extreme vigilance on their part would meet with general approval. But what the people of the district complain of is, that while crime has disappeared, the interference of the police in their private and family concerns has in no degree decreased, but has, on the contrary, redoubled, and that the secret privacy and most intimate affairs of the family are not only at the mercy of policemen, but have over and over again been rudely disturbed and exposed by policemen, regardless alike of the character, love-letters, bank bills, and messages from children and relatives in foreign lands. The people of this district have felt in full force the results of 'giving a dog a bad name,' because it seems that if an outrage of any kind takes place anywhere within fifteen miles, there is immediately that news reaches the police, be it day or night, a raid made by 'force' on nine-tenths of the houses in the district, searching for arms, inquiring after members of the family and their whereabouts, past and present, prodding haystacks and turning up ground, and exploring every nook and cranny about your house. 'Even in this cabin,' said an old man, 'small as it is, I would not for a good gold sovereign see the injury the police do when they come searching about here. Beds are turned up and tossed about, furniture is broken, everything is 'rallied' (tumbled about), and then when they find nothing away they go leaving us to put things back to rights'. For the purpose of seeing how far the rumours concerning these matters were well founded, or otherwise I went to Mushra, by way of Millstreet, on Saturday. The broad results have been set out above, and I now proceed to give my experience in practical and more detailed form. In Millstreet I was fortunate enough to pick an 'ex-suspect,' who kindly consented to accompany me on a tour of investigation and inspection, and a most valuable companion for the purpose he proved, for not alone was

he fully acquainted with the district, but he got the different parties visited to tell all there was to be told without hesitation or reserve. Before leaving he drew up a list of the men it would be desirable to visit for the purpose of inquiry, and drove off under the fierce regards of two policemen—for my companion's position as an 'ex-suspect' has been carefully preserved, and the police have given him every cause to believe that the 'ex'—does not count.

"THE BARD"

"Glancing over the list of names of people to be interviewed—about eighteen in number—it was decidedly pleasing to find the first on the list was that of 'John O'Sullivan—'The Bard'.' Of course, it was very probable that Mr. O'Sullivan would be found to be an uncompromising nationalist, fierce in his hatred of England, and not averse to stern measures for resisting the Government, but all the same, 'The Bard' must be one of gentle nature at bottom and a man of culture to boot—a man of 'Tight and reading' in his district in fact. The works of 'The Bard' have to some extent been published, but not in book form—indeed his alleged works were not of a literary or musical character at all. As one of a batch of forty-eight prisoners he stood in the County Court some three years ago before Lord Justice Barry charged with 'moonlighting.' The Crown withdrew the prosecution after the men had been kept in custody for many months, and the 'The Bard' was discharged. A man of varied experiences assuredly, who could in his own poetic way tell the story of the police rule in the district; so let us to 'The Bard.' The horse's head was accordingly turned towards Cloughoula-Beg, the residence of the Child of Song. On the way, however, and while the rain was coming down in torrents my companion gave me some particulars about 'The Bard' which quite removed the pleasing anticipation regarding that personage. The idea that one day this son of the minstrel would break forth with 'Musings on Mushra' or 'Meanderings by Moonlight' was rudely shattered. But in justice to Mr O'Sullivan, it must at once be said that he is no pretentious minstrel, skim-milk politician masquerading as the votary of the harp and the lute. Greatness in this respect has been thrust upon him; he has not sought it. And it has come about in this way. The O'Sullivans are very numerous in this locality, and as in many others, people of the same name and surname are distinguished by some other characteristic, chiefly the Christian name of the father. O'Sullivan's father's name was Robert, the Irish equivalent for which, having its first syllable lopped off, leaves 'Bard,' which is the origin of Mr O'Sullivan's graceful title. So much by way of explanation. Arrived at the 'Bard's' residence, it was found that he himself was out. His wife and several very small children were in the house, however, and Mrs O'Sullivan was immediately asked on the subject of the police visits to her humble home. She answered readily with great intelligence and a powerful command of expletives. 'The Bard' it appears, is regarded by the police, or they pretend to regard him, as the most dangerous man in the district. The police force has its eye on him—not merely the naked

eye—but the telescope aided organ—and from morn till dewy eve his cottage is the centre of police observations. Whenever any outrage is committed anywhere within ten or fifteen miles, the first measure adopted by the police is to place 'The Bard' under arrest. His place has been searched for arms time out of mind, and as for police visits at night, the absence of the force at night has much the same effect on the 'The Bard's' repose, as stopping the mill has on the miller.

"Did they ever get anything when they came and made thorough searches here, ma'am?" 'Not a ha'porth,' Mrs O'S ullivan answers. 'There is not a bit of the house they haven't upset at one time or other, they have not rooted up or tumbled down.'

"ROOTING UP THE HEARTHSTONE

"'When was the last search made?' 'Oh, about three weeks ago or so. They came from Macroom and Millstreet, and rooted up the hearthstone and all the fireplace looking for arms. They searched every part of the house and broke down the ditches outside, and left them broken down—of course they did not get anything. Another time they came here when a donkey had been killed somewhere. The day before we killed a little pig that was not well, and they wanted to make out that that was the knife with which the donkey was killed.' 'Do the police visit your house often on other occasions when they do not make actual searches?' 'Oh, nearly every night, and they used to come in. We used to open the door for them when we did not know the law, but afterwards we refused to let them in unless they had a warrant. But they come to the window and say, 'Sullivan, are you inside?' and when he answers then they go away. When he was in Cork Gaol for a month, they even came rapping in that way. 'Sullivan, are you inside?' says one of them. 'No,' says I, 'and you know very well where you have left him.' They then began to make game of me, and one says, 'Are you lonesome?' Then again they came when he was arrested about some wheels that were broken, and they asked me where was my husband, they having him in gaol at the time. I let them in, and they asked me where was my husband. I said he went to Macroom about some bank business and didn't come home since—and it was the truth. 'Well,' says the sergeant, 'twelve men couldn't free him from the crime that is now committed.' 'Oh but,' says I 'we can get three men to prove that he hadn't hand, act, or part in it.' They then went away. My husband was left out of that charge, as they couldn't prove it. The next time they came they searched the house and got a picture of Carey, the informer, and a little book in which Jack was making some 'figaries.' 'Oh,' says one of them 'that's a subscription book,' and they spent a long time over it. They searched everything and found nothing. The sergeant said, 'Now, Sullivan, tell us where's the gun.' and Jack said, 'The next time you come I'll search for it with you.' 'That's right,' says the sergeant, 'and if you do, we're sure to find it; no one could know where to find it like you.' So then they went away'.

"We went away also, and having regained our car three quarters of a mile

away, retreated some distance by the road we had come, and turning up to the right on the new road went towards the house of Mr Owen Reardon, a fairly well-to-do farmer, having about thirty head of cattle, and who has been favoured to an unusual extent by police visits for some time. The new road is an excellent one as far as the large farm and farmhouse owned by a well-known Millstreet trader*, but after it passes that it is quite out of comparison with those highways of which it was written—

"Had you seen those roads before they were made,

You'd have blest the memory of General Wade"**.

"In a district traversed by roads of the most uncompromising and go-a-head character, up hill and down dale, this last piece of road takes the palm as a triumph of engineering daring. Going down the hill one has to lie back in the cart to avoid going off the road. As to coming up against the hill, no animal could do it with a load, and I had a practical evidence of the serious difficulty a strong horse had in dragging up an empty cart. Along this road we journeyed in a terrible tempest of wind and rain until we got to Mr Owen Reardon's house. Mr Reardon himself was out, but his wife, one of the sons, and two daughters were in, and were willing to give every information.

"Was their house often visited by the police? Oh, frequently, but not so much lately as they used before this. Did they often search the house? Oh, yeh, many and many a time they did. There is not an article in the house that they have not rummaged over and over again. Every box or chest with papers in them they have 'railled' over and over again, and I suppose the same may occur to-night or to-morrow night. They came here one night with the sub-inspector from Macroom, and they found a shears in the house. T suppose,' says the inspector 'this is Connell's shears'. (Connell, you know, used have a shears with him for cutting off poor people's ears). Then they found some wire, and they wanted to make out that that was some of the wire that was put in some meadows apiece from here. They searched the dairy, the out-house, and all the buildings. A young girl (a daughter of the house) said—T wanted to prevent them from searching the beds but they insisted on doing it, and I could not prevent them. But I made Constable Brady settle the beds after. The others left everything as it was thrown about'.

"In further conversation, the young man, son of Mr Owen Reardon, said that the police were regularly visiting the house. On one occasion recently a great number of persons were working for his father, and while they were at supper the police came and insisted that his father should account for every one of them. Another time he was at the back of the house on his father's land looking after some cows which he feared might get into a place where potatoes were stored, and there get choked. While he was there the police came up and

* Hegarty's, no doubt.

** General Wade was famous for building roads in the Scottish Highlands in the 18th century to get access and control over the area.

arrested him. They pretended to see a man running away from where he was, and commenced to halloo and run after him. The sergeant kept him under arrest, but soon after let him go. The police, however, remained a short distance away watching the house during the whole night. It was quite dangerous for any one of them to go out at night to look after the cows, and they thought it safer to remain inside doors, though knowing that a cow might be in danger within a couple hundred yards of the house. In their searches the police never showed the slightest regard for the private affairs of the family. Bank accounts, poor-rate receipts, letters from relatives, were tumbled off and tossed about just as they pleased. Notwithstanding all their searches, however, they found no arms whatever anywhere about that district. The night that Sergeant Moroney arrested him for going out to look after his cattle and let him go again, he said that if ever again he caught him out at that hour he would arrest him and have him sent to the County Gaol. He told the sergeant that he would go out at all times on his lawful business, and that he would be better pleased to be sent to gaol twenty times than to have one of his father's cows lost. On one occasion two policemen—or men in policemen's uniforms—came into the house when there happened to be no one in the house but two girls who were in bed. They went into the bedroom and remained there for a considerable time, the girls being greatly frightened. There was no such thing as privacy in the family—their most important business was daily liable to be inspected by the police, as all their written contracts, agreements and communications had been looked at over and over again.

"THE POLICE HUT

"We turn left and proceed southwards, on the way passing the police hut now in the course of erection. Curiously enough, notwithstanding the serious police manoeuvring going on in the place for a long time back, it is only within the past four weeks that the erection of this hut has been taken in hand. Six men are living in it at present under Sergeant Pierce of Millstreet, and it is daily being made more comfortable for the occupants. It may be remarked that even those people in the district for whose protection the police force is supposed is to be mainly kept there, objected to the erection of a police hut and none would give a site for it, although liberal offers were made by the constabulary authorities. The great desire was to get a site near Ivale Cross, where the roads meet, which afford communication between the Macroom side of Mushra and the Millstreet side. As a strategic position this would have most decided advantages, but Denis Kelliher, the farmer who owned the land thereabouts, refused to give a site. As no farmer would give his ground, a piece of land, a 'lay-bye,' beside the public road, a kind of 'no-man's land' was selected, a mile and a half away, and there the hut is being erected. It occupies a commanding a position, and with a good telescope a policeman may say with literal correctness, that he has his eye on the district.

"AT HOME AT ALL HOURS'

"The next house visited was that of an old man named John Reardon, who said that during the past three years there was no hour of the day or night in which the police were not expected. A couple of weeks ago four of them came into the house at midnight, sat down by the fire, and remained for a good part of the night. They expected that someone would call. Once that it was reported that a gun was stolen in Donoughmore, many miles away, the police came and searched the house for it, and old Reardon believed that if a revolver was stolen within five miles of Cork every house in Mushra would be searched for it. The police came at any hour of the day or night, as often at midnight as at noon-day.

"Several other houses in the district were visited, and much the same story was told all round; occasional searches and upsetting of the humble and fragile furniture, almost perpetual visiting and questioning and disturbing of the inmates. The house of a man named Buckley was a short time ago forcibly entered by two policemen, who refused to say who they were or what they came for, or to produce a warrant if they had any. The house of Mrs Denis Daly was visited by the police for searching and other purposes, about two hundred times altogether. The police from Macroom and Millstreet used meet at Ivale Cross, and from there set out on their course of disturbance. Michael Sullivan's house was visited and searched in a similar way.

"THE WEAVER'S GRIEVANCE

"Michael Twomey is the weaver of the district and is very frequently away from home, working in different parts of the district. The police are in the habit of frequently calling at Michael's house, and remaining there for a great part of the night. 'And there they are' said Twomey 'in spite of all my wife says to get them away, sitting alongside my hearth, and burning my turf while I'm away from home. If the wife but took my bidding, she'd prosecute them for their conduct. One night Twas at home when they came and I thought they were moonlighters. I asked them their names and they would not give them at first. Afterwards, I asked them for their warrants, and they said if I did not open the door, they would break it in and so I might take that for their warrant. I had to leave them in, and then they began searching about the house and examined my clothes to see if they were dry, and then they went away. They came another night to serve a summons on me, moryah, on account of a row I had in Millstreet. I don't mind the summons, but I don't think they should rout up a householder at two o'clock in the morning to give him a summons.'

"These are the statements of a few of the people subjected to police rule in Mushra, and it is evident that the rule should be promptly overhauled, and officially justified or disavowed, and the persons who are now alone the disturbers of the peace, effectively dealt with" (*The Cork Examiner*, 2/2/1885). What seems incredible is that these same police were entitled to collect a tax from the people for their upkeep and, if people did not pay, they could seize goods

or property and sell it at auction to get their tax. The expectation was that the owners would buy their own property back. After all, nobody else was likely to buy their neighbour's property from the police!

There was a report in the *Examiner* on 30th July, 1885 describing an example of this:

"A horse, the property of D. Lehane, Aubane, was seized some time since for six pence, Lehane's applotment of the tax. He was put up for auction by Sergeant Moroney at sixpence halfpenny. The owner did not put in an appearance, nor was there a single bid. The collecting sergeant then adjourned the sale without specifying any other date. Eventually the sorry steed was shown out on his own recognizances to wander at his own sweet will. The police have since been more choice in their seizures, and took only the beasts that suited their fancy without any consideration as to value, fitness for travelling or otherwise. This was the day fixed for collecting the tax in the town. Very few persons had paid except the publicans. Surely it was a strange and ridiculous spectacle to see about a dozen able bodied men engaged in carrying to the pound and through the town, such miscellaneous articles as a child's school basket, an old horse collar, a package of Price's patent wax candles, an empty firkin, odds and ends of leather, several pairs of boots, portion of a chest of tea, an old waistcoat, a scythe, &c. The several articles were deposited in the pound and will be auctioned at 11 o'clock to-morrow. The police will probably be better prepared than in the case of Lehane's sorry quadruped."

These auctions provided a field day for venting anger at the police and there were hilarious situations of the only people who might buy the goods or animals, the owners, not being allowed into the sale. The animals were sometimes dressed up by the people afterwards and given names and paraded around the town. An indication of the continuing level of the Land War in the area may be judged from the fact that all branches of the National League was suppressed in Duhallow and West Muskerry on 17th September, 1887. The official explanation was that:

"The baronies of Duhallow and West Muskerry are bordering on Kerry and were to a great extent affected by the disorder prevalent in that county. In the district of Millstreet, situate in the barony of West Muskerry, and partly in the barony of Duhallow, moonlighting and other outrages were of constant occurrence.... There was good reason to believe that the meetings of the local branches of the National League were taken advantage of to organise outrages and intimidation and consequently these branches were suppressed".

THE LOCAL POLICE STATION

In May 1893 a member of the RIC with the rather pompous name of George Amy raid de Mortmorency Edwin Dagg D.I. published a *Road And Route Guide* to the RIC stations. This included an entry on Musherah, described as a "circumjacent" station to that in Millstreet. Musherah Station was the ^flut, referred to in the *Examiner* extract above.

MUSHERA RIC STATION

MUSHERA R. West Muskerry : Mid-Cork : Co. Cork, W.R. Munster. (1) 11 a.m. : (2) 11 a.m. : (3) P.O, Kilcorney, 1 : (4) No : (5) No. Patrick O'Brien, acting-sergeant.

1 Millstreet T	6½	D	I	1 R 2 R L L I 1
2 Rathcool R	4½	D	I	1 J L R R X 1 L 1
3 Carriganimmy v	11½	D	I	1 X 2 X 1 L R 3 R 4
4 Macroom T	14	C	R	2 X 1 R 2 L 3 X 2 X 1 X 2
5 Knocknagappul v	9	C	R	2 X 1 X 2 X 2 R 1

Most of the information follows a code and was collected in a questionnaire form filled in by the Sergeants. The "R" after Musherah simply means it's a rural station. The "W.R." means, in the West Riding of Cork. The "(1) 11 a.m. : (2) 11 a.m.:" means the post is collected and delivered at those times from "(3) PO, Kilcorney, If, the Kilcorney Post Office, one mile away. "(4) No.:" means there were no cars available for hire, and acting-sergeant O'Brien, who provided the information probably gave a resounding "(5) No.", because that question was to provide information on the,

"... the names of places of beauty or interest, locally or historically, as in any way such as to afford any satisfaction to the visitor."

Unlike his poetic namesake quoted earlier, I doubt if this O'Brien was enamoured at the beauty of Musherah—and would probably have arrested and charged anyone who thought so as being insane! The other stations are those nearest with the distances to them in English miles which are about three quarters of an Irish mile. The guide was to make it possible to travel as quickly as possible between stations. The first column of letters after the distance in miles is to indicate the kind of road(s) to that station. "D" means the road was "up and down hill, and narrow", and "C" means "up and down hill and broad".

The next column indicated the kind of surface. T' meant "indifferent", which means a bad road, and "R" meant "rocky or rutty". The digits and fractions listed represent the distances to forks or cross roads, and the letters "R" and "L" after these indicate turnings to the station named. "X" represents a cross roads where the

direction is straight on.

The entry for the Station in Millstreet is below with more facilities listed, such as: "F*" for fair days, "PS" for Petty Sessions, "M" for market days, "D.I." meaning a District Inspector was stationed there, and "G.S. & W.R.Y., 1", meaning the Railway station was one mile's distance away. "Tel." stood for Telegrams and the times at which they could be sent. The information after the figures in brackets is for the same items as in the those for Musheru described above. The items under (3) indicate a Post Office, a Savings Bank and Money Order Office were available. The roads were much better from this station.

Extract from the Lane-O'Neill Map

MILLSTREET RIC STATION

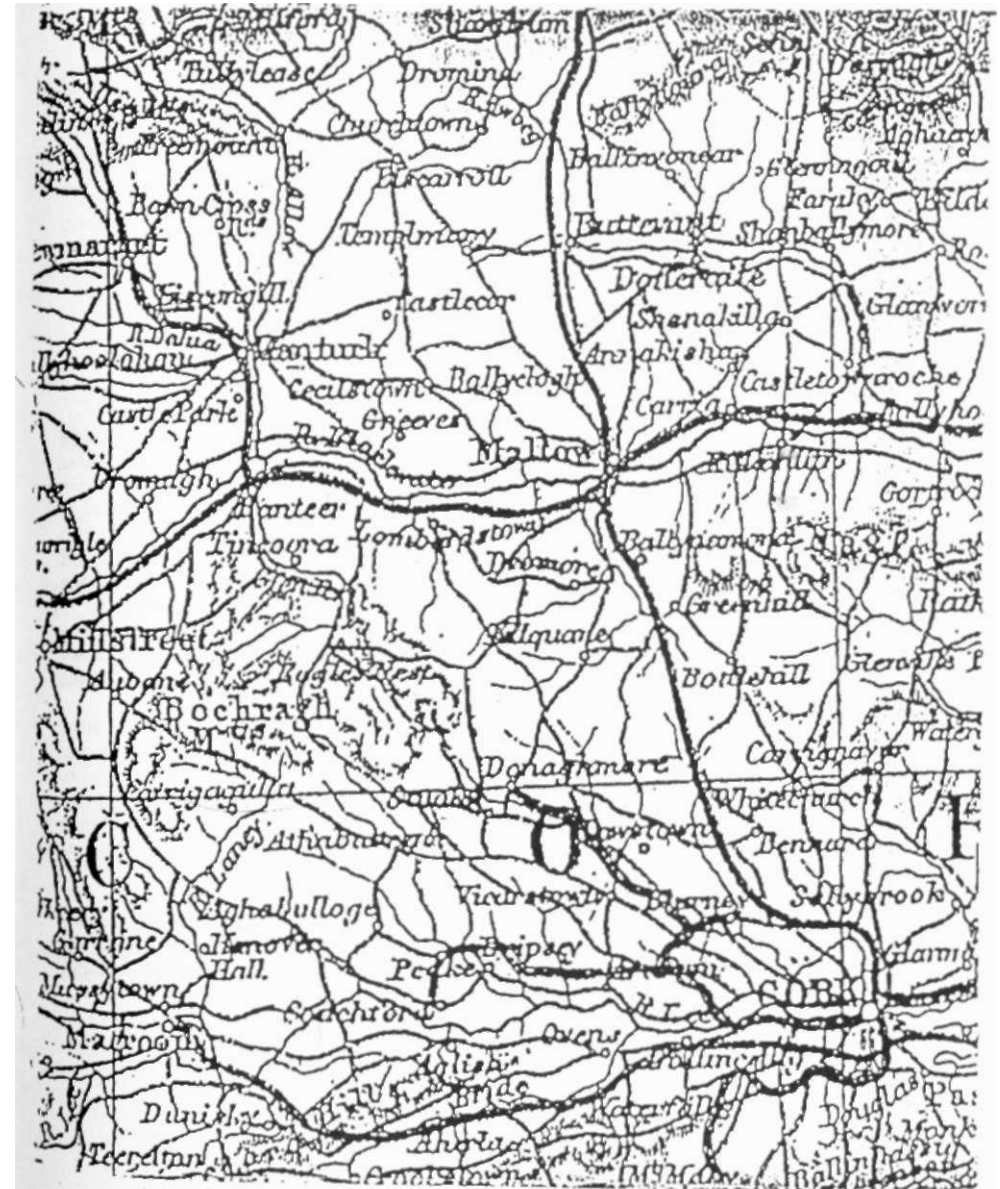
MILLSTREET T. (Pop. 1319). West Muskerry: Mid-Cork: Co. Cork, W.R.: Munster. F, 6 Jan., and 1st of every other month: Pig fair, previous days: PS, m., fortnightly: M, f.: D.I.: G.S. & W.R.Y., 1½: Tel. 8-8; 8 a.m. to 9 a.m. on Sundays. (1) 8 a.m., 3 p.m.: (2) 11.30 a.m., 9 p.m.: (3) PO, SB, MOO: (4) Yes, 12: (5) Drishane Castle, 2 (erected by Dermott M'Carthy in 1436, forfeited in 1641 by Donagh M'Carthy), is a beautiful, ancient, and modern structure. The whole environs of Millstreet are most picturesque. Denis Moroney, sergeant.

1 Carriganimmy V	7	A	P	4 X 2½ R ½
2 CLONBANNON R	7	B	I	½ L 1½ X 1½ R ½ L 1½ L ½ R ½
3 LISNABOY R	6½	D	I	1½ L 3 L ½ R ½ L 1½
4 Musheru R	6½	D	B	½ R 2½ R V ½ L A ½ R 2 L ½
5 RATHCOOLK R	5	A	F	½ L 1½ R 2½
6 RATHMORE V	8	A	G	4 X 3½ X ½

THE O'NEILL-LANE MAP

A map for tourists that was published in a guide to Ireland by T. O'Neill-Lane in 1891 included Aubane (see page 129). Lane, from Tournafulla in Limerick, also published a well known English-Irish dictionary.

On the following two pages (pages 130-31) is an extract from the Cyclists' Touring Club's *Irish Road Book*, published in 1899. Here Aubane is given another weird spelling, Owenhuin, locating the bridge on the route.



ROUTE 229.

Extract from Cyclists' Irish Road Book

CORK TO MILLSTREET AND KILLARNEY.

The best route to Killarney from Cork is that via Glengariffe, Route 231 to Glengariffe and Route 223 (reverse) to Killarney. This route to Millstreet is exceedingly hilly and very rough, and as a through route is not recommended.

Blarney, one of the most famous villages in Ireland, is delightfully situated, and bears out the poetic description more than is usually the case. Blarney Castle was mostly built in the 15th century by McCarthy-Laidler, Lord of Muskerry, and was the strongest in Munster. The "Blarney Stone" is situated at the top of the tower, in a position which makes its approach very dangerous; consequently, for the benefit of visitors, other stones, with alleged equal merits, have been substituted in more accessible parts. The Rock Close contains a lake to which many traditions are attached. The route as far as Donoughmore is very pretty, but after that it enters a very bleak, hilly district. The town of Millstreet is very prettily situated in the valley of the Finner.

Miles from Killarney	Places on the Road.	Mileage.		General description of the Road.
		Inter-mediate.	Total.	
52	Cork (St. Patrick's Bridge)	Crossing St. Patrick's Br. proceed along Bridge St., turn to <i>l.</i> along Coburg St. and take first turn to <i>r.</i> (Leitrim St.). After passing Murphy's Brewery with tall shaft (on <i>l.</i>) turn to <i>r.</i> through Watercourse Rd. and follow the level road by the electric tramway to Blackpool Br. Passing red brick chapel turn to the <i>l.</i> and cross the bridge into the Commons up a small hill. Bear to <i>l.</i> until Blackstone Br. is reached, then turn sharp to <i>r.</i> over same, then <i>l.</i> along a winding road direct and undulating into Blarney. Bad surface for 2 m., then fair to Blarney. Passing through the village keep to the <i>l.</i> after passing the church (on <i>r.</i>), and straight on with an easy road to Tower village. Turn to the <i>r.</i> on an absolutely straight and steadily rising road for 5½ m., when it bends to the <i>l.</i> and is again equally straight for another 2½ m. Good surface. Keep straight forward on a direct and unmistakable but exceedingly hilly road, requiring constant care to Millstreet. Bad, stony surface.
51½	Murphy's Brewery	½		
51	Blackpool Bridge	½		
49½	Police Barrack	1½		
49	Blackstone Bridge	½		
45½	Blarney	3½	6½	
44	Willison's Bridge	1½		
43½	Tower Village	½		
42½	Belle Ville	1½		
40½	Vicarstown Cross-roads	2½		
36½	Knockanare	4		
36	Killeen Bridge	½		
35½	Donoughmore Cross-roads	½	16½	
34½	Old Dripsey Bridge	½		
34				
33½				
32½				
32	Sullivan's Cross-roads	½		
30				

CORK TO MILLSTREET AND KILLARNEY—continued.

Miles from Killarney.	Places on the Road.	Mileage.		General description of the Road.
		Inter-mediate.	Total.	
28½			3½	Follow the road due west out of the town, and keep to the <i>r.</i> just beyond the R. C. Chapel. Thence a direct undulating road, turning to the <i>l.</i> at 4 m. to Rathmore Rly. Sta. Indifferent surface. Here the road from Kanturk joins in on <i>r.</i> Keep straight forward and follow Route 190 to Killarney.
27½			¼	
27			½	
26½			½	
25½			¾	
24½	Owenhuin Bridge	1½		
23½			1	
21½	Millstreet	2	30½	
18½	Fenn Bridge	3		
17½	Stack's Bridge	1½		
16½	Crooked Bridge	½		
15½	Inchleigh Bridge (Boundary of Cork and Kerry.)	1		
14½	Shinagh House	¾		
14½	Rathmore Rly. Sta.	½	37½	
...	KILLARNEY	14½	52	

CORK TO MILLSTREET AND KILLARNEY Reverse.—Route 190 (reverse) to Rathmore Rly. Sta. At 17½ m. bear to the *r.* and thence direct forward into Millstreet. Proceeding eastward out of Millstreet bear to *r.* at ½ m. after crossing a small bridge, thence direct forward to Old Dripsey Br., crossing which keep to *l.* Thence straight on to Tower village, where turn to *l.* and forward to Blarney. Keep to the *r.* through the village and to *l.* after crossing Wyse's Br., then straight on into Cork, bearing to *l.* on reaching the fork at Dublin St. and on by York St. and Watercourse Rd., bearing to *l.* at Murphy's Brewery and then to *r.* and straight on through Leitrim St. and Coburg St. Turn to *r.* along Bridge St. on reaching it and over St. Patrick's Br. into the city.

12. EDUCATION

HEDGE SCHOOLS

Hedge Schools were not always held under hedges. In fact, it seems they were little private enterprises set up by individuals who knew a thing or two. A typical type was an ex-soldier, who might know a language or two, some geography and the three "Rs"—and all for very practical reasons. He also knew about discipline, which was very necessary, as formal education does not come naturally to most children—then or now. At any rate, these seem to be the types of characters who ran them here.

There were three Hedge Schools in the Aubane area. One in Dan Barrett's yard. The teacher was a Dan Linehan, known as Frederick, and it closed in 1880. He came from Nad in Banteer Parish. He slept at the pupils' houses in turn. Apparently, he nearly killed the pupils one morning for playing cards. He gave them the following as a line to write out:

"If you want learning and education at large
Keep away from a man with a large deck of cards"

One boy said he would tear out the page rather than do it and got twice the normal beating.

The second school was at Michael Twomey's, the "Old Weaver's". This is a house on this side of the Kerryman's Table in Kelleher's farm that no longer exists. (This is the same Twomey referred to in the Examiner extract above.)

John Shine was the master at the "Weaver's" school up to 1875. He was half paralysed, with one leg and one hand. There was no window in the school and light came in by the door and down the chimney.

The third school was in Tullig, in Eileen O'Riordan's farmyard (then Cooper's), in the stable. John Ryan was the teacher up to 1863. He stole sheep as his salary, and got transported for 3 or 5 years for this. Another teacher there was known as Garibaldi. The school closed down in 1878.

Children went to Cloghoola and Kilcorney Schools between the Hedge School period and the building of the National School. Garibaldi was in fact an O' Sullivan. He taught elsewhere in the Parish and is buried in Old Drishane.

AUBANE NATIONAL SCHOOL

The first attempt to have a National School built was made in December 1901, when a grant was applied for, but it was not successful. Another attempt was made in 1907. An Inspector's Report on the educational needs of the area led to a grant

being made on 2nd November, 1909. The original grant was for a school of 110 pupils but the Parish Priest at the time, Canon Casey, argued for a school of 150 pupils, or rather two schools, one for boys and one for girls. This was agreed, and an extra grant was awarded on 6th September, 1910 on condition that the numbers would justify it. It was stipulated that at least 50 children would attend each school within the first two years. However, this did not happen.

It cost the Government an estimated £1,239.15s. Od. to enclose the site with a wall, build, and equip the school. The Parish contributed £127. In accordance with the custom of the time the Management was vested by a lease, a Vesting Lease, with the Diocese of Kerry to oversee the provision of primary education. The lease was to run for 900 years from 13th February, 1911. The construction was completed in 1912 by the Board of Works, with a lot of local help and on a piece of land provided free by Humphrey O'Donoghue. Coffey was the contractor, and a Flynn from Waterford was the foreman of the building work. The builders lodged at Lane's cottage. Coffey was a well known local contractor, and the Flynns went on to become contractors and are still going strong. The first horseloads of lime for the mortar were delivered by Eugene Casey and my grandfather, Jack "Seano" Lane. The sand came from the quarry in the Reabhanac nearby. The school was opened on 12th August, 1913.

It was reported on 25th October, 1913 that none of the children knew any Irish, and that English was the home language of all pupils. It was also reported that the teachers were not yet competent to teach a full course of Irish. They were attending classes to obtain the necessary qualifications.

The first Principal of the Girls' School was Miss Bridget O'Shea, and the Junior Assistant Mistress (JAM) was Miss Mary Ellen Corcoran from Minor Row. The Principal of the Boys' School was Timothy Corcoran from Pound Hill, who operated on the basis of frightening the life out of pupils. They took up their appointments on 12th August, 1913.

The attendance on 30th September, 1913 was 29 boys and 35 girls. It varied very little in the early years and on 30th June, 1916, it had 28 boys and 37 girls: less than half of the projected intake promised by Canon Casey. This meant that the criteria for maintaining two schools had not been met, and the authorities exercised their rights to have them amalgamated into one. The Commissioners of National Education commenced plans to carry out the amalgamation, upon which the Parish Priest, Fr. Casey, wrote furiously to the Commissioners to object. The letter appears on page 134.

Canon Casey was not successful. The facts and figures were against him. Neither school had reached even an enrolment of 40 pupils, compared to the 75 minimum agreed. It now seems extraordinary that he could contemplate the closing of the school, rather than have children of both sexes educated together.

The schools were amalgamated on 1st January, 1917, with Tim Corcoran as Principal, Bridget O'Shea as Privileged Assistant, and Mary Ellen Corcoran as Junior Assistant Mistress. Miss Corcoran left on being called to training in 1919.

The Presbytery,
Millstreet,
Co. Cork.
1 October 1916

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your letter received this morning. In the interests of education here I am entirely opposed to the idea of amalgamation of the Aubane Boys' and Girls' National schools. It would simply ruin their usefulness in this locality. The people would bitterly resent it and I believe if such a thing were to happen it would be a misfortune that they had ever been built.

I may state that your predecessor was just as much against the idea, in the circumstances, as I am. It is also a fact that these schools are at present - as they have been from the beginning - a decided success. The female school has, during the Summer months (except during a epidemic such as prevails at present) an attendance of more than 40 pupils, and we hope for still better attendance and results.

Yours very truly,

J. Canon Casey.

A. B. Gloster, Esq.,
Inspector.

Miss O'Shea became Mrs Riordan in 1923, marrying "Peter the Peeler". They lived at what was later Timmy Robert' Sullivan's house.

When confirmed at 12, most children left school.

With the change of State, the Free State—the Irish taxpayer—took over all the cost of teaching, upkeep, and inspection, and the new Government acquired the rights and responsibilities that the Commissioners of Education had.

The building was extensively refurbished by the Department of Education in 1961 at a cost of £5,000.

The other teachers were Jimmy Kelleher from Kilnamartra and Lyre, (part time), Din Joe Murphy from Boherbue, John Kinneally from Millstreet, John Weir from Ballylongford and Ballyvourney, and Noreen Doherty (later Scully). Pat Holly was Principal from 1st October, 1948 to 3rd September, 1967, Peggy Connell (later Kelleher) taught from 3rd September, 1956 to 1st September, 1974, and John

Tynan was the last Principal from 27th November, 1967 to 1st September, 1974.

It amalgamated with Millstreet Boys' School on 2nd September, 1974.

The Registers, usually referred to as the Roll Books, are available, thanks to John Tynan who had the foresight to take care of them and make them available. We all owe him a debt of thanks. At the time of writing I believe there are two still alive from the very first day's intake—Cornelius C. Kelleher, better known as Con Conny Conor or Con Concubhair and Julia Kelleher (now Mrs Murray who lives near Carrigimna). A total of over 600 pupils passed through the school during its life.

SCHOOLS' FOLKLORE PROJECT—NICKNAMES

I have referred to the *Schools Folklore Project* of 1937 several times. Eamon de Valera established the Folklore Commission in 1935. One of its most valuable undertakings was to use the National Schools up and down the country to set down the surviving folk culture of the people, which remained largely oral. But for that, yet another part of the popular heritage would be completely lost. Unfortunately, all the material collected by the Commission is not readily available. As this culture belongs to the people, it would be useful if the Government made it easily accessible by publishing it. The material could even be fed back into schools, and help to make history relevant to the present day, and be an inspiration to today's children.

The School Project is useful as an indication of what was in people's minds at the time—ghost stories, the plantation stories, etc. It is interesting also for what it does not have. For example, there are no Famine stories in the Aubane contribution, even though that would almost certainly have been within living memory at the time.

There was a very unusual item on nicknames in the local entry. There is nothing like it in the other school contributions I have seen. The preponderance of the two surnames, Buckley and Kelleher, had given rise to problems of identification by outsiders and insiders alike. For example, when Jerry Creedon from Kilcorney Creamery worked in Aubane, in 1947, he found it easier to distinguish and recognise people by their different horses, rather than by their very similar names.

The same surnames also gave rise to the delightful habit of nicknaming people after the first Christian names of two previous generations. You can have the genealogy of three generations in a person's name. This has great advantages and disadvantages. It can help identify individuals and families by the recurring pattern of the same Christian names, but of course it leads to situations where people can only be recognised by these names and their proper, formal, names can be forgotten. In some cases, the pattern follows the female line in situations, I assume, where the male names became too repetitive, and therefore not useful as a distinguishing and identifying feature.

There was also a love of nicknames for their own sake, as a way of identifying people by their unique characteristics. The Aubane School Project included a list

of these, more amusing, names, and these were used not just for identification of particular people. There was an obvious delight in recounting nicknames because of the images they created, and the shared memories they reminded people of. It would have been something like a soap opera, when recounting them with stories and anecdotes conjured up by the names.

The School List included some local names, and a lot from other areas around about. People liked the idea of nicknames, wherever they came from. Most of the names listed would only now be known to an older generation..

"NICK NAMES

- Maggie the Gallaun, is so called because there is a Gallaun near her house,
- Bath Ban, was so called because he had white hair
- Jack the dogs, is so called because he used to have a lot of dogs
- Ned of the hills, was so called because he lived among the hills
- Sixty. He was called this name because when the men used to be playing ball long ago he used be saying sixty seven on the leather
- Buckley basket, is so called because he used be making baskets and selling them
- Jack Fox, was so called because he was foxy
- Spouteens, were so called because there is a spout at the back of the house
- Big Con, is so called because he is a big tall man [This was Con Meaney, the leader of the Musher Company of the IRA, JL]
- Con the goat, is so called because his father used to keep a lot of goats long ago
- Paddy quill, is so called because his grandfather used to buy feathers long ago
- The Billy cutes, are so called because their father's name was Billy and it is said that they were very clever
- Tadhg the Councillor, is so called because his father was able to give advice."

"The following Nick Names were applied to shoemakers who lived in Millstreet during the last 100 years. Some of them belonged to the Fenian Brotherhood and in later days all were members of the Land League. Monday was a holiday in Millstreet by the Fraternity. The publichouses in Millstreet used be opened in Sundays from 2pm to 7pm and they were too 'sick' to work on Monday.

- Hairy Jim-^an old Fenian
- Thady Spile
- Jem the Lamb
- Concubhair laidir
- John Nell
- Jimmy Tollie
- Put Kiely
- Con Sense
- Tatsy Toe'—Fenian
- Puller—Landleager, famous local character at pitch and toss

- Thade a Moy
- Disheen Lame Jack
- Tiger and Badger—still living [1937, JL]

- Tadhg Bolg—was a ploughman
- Jer Dad and Dan the Russian—were jarveys
- Thomas the Nag and Denis Broker—were carriers
- Battin Cud, Denny Cud and Con Cud—were calf jobbers
- Jerry Bang Up—was a publican who amused himself in smashing up the house under the influence of drink
- The Gaiscioc—a small little fellow who when drunk was continually boasting of his boyhood's feats
- Jerry the Nigger—a saddler
- Billy Alex—a dummy and a saddler
- Jack the Rover—was a blacksmith
- Mickeen Paver—a labourer

"Millstreet had three [?, more are listed, JL] famous ladies:

- "i) Mom Sob. When the English soldiers were stationed in Millstreet Barracks she married one of them. His name was Warren. She spent some time in India and when he was pensioned they returned to Millstreet and settled down there. She had become very stout. She used not wear any stockings and used daily ramble round the town picking up feathers which she'd place inside her jacket and take home. She was an honest harmless old creature. Warren was peculiar. He used to polish his shoes with the brown ashes of the turf.
- "ii) Bet Balbh—was a poor lonely travelling woman who settled down in Millstreet.
- "iii) Maire Stab—lived in Mill Lane. In the Springtime she bought kids; killed and sold them. Her husband was a shoemaker and was called 'StabawF'
- "iv) Kate Caisgi—lived about the time of the Boycotting. She was an 'ardent' Landleager. Used demand money 'for the cause'. Applied what she got to her own use. Was expelled from the League when her conduct was discovered.
- "v) Abbey Lop—a huge stout woman, killed and sold calves. Terror of the neighbourhood."

An extra list of Millstreet nicknames were then included for good measure:

"Dan Queen Anne, Elenin Prod, Nellie Shirt in the kettle—Nellie 'Gray', Circin Tailor and Pegeen Plant, Big Ellen and Big Bill, Mag Bladder, Dan Bawlay—Dan Blackie, Mickie Whiskers, Mike Corduroy, Paddy O—the Hangman (so called because he had a favourite expression when vexed Til hang for you'), Jack Coy, Johnnie Peter—the 7 years' sleeper (remained in bed 7 years through nervousness), John Cussie, Johnny Cabbage Stump (was tall and lanky), Denisheen Cruaidh, Tim Jelbo, Conneen the Bawn, Daniel Sael, Dan Bowery (a returned Yank), Jack Slap, Jeremeen Sal, Mickeen Paraffin

Oil, John Thor, Mike Fox, Judeen Punk, Ellen the Clipper, Caitin Strak, Castleblain, Maire na gcat, Tadgin Mish Mash."

My father and Paddy "Gerry Hugh" Kelleher have verified that all of these did exist.

AUBANE SOCIAL CLUB

Since it was closed as a school in 1974, the building has become the location for the Aubane Social Club. The Club has put the building to excellent use for the benefit of the Community all around the area, and the Committee members have shown great initiative and done tremendous work over the years in developing all sorts of very worthwhile activities, both educational and recreational.

The 1998 celebrations of the 250th anniversary of the Butter Road were a good example of what they could do and what can be done with some well organised community spirit. Several thousand man-hours, and woman-hours, of work were spent on this event alone, and apparently several stone weight were shed in the process. This shows that the spirit which built the school in the first place lives on, and it has made the School building the social focus of the area. This is perfectly in keeping with its basic purpose.

Many people have certainly enjoyed coming to the building now in a way they never did when it was a school, particularly those of the generation(s) when Tim Corcoran was Head. His memory haunted past pupils until the day they died.

When one looks at the Roll Books it does, among other things, make one think of one's own mortality and at the risk of sounding morbid I would like to suggest that us past pupils might think of the future of the School building and the Social Club in our wills. The vast majority of the 600 or so of us who went through the school are still alive and, if we all left, let's say £1,000, to the Social Club, they could have up to half a million pounds to do things with in the years to come. On their record to date, we could all feel perfectly certain that they would put it to the best possible use. All friends of the School would, of course, be very welcome to consider the suggestion also! Give it a thought!

There were two Roll Books which were used throughout the life of the school. These began when there were separate boys and girls schools, but for some reason were not amalgamated into one book when the two schools were in 1917. One result is that the chronological order is a bit confusing at times. There are also some double entries, which might have been caused by the confusion of having the two books. There is also a distinct possibility that this may have been deliberate to give the impression of having higher numbers than was actually the case. Also, there may be some mistakes in birthdays, though not many. This was probably caused by relying on what the children themselves said on the day they enrolled. There was a drastic change of style in 1948 when all entries were made in Irish which may have been the politically correct thing to do at the time, but makes it a little more difficult to know who's who as nobody spoke the language and nobody was actually known by these names. The Roll Books have been collected in pamphlet form and published by the Aubane Historical Society.

13. OTHER DEVELOPMENTS

Having effectively survived the Famine and won the Land War, all the indications are that Aubane progressed rapidly during the rest of the last century. If you survive such a Famine it does increase your confidence to do a lot of things. The population grew—there were, for example, some 7 families at the Lane at the turn of the century with 21 adults (along with a resident witch, Nell Vaughan, who reputedly spent nights with the fairies and could predict when people were going to die). There were a number of O'Briens there, some of whom now live in Ballydaly.

There are many indications of this confidence—for example the determination to acquire full ownership of the land, and the creation of the formal education structures I have described. It was when they were economically established that the people decided to begin educating themselves—it did not happen the other way around as many today would assume.

KILNS

There are (or were) 3 of these in the townland (see map on page 11). These would have been built during the 19th century, but the one at O'Donoghue's must have been quite early as it has an Ordnance Survey mark, a Bench Mark of 644 feet above sea level. (A Bench Marks is a surveyor's marks cut in durable material, as a rock, wall, gate-pillar, face of a building, etc.,—or in this case, a kiln—to indicate the starting, closing, or any suitable intermediate, point in a line of levels, for the determination of altitudes over the face of the country. They consist of a series of wedge-shaped incisures, in the form of the "broad-arrow" with a horizontal bar through its apex. When the spot is below sea-level, as in mining surveys, the mark is inverted.)

The building of the kilns indicates a serious effort to reclaim, develop and fertilise the land. Limestone had previously been brought from Drishane, but the kilns had been closed because the workers conspired with the customers in a way that helped Wallis go broke. Customers were allowed take as much as wanted for nominal payments. However, the Drishane kilns were reopened again from 1912 to 1934.

The burned lime neutralises acid in the soil and can thereby effectively turn bogland into arable land. It seems to me that it would be possible to grow crops on top of Musherá with enough lime.

The limestone was brought from the Quarry Cross in Gneeveguilla and from Drishane. Limestone is mainly calcite, a mineral form of calcium carbonate.

Limestone in rocks is tested for this by pouring hydrochloric or sulphuric acid on it and the limestone will give off bubbles of carbon dioxide. The limestone was burned in the kiln to make quicklime (CaO). The fire was usually of *culum* (probably lignite or anthracite), a soft coal, and the *culum* used here was mined at John Daly's, the Island, Clonbanin Cross. Turf and timber were also used. A layer of limestone was put on top of the fire then another layer of *culum*, then more limestone etc. The heat releases the carbon from the limestone leaving the quicklime powder. When spread on the land, it is mixed with water to get Calcium Hydroxide (CaOH) and this is the fertilizer.

The kilns were used until World War II. John Daly, formerly of Tullig and Jack O'Driscoll of Lackabawn were the last people to use the surviving kiln. Denis Murphy, Tullig, drew the quicklime to the farmers.

Michael Twomey had a weaving business in Aubane for 20 years up to about 1890, having learned his trade in England. (He has been mentioned earlier in the context of police harassment and in the item on Hedge Schools, one of which was located in his house.) Other industries in the area up to the Famine included a distillery at John "Densie" Buckley's. The whiskey was distributed by a Kelleher family of carpenters in Millstreet. There was also a flour mill at what was Meaney's farm in Gurraneduff, run by the landlord there, Wynne.)

LABOURERS' COTTAGES

These are a monument to a political movement at the turn of the century, *The Land and Labour League*. Kelleher's Cottage was built sometime before 1906 by Kelleher's "the Farmers", and Lane's was built around 1908 by Crowleys of Ivale. They are standard models of the type, although both have been changed quite a lot. This area sent the first Labour MPs to Parliament. One of their big campaigns was legislation promoting the building of Labourers' cottages. Their argument was that the farmers had got their land and the labourers should have their cottage and an acre, to have something like equivalent security and independence. The cottage and acre was the equivalent of the what the later Welfare State was for working people. A genuine Irish solution for an Irish problem.

The League was also prepared to adopt some of the land war methods to get the cottages built. This is a forgotten episode even though it has given us the very unusual feature of a rural-based Labour Party. The movement's most well known leader was DD. Sheehan from Dromtariffe. He was member of Parliament for the then Mid-Cork constituency, and one of the first Labour MPs in the House of Commons. The cottages are sometimes known as Sheehan's Cottages.

Paddy McAuliffe continued the Labour tradition, and in fact D. D. Sheehan came back in the early 40s to 'claim' his seat when McAuliffe was first selected to run.

Michael O'Leary, Brendan Halligan and other trendies of the 1960s undermined McAuliffe and, in the process, they nearly destroyed all that he represented. They seemed not to have a clue that what he represented was the oldest and most

successful Labour movement in the country, which was the basis of the Labour Party that exists today, and that it was the tradition that was the basis for the success of the Party.

These cottages were a prized possession and were treated as such by the new owners. There was a prize-giving scheme run by the Munster Dairy Science and Agricultural Institute for the best run plots and cottages, and Kelleher's Cottage won first prize in the Millstreet Union District in 1906. The *Examiner* reported the prizewinners in the cottage category as follows:

"Cottage: Seven entries—

1st Prize, William Kelleher, Aubane, Tullig; Daniel O'Connell, Keale (equal);

3rd Prize, Peter Murphy, Liscahane;

Highly commended, Julia C Murphy, Knocknaloman;

"The first two cottages were excellent and reflect great credit on their occupiers. Kelleher's front garden is entered by a gravel walk, with a square on the left hand, fitted with flowers and some fruit bushes, the general effect being very bright. On the right is a broad gravelled sweep, leading up to a galvanised iron porch, 9ft. x 6ft. put up by the occupier and which was partly used as a storeroom. The kitchen was bright and clean; the parlour, used as a bedroom, had been ceiled with wood by the occupier, and was a very bright, fresh room, which remark applies to the other two bedrooms. The bed quilts were made by the daughter, and the sheets spun by her mother. There was also a large wardrobe, made by the son; the backyard was clean, and contained a donkey stable put up by the occupier. There were four people living in the house." (The *Cork Examiner*, 18/9/1906)

The designers of these cottages would seem to have had the poet Horace in mind when he wrote about his perfect habitat over two thousand years ago:

"A piece of land, not so very large, which would contain a garden, and near the house a spring of ever-flowing water, and beyond these a bit of wood."

This is almost a perfect specification for the labourers' cottages that I know and, having come from one, I think I can confirm that Horace was on the right lines.

THE SHOP, STAGE ETC.

The Shop was built in 1923 by Jer Kelleher from a large family in Liscahane. It was at the cross-roads. It was built on the site of a crab tree that was the traditional meeting point in the evenings for locals. The shop remained the venue for this activity for many years afterwards. Jer Kelleher passed on the shop to his brother Jack a year or so later. Jack had lost part of his foot when the boiler fell on it when being installed at the Creamery and work in the shop was therefore more suitable for him.

The Stage, situated between the Crossroads and Kiln on a piece of land within the O'Donoghue lands has been there before living memory, which must mean it's at least 100 years old. (Even though it is known as a Stage, it is not raised from the

ground, or used for theatrical events: it is entirely used for dancing.) It has proved to be a very durable construction, although not used for some time. The fact that such a Stage was built indicates how seriously the people took their dancing, because the typical 'pattern' dancing was on a temporary timber construction usually located at a cross-roads. To confirm this attachment to dancing, two more concrete stages have been built in the townland in recent years including the fine one in the Aubane Community Centre built in 1997 (in addition to the wooden dance-floor inside the Centre).

There is also a very old concrete Stage beyond St John's Well. This all goes to show that dancing 'is in the blood' in the area.

There was also an area beside the original Stage, that was used as an area for funfairs and mini-circuses, but which is now apiece of waste and overgrown land.

AUBANE CREAMERY

The Creamery was built in 1924 as a branch of Dooneen Creamery on a site bought from Dan Buckley (Dan Big Jack) for £35. If the deal had not gone through, it was planned to build it on O'Donoghue's land, about midway between the Aubane cross-roads and John Bill Kelleher's. It was a very good example of the Co-operative movement in action. The Creamery was the focus of economic life in the area for over half a century, as well as a daily social meeting place.

The contractor was Graves from County Waterford, and it was built in the style of a haybarn, with metal girders and concrete walls built with shuttering. Martin Hally was the carpenter/tradesman, and other workers included Con Riordan of Tooreenbane and Dan Noonan of Ballinagree. Locals helped with the work, in particular the collecting of sand and stones from the river. Money was raised by issuing £1 shares, and there were weekly meetings at the shop to organise it. The farmers involved were: Dan Kelleher (the Farmer), Aubane, Danny D Kelleher, Aubane, Michael O'Riordan (then at Cashman's, Tullig), Thady O'Connor, Gurrandubh, Richard Buckley, Aubane, and Michael Buckley, Aubane.

It should be borne in mind that this was immediately after the Civil War, but these divisions did not prevent such a co-operative venture.

The first manager was Pete Paul O'Connor from Minor Row. Jack Madigan was the engine driver and paid 35 shillings a week. Thade Dennehy took the cream to Dooneen Oeamery. Jack Dennehy also worked there then.

An extension was built in 1931 by Mike Connors and Neily Corkery, Station Road. But the Creamery went bust soon afterwards and was taken over by the Dairy Disposal Board. It was re-opened in 1936 as a branch of Kilcomey Creamery and remained open until 1981 when it was closed by the Ballyclough company as part of their rationalisation programme. Ballyclough had acquired it earlier as a branch of Kilcorney Creamery and it thereby had the same fate as Kilcorney Creamery itself. It is interesting to note that, despite the fashion for rationalisation and amalgamations, other local Creameries have kept themselves independent, such as Boherbue and Kanturk. This must mean that they have managed

themselves in such a way as to be able to compete and beat the 'big boys' with great benefits for their communities.

The first manager under Kilcorney Creamery was Mick Murray. He was followed by a man called Sugrue, a brother-in-law of the bishop, O'Sullivan. Gerry Creedon was Manager in Aubane during 1947, his first postig with Kilcorney Co-op, where he later became Assistant Manager. Others who worked there included: Paddy Sugrue from Tralee, Dan Garvey from Millstreet, Jim Healan, and Paddy Driscoll. Local employees were: Jack Kelleher, Jimmy Kelleher, Paddy O'Donoghue (who did a total of over 43 years service there) and Jackey Lane—all from Aubane.

Milk was collected and separated. The cream sent to Kilcorney to be made into butte, and the skimmed milk was given back to farmers for feeding livestock. A store for feedstuffs, fertiliser etc. and shop also operated there.

14. THE MOLLIES AND THE O'BRIENITES

Politics before the First World War was dominated by the conflict between the "Mollies" (The Ancient Order of Hibernians) and the "All-for-Irelanders" or *O'Brienites* (followers of William O'Brien, M.P. for Mallow). This was a conflict about what Ireland would be like under Home Rule, and how self-government should be achieved. An important issue was how Catholic the country would be, or how accommodating it would be to Protestants. This was an all-embracing conflict between two concepts of what Ireland should be and it permeated all public life in Cork and a lot of private life also.

Elections involved bloody conflicts between the groups, often with fatalities. The O'Brienites, supported by Canon Sheehan, wanted to draw as many Protestants as possible into the national movement generously assuming they could all be potential Parnells, even the Protestant landlords after land reform. They saw a great future for Protestants when they ceased to be a landed Ascendancy. They feared a divided and diminished Ireland would otherwise result—and their fears were realised because they only won support in Cork. The attitude of the Mollies/Redmondites was to neither forgive nor forget what the Protestants represented. They were/are in many ways the mirror-image of, and a reaction to, the Orange Order. They thought that Carson and Craig and the Protestants of the North were bluffing and would be easily put down by the British Government. The O'Brienites realised that this was a serious internal Irish problem that they had to sort out themselves, and nobody else could be relied on to do so—certainly not a British Government. They relied instead on a policy of three Cs—Conference, Conciliation

and Consent.

The O'Brienites also wanted to operate independently of the Liberal Party in Parliament and not let the future of the country be dependent on the numbers game in the House of Commons—which is what Redmondism amounted to and was its undoing later on. They also wanted to take full advantage of the *Land Acts* to buy out landlords. Redmond and others thought the people might lose their desire for Home Rule if the land problem and other social problems were solved. Living off people's misery is very attractive to bankrupt politicians. The All-for-Ireland League (AIL) saw the resolution of problems as the only basis for the country's future. The difference in attitude on this crucial point is very well illustrated by Paddy Guiney's speech in Millstreet, quoted below. It was this reliance on continuing misery that paralysed the Home Rulers and provided a political vacuum that the Ancient Order of Hibernians (AOH) filled.

This area, along with Cork generally, was O'Brienite, with strong support also for the first Labour Party, the Land and Labour League—which was allied with O'Brien. They dominated political representation and mustered 60,000 at a demonstration in Cork on 22nd May, 1910*. The rest of the country was very different. It is amazing how this great conflict is almost written out of history and it was one of the finest in the history of the country.

THE 1910 ELECTION

The AIL vs. AOH conflict reached a climax in the two 1910 General Elections, when the O'Brienites won all but one seat in Cork, defeating the combined forces of the supporters of John Redmond, Joe Devlin, the whole Irish Parliamentary Party and the AOH

The independent spirit of the All for Ireland movement was the real precursor of the War of Independence a few years later, which began and was fought most intensely in the same areas where the AIL was strong. It was no accident that "the boys who beat the Black and Tans were the boys from the County Cork". The 1910 Elections did in Cork what was done elsewhere in 1918—it destroyed Redmondism and liberated Irish politics from the Irish Party's grovelling dependency on the Liberals. It also laid the basis for the short lived 'Munster Republic' in the Civil War, because the people who supported the AIL and won the War of Independence could not stomach being dictated to by the likes of Lloyd George and Churchill. The AIL did not succeed outside Cork and some bordering areas, and as a result, Ireland is Ireland and Cork is Cork.

O'Brien's followers had been enraged at the Home Rule Party Convention held in 1909, where anyone with a Cork accent was barred from speaking and batoned from the hall and that became known as the "Baton Conference". In protest they set up a newspaper called *The Cork Accent* to fight the first 1910 Election. It later became *The Cork Free Press*. The paper became the alternative to the *Cork Examiner*, which was the paper of Redmondism and Hibemianism. Something of the flavour of the election and the atmosphere may be got from two of the many songs and

* See page 162 for a list of the Millstreet Contingent.

reports written in support of the AIL candidates. The following two ditties among those composed for the North Cork candidate, Paddy Guiney.

"TO NORTH CORK VOTERS

"Who put the landlord to the test?
And gave the poor evicted rest
And sent the grabber far out west? Pat Guiney

When the agent threw out bed and chairs
And left us homeless just like hares
Who came and wiped out all arrears? Pat Guiney

When labourers were in gripes like toads
Who got them work out on the roads
And helped them into nice abodes? Pat Guiney

Then will we for another vote?
Oh! no, you have our word and oath
And never yet we turned our coat? Pat Guiney

Then 'ere many days are spent
Who North Cork will represent?
We will send to Parliament? Pat Guiney"

"VOTE FOR GUINEY

"Oh! did you hear the Mollies shout
And hear their rowdies hum
The Devlinites are lining up but
Paddy said he'd come.
We're ready for the Mollies and
Can beat them every time
For we have a gallant leader
In the true hearted William O'Brien.

We beat them in Mid Cork
We flogged them in the city
And up in Louth brave Healy polished
Off their Caroline Dickey.
And voters all, both great and small
In hand and heart combine
And cast your votes for Guiney
And the policies of O'Brien.

The day at last has come
To drive forever from North Cork
The grabber and the bum.
We want no Masons in our midst
No Molly's Lodge, or sign
So vote for Paddy Guiney
For Ireland and O'Brien."

MILLSTREET VICTORY CELEBRATIONS

The Cork Accent reported the scene in Millstreet after D.D. Sheehan won Mid-Cork. There were similar scenes for Guiney all over North Cork.

"When news of the victorious return of Mr D.D. Sheehan reached this town the enthusiasm of the people was simply unbounded. Preparations were made at once to celebrate the event and to give public expression to their feelings of delight at his smashing, thundering majority over the Mollies. As the shades of night were falling bonfires lighted up the surrounding hills and valleys. People from the neighbouring districts flocked into the town to take part in the celebrations, the town being by this time brilliantly illuminated. Tar barrels and torches of all kinds were put in readiness, and a procession of some 3,000 people marched to the Railway Station to meet Mr Michael Howard, J.P. who was Mr Sheehan's personating officer at the scrutiny.

"As the train steamed in there were cheers for Mr Sheehan, Mr O'Brien and Mr Howard—the latter being borne on the shoulders of the crowd from the platform. The procession then wended their way to the town, cheering along the route. On reaching Millstreet, Mr Howard addressed the people, the cheering at this time being deafening. In the course of his remarks, he said that he had been asked by Mr D. D. Sheehan, now member of Parliament for Mid-Cork—(great cheering)—to thank the good and true people of the gallant town of Millstreet and surrounding districts for their patriotic support and the confidence they have again shown by placing him at the head of the poll by such an overwhelming majority. (Cheers and cries 'He is worthy of it'). We have every reason to congratulate ourselves for the honourable way we, on our side, have fought the election. (Cheers and cries 'Where is Fall-a-la-ta now?'). We had no American dollars on our side to hire mobs, to buy bludgeons and knuckle-dusters and other death-dealing weapons to intimidate the people or to disgrace this dear old land of ours. (Cries of 'Down with mob law' and cheers). We fought a peaceable and honourable battle for it is only by peaceable methods that Ireland will be able to regain some of that independence which our ancestors fought and died for. (Cheers). We, in Millstreet, have good reason to be proud of ourselves for our votes counted eight to one for Sheehan today—(cheers) and in this way smashed down the lying, the mean calumnious charges that some prominent Mollies made against him. (Cheers). John Redmond's charge against him can only be read in that way—that he is a poor man, which is no crime, for Mr Sheehan did not sell his property at 24i/2 years' purchase, and in that way earn the undying gratitude of all the landlords their agents etc. [This is what Redmond had done, JL] No, my friends, this is not like Mr Sheehan, for when he was only three years old, he, with his little brothers and sisters were evicted from their homestead, but we, by our votes and our independence, to-day have stood between him and his present-day evictor—John Redmond. (Cheers for William O'Brien). For while we condemn an eviction we must not practice eviction. (Cheers).

"I personally have to thank you for the great kindness you have shown to me to-night—('You are worthy of it Michael' and 'When you want us you will have us again')—but it would be ungrateful for me to conclude here to-night without asking for a ringing cheer for our friend, Mr Daniel Linehan, who did a lion's share in the canvass. (Cheers)." (*Cork Accent*, 31/1/1910)

On the strength of this victory there were monster meetings of the All-for-Ireland League held all over Cork and branches set up. A huge meeting by O'Brien, Sheehan, etc., was held in Millstreet on 3rd April, 1910. The next day's *Accent* appears to be missing, but it reported on 5th April, 1910:

"GREAT MEETING IN MILLSTREET

"The following names were held over in our report of the great demonstration in Millstreet on Sunday. Below we give the speech of Mr P. Guiney, M.P., on the same occasion:—Joseph Howard; Michael Howard, J.P.; D. Linehan, J.P.; J. J. Hickie, J.P.; J. J. Corkery, J.P.; J. P. Creedon, J. Dennehy, T. J. Griffin, M. J. Murphy, M. Dennehy, P. Cronin, J. Nicholson, J. S. O'Connor, J. Williams, J. D. Murphy, J. Dennehy, C. Dennehy, J. Buckley, M. Buckley, A. Duggan, D. Kiely, J. Barrett, J. O'Riordan, F. Vanstan, J. O'Shea, T. J. O'Sullivan, H. O'Callaghan, P. O'Callaghan, R.D.C.; D. J. Murphy, Timothy Murphy, J. R. O'Sullivan (Bard), D. Lynch, Clement Kelleher, Misses Linehan, O'Dwyer, Griffin, O'Connor, O'Neill, O'Callaghan, Rahilly, Vanstan, Murphy, Moynihan, Kiely, Buckley, Michael Riordan, D. J. Buckley, Mrs. Griffin, D. O'Shea, T. O'Sullivan, A. J. Hickie, T. Murphy, A. Barrett, D. O'Leary, J. O'Sullivan, J. Sheehan, Denis O'Sullivan, P. Cotter, J. O'Riordan, P. J. Buckley, D. Enright, Batt Crowley, J. Buckley, U.D.C.; 7. Lane, Denis Long, D. Healy, T. Crowley, J. J. O'Mahony, J. Murphy, J. Leahy, D. Sweeney, J. Corcoran, M. Finnegan, C. T. O'Sullivan, W. O'Leary, J. O'Keefe, T. Callaghan, T. Lyons, J. Kelleher, M. O'Keefe, P. Lauder O'Sullivan, J. Kelleher, NT; J. Herlihy, J. Fitzgerald, J. J. Murphy, P. Brien, Jerry O'Riordan, D. Donoughue, D. D. O'Sullivan, S. O'Riordan, J. Duggan, D. D. Murphy, J. X. Dennehy, W. Murphy, J. Mahony, F. Meany, M. Horgan, J. Cronin, D. Dineen, J. O'Connor, Cors Kelleher, Denis Sullivan, Danl Kelleher, Denis Kelleher, Edward Kelleher, J. Bradley, W. Radley.

Dromtariffe—Timothy Burton, R.D.C.; T. O'Keefe, J. O'Driscoll, M. Buckley, T. Corbett, J. Heal, C. Cashman, R.D.C.; D. O'Sullivan, Patrick Sheehan.

Dromtariffe I. L. and L. A. [Irish Land & Labour Association]—Denis Riordan, P. Riordan, J. Kelleher, T. Kelleher, P. O'Sullivan, F. Buckley, P. Bradley, C. Riordan, J. Galvin, J. Riordan, C. Cronin, T. J. Kelleher, Danie Sheehan, John O'Connor.

Mr P. Guiney, M.P., M.C.C., who got a most a most enthusiastic greeting, said they were there that day to ask the people of Millstreet to establish a branch of the All-for-Ireland League. For some years past they were struggling along without an organisation with which to vent their grievances. The All-for-

Ireland League was a movement whose officers would come out and espouse the claims of those who deserved to have their grievances redressed. The example they were setting there that day would be followed before a month was over by every town and village in Cork county where they would have established a branch of the All-for Ireland League. When they had established branches they would work to reinstate the hundreds of evicted tenants in the county, (Cheers). Through the lapse of the United Irish League out of over 1,100 applicants for reinstatement in Cork county, only 196 had been reinstated. That showed that the Estate Commissioners had been lacking in their duty. But, with the help of God and their organisation, before twelve months had passed every bona-fide evicted tenant in the county will be reinstated. The Estate Commissioners had promised 121 more out of the 1,100 that they would reinstate them as soon as they could acquire land. But when they got the chance to purchase the land of Drishane did they do it? Did they try to acquire Leader's land at Dromagh? The people would make them do their duty. In the past they have only been lavishly spending money in the law courts in trying to acquire land which they knew they couldn't acquire. They spent thousands of pounds in trying to acquire the Becher lands, which they knew they could not acquire, while there were up to their own door in Drishane lands they could have for the asking and Mr Leader was only too anxious to sell his lands. The Estates Commissioners didn't acquire them because they were the tools of the so-called Irish Party and the latter knew that if they reinstated every bona-fide evicted tenant in Ireland they would be only depriving Mr Redmond and Mr Dillon and the other members of the Molly Maguire brigade of an excuse when they go to America collecting. When they go there—and he spoke with experience, because he had actually seen them do it in America—their cry was, 'If you don't give us the sinews of war we can't reinstate the evicted tenants of Ireland.'

"No, they keep the unfortunate evicted tenants dangling on a string and use them as a bait when they go to America to raise funds. Some of these men seem to think that if the evicted tenants were comfortably settled in their homes they would not have this excuse. (Cries of 'Down with the Downing street bum'). As sure as Mr Flynn was gone for ever from North Cork, so sure would the rule of the Molly Maguires disappear in Cork County. In mentioning the name of the man who was misrepresenting them in the County Council, he was afraid he was doing him too much honour. As one of his colleagues, he should say he had never lost an opportunity, and had never missed a meeting where he could by his vote injure the cause of Ireland. It was not a fortnight ago since he cast his vote in favour of overtaxing Ireland by a further one million a year. If he had the interests of the people at heart he would not be grazing some of the ranches of Drishane. No, and if he were a patriot at heart he would say to the people of Millstreet, 'Go and acquire the grazing ranch of Drishane and I will help you get it.' But what he said was, 'Go and get the grazing ranch of

Drishane and I will help you get it, but I will help myself better than you.' (Laughter.)

"The result was that the poor people of Millstreet had only two or three perches of land while Mr O'Callaghan had farms to sell. The time is fast coming when men of his stamp must take a back part in public life in Ireland. It will be only a short step to June 1911. He then asked them all to see carefully that their votes were registered and to use them against men like Mr O'Callaghan, and for a man who would be a true and trusted Irishman, and not men sailing under the flag of Molly Maguire. He asked the town tenants not to put their trust in men in the stamp of Mr Coghlin Briscoe. He was grieved to see the money of the town tenants going to this gentleman, who never during his connection with the movement, put a balance sheet before them. Now, if Mr Redmond selects him as M.P. for the Harbour Division, the town tenants of Ireland know him no more. In conclusion, he asked them all to cordially co-operate with each other in spreading this movement, and carrying out its principles, and if they did Ireland would soon be:

Great, glorious, and free
First flower of the earth
And first gem of the sea.

Mr D.D. Sheehan proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman. In seconding the vote of thanks, Mr O'Brien said—I can truly say that I never in my life saw a finer assemblage of boys and girls of brave young men, and charming young women, than I see gathered before me on the Square of Millstreet to-day, and I cannot pay our Chairman, Mr Howard, a higher compliment, than to say that physically and intellectually, and as a brave and true and kindly Irishman, he is worthy of the magnificent assemblage over which he presided to-day. (Cheers). With such an army and with such a leader as Mr Howard, you will send me away from Millstreet to-night with heart full of high hopes for the future of our indomitable old Irish nation. (Cheers). I will ask you now to give three rattling cheers for our chairman, Mr Howard. (Great cheering). Mr Howard replied and the meeting ended".

I have stressed the names of my two grandfathers who attended and joined up. They were close friends, so much so that Denis Long was Jack "Seano" Lane's best man and became godfather to his first son and thereby my father's godfather also became his father-in-law, which must be something of a rarity.

I'm sure readers will recognise some other names. I think also that people went to this meeting and signed up in local groups as they obviously did from Aubane and Dromtariffe (and as the group of "charming young women" appear to have done). Some names are obviously names still associated with certain areas. The names for the town are resonant of many families still there today.

Dan Linehan became the most prominent member locally, winning a seat on the County Council. He was Chairman of the Millstreet branch and Clement Kelleher was Vice-Chairman. The latter mortgaged his farm at one point to save Kilcorney

Creamery. That Creamery, in having a Protestant, James Pomeroy, selected by Catholic farmers, as its first Manager was a prime example of the role that the AIL wanted for post-Ascendancy Protestants. Liam O'Buachalla, the founder of *Kilcorney Feis* was a prominent 'All-for-Irelander', and was court-martialled for opposing the efforts of a 'Molly' in Millstreet to recruit people into the British Army (*Cork Free Press*, 16/2/1915).

There were Branches of the AIL in townlands such as Nadd, Lyre, Kilcorney, Banteer, Clonbanin, Crinaloo (where *The Cork Examiner* was ritually burned to shouts of "Down with the rag" at a meeting reported on 28/12/1910).

This period is usually looked on as a most boring part of Irish history but it certainly was not so in Cork thanks to the AIL. It laid the basis for economic and political independence. It was the crucial element that ensured the farmers got their land, the labourers got their cottages, the people of Millstreet got ownership of their town, the people got Local Government to work for them, the children got their school, Kilcorney got its Feis, Kilcorney Creamery was a success, etc., etc. Most important of all, it laid the basis for the spirit of independence through the development of a party system that existed nowhere else in the country. This is what ensured political independence a few years later. The people who achieved these comprehensive improvements in a few short years were not going to have their democratic wishes overridden by state terror after 1918. It was no accident therefore that *the 'boys who beat the black and tans were the boys from the County Cork'*

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS

Even though the O'Brienites were dominant here the AOH were also strongly represented with their own Hall, which became the main meeting place for the Blueshirts later on. And of course they had the support of the *Cork Examiner*, which smugly thought it was behind the winning side with John Redmond, and were looking forward to being the new power in the land under Home Rule.

However by its very nature, being a sworn organisation, not much can be known about the internal life of the AOH. One of its leading members in later years was the late, gentlemanly, Maurice Murray-O'Callaghan. I once had the pleasure of hearing Maurice describe the last meeting of the AOH in Millstreet, when they had to get together to organise the selling of their Hall.

The local AOH had to have the professionals down from Cork to get things organised with all the proper paraphernalia, including black cases of crucifixes and candles which had to be properly laid out and lit before an oath of secrecy was taken to begin the meeting, which also had the characteristics of a religious service. One of the locals got a shock because, when he saw the black cases, he thought they would have had contained musical instruments and had expected a bit of entertainment for *the evening!*

At the meeting^Maurice was a candidate for the Presidency of the local section. His opponent was the redoubtable James O'Connor of Gurraneduff (the first person

listed in the Aubane School Register and the first listed member of the Aubane Blueshirt Unit—see below), who seemed to make a habit of losing elections, as he did on this occasion. Maurice still had proud possession of his AOH shoulder decoration as the last local President (as well as his Blue Shirt!)

WORLD WAR I

The dispute between the AIL and AOH, although the overwhelming conflict of the time, was made redundant by Britain's declaration of war on Germany in August 1914—a declaration which ushered in nearly a century of wars and conflicts with which the world is still having to cope. Britain's decision to go to war against Germany, planned for years beforehand (Erskine Childers playing a big part), turned a localised European conflict into a World War that destroyed the civilised evolution of Western Europe.

The impression is often given that this war was some kind of natural disaster, but it was not—no more than the Famine was—it was a political decision by Britain. It did not happen by accident. The most powerful Empire that the world had ever known would not allow such 'accidents' to happen. Britain was pursuing its traditional balance of power policy in Europe, a policy of divide and conquer. This tactic had given it disproportionate power in Europe, as well as allowing it the freedom to create an Empire in the rest of the world. Except that this time it backfired and the result was a great Pyrrhic victory for Britain. Rather than winning this and the next War Britain was only on the winning side in these conflicts. Britain started, but others won, these wars.

By 1914 Ireland was very peaceful—relatively speaking—the farmers had their land, landlordism was dying and dead in Munster, the weather was good, harvests were good, and the RIC was boasting it was closing down barracks! Politics were concentrating on class, and relations between Catholics and Protestants. My grandmother, who had a vivid way of putting things, used to say that *'the world went mad in 1914 and was never right since'* It always stuck in my mind and she was quite correct—insofar as it applied to Britain's behaviour. There is no record I know of local people who joined up and it would be interesting to know if many did. I doubt it.

O'BRIENITES, THE WAR & 1916

The AIL tried to make the best of a bad position, as far as the War was concerned. William O'Brien wanted Irish military participation to be within an Irish Brigade. This would have the effect of building bridges between North and South, Protestants and Catholics, as well as adding to the ability and self-confidence of the Irish military contingent. If John Redmond and the Irish Party had adhered to this position, there is no doubt that Britain's need for cannon-fodder would have forced it to concede this demand, despite reservations about building an Irish military force. In the event, Redmond relieved the pressure on Westminster, by using the Irish Party machine to recruit extensively for the British Army, with no separate

Irish military corps.

D.D. Sheehan and others in the AIL saw the War as a big opportunity for conciliating the Protestants. Both the Southern Ascendancy Protestants and the Protestant Democracy of the North were enthusiastic for this War—and the difficulty had always been to find an issue that would unite the various strands. It was reasoned that a common military campaign in defence of the 'rights of small nations' (the ostensible justification of the War) would provide the camaraderie that would break down old barriers and open new horizons. But D.D. Sheehan was not just a simple supporter of Britain's War. He also greatly admired Roger Casement, who represented another strand of Irish patriotism.

The complex position of the AIL on the War is shown by the fact that William O'Brien was one of the first who supported the 1916 Rising, in the face of those who condemned it as a dangerous adventure. He threw his weight behind the post-1916, re-made, Sinn Fein, which he regarded as cleansing the Irish body politic of the corruption of Redmondism.

*

Because of the way Britain conducted the war, it shattered the ideals of those who believed the slogans. And the damage was compounded by the so-called settlement at Versailles which laid the basis for the next World War. Thus it lost the moral authority it had in Ireland, as elsewhere in many parts of the world. As a result, the War turned out to be the beginning of the end of the British Empire—which was hardly the intention.

In Ireland, opinion changed to such an extent, especially when Conscription loomed, that people were prepared to vote for independence from the UK. When Britain ignored the clear message of the 1918 Election—and went to war instead—a citizens' army emerged to resist the Government's terroristic reaction. This war in Ireland would have seemed inconceivable before it actually happened, seeing as the area was doing quite well in an economic and social sense. But it only shows that man does not live by bread alone.

15. THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

It is extraordinary how little real information is actually available on this, despite its significance. It was always rather casually referred to as 'the time of the trouble'. The Aubane involvement was through the Musher Company, led by Con Meaney of Gurranedubh. As far as I know, Con was almost a lone Irish Republican Brotherhood man in this area, when the Mollies and the O'Brienites were fighting it out. As far as I know, the Company had 24 volunteers plus Meaney (always referred to as 'the boys'), and was divided into two sections, that of Cloughoula and Aubane. The Aubane members included:

- **Patrick Kelleher, Aubane, better known as "Patsy the Farmer" with many relatives still around including a grand-niece, Theresa Kelleher, of 'The Farmers' pub in Millstreet.**
- **Eugene Casey, Tooreenbane, father of Michael.**
- **Jack "Johnny" Kelleher, Aubane, whose daughter is Mary Murray-O'Callaghan of the 'Murray Arms'.**
- **Tim "Con Tim" Buckley, and his brother Jack, Aubane, whose daughter is Mrs Peggy Murphy of Lyre.**
- **Jackie "Donny" Kelleher, Aubane, with sons in Waterford and Canada.**
- **Jerry Long, Aubane.**
- **Con Riordan, Tooreenbane.**
- **Con, Denis, and 'Clemmie' Kelleher of Tooreenbane, Clement Kelleher's father and uncles.**
- **Bill Aherne, who worked with local farmers but had to keep on the move as he was inclined to get very fond of their daughters. He died in America.**

Local Members of the Musher Company

But there are more who for one reason or another are not recorded, and of course people participated at different levels—not always by formally joining the IRA. They all deserve some sort of monument, especially in view of some of the things that are now said about them in the media by Eoghan Harris and others. It's absurd that no proper biographies of people like Meaney exist, not even of Moylan.

As far as I know, some local members participated in the three main local engagements of the War, listed below, and on the attack on the Millstreet Barracks (on 22nd November, 1920 after the Tans had ran amok and terrorised the town) and

maybe in others—Meaney certainly did.

The first was the ambush at Drishanebeg (the Glebe) on 11th February, 1921 where Meaney was second in command. The train, carrying soldiers of the First Royal Fusiliers to Killarney was ambushed for arms and equipment, and to establish that the Army of the new Republic was prepared to defend it. There was one casualty, the young sergeant, John Boxall.

The next engagement was the ambush at Clonbanin led by Sean Moylan on 5th March, 1921. This was one of the most significant engagements of the War. Brigadier General H.B. Cumming was killed, along with 13 others, all belonging to the East Lancashire Regiment, and 15 were seriously wounded. The local participants under Meaney had set off from what was Mrs Riordan's (later Timmy "Robert" Sullivan's) house in Lackdotia.

The third was at Rathcoole on 16th June, 1921 when a convoy of lorries bringing supplies to the Tans in Millstreet was ambushed. The casualties are disputed, but it is now admitted that at least a dozen Tans were killed. There were no IRA casualties in any of these engagements. A lot of arms and equipment were acquired, and the IRA established itself as the new law of the land.

There was also a 'mini-ambush' at Tooreenbane in early June, when a group of cavalry was passing through to Macroom. They went on to bivouac in the 'inch' in front of Mickey "Jim" Buckley's, and caused great excitement for the schoolchildren, who got some of their strong-tasting ration biscuits from them. Jimmy Buckley never forgot their taste. They then went on to camp in Maurice Finnegan's land, taking some local prisoners as a safety measure. Humphrey O'Donoughue was taken off to Mount Leader House, but this was because he was mistaken for another of the same name, nicknamed "The Kid", from the Cullen area. He had his and other occupants' names on the front door, as required at the time.

There was a dump made of railway sleepers at Tim "Con Tim" Buckley's, and he was annoyed at the fact that these valuable sleepers disappeared after the war.

THE "BIG ROUND-UP"

The Rathcoole ambush was followed on 23rd and 24th June by the "big round-up" or the "Mushera round-up", following reports of military training conducted there in English newspapers. This involved hundreds of Tans and Troops inundating the area. They raided Clement Kelleher's old house, Lane's and Kelleher's Cottages, and many other places, and threatened the occupants. Con "Clem" Kelleher, Clement's father, in particular, was badly beaten up. Bill Kelleher was ordered out of bed and threatened with shooting if any guns were found. They made him light a fire and made a point of kicking him in the soles of his bare feet while doing so. Jackey Lane remembers the strong smell of whiskey from them. At Jackie Connell's they queried the photos on the wall and 'accused' the family of probably being related to Daniel O'Connell!

Later on that day, Mikie Dineen of I vale, who participated in the Rathcoole action, was betrayed, has his hands broken, was tortured and then riddled with

bullets. As far as I know, there is only a heap of stones to his memory. His funeral was a massive demonstration of support for the IRA.

On 27th November, 1921, the farm of Daniel Linehan (Maurice's grandfather who was a prominent member of the All-for-Ireland League), now owned by Eileen O'Riordan, was raided by the Tans and the hay, corn and the farmyard destroyed by fire. Linehan's house in Millstreet had been raided and wrecked the previous Saturday.

CIVIL WAR AND LATER

There is even less information about the Civil War than about the War of Independence. I think the area would have been generally supportive of the Free State. The pragmatic view was that this was a new state and it was not British, whatever else might be wrong with it. Generally speaking, the Mushera Company divided, with the Aubane section going pro-Treaty, and Cloughoula section going anti-Treaty. I have heard about a sort of clearing up operation by the Free State army, led by Donal Tangney from Millstreet, who marched through the area firing at anyone who looked suspicious—and who might be Con Meaney. But the soldiers were mostly raw recruits and reputedly could not hit a haybarn.

But the point of the transfer of power to the Free State was the take-over of the Barracks in Millstreet from the Republicans. My father, as a 14-year old, witnessed this while having a pony shod at Tom Radley's forge. The take-over was led by Denis Galvin from Castlecor near Kanturk. He later either blew himself up or seriously injured himself defusing a bomb. The transfer occurred without a shot being fired and the Republicans emptied it before they evacuated—and this, like so many incidents, was the subject of a popular song at the time of which I have have only a snatch:

"Healy's black jennet and Kelleher's grey
Were clearing the Barrack at the dawning of day"

Galvin and his troops were also the subject of songs but again I know only snatches:

"We stopped there awhile, you could hear them about
With bolts up the rifle and one in the spout
And Galvin gave orders 'We'll shoot or come out
If you're not with our National Army!'"

The Civil War did not get really vicious in the Auabne area. The local people had put their heart into fighting the Tans and could not do the same to old comrades. I think the Civil War was most vicious where the Tan war had not been so intense.

THE BLUESHIRTS

When we come to the Blueshirts I must declare something of an interest, so to speak. I spent the happiest years of my early life in bed with a Blueshirt—my mother—and I have spent most of my adult life sharing a bed with with a Blueshirt's

daughter—my wife. So I have to be as impartial as possible.

They were very popular in the area. In fact, Aubane was so 'Blue' that at one point it was nicknamed 'little Ulster'. There were, as far as I know, only about three non-Blueshirt families in the townland. My mother wore a Blueshirt and fondly remembers the black skirt and beret that made up the uniform. A big attraction for her was that they organised very good dances, most of them at Lehanes and of course they had their own Hall in Millstreet for this, the AOH Hall. As my father supported Fianna Fail, I think I can appreciate both sides in this conflict.

However, I have never been able to get any real information about either this, or the Civil War period. People have a remarkable way of putting conflicts behind them. In not much more than one generation, from the 1880s to the 1930s, there was a series of conflicts, all of which had a large element of civil war—even the Land War and the War of Independence—and three of them (the AOH/AIL conflict, the Civil War, and the Blueshirt/Fianna conflict) were fully internal conflicts. Yet as soon as they were over—they were over. This is a very healthy attitude, which is taken for very positive human reasons, but it is very, very frustrating for historians. But people have more important things to be getting on with than feeding historians with bits of information.

The only way I have been able to get any idea of who were Blueshirts, for example, was by going through the Blueshirt paper, *United Ireland*. This paper published lists of their members, including the Aubane and Millstreet Units. These would not have included all members or supporters. Also, there were a great variety of people in the movement. They joined for different reasons, and some disagreed and left it over certain activities. One thing that put off many members in Aubane was the shooting and maiming of cattle belonging to opponents. For many, the whole thing was a bit of fun and excitement and not taken much more seriously than that.

I think it is worth bearing in mind before demonising the Blueshirts (or their opponents) that at the time politics everywhere had a strong physical force element to it, even in the most democratic countries. Being able to hold, or to stop the holding of, a meeting was a political statement. Any political tendency that believes in itself will adopt whatever means are necessary to defend and promote itself. This is what gives us political choice and political pluralism. It is a little appreciated fact that it is non-liberals who lay the real basis for what is known as a liberal society. After all, it was Joe Stalin and 25 million dead Russians that made Europe safe for Democracy. Liberal Democracy as we know it today is a new and very rare commodity and is not the norm in historical terms or in geographical terms today. It's not even the norm today in part of the state run by the Mother of Parliaments a few hundred miles from here. I think it is worth bearing in mind that Democracy is just one method of exercising political power and the results are not always to be admired.

Like all exercise of political power, democratic government is conducted by one group at the expense of another and the effects on those who are victims seem just

as bad to the victims as the actions of any other system. All political systems are wonderful systems for those in control. The democratic powers led by Britain have within living memory alone caused two world wars and the Black and Tan terror in Ireland, among many, many other horrors. These were all fully democratic wars, and Liberal Democratic at that. Such wars are fearsome to behold, never mind experience. Mao Tse-Tung was much criticised for his saying that *"Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun"* but he was only basing it on his experience of the world's leading democratic powers and it is a simple statement of fact. So I think the Blueshirts and their opponents of that period should be kept in perspective and the fact that there could be such a conflict proved the people were subjectively free and that is the only freedom that matters.

As published in their paper, the Aubane Unit included:

"James O'Connor, Gurraneduff: C.J. Kelleher, Aubane: John O'Donoghue, Aubane: Jeremiah D Kelleher, Tooreenbane: Patrick J Kelleher, Musherah: Jeremiah P Kelleher, Cockhill: Peter Riordan, Garraneduff: Denis Murphy, Tullig: Redmond P Kelleher, Cockhill: Cornelius P Kelleher, Cockhill: James Twohig, Musherah: Cornelius J Kelleher, Musherah: John D Kelleher, Aubane: Patrick Kelleher, Turanbawn: John J C Kelleher, Aubane:"

(United Ireland, 21/5/1936)

Members of the Aubane Blueshirt Unit

The Millstreet Unit members are on the next page.

16. MISSING BITS

It is vital that anybody, especially people still living, with any knowledge of these periods record them in some way. Just write down notes if necessary or arrange to have Seanie Radley record them for the Millstreet Museum in total confidence. There are obvious reasons why people may not wish to discuss some events in public, but that is no reason for not recording things privately. Nobody else will record events better than people who experienced them and if they won't record them others will do so for their own purposes. Nature abhors a vacuum. The old joke about history in the Soviet Union—that you never knew what was going to happen yesterday—has become a reality with some of the Irish revisionist historians and they will write our history for us if we let them.

Unfortunately, there are massive missing bits in any history of the area. The Land War and the Fenians are not well recorded. Neither is the Civil War nor the Blueshirt period. Anyone who was involved (or if you know anyone who was

REGISTERED BLUESHIRT MEMBERS

The following are among the members of the League of Youth, who having paid their annual subscriptions, have had their names entered on the Register at Headquarters. Further lists will appear weekly.

NORTH-EAST CORK DIVISION

Shanballymore Unit

Mr. Richard Mannix, Shanballymore; James Murphy, Clostogoe; Frank Flynn, Wallstown; Patrick Magner, Carriganroe; Reggia Nagle, Clogher; Thomas Barke, Ballinamona; Jerry McCarthy, Waterdyke; Patrick Power, Ballywalter; Patrick O'Regan, Clogher; Richard McDonnell, Ballywalter; John McDonnell, do.; John Murphy, do.; Con Flynn, do.; Richard Mannix, Shanballymore; Dan Mannix, Carriganroe; Michael Sweeney, Pookleigh; David Lane, do.; Thomas Lane, Cortacurry; Patrick O'Connor, Landscape; Deseraile; Ted Colgan, Park, Deseraile; Thomas McDonnell, Ballywalter;

NORTH CORK DIVISION

Millstreet Unit

Mr. Jerome Cashman, Millstreet, Co. Cork; Timothy Linehan, Solicitor, Millstreet; Frank Linehan, Main Street, Millstreet; Thomas Dowling, Mill View, Millstreet; Jeremiah Kelleher, Millstreet; Patrick Murphy, Doneen, Millstreet; Emmet O'Sullivan, Cloghullabeg; Jeremiah O'Sullivan, Kilmeady; Jeremiah O'Sullivan, Millview; Jerome Cashman, Claragh; Daniel Brown, do.; Michael Murphy, Coach Road; Patrick Harrington, Knocknaskilla; James Corcoran, Tallig; Patrick Buckley, Carrigrohane; John Buckley, Liscane; Jeremiah O'Donoghue, Carragh; Patrick Buckley, Ballyroussil; William Twomey, Kilmeady; Cornelius Leahan, Doneen; Michael Murphy, West End; John Corcoran, Tallig; Denis O'Sullivan, Claragh; Joseph Leahan, Main Street; John Brown, Claragh; Jeremiah Harrington, Knocknaskilla; John O'Sullivan, Claragh; Charles O'Keefe, Millview; Patrick Scally, Millstreet; Patrick Bohane, Millview; Patrick O'Riordan, Fowd Hill; Patrick O'Sullivan, Doneen; John O'Riordan, Kilmeady; Kelleher, Cloghule; Morris O'Callaghan, The Square;

Matthew Twomey, Kilmeady; John Lehane, The Square; Cornelius Kelleher, Doneen; Daniel Kelleher, Claraghakea, Jeremiah Mullane, Coach Road; Michael Lucey, Church Street; Patrick Lucey, do.; Chris. Loomer, do.; James Linehan, The Square; Patrick McCarthy, Doneen; Charles Singleton, Tanyard, Millstreet; John Singleton, do.; Patrick Dennehy, Gneeries; John Buckley, Ballyroussil; Darby Kelleher, Carrigacoleen; John Hickey, Doneen; Timothy O'Connor, Liscree; Denis O'Connor, do.; Maurice O'Sullivan, Millview; Peter Horgan, Kilmeady; John Horgan, do.; Daniel Buckley, Liscbane; Michael Kelleher, do.; John O'Sullivan, Carrigatlas; John O'Connor, Doneen; Thomas Mullane, Coach Road; Daniel Healy, Carraghsahill; John Healy, do.; Denis Sweeney, Kilmeady; Michael Singleton, Tanyard; John Bohane, Millview.

CAVAN DIVISION

Maudabawn Unit

John McGorry, Ralsghan, Coroneary, Bailheboro; Pat McBride, Killaroe, Cootehill; Terence Masterson, Lurganboy, Maudabawn; Joseph McIntyre, Mullan, Maudabawn; Patrick Smith, Lisclougher, Coratubber; John McEneaney, Casbel, Maudabawn; Phil MacBride, Clonraw, Maudabawn; Patrick Hare, Drumnavell, do.; Luke Reynolds, Killycloghan, Coroneary; Eugene McGorry, Gallonetra, Canningstown; Bernard Boyle, Casbel, Maudabawn; Brannie McPhillips, Killaroe, Cootehill; James McPhillips, do.; do.; Thomas McPhillips, do.; do.; Dan Bally, Killclogha, Cootehill; James McIntyre, Mullan, Maudabawn; Thomas Clarke, Borogh, Canningstown; John Sheridan, Lurganboy, Maudabawn; Denis Reynolds, Killycloghan, Coroneary; Pter Connolly, Killyclogha, Maudabawn; John Connolly, Drumgoon.

TIPPERARY DIVISION

Toomevara Unit

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1980.

made statements which can only be read as warnings to their followers to

involved) please encourage them to get their knowledge recorded.

There are sources for more information that I have not had the time to consult. If I ever win the Lotto I might find the time. For example, all the national and local newspapers of the past. Locally, The North Cork Herald, The Cork County Chronicle, The Cork Accent, The Cork Free Press, The Cork edition of the Kerryman and the later Corkman, Cork daily and Weekly Examiner, the Constitution, the Southern Reporter etc. The police reports of the 19th century and the earlier Outrage Papers.

There are probably many family and estate papers and documents in Britain and Ireland that have more information. These include those of the Wallis, Morris and McCarthy families, some early records of Drishane parish, deeds in the Land Registry, wills of the above landowners and others, Millstreet Parish records and other Church records etc.

Also Census records, Electoral Registers, Workhouse records, Co. Council records, material collected by the Folklore Commission in UCD and, just as important, what older people know or have heard about, which is always taken for granted until they are dead. Land Deeds and land transactions are also sources. The Land Commission Office, the Valuation Office, the Registry of Deeds are potentially valuable sites for this information. There are many more sources but these are fairly obvious ones.

The 20th century history, the politics of the 1920s and 30s, the Civil War and the Blueshirts will be lost forever if the survivors' stories are not recorded. The history of the political parties and how they changed and developed in the area would be very useful. There have been thousands of people involved in these over the years and it must surely be possible to find people from the various parties to write their story. Also a history of such bodies as the AOH, the Blueshirts etc. would be fascinating. How all these interacted and developed would be most interesting. It's all available, in people's heads!

There is a great amount for groups like the Aubane Historical Society to do in collecting this information—in any format at all. A very good way to start is to do a family tree and a family history, or a history of a farm or house, as that brings together a lot of local history and is a good way of getting to know history in every sense. It's like a good detective story. For example, a full account of the O'Donoghue farm would be almost a complete recent history of Aubane! There should be a history of every townland.

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN YESTERDAY?

There is also a need to write history as it actually happened and how it was experienced by people who helped make it or lived through it. There is a particular need these days in Ireland to 'put the record straight' in view of the dominance of the revisionist historians. John A. Murphy is a doyen of this school and he defined it very well at a talk in Boherbue a few years ago when talking about *Attitudes To Our Past*:

"He spoke on revisionism—the challenging of the orthodox view, the toning down of the bad things in history in order to promote conciliation. He said that certain historians had been attacked for taking the heroes out of Irish history. The obligation of historians was to discover the truth as they found it and observe the evidence of the past, but in history every verdict was unsafe." (The Corkman, 12/3/1993)

I think it is easy to imagine what kind of history to expect from someone with this attitude. History would become a totally meaningless affair and would give rise to the most absurd notions. It's a sort of history without tears that might be suitable as a bedtime story for children, where things are explained away rather than explained. It is the view of someone who has lost his bearings and is full of self-doubt and afraid to have an opinion, but no normal people can live without drawing some definite conclusions from something that interests them. This is certainly so in the case of something as important as history—which has never been made, or even recorded, by the "doubting Thomases" of life. And of course it is self-contradictory to give a verdict on history that claims every verdict is unsafe because that makes that very verdict unsafe. It would be a weird and wonderful mind that could live and work with this view of the world. And, despite what he says, the Emeritus Professor never tires of giving us his verdicts (however trite) often and at length and it seems therefore that history without verdicts is for others but not for him. He blatantly uses history to pursue a fixed political line on the North. What he is really about is an attempt to deny people their history and their social memory, which is their self-respect, and that is the way to destroy people collectively and individually. This approach, if successful, would mean that people could no longer make sense of themselves to themselves. That way lies oblivion, at every level, personal as well as collective.

Another leading member of this school, Eoghan Harris, gave vent to his feelings in a Channel 4 programme on 1st June, 1996. In the course of this, he stood in front of the painting, *Men Of The South*, at the Crawford Institute, Cork, and pointing at the War of Independence Flying Column pictured there, he compared them with Chicago gangsters, Nazis etc:

"...these crowd of wasters—what they were were the same kind of wasters the Provisionals were. Fellows with no fixed job, no responsibility to wives or children or community, swanning around the countryside, with guns in their hands, killing working men in tin helmets going home at the end of a day. And they began to make me feel sick".

I would ask any reader who knows anything about the men concerned, Sean Moylan, Con Meaney, etc, does he/she recognise them as anything but the very opposite of what is described here? And it's not a question of relying on the word of people who knew and supported them. When General Lucas, after his capture by Moylan, was asked what he thought of the people who held him he said he "was treated as a gentleman by gentlemen". It is an extraordinary situation when the people who fought for the country's political freedom can get more credit from the people they fought against than the people they fought for.

Another of the same school from University College, Cork, a budding Professor of History, Brian Girvin, tells us that: "In my view, an historian who is not a revisionist is not a historian..." (The Examiner, 22/2/97). He stresses the need for historians to be in a permanent state of revising what they say. Again, it is difficult for normal minds to envisage a mentality that cannot come to a conclusion or an opinion and feels the need to be in a permanent state of revising oneself. Changing one's opinion and forming another on the basis of assessing situations is one thing, but to be in a permanent state of revising means that one cannot have an opinion or a view. And again Mr Girvin is always giving his views but how seriously can anyone take anything he might say, when he has to revise it every day on principle as a matter of course. Like the travellers quoted earlier, these people say a lot more about themselves than the subject they are talking about. Having had some personal knowledge of these luminaries, I would suggest that they have very serious existential problems which they have inflicted on the study of Irish history.

If history is not recorded and interpreted by the people who made it then it will be done for them by others. A good example of this was the recently published Oxford University Press book by Patrick Hart, *The IRA And Its Enemies: Violence And Community In Cork, 1916-1923* (1998). As the title implies/the essence of this book is that the War of Independence was essentially an internal war among the Irish, and his only suggestion of areal reason for such conflicts is in terms of faction fighting. The British denial of self-determination for Ireland, even though a World War had been supposedly launched by Britain to protect that principle, and the state terror organised against the clear democratic wishes of the electorate in 1918, do not enter the picture.

We are told, for example, that the context of the great party conflict in Cork from around 1910 to 1914 was:

"Violence was a familiar feature of the pre-war political landscape. Faction fights were a constant of party disputes: eleven people were shot in riots or ambushes in the election years 1910-1914, two of them fatally." (page 47).

This is a grotesque travesty of the O'Brienite-AOH conflict. It is stage-Irishism parading as history. Yet this book was described as "a classic" by Roy Foster (*Irish Times*, 21/5/98) and "It is a masterpiece" according to Kevin Myers (*Irish Times*, 29/5/98). Nothing could better illustrate the need there is for societies like this to simply write the history of their area, the history of themselves.

Several years ago I recall Mr. Hart writing to me for a copy of *Ned Buckley's Poems*, and I was very surprised to find myself included in a select group of people whom he acknowledges as having helped him in writing his book. This implicates me in his book and its views of the history of Cork, from which I wish to dissociate myself completely.

FINALLY

Please feel free to correct anything you think I have got wrong and let me have any further information about the area that you might know of. I am more than happy to be a revisionist on the basis of new facts. There are many people who have lots of information but who may not appreciate its value because it's so familiar to them—but nobody else knows about it! A few bits and pieces jotted down by school children here in the 1930s contained invaluable information and I'm quite sure they did not consider their scribbling important at the time. It's also possible that a lot of people thought Ferris was a bit of a nutcase when he was collecting the information at the stations—but this is now as valuable for the area as that produced by the professionals today. And even Ferris did not get everything. For example, I only recently heard about Crash Rock (a Stone Circle) from my mother. There is no substitute for information from those on the ground!

Finally, I am very grateful to all who have assisted me—who are too numerous to list—but I alone am responsible for views and opinions expressed as well as all mistakes which are always inevitable in this type of project.

Jack Lane, October 1998

The Millstreet Contingent At The 'All-For-Ireland' Demonstration At Cork On 22nd May, 1910.

P. Murphy, John R. O'Sullivan, T. O'Sullivan, James Cash, D. Rahilly, J. Riordan, Davy Sweeney, John Riordan, J. Dennehy, Owen Sullivan, M. Sullivan, Jack Murphy, T. Murphy, C. Creedon, Jem Dunn, J. Butler, J. Crowley, M. Kelleher, D. Moynihan, D. Creedon, T. J. Sullivan, D. Kelleher, T. Kelleher, E. Keeffe, D. Kelleher, T. Burns, D. Riordan, Davy Leary, T. Hennessey, C. Crowley, Jack Clerk, M. Looney, J. Doherty, D. Mahony, D. Desmond, A. Duggan, R. Justice, P. O'Callaghan, M. J. Murphy, H. Vanstan, T. Vanstan, C. Bransfield, M. Riordan, D.J. Buckley, J. P. Buckley, A. J. Hickie, J. Nicholson, J. Casey, M. Fitzpatrick, D. Cronin, J.D. Murphy, D. J. Murphy, D. Enright, J.J. Griffin, J. S. O'Connor, J. F. O'Connor, J. J. O'Mahony, W. Riordan, J. Dennehy, D. A. Hickie, A. D. Hickie, P. Hickie, J. Mahony, J. Ring, J. Potts, J. Kiely, T. Connell, J. Buckley, M. D. Buckley, Miss K. Linehan, Miss B. Linehan, Miss Mary Ellen Linehan, Miss K. O'Dwyer, Miss Mary Griffin, Miss Milda O'Neill, Miss Monica O'Connor, Miss May O'Callaghan, Miss Kathleen O'Callaghan, Mrs. Griffin, Miss Ciss Murphy, Miss K. Moynihan, Mrs Duggan

(Cork Accent, 24 May 1910).

ANNEX 1

THE AUBANE SET

Opening position, except where indicated: All four couples face anticlockwise around the circle, men on the inside, with arms behind each other's backs,

1ST FIGURE

(jigs: 200 bars)

Bars A. Body

8 *(a) Lead around: The dancers lead around until all couples reach their starting places.*

16 *(b) Square: Couples adopt the standard hold. Each couple dances straight over to the next position to their right. Women dance: R-L R-L LRL-RLR; men dance: L-R-L-R RLR-LRL. Each couple dances to the next position in 2 bars, then dances 2 bars in that position, turning slightly clockwise so they are ready to step off on the 'wrong' feet to reach the next position. Repeat the movement with opposite steps to bring each couple to the position opposite their own, then twice more to return to their own place.*

8 *(c) House: All four couples.*

B. Figure

* *1st Tops and 1st Sides face each other, as do 2nd Tops and 2nd Sides. The facing women cross into each other's places, right shoulder to right [2 bars]; the facing men cross left shoulder to left [2 bars]. Women cross back; men cross back [4 bars].*

C. Body

32 *All couples repeat A.*

D. Figure

8 *All couples repeat B.*

E. Body

32 *All couples repeat A.*

F. Figure

8 All couples repeat B, facing the other direction this time.

C. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

H. Figure

8 All couples repeat F.

I. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

2ND FIGURE

(Jigs: 264 bars)

A. Body

8 *(a) Lead around:* The dancers lead around until all couples reach their starting places.

16 *(b) Square:* Couples adopt the standard hold. Each couple dances straight over to the next position to their right. Women dance: R-L-R-L LRL-RLR; men dance: L-R-L-R RLR-LRL. Each couple dances to the next position in 2 bars, then dances 2 bars in that position, turning slightly clockwise so they are ready to step off on the 'wrong' feet to reach the next position. Repeat the movement with opposite steps to bring each couple to the position opposite their own, then twice more to return to their own place.

8 *(c) House:* All four couples.

B. Figure

8 *(a) House:* Top couples.

16 *(b) Slide change:* Top couples slide into the centre and back out again [4 bars], dance half-way around the house to opposite places [4 bars], and finally repeat both these movements to bring them back to their own places again [8 bars].

C. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

D. Figure

24 Side couples dance as at B.

E. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

F. Figure

24 Top couples dance as at B.

G. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

H. Figure

24 Side couples dance as at B.

I. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

3RD FIGURE

(Jigs: 296 bars)

A. Body

(a) Lead around: The dancers lead around until all couples reach their starting places.

(b) Square: Couples adopt the standard hold. Each couple dances straight over to the next position to their right. Women dance: R-L-R-L LRL-RLR; men dance: L-R-L-R RLR-LRL. Each couple dances to the next position in 2 bars, then dances 2 bars in that position, turning slightly clockwise so they are ready to step off on the 'wrong' feet to reach the next position. Repeat the move-

ment with opposite steps to bring each couple to the position opposite their own, then twice more to return to their own place.
8 (c) *House*: All four couples.

B. Figure

2 (a) *Set*: Top couples dance in place.
30 (b) *Swing all around*: Top men swing with each woman in turn, starting with the woman on their left for 6 bars, and the other women for 8 bars, finishing with their own partners.

C. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

D. Figure

32 Side couples dance as at B.

E. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

F. Figure

32 Top couples dance as at B.

G. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

H. Figure

32 Side couples dance as at B.

I. Body

32 All couples repeat A.

4TH FIGURE

(Slides: 200 bars)

Opening position: Couples adopt the standard position.

A. Figure

8 (a) *House*: Top couples.
16 (b) *Slide and change*: Top couples slide into the centre and back out again [4 bars], dance half-way around the house to opposite places [4 bars], and finally repeat both these movements to bring them back to their own places again [8 bars].
8 (c) *House*: Top couples.
16 (d) *Slide and change*: Top couples repeat (b).

B. Figure

48 Side couples dance as at A.

C. Figure

48 Top couples repeat A.

D. Figure

48 Side couples repeat A.

5TH FIGURE

(Reels: 256 bars)

Opening position: All four couples join hands in front and face anticlockwise around the circle, men on the inside.

A. Lead Around

8 All four couples dance anticlockwise around until back in original places.

B. Turn The Lady

8 As they reach own positions the men turn partners clockwise; all link left arms with partner and dance around them anticlockwise.

C. Swing

8 All four couples swing.

D. Figure

- 8 (a) *Square*: The two Top couples square all the way around.
 8 (b) *House*: The two Top couples dance around the house inside.
 8 (c) *Sluing opposites*: The two Top men leave their partners and cross over to the opposite women and swing with them.
 8 (d) *Link arms*: The two Top men return to the centre, link left arms and dance around each other, doubling the last 2 bars.

E. Repeat

24 Repeat A - C.

F. Figure

32 Side couples dance D.

G. Repeat

24 Repeat A - C.

H. Figure

32 Top couples repeat D.

I. Repeat

24 Repeat A - C.

J. Figure

32 Side couples repeat D.

K. Repeat

24 Repeat A - C.

SOME SONGS, POEMS AND RECITATIONS**Con Fitzpatrick, Dromahoe, and Dromagh.****THE AUBANE RIVER**

It rises close to Musheramore, we call it the Aubane,
 It rushes on beneath Gurranedubh and sheltered Tooreenbane
 It flows along for many a mile past many a tree and rock
 By Glaunleigh, Laharn and scenic Claisetreac
 A sylvan sight is on its right, its timber thick and tall
 With Kilcorney Creamery on its bank as well as Buckley's Hall.

By Shanakiel and high Drombeg of breezes keen and cool
 It flows by Laght and Bolomore and the village of Rathcoole
 It sweeps along through fertile land towards Dromahoe's high ridge
 And flows into the 'Irish Rhine' beside George Colthurst's bridge.

This river is prolific and free from oil and fuel
 It worked a turbine in Kilcorney and another in Rathcoole
 It's the home of minnow, pike and trout, the otter and the eel
 And is a challenge to the fisherman with rod and line and reel.

It has quenched the thirst of cattle and many a weary horse
 And many centuries have gone by since it flowed from Musheramore first
 Man will work and strive for gain and will end beneath the sod
 But the Aubane river will keep on flowing for that's the work of God.

Connie Aherne (1824 -1864)

The Poet Aherne of Ballinagree was a very popular composer who produced many fine songs. The following are some of his most popular in this area, because of the subject matter. Having being handed down orally, some formulations are not clear nowadays though the overall sense is clear enough—poetry being more than a collection of words.

MUSHERAMORE

One fine Summer's morning for recreation I strayed to that mountain so famous
called Musheramore
To view the grand plains all around me I gazed and the prospect from there was
most grand to behold
With heartfelt amazement I stood meditating on the fervent devotion of the
young and the old
That congregated around that holy elevation that was blessed by a Saint that
lived there long ago

At the foot of this mountain there springs a pure fountain, a well of
unboundable ecstasy flows
Where hundreds and thousands in prayer do surround it, supplicating
profoundly to the God they adore
As there is not in this nation a holier high station as that spot consecrated by St
John of yore
I'm quite well aware it would relax the greatest pain that any human being did
'ere undergo

In the vicinity around it some woodlands are founded, the gentry of the country
come there for to sport
With huntsmen and hounds chasing Reynard to ground and their echoes
resounding in glens and in groves
On those green fields convenient vast herds are seen grazing with horses for
racing or running a course
The cuckoo each morning and singing birds warbling on the fine sunny slopes
of Musheramore

From the top of this mountain if the sky was uncloudy you would see most of
Cork county and the Curragh of Kildare
The Galtees, the Meagues near Killarney's grand lakes, the Mangarten Peak and
the Gap of Dunloe
Cork Harbour and Queenstown, Spike Island and Monkstown, the beaches of
Youghal and Glanmire's sunny groves
Most of the entire of this whole isle you'd perceive from the height of sweet
Musheramore

From the parishes surrounding all parties are crowding—such a grand train of
ladies you n'eer saw before
With the Millstreet lassies, the Kilcorney dashers, from Ballinagree,
Sheisceanna and Donoughmore
The Clondrohid maidens I attest were the fairest, their equals in grandeur I did
not behold
They were admired by all strangers, they were so engaging at last St John's day
at sweet Musheramore

I viewed all around and examined those crowds and I espied a fair maid and she
standing alone
I pondered in mind for a very long time and thinking she must be the Goddess
of Love
My poor heart was panting and to her advancing, each lock of her hair hung in
ringlets like gold
Her sparkling bright beauty attracted me greatly and an arrow of Cupid inflicted
my core

I saluted this fair maid and she seemed a bonaire and into a beer tent along we
did go
We sat down sedate and I asked her her treat and the answer she made was
"Whatever you choose!"
"A bottle of brandy!" I told the landlady and this damsel she paid down ten
shillings in gold
Saying "Drink and be merry as we are not in a hurry" and I kissed and
embraced my sweet colleen og

When I and this fair maid a few glasses had drained I asked her quite plain
would she come with me home
I vowed and declared that my bride I'd her make and the parochial clergy
would make one of us both
From all harm and danger and in safety I'd place her and on her fingers I'd put
costly rings of bright gold
And with bread, beef and bacon and claret at table, and in bed without fail, I
would her console

She answered and said that she liked well my sayings but her father had for her
big fortunes in store
But my blandamonal speeches and poetical genius did induce this fair maid for
to be all my own
Until eager aspirations had lessened my sensations and the beverage overcame
me through all the sport
That relaxed my sensations and improvocations regarding the praise of sweet
Musheramore

THE PLAINS OF DRISHANE

One morning bright as Phoebus shone brilliantly and radiant
As Flora's decorations had painted the green
With footsteps quite unwavering from Millstreet I roved eastward
To view each great plantation and pleasing grand scene

While onward I was gazing I pondered in amazement
In viewing each plantation and fair spreading lawn
Which won such celebration for this famed dwelling station
Whose proper appellation and name is Drishane

By hedges circulated the fields well cultivated
Admirably treated and irrigated also
And far beyond comparing the flocks and herds are grazing
All prizes they have taken at each grand cattle show

There's a mill for grinding corn with an engine ploughing the farm
Fine oxen they are stall fed, the largest to be found
In its farmyard are screaming the guinea hen and peacock
The swan upon the lake and she sailing all around

There are horses fed in stables for coursing and for racing
A Park of recreation for the roebuck and the fawn
And huntsmen often chased them with foxhounds and with beagles
With Reynard fast retreating through the plains of Drishane

There limekilns are kept burning with cullum most unsparing
And distant lands reclaiming for the same it is drawn
And quarrying operations with loudest reverberations
And harmony prevailing through the plains of Drishane

Its trees are seen the straightest, the loftiest in this nation
The sycamore adjacent to the shady black pine
The apple tree most pleasing, the cherry in rotation
The laurel green and hazel grow there in their prime
In the height of emulation with the yew all green spontaneous
The fields are decorated through the plains of Drishane

The castle is most famous, a tower that built so ancient
All on a solid basis most permanent and fast
It baffled molestation, Cromwell's usurpation
While other towers were taken and levelled to the ground

In its summit when you're stationed, you can see the Reeks most famous
The Galtees though far eastwards, their picture can be drawn
Likewise the Peak of Mangerton and many other places
All meriting great praises to the plains of Drishane

And strangers from all quarters in passing by its borders
Along the Blackwater to Killarney by train
They ponder in amazement while on it they are gazing
And homewards back returning they view it again

Those grand ambitious strangers are boasting of its praises
In all the distant places, Spain, Germany and Gaul
And with strongest approbation I candidly declare
That for grandeur it has taken the sway from them all

This noble grand statesman of whose castle we are tracing
He sprang from generations of a great and glorious name
And from Britain's powerful nation he espoused a noble lady
Of brilliancy and radiance in her was to be found

And it's said that her apparent and many other graces
Were benign and engaging, most dignified and calm
May God Almighty spare him that son of noble parents
For to be a noble statesman on the plains of Drishane.

Dan The Master' Coakley

Another of the Ballinagree poets whose following composition was popular, again because of the local angle. The subject of this song is reputedly aKatie Barrett of Liscahane.

KATIE OF LISCAHANE

You gentle Muses, pray excuse me
Your kind infusion come grant once more
To praise a maiden sweet and engaging
She's lovely Katie that I adore

If you'll not aid me my heart will fail me
A sketch unpleasing I must have drawn
For, oh, I am eager my heart to please her
Sweet lovely Katie of Liscahane

One frosty morning while passing northwards
By Millstreet borders I chanced to meet
That darling Venus I mean young Katie
And she coming early up from the street

Her blue eyes beaming and darts prevailing
Her conversation was grand and calm
My heart was breaking for to be leaving
Sweet lovely Katie of Liscahane

In the evening early when home retreating
Down by the haybench I did her see
As if by Cupid her heart was painful
This lovely fair one should wink at me

Oh, I would rather than the flocks of Leader
Or all the cattle grazing on O'Donnell's lawn
That on that haybench I would be seated
With lovely Katie of Liscahane

If you see young Katie dressed up so gaily
At leisure pacing along the street
She is the mildest enticing creature
A rhyming gamester did ever meet

Her golden fair locks in clusters streaming
Hung down her waist in fine ringlets drawn
In every feature the pride of nature
She's lovely Katie of Liscahane

If Jason famous had known young Katie
With her he'd sail to the Persian shore
Or bold Orpheus for to release her
The burning regions he'd search once more

Or Paris bravest of the Trojan heroes
Who brought Queen Helen to King Priam
He'd venture greater his bride to make her
Sweet lovely Katie of Liscahane

Although Katie is a rich young lady
And far superior in wealth to me
Yet while acquainted she's kind and faithful
With short experience I this can see

In the Winter season when the weather is dreary
And I going early up to Drishane
All my consolation was seeing young Katie
That lovely fair maid of Liscahane

Farewell dear Katie I must now forsake you
The breeze from Klaodagh is piercing me
It shakes me fairly and bids me stay
With the lovely maidens of Muskerry

But in the Summer season
When the weather is changing
Once more I will stray back to fair Drishane
All in speculation of seeing young Katie
That lovely fair maid of Liscahane

Denny Buckley

He lived in Lucey's cottage, Tooreenbane, and wrote a number. He died in a road accident in the Carrigrohane straight. Two, or most of two, have survived, that I know were composed in the early twenties:

BARGAINING WITH DAN BIG JACK

On the 28th of January as the wind blew cold and shrill
I was scotching corn for Dan Big Jack who lives upon the hill
Now Dan was very worried 'cause he did not have a man
But his mind it was made easy at the hour of half past one
When from the field below the house two men they did appear
Saying "We've come to you, Dan Buckley, to hire us for the year
We know now your position, you want a steady man
So speak to us in reason and we'll bargain if we can"

Big Dan, he pushed his cap one side and scratched his big bald head
"How much would you be asking for?" to Dan Linehan he said
"Four and thirty pounds" Dan answered with a smile
Big Dan toed the ground and moved around, talking all the while
"Oh, that's too much entirely" Big Dan he did reply
"I wouldn't pay them wages to any living boy
I have a man at present, as you may plainly see,
But I'm very much afraid he will not stay with me
His mind is set on travelling and to the Shannon Scheme
To electrify our little isle and run it all on steam
I'll now make you an offer of thirty Sterling pound

And then you'll have more wages than any man around"
And then they struck a bargain and from him they went away
In hopes to return to sweet Aubane upon some future day
Those men were hardly gone an hour when another did appear
It was the Great O'Leary who had soldiered there last year
And underneath his arm he carried a rolled up sack
And at his heels there trotted a little dog all black

This man he walked in gravely and sat down by the fire
And for all his old neighbours he quickly did enquire
He asked for Dan and Mickey Jim, and had they any boys
And 'twas then that Mrs Buckley spoke up and took him by surprise
?

She then put down the kettle and they had a cup of tea
And in a little while, from them he went away
He said good-bye to the missus, to Dan and little Johnny too
To Mikie and to Kitty Long saying "I'll always think of you"

THE AUBANE "AMBUSH"

This refers to a what happened to 'Johnny O', a local character, one evening as he was passing Aubane school:

You may have heard of the siege of Clonbanin where General Cumming did fall
And also of the Glebe Ambush where they shot down young Sergeant Boxall
But to put those two fights together and likewise the clash at Rathcoole
They could not compare with the Ambush that took place close to Aubane School

'Twas on a fine Summer's evening as those Aubane boys in ambush did lay
For a fellow who's known as John Connell as he homewards went on his way
In the fight for the freedom of Ireland against the soldier and Black and Tan
Our boys used the rifle and bayonet, the hand grenade and petrol can
But the boys that carried out this last ambush those tactics a little did change
Commencing their attack with cold water which they poured upon John at close range

Says the leader "We'll take him a prisoner and give him the right 'wheel-about'"
But John soon changed into his stockings and put the whole army to rout
O'er fields and o'er ditches he chased them, o'er ploughs and o'er harrows they fell
Their casualties must have been heavy but the papers to us do not tell
Now John says he'll have satisfaction, that he knows them and will see their doom
And he'll get them all six months hard labour at the next circuit court in Macroom

With honours we'll now decorate him and give him the much sought-after VC
The Cross of the Legion of Honour and mentioned in dispatches he'll be
For his bravery in the field of battle his title in future you'll know
As John William Stephen O'Connell, MC VC DSO

I regret having delayed you so long and I hope I have no one offended
With these few simple verses of song
And in future with all his old neighbours in peace John would like for to live
And to patch up a truce with his assailants and let all forget and forgive

Jerry Long, Aubane And Clonbanin

Jerry Long, a grand uncle of mine, could make up songs and recitations at the drop of a hat and made an enormous number. Most are lost. I am grateful to my mother and Tom Singleton of Kilmachrane for rescuing the following few examples, probably less than 1 % of his output.

THE WARBLE FLY

There was a big government campaign in the 1930s to eradicate the warble fly. It was the BSE problem of its time and politicians were falling over themselves with plans to deal with it. All cows that had to be killed around here were taken to a factory in Fermoy. After a visit from an Inspector Jerry composed the following:

The warble fly is finished
There **is no** mistake about that
And the cows will rest **in** comfort
When the weather will get hot.
They won't be breaking through the fences
Nor running towards the stall
They would surely lose their senses
But for the members **of** the Dail

Now the Winter is all over
And the cows are out on grass
But I notice they are nervous
When the motor cars do pass.
They are not out of trouble
Though being finished with the fly
For they imagine the lorry
Should be coming from Fermoy

Last week I had the Inspector
He went over all their backs
And he told me to be careful

About the larvae and the cracks
He said the backs are most important
And not to meddle with the sides
And this will put a stop to cruelty
And also save the hides

He said "It's not expensive
Twenty five cows for a bob
And you know we must do something
For we want to hold the job
'Tis too soon it will be ended,
I expect around July,
For of course it's costing thousands
To get finished with the fly"

[The Inspector did not return]

Jerry once asked someone at Kilcorney creamery to deliver some timber to him and they promised to do so. It did not arrive and he wrote to the Manager, Jim Hegarty:

"They said they'd send the timber and I took them at their word
But I have waited for a week now and this has not occurred.
Mr. Hegarty, you are a decent man—that's accepted far and wide
But I'm afraid I cannot say the same for the men you have employed."

[The timber was dispatched immediately]

He was challenged by a man called Jack Fitz, when drunk, also known as "Jack the Lodge" from Cullen, to write a song on the spot and Jerry, being annoyed, responded by describing his work and the prospect of it ending soon. There was a coal strike on.

"I come from Ardnageeha, my name it is Jack Fitz
I'm coining in the bogdeal since they closed down the pits
I don't get home till late at night 'though I'm up at early dawn
Trying to supply my customers to the top of high Greenane.

But now my trade it is going down
Since the Sullivans of Meenscheha
Starting hauling turf to town.
They are selling at a cheaper rate

Much cheaper than they ought
And if they keep this up
My bogdeal won't be bought".

[Mr Fitz departed quickly]

BOHERBUE FAIR

There was a new fair at Boherbue where he went to sell some pigs, without success, but he enjoyed the day, nevertheless, and described the panorama that was there that day:

This new fair at North Cork that I went up to see
Twas held in a village they call Boherbue
There were motors and lorries and cattle galore
And all public houses were thronged to the door
When I entered the village my face turned pale
When I saw all the things that were offered for sale
Deals were made quick and prices were big
But no one came there to purchase a pig
In front of Maig Andy's there were pigs on a rail
Over at the Barracks there were turkeys for sale
Back at the chapel we had praties and oats
And a man at the Corrigauns had a couple of goats
The windows looked lovely with nice decorated screens
And a balladeer started outside Mrs. Green's
Then I saw a blind fiddler and he poking his way
And in front of Mike Casey's he started to play
Out in the day we went for a few halves
The farmers were laughing after selling their calves
There was one fella inside and his pockets were full
He had got £30 for a black polly bull
They made one mistake, that was all,
That they did not arrange for to open the hall
We had a fine bunch of young ladies, the finest I've seen
From Ballydesmond, Newmarket and Glasnakinleen
Jer Buckley was above with a very nice smile
Saying "Dear lads, shure 'tis only one mile
We can go home now and do a day's work
'Twould take me 'til night to get home from Kanturk"

Anonymous

THE DRISHANELEG AMBUSH

The shades of eve were falling
On the eleventh of February
'Twas in the place they call Drishane
The Ambush was to be.

'Twas plotted out by men of brain
They being so calm and cool
They planned to get the troop car
When they boarded at Rathcoole.

'Twas there two men were waiting
When the train steamed slowly in
They sprang upon the engine
They being courageous men.

With pistols drawn and loaded
On the driver they did fall
They told him "Drive full steam ahead"
Or else he'd get a ball
That would send him o'er the Jordan
Along with John Boxall.

The train drove off per usual
As you may plainly see
A light upon the railway track
The signal was to be.

The train drew up, to the Tans' surprise
A volley it rang out
"Put up your hands,
your guns we want"
Came a commanding shout.

And when the firing started
A Black and Tan did fall
And in the paper you have seen
His name was John Boxall.

And while the firing lasted
'Twas heard in Millstreet town

But the Captain with his Black and Tans
Was afraid to venture down.

For if they did 'twas all the same
A worse fate they would meet
And they would ne'er again see the Barracks
Or the town of sweet Millstreet.

THE NORTH CORKELECTION

There was a General Election in June 1943 when 10 candidates stood for the four seater constituency and the author could not imagine how any of them could possibly lose. It is a good example of the enjoyment taken in politics, treating it as a sort of spectator sport. Proportional Representation and its counts are like a boxing match. The candidates here were Sean Moylan (Fianna Fail), Ted Linehan (Fine Gael), Paddy Halliden (Farmer), Leo Skinner (FF), Con Meaney (FF), P. Daly (FG), John Crotty (Labour), Paddy McAuliffe (Lab), D. Forde (Independent) and Sean Keane (Ind Lab.). The first four were elected.

In the North Cork election
There's a grand selection
Of gallant heroes with a glorious past
No one can doubt it
But we all can shout it
Such a 'mixum-gatherum' from first to last

Now take Sean Moylan
With ne'er a smile on
Though with no ill feeling towards friend or foe
From the rooftops high
You can hear the cry
"'Ara, Sean, a bhuachaill, we can't let you go!"

The Land League seed
And the Moonlight breed
In Millstreet town is not yet dead
And I see no reason
On this occasion
Why North Cork should not return Ted'

I must now move on
To meet Big Con
It's a foregone conclusion that he'll get there
From Cahirbarnagh
To Lisdoonvarna

Big Con is known to have done his share

Now we must get in Two Labour men
Then awake North Cork and let the people see
How neat and knotty
We'll elect John Crotty
And Paddy Mac from Boherbue

The Farmers too May shout Abu!
Though P. J. Halliden—'tis your first race
Still with your light weight
The people say it
That if you don't win—you'll get a place

As the road is long,
I must travel on
Off towards the Gal tees I'll take a stroll
To congratulate I anticipate
My friend Sean Keane who'll head the poll

In that same town
Of famed renown
There's another patriot we can't pass by
If you want a winner
Back Leo Skinner
And 'Remember Mitchelstown!' be your cry

Now before I 'lave' ye
There's Paddy Daly
On bold Kilworth's hills, all on his own
Like Captain Brennan
That outlawed villain
'Tis rumoured strongly he'll come home alone

Lest I forget
There's another yet
A dark outsider both tried and true
Defied fire and sword
That's Mr Forde
So in conclusion, I bid adieu.

THE LANE OF SWEET AUBANE

Come all you loyal comrades, come listen for a while
Till I relate the praises of a spot in Erin's isle
It's there I saw the daylight first when around me it did dawn
On that lovely little valley 'round the Lane of sweet Aubane

To leave that spot will break my heart and to cross o'er the raging main
And to leave behind, my parents kind whose tears will fall like rain
But when we land on the American shore there'll be cheers by each and all
For those brave young rattling heroes from the Lane in sweet Aubane

There's many a handsome cailin around those pleasant glens
Their voices sweet and melodious you'd hear the valleys ring
They will ring the valley from the dark 'til early dawn
Those handsome pretty colleens from the Lane of sweet Aubane

Sonny Buckley

Sonny Buckley was the great entertainer of the area for many years with songs, Skellig lists, recitations etc. This is one of his compositions:

WHERE THE LOVELY AUBANE SWEEPS DOWN TO THE SEA

There is a green valley, the home of my childhood
Surrounded by mountains and heather-clad hills
Wild rugged rocks with green groves they are covered
When seen by the traveller his heart it is thrilled
And here you will find in the neatest of homesteads
The kindest of people that ever could be
From their pure heart they thank the great God for His blessing
Where the lovely Aubane winds its way towards the sea.

Here in this valley are verdant green pastures
The best of potatoes and acres of beet
And the finest of cattle in pastures are grazing
Mid large fields of corn and barley and wheat
On the fine Summer evenings at the Cross, crowds they gather
The old folks who are anxious the young for to see
Pitching or bowlplaying or on the stage dancing
Where the lovely Aubane winds its way to the sea

Now here all around me I see some dear faces
My school room companions of days long ago

But the Lord picked our best for his own home in Heaven
We'll pray for them kindly as through life we go
And those who are left may they prosper and cherish
And blessings rain on them wherever they be
And I hope those in exile may soon be returning
Where the lovely Aubane winds its way towards the sea

Michael Kelleher
(Aubane and New York)

AUBANE FOREVER

It's been a few years ago I made up my mind to roam
To go to a foreign land and try and make a home
I left on a Saturday, seven days for to sail
Looking back from the big ship, Old Ireland was a trail
It took me seven days to get to my abode
Toronto was my first stop, at least I was ashore
Getting a job was difficult, but I didn't really mind
For a very short time I got a job in the mines
Sometimes I do miss Ireland, I thought I would never stray
But that's how I got started and now I am far away
I have been back for visits, to shake hands one and all
But there I saw that all my friends had answered to their call
New York is my home right now, I have been there so long
To leave here I would miss the music and the song
Aubane is my favourite spot, where the gentle waters flow
Maybe I will decide someday to reside there once more

John Twomey

John Twomey from Kilcorney (a brother of Matty "Thady Matty" Twomey) was another composer. One of his that has survived is the following, sung to the air of Bould Thady Quill, written in 1944 during World War II when bogs, and Togher and Mauma in particular, were full of people cutting turf because of the shortage of coal. It was very popular, being all about local 'characters' and their oddities—as well as some foreigners from Cork city and such places.

PADDY KEEFFE'S BOG

One fine Summer's evening when passing by Togher
I stood, and enraptured, I gazed all around.
The peaceable scenes of my long vanished childhood
No more on the slopes of this mountain I found.
The sheep and the cattle that grazed on the hillside
Recalling to memory the plains of Royal Meath
Had now disappeared and their places were taken
By men who were digging for 'gold' underneath.

Those bogs which for centuries lay sorely neglected
Were now utilised by each true Irishman
To make his dear Motherland more independent
Of England's support since this cruel war began.
From town and from city they rallied to Togher
Such scenes of industry I ne'er saw before
For hundreds and thousands in shirt-sleeves were digging
And when they had done, they went looking for more.

To make the acquaintance of all those young workmen
I walked right along till I met Paddy Keeffe.
Oh, Paddy was beaming and smiling all over
And graciously told me that I had his leave
To travel, if weather and time would permit me,
The turf-covered heights of his far-flung domain
And see for myself how each workman was faring,
Find out all about him and, of course, get his name.

I ascended the mountain and soon I was talking
To men who had come from the banks of the Lee.
They said 'twas a pleasure to work in the country
But what work they had done, oh, it failed me to see.
I said "My dear fellows, your time you are wasting,
The cash of your masters you have flung in the air."
But their foreman, Dan Connell, said "Make your mind easy,
The Sunbeam and Wolsey have money to spare."

While Dan was explaining the whys and the wherefores
Of wet turf and dry turf and black turf and brown
And of all the sweet colleens he knew through the country
And the fair one he brought out each weekend from town—
I spied Janey Rourke and I went on towards him—
Right into the middle of trouble I walked

Such a talkative fellow I ne'er in my life met
When time came for parting, the more Janey talked.

At last, near exhausted, I tore myself from him
And entered the camp of the Cronin's abode.
They welcomed me kindly and bade me be seated
Saying "Wisha, you craytur, you're killed from the road."
But little I suspected that me they were fooling
'Til Maggie slipped out and away she did go
On top of my bicycle straightaway for Hansy's
As fast as the breezes that o'er Mushera blow.

Whilst hoping the 'Prodigal' soon would return,
I went on my journey and came to Jack Browne.
Where I heard Janey Cooley conversing with Katie
And saying that all other boys she should let down
Though lorries of turf they could count by the dozen,
Michael Twomey, Matt Leary and of course, Con Lehane,
Yet he was the one who would be her adorer
And sing loud her praises in lovely Rylane.

Having found that a romance was here being enacted,
My progress I halted and turned away
To where the two Rourkes were in deep conversation
Den Desmond, beside them, was filled with dismay.
Her said he would leave all his turf go to blazes
If darling Johanna's young heart he could gain,
Whilst Annie, with outlook pessimistic and gloomy
Said "Den, I'm afraid that tomorrow will rain."

On the distant horizon the blue smoke was curling
From the red camp that sheltered Jeremiah and Eugene
'Twas a landmark for thousands that dwelt all around
From the borders of Nadd to the heights of Seefein.
As I was approaching, Jeremiah came to meet me,
With an accent not learned in Ballinagree,
He said "To my domicile, sir, you are welcome.
Come in and I'll make you a nice cup of tea."

We talked of the war, De Valera and Stalin,
Then fashions and marriages and love we discussed,
The progress of Ireland's young sons and brave daughters,
Or if they had their manners left rot in the dust.

When lo! to our ears, by the gentle winds wafted,
The name of Napoleon came over the air.
My steps I directed towards the voice singing
And what do you think—Neilus Connor was there.

Oh! Neilus is always most kind and obliging
If you ask him to sing, you won't have long to wait.
But for modern numbers he'll never be summoned
His songs are for centuries gone out of date.
Still, gaping young rustics knelt around him adoring,
While Neilus's song rang o'er valley and glen.
Paddy Andy, a sportsman, in deep voice sonorous,
Said "Where is Mike Matt? Tell him fill 'em again "

When the crowd was dispersing, I met Paddy Cotter,
Saw Jerry drawing out with a donkey and cart.
He was so unaccustomed to driving a sulker
That the lazy old fellow had near broke his heart.
In contrast so striking to what I was viewing,
Paddy Keeffe came on horseback with gun and with dog.
As he rode o'er the mountain, you'd swear he was flying
As he sought for the culprit who burned his bog

O'er sweet Knoppogue, where the red cliffs are rising,
I saw poor Jack Hallissey straighten his back
And I thought as I viewed him "What use are inventions
When one for the footing there still is a lack."
The Twomeys, determined, were working beside him,
Coakleys were out for more money to make.
Said Councillor Lucey, from old Carrigthomas,
"I assure you, dear people, the weather will break."

When I met Dan Joe Cremin, he talked of the women
Whom he could have married, if they gave consent.
Paddy Pope said "You're right, I agree with you surely."
But Dan Joe was doubtful if that's what he meant.
Batty Den was not troubled with ladies of fashion,
Jerry Darby the price of his hat would not tell
And "What will I do if the mountains fall over
For you know thum things happen" said poor Thady Kell.

On the south side of Togher where Mushera looks over
The men from Kilcorney, Auban and Glenleigh

Were mingling with those of Duhallow and Millstreet
And working together with hearts light and free.
To the top of the Alps Willie Murphy ascended,
His black Kerry cows kept him company there,
But no cows or half-crowns hindered Huge and his missus
From working so late neath the sun's reddening glare.

Not far from long Cashman I met Paddy Crowley,
He scarcely saluted as I was going by.
He had but one subject to claim his attention,
To get a good price for his turf, wet or dry.
"Be jay," says Con Kelleher, "there's no cause to grumble,
The bog will enable us to buy cigarettes."
"And if I had the cash of my lorries," says Matty
"On brave Scottish Welcome I'd place a few bets."

Above on a hillock I saw Mickey Buckley,
Below I saw Dominic and Eugene Dineen,
And the two Murphy brothers away on the summit
Were nearer by far to the borders of Bweeing.
Dan Duggan was watching his boundary so closely
That once in my presence, he took out a rule,
But he soon left his anchor for, down in a gallop,
Came the wild and speedy young Tarrants from Coole.

In a nice shady hollow I spied Timmy Robert
With acres of turf all around him for sale.
He said "I'm in clover if 'Nell O' won't find them,
But I think her supplies for this Winter won't fail.
"The grey dawn had broke when I parted with Timmy,
The Sun shone in glory in lovely Seekein,
Realising the value of time spent in Togher,
Many stalwart young workers again could be seen.

And I thought as I walked o'er the sweet scented heather
Of the turf that's found there is none but the best.
If you go to Kildare or the vast Bog of Allen,
You'll quickly fly back to the famed Eagle's Nest.
All around me the bogland in sunlight was bathed.
The turf-covered banks were like jewels at my feet.
Oh, 'twas easy to see their magnetic attraction
Had emptied the side-walks of Cork's Patrick Street.

To supply the whole country with fuel for the Winter,
Some hundreds of lorries each day without fail
Are drawing to Fermoy to the Sunbeam and Wolsey,
Midleton, Cobh and the town of Kinsale.
Not a factory in Cork, in Macroom or in Mallow,
Not a chimney stack rising its head to the sky
But is puffing up smoke from the black turf of Togher
As if the imports of coal to defy.

What a change from the days when the cross-channel steamers
Conveyed their dark cargoes to Erin's fair shore,
What a change from the days when the coffers of England
Got swelled while the coffers of Ireland got lower.
Thank God we have fuel to be found in abundance,
Thank God we have enough in our own Motherland,
Thank God we have Togher, thank God for its owner,
Thank God for the leaders of dear Ireland.

John Murphy ("Johnny Clerk")

I am indebted to John 'Bill' Kelleher for the words of the following by the late long-standing Parish Clerk, Johnny Murphy, and it seems a very irreverent piece for a man with a Papal Decoration to write about such a sombre and religious place as Mount Melleray.

TRIP TO MOUNT MELLERAY (1958)

With deep affection and recollection
One Sunday morning we took a trip
From Sraid a' Mhuilinn, and some from Cullen
Down at the corner we took a nip
From Millstreet station for recreation
To Melleray from Cappoquin
We were delighted when we alighted
With winsome lassies and Mrs Ring

We had Conny Joe, we had Jerry O
Mary Fitz and Jeremiah
Radley Jack and Dan the Clerk
And the Lord have mercy on Thade-a-Moy
To see Dan Lucey and he dressed so sprucey
Arm in arm with the J P sons
And the devil a sweeter if you Jack Peter
And his pockets stuffed with halfpeny buns

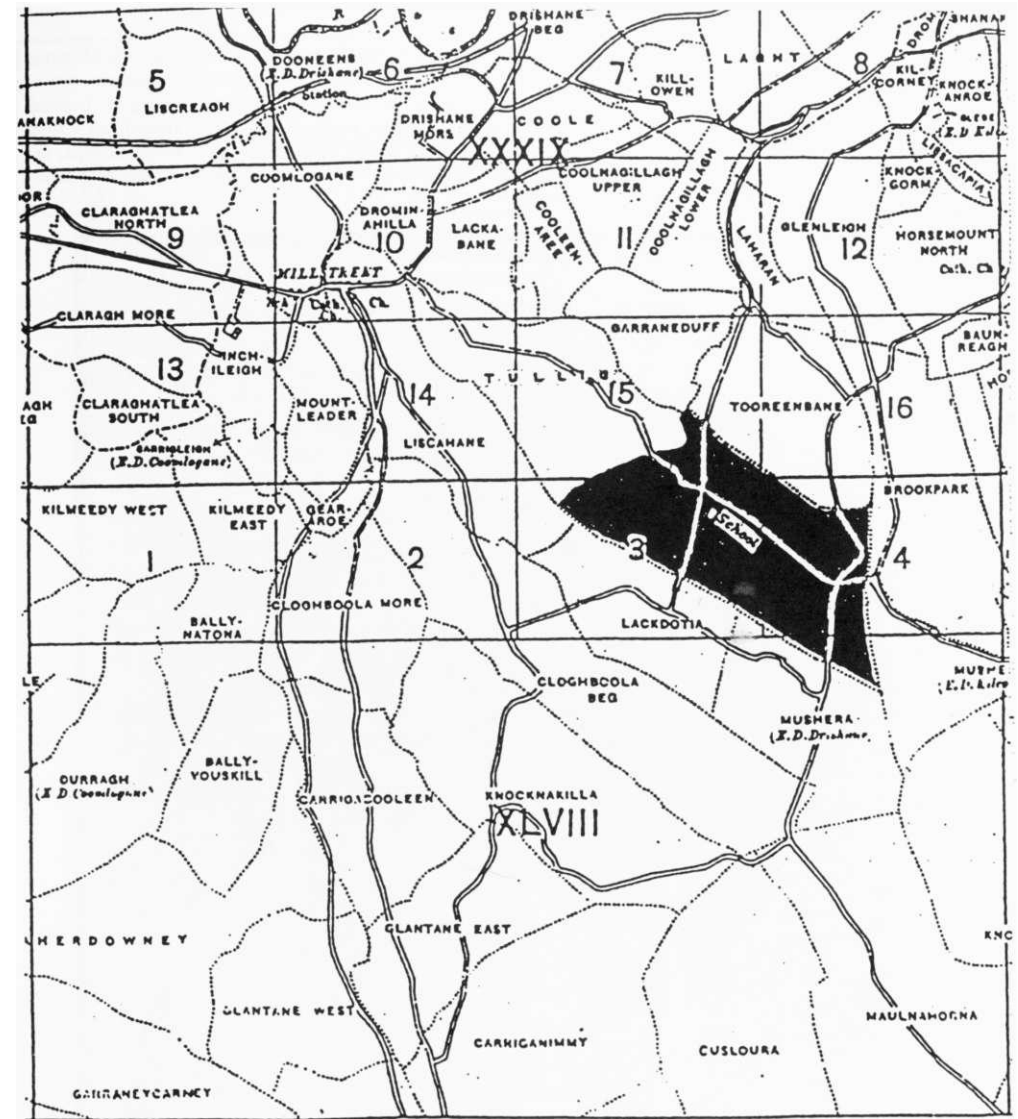
With the train in motion Clerk took a notion
 To sing a song for that jolly crew
 When Jeremiah joined in a trio
 With Maggie and Mary to help him through
 When next encore "The old folks at home"
 Was fairly rendered by Paddy Jack
 Then a lad from Curra says, "Wurra, wurra"
 With Donal Bower behind his back

In Cappoquin when we entered then
 We missed that devil called Jerry O
 We paid a crier his small hire
 To find him out whether high or low
 With a jarvey steady and long car ready
 And after having a social spree
 We all started so light hearted
 In the best of spirits to Melleray

We were all anxious to see Brother Francis
 Who received us with open arms
 With beef and mutton he served each glutton
 And then he showed us round the farm
 Clerk and the lassies got punch in glasses
 Beef and mutton to their hearts content
 Whilst the ladies in silk got bread and milk
 In the lobbies some stories higher

Said Monk de Mere "What brought ye here
 You're the queerest tourists I ever saw
 It was no wonder we had such thunder
 What brought ye past the Mallow Spa
 We want no vultures but men of culture
 I'm tired of cutting for ye all day
 I'm nearly crazy, I'm getting lazy
 For God's sake in future let ye stay away"

" 'Tis bloody funny, sure ye have no money
 Misfortune to you what brought ye here
 Can ye be tramps or country scamps
 I suppose ye thought we would give ye beer
 Oh the devil a sup so now get up
 And clear away whilst the day is fine
 Blast and blow ye it is well I know ye
 Ye hungry naygurs from the Glaise Guinne"



LIX WEST MUSKERRY 57
 Scale of this Index... One Inch to a Mile.
 Scale of this Index... One Inch to a Mile.
 1 0 1 2 3 Miles

The Roman Numerals LII. are the numbers of the Six Inch Sheets.
 The Roman Numerals with plain figures affixed LII. 6 are the numbers of the 2500 Plans
 Boundaries shown thus County-----Barony-----Parish-----Townland-----
 The District Boundaries (Union, Rural & Urban) are described thus Union & R. D. & U. D. & U. D.

Brian Boru entered history when his older brother, King Mahon, the first of the Dal Cais to rule Munster was murdered by his enemies on Musherah mountain just over a thousand years ago. Brian set out to avenge his death and did it so effectively that he ended up as the first undisputed High King of Ireland. Brian's own death at the battle of Clontarf created a vacuum that none of the other Irish Clan Chiefs could fill and they later appealed to Rome to help them sort things out. The Pope's shock troops, the Normans, duly arrived. One thing led to another with the result that Irish history as we know it today could be said to have begun on Musherah mountain.



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