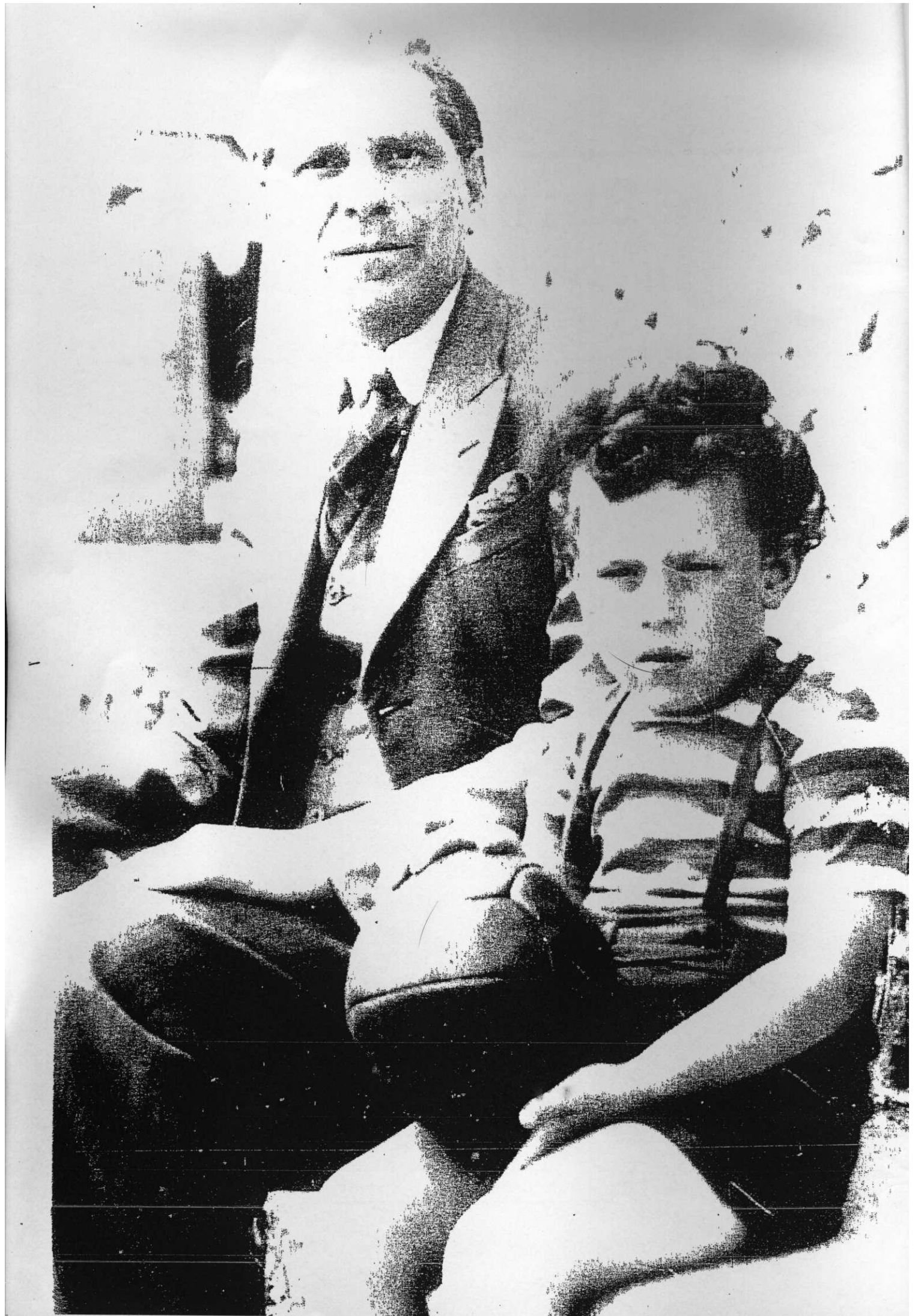


The Burning of Cork: **an eyewitness account**

by Alan J. Ellis



Aubane Historical Society



**The Burning of Cork:
an eyewitness account
by Alan Ellis
and
other items**

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INTRODUCTION

The main item in this collection is an original, first hand account of the burning of Cork city by the Crown Forces on 11/12 December 1920.

The author, Alan J. Ellis (1898-1971), was from an old Co. Cork family. The Ellis family is traced in North Cork, in the Millstreet and Doneraile areas (see article in "*Millstreet, a 'considerable' town*" and see the Directories of Millstreet on pages 26-29 below) from early times until the 19th Century when a branch established itself in Cork City as wood carvers and stonecutters. Born in the city, Alan joined the staff of the Cork Examiner in 1916, the same year that his older cousin, William Ellis (1873-1951), was elected to the Cork City Corporation. William was to become Acting Lord Mayor of Cork during 1923-24. This account of the burning of the city by British troops in 1920 was written sometime after 1935 but before 1940. The manuscript is undated and was never published but given in 1956, as the date and inscription indicates, to Alan's son, who became the historian and novelist, Peter Berresford Ellis. Peter was then thirteen years old. He has kindly given us permission to publish the full report for the first time and we are very grateful to him.

This event was a central fact of the War of Independence but like many basic facts of that war we now find it hardly referred to by the revisionist historians who now dominate the writing of our history. All sorts of incidental events are dealt with at length to crowd out the essentials so that we don't see the wood for the trees, Peter Hart produced a large book that included '*Violence and Community in Cork, 1916-1923*' in its title and the burning, looting and vandalising of Cork City is dealt with in two lines as follows '*After an Auxiliary section was badly shot up at Dillon's Cross on 11 December, their comrades burned Patrick Street and the City Hall, murdered two IRA men in their beds, and shot five other people.*' (P.99). It's not worth an entry in the index -

blink and you would have missed it. And this was preceded by the sacking/burning of no less than 90 other towns and villages. But you will search in vain for such facts from Mr. Hart.

As is usual with our publications we include other first hand accounts of events in the North Cork area. We publish a police report of a death in Newmarket in 1910. A lot of it and the conclusion need to be taken with a pinch of salt. It seems far too convenient for the RIC to be able to assert, after opening fire, that the person concerned was killed by one of his own political group. However, the description of the incident indicates the strength of feeling that existed between the two political parties that flourished in Cork during those years, the Redmondites and the O'Brienites. This party division was unique to Cork and though another fact of our history that is hardly mentioned in standard histories it was of crucial significance in creating the spirit and the situation that later made Cork such a focus of the most effective action in of the War of Independence.

Also included are reminiscences by members of the Gloucester Regiment about their experiences in Kiskeam during the War of Independence. Again, parts of these reports also need to be taken with a pinch of salt and some of what they say is clearly wrong. These extracts are taken from their Regimental Magazine.

Also included are some more miscellaneous items on Millstreet town, including a very fleeting visit by Tom Moore, a report from a French magazine during the Land War and entries from some early Directories. As usual we include some recent letters from and to the Society that includes correspondence with Charles Haughey and Senator Martin Mansergh.

Jack Lane
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March 2004

MEMORIES - CORK, December 1920

Alan J. Ellis

It had been coming all week. The city had been disturbed by sounds of gunfire, rifles, carbines and the occasional explosion. The ominous fact was that the gunfire was coming from the trigger-happy Auxiliary Division of the RIC, a bunch of thugs recruited from ex Army officers and then euphemistically called police 'cadets'. There was nothing laughable about tough looking, heavily armed former brigadiers, colonels, majors, Captains and lieutenants passing themselves off as 'cadets'. But whenever one of them was shot, killed or wounded by the IRA, the picture conjured up in the public eye was of a poor 'cadet', young and innocent, and that image won public sympathy to the British cause as, indeed, it was designed to do.

There was much activity in the city during the week before the big fire. Even the City Corporation believed, in retrospect, that the events of that night were probably pre-meditated and was not an immediate reprisal reaction. Yet, by that weekend, the city had become almost used to the scattered and intermittent sounds of gunfire.

For me it started just before 9.30 p.m. on the evening of Saturday, December 11, 1920. I'd been visiting my cousin, Mickey Hussey, in his rooms in the Corn Market. We had grown so used to the background of sporadic shooting during the last week or so that I, certainly, had ceased to take any notice of it. Mickey, however, was worried about me leaving at this hour for the new military curfew was to start at 10 p.m. It had been introduced on the previous day when General Macready, the British commander-in-chief in Ireland, had proclaimed martial

law in Munster. The British had maintained the fiction they were engaged in a 'police action' but now the gloves were off...!

I wasn't worried. I was working for Thomas Crosbie's *Cork Examiner*, whose offices were not far away in Patrick Street. It was a daily newspaper, whose owner was not a Unionist but certainly not a supporter of Sinn Fein. However, as many of the reporters were pro Sinn Fein, the newspaper tried to steer a neutral path in reporting, keeping to facts and leaving the tub-thumping to the editor. However, some of us had more clandestine activities of which I shall explain later. I had been given a special pass that afternoon showing that, as a journalist, I could travel during the curfew hours. Major General Edward Strickland himself signed it. He was commanding the British 6th Division covering the city. So I felt comparatively safe from any unwelcome attention. Looking back, I was living in a fool's paradise because, a few days later, the Auxiliaries shot an old man named Guest - he was a night watchman at the Cork Distillery. He had a pass, too. But they claimed that he had failed to answer a challenge!

I left Mickey's rooms and walked to Castle Street turning into Patrick Street, the main city thoroughfare. I was going to return to the *Examiner* offices, where I hoped to get a lift with one of the night staff who had a motorcycle. My home was north of the river along the Sunday's Well Road. Because of the curfew, the last tram, heading to St Luke's Cross, north east in the city, had left the Statue [*Father Matthew Statue, a bronze statue at the*

river end of Patrick Street, commemorating the Superior of the Capuchin Order in Cork, d.1861, who was the Apostle of Temperance] at 9 p.m. In fact, it had gone less than a hundred yards beyond the Statue when Auxies boarded it, pushed everyone off and set it on fire. Empress Place RIC barracks was within sight of the spectacle. This I did not yet know, but I realised that the trams had stopped and I was going to be in for a tidy step back if I couldn't get my lift. I was taking the shortest route to the office when I soon became aware that something unusual was happening. There had been sporadic gunfire all evening and my ears had grown so accustomed to it that I did not really notice it. I then became aware of the thud of nearby explosions. I knew by then what a bomb sounded like. There were numerous groups of Auxiliaries, men recruited to make up numbers in the depleted Royal Irish Constabulary [*Irishmen were resigning in the thousands from the force as they realised the distasteful job that the English were asking them to do,*] The Auxiliaries were former British officers sent to Ireland in June, 1920, and were as vicious a bunch of thugs as ever I would encounter. There were also regular soldiers about. I could hear sporadic rifle fire and small arms from every direction.

At first I thought it was an engagement between republicans and the military. Then I noticed, further down Patrick Street, the Auxies and soldiers were driving people from the streets' and firing over their heads to make them disperse into the buildings.

Grant's drapery store appeared to be on fire but there was a small unit of the Fire Brigade on hand.

I spoke to a fireman who told me that there had been an IRA ambush at Dillon's Cross, one of the city's northern suburbs, in which a lorry carrying Auxiliaries had been fired on

and there were some dead and injured. I found out much later this had been carried out by Cork No 1 Brigade who had retired unscathed from the encounter. Some houses had been set on fire in Dillon's Cross [*as a reprisal by the Auxies*] and someone had called the Fire Brigade's Grattan Street depot. The crew were heading for Dillon's Cross, taking the route along Patrick Street, over the bridge, but then they saw the fire at Grant's store and stopped to deal with it. However, a messenger had been sent to get more fire appliances from the Fire Brigade headquarters at Sullivan's Quay, which was not far away.

I was then joined by a man who swore that earlier he had seen a patrol of Auxiliaries marching up the street with an officer at their head. He said that they had halted in disciplined fashion and on a word of command had broken into Grant's and set it ablaze. My informant said one of them noticed him and came across, shoving a gun in his face and had told him to leave or else...! He said that he had hid himself in a nearby building, as he knew what the Auxiliaries were like. More of them appeared and they then moved down the street. He had only re-emerged on the street when he saw the Fireman arrive.

Now I realised that all the principal buildings along Patrick Street had suddenly burst into flame. There is no doubt who was causing the fires. At Munster Arcade, a residential block, the British military ordered people out at gunpoint, shots were fired at the windows and incendiary bombs were thrown in. Some of the attackers, while not hiding their uniforms, wore scarves over their faces.

I saw Fred Huston, chief of the Cork Fire Brigade, who I knew slightly, who had just arrived from Sullivan's Quay and was valiantly trying to organise his men. He told me bluntly that all the fires were being deliberately

started by incendiary bombs, and in several cases, he had seen soldiers pouring cans of petrol into buildings and setting them alight. He had telephoned an appeal to the military commander of the regular troops in the city, Brigadier Higginson, but without any response. [*H.W. Higginson commanded the 3,000 troops of the 17th Infantry Brigade in the city. Major General Sir E.P. Strickland, mentioned earlier, commanded the 6th Division with GHQ in the city, to which the 17th Brigade belonged. Strickland commanded 12,500 troops covering the county. He had commanded the British 1st Division on the Somme in 1916 and when the British withdrew from Ireland he was promoted to Lt General and knighted.*] Already two of his firemen had been wounded by gunfire from the military.

I hurried down the street to Patrick's Bridge. On the bridge I saw a deserted tram, set on fire. This was the very one for St Luke's Cross. 'My last tram home!' was one selfish thought that came into my mind. Anyway, I was not thinking of my lift home any more. I wanted to see as much as I could before going back to the office. Lorries full of regular soldiers, members of the Oxfordshire Regiment, were moving along Merchant's Quay. A crowd of them stood in front of Wickham's shop, which sold Primus stoves, on Merchant's Quay. There was little discipline among them. The soldiers were yelling abuse at anyone they saw and now and then firing off a round into the air. Any stragglers were now being halted searched and threatened.

I heard the next day that the last tram north had also been stopped, the passengers herded out, abused and beaten with rifle butts. A priest had his cassock torn off and was forced to say 'To hell with the Pope' at the point of a gun. The attackers had been Auxies or Tans, my informant was unsure which.

I managed to reach the office in Patrick Street and found, to my surprise, that Jack Healy, the editor was already there. My surprise was because there was no Sunday edition of the newspaper and no need for the editor to be there. A general picture was emerging. The Auxiliaries and Black and Tans, supported by some regular troops, many wearing scarves over their faces, were firing shops in Grand Parade and Washington Street. A jeweller's shop in Washington Street had been looted, as well as shops along Marlboro' Street. Witnesses saw soldiers carrying away kitbags full of booty. Murphy Brothers, the clothing shop, was also looted and set on fire and there was a danger that the fire would spread to the Church and Priory of St Augustine, next door.

Having checked with Mr Healy, I left the office to see what else I could observe. Alexander Pope wrote that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Had I been wiser, I might not have ventured out again.

As Reached the bottom of Abbey Street, I was stopped by a patrol of the Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. In spite of protests, I was bundled into a car, a Lancia, I think. At first I was taken to King Street RIC barracks, next to the Grosvenor Hotel, [*now MacCurtain Street, north of the river*] There was some mention of 'a muddle' for I was pushed back into the vehicle and was driven to the Union Quay RIC barracks (*south of the river*). The place was filled with Auxies who seemed to look at me with some unpleasant smiles of what, I thought, was anticipation. I waved my pass and identification at the sergeant in charge but he 'had his orders' and I was held for two Hours until a young lieutenant of the regulars, no older than myself but wearing a Military Cross ribbon, interrogated me. He looked embarrassed, especially when I asked why the military were setting fire to the

city. He simply muttered something about the Auxiliaries being 'out of control'.

The officer checked with the *Examiner* office by 'phone but I had to give another reference, so I gave them the 'phone (number) of my 'respectable' cousin William. [*William Ellis (1873-1951) had been elected to the City Corporation in 1916 as an independent nationalist He was fair minded and trusted by everyone. After Cork City fell to the Free State troops in August, 1922, and its third Sinn Fein Lord Mayor, Donal O'Callaghan, had to go on the run', William became his deputy and Acting Lord Mayor, having been proposed by Sinn Fein's Liam de Roiste. He held that office until January 25, 1924.*] William apparently endorsed that I was not a 'suspicious character' and so I was released. No one offered me transport home.

I was released sometime after three o'clock in the morning. There was still gunfire about the city. I heard it not far away at Bandon railway station [*now Albert Quay station*] and my idiocy drew me along the quay to see what was going on. I found a unit of the City Fire Brigade actually pinned down by gunfire. When I asked who was firing on them, they said it was Black and Tans who had broken into the nearby City Hall next to the station. One fireman told me that he had also seen 'men in uniform' carrying cans of petrol into the Hall from the very barracks on Union Quay that I had just been released from.

Around four o'clock there was a tremendous explosion. The Tans had not only placed petrol in the building but also detonated high explosives. The City Hall and adjoining Carnegie Library, with its hundreds and thousands of priceless volumes, was suddenly a sea of flames.

The firemen with me managed to get a hose on the Carnegie Library as the Tans had evidently given up their

game of firing at the firemen. Instead they turned off the fire hydrant and refused to let the fire crews have any access to water. Protests were met with laughter and abuse. Soon after six o'clock the tower of the City Hall crashed into the blazing ruins below. I heard that elsewhere in the city soldiers ran their bayonets through the fire brigade's hose pipes.

Exhausted by that time, I found a wandering fellow reporter from the *Cork Constitution* who gave me a lift back to Sunday's Well on his motorcycle. At least, it being Sunday, I could have a few hours sleep before going into the office to see if Jack Healy would believe the copy that I was going to deliver.

I'd had a few hours sleep when awoken by a messenger from the office. I was too young a reporter to have the office install a telephone. But I was needed. In fact, everyone was needed to cover the still breaking story. There were no trams in the city that day. Indeed, even the gas had been cut off because of the fires. I learnt a few more details in the office where the editor had spent the entire night. There had been some deaths during the night. The Auxiliaries had burst into a house in Tuckey Street and during the ransacking, which passed for a military search, of the premises, an old woman had died of a heart attack. She was a Jewish lady.

In the Blackpool area of the city, at about 2.30 a.m. the Auxiliaries broke into the house of Dan Delaney in Dublin Hill. Armed with revolvers in their hands, they raced upstairs to the bedroom occupied by Delaney's sons Cornelius, aged 30, and Jeremiah, 24, and their maternal uncle, William Dunlea, aged 50. Hauling them from their beds, they demanded their names. As soon as the names were given, they were shot immediately. Jeremiah had died instantly. Cornelius lingered in Mater Hospital for about a

week. Their uncle, William, was not badly wounded and recovered. In spite of the fact that the attackers were in British uniform, all with scarves covering their faces - typical of Auxiliary night attacks - we had to report that they were 'unknown gunmen'. Both Cornelius and Jeremiah were, in fact, members of the IRA but had been taken asleep and unarmed before being shot.

There was much to discuss. During the night the Dublin and Limerick Fire Brigades had responded to calls for help. A Captain Myers and seven of his men, with a fire engine, had been placed on a special train and sent to the city. When they arrived in the early hours of Sunday morning, they were met by the Auxiliaries and taken to the Victoria Hotel. Their fire equipment was impounded. Only when Fred Hutson, the local fire chief, and Delaney, the city engineer, no relation of the Delaneys who had been killed, I think, demanded their release from General Higginson directly were the firemen freed by the Auxiliaries. I went to interview Myers for the *Examiner* on the Monday before he went back to Dublin, and he told me that it was obvious that most of the fires had been set with incendiary bombs and by professionals. He was, apparently, an experienced man in this field.

The chief reporter sent me to the Corn Exchange because a specially summoned meeting of the City Corporation was being held there with Councillor Donal O'Callaghan, the Lord Mayor, in the chair. It was a lively meeting and there was a lot of anger being expressed by the councillors. Of course, the fire and those who had set it was the main point of discussion. Standing Orders were suspended to allow a free for all. There were a number of pressmen crowding round now, not just from other towns and from Dublin but a number of foreign pressmen.

"We, the Corporation of Cork, affirm once more that the Irish Nation is fighting for its very existence against an unscrupulous enemy, but it is desirous of an honourable peace consistent with its position as a sovereign State, express our undiminished confidence in our elected representatives who alone are authorised to speak on our behalf. We proclaim our unaltered determination to seek or sanction no truce or peace save such international agreement as is arranged between Dail Eireann (the Irish parliament) and the English Government.'

I remember that Sir John Scott, a councillor, had tried to put forward a diplomatic motion, which Alderman Barry had seconded purely for discussion. Then Barry Egan proposed a motion. This resulted in telegrams being sent to heads of European nations, the American President as well as to the Pope. There was no doubt in anyone's minds who was responsible for the still smouldering ruins of our city.

It was Alderman J.J. Walsh who raised a really contentious matter.

That morning the Rt. Rev. Daniel Cohalan, the Bishop of Cork had issued a decree which condemned those involved in 'ambushes, kidnapping and murder' and he wasn't talking about the British forces. He called for the excommunication from the Church of all those involved in the armed struggle. The announcement had been made at the close of Mass on Sunday morning at which the Bishop said he wanted to re-establish the social order. Everyone knew what that meant. *He was the only Irish Bishop to issue a decree of excommunication on republicans, although he had the grace to conduct the funeral of Lord Mayor Terence MacSwiney. He remained Bishop until 1952).* The decree was then issued to the newspapers to print the next day,

Alderman Walsh was red faced with anger when he pointed out that while the City of Cork had been going through hell, not words I was allowed to report in the newspaper, the Bishop had not uttered a single word of protest but now was adding insult to injury. His words would be seen as blackmailing the Irish people by holding them up as evil doers. The elected representatives of the city should express their resentment and regret at this untimely outburst from the Bishop.

Sir John Scott was trying to defend the Bishop, although he admitted he had not seen the decree, but he felt that the Bishop would no do anything that would be against the wishes of his people.

Councillor O'Cuill snapped, with a reference to Sir John's politics: 'He's your bishop now, not mine!'

Alderman Barry seconded the proposal and then the Lord Mayor said he agreed. It was terrible to think that when the people woke up to find part of their city in ruins at the termination of a week of unbridled ruffianism by the Crown forces, there was no word of condemnation by the Bishop. The ruin that the military forces of England had caused would run into millions of pounds, thousands of people were thrown out of work and yet there was no condemnation from the Bishop save words that added to the power of the terrorism of the State. However, he felt that the Corporation composed of mixed (political) parties as it was, might not be the best body to attempt to pass censure on the Bishop. Perhaps there was another way.

Alderman Walsh said he had consulted some public opinion and he felt that priests as well as people would condemn the Bishop's words. Many councillors felt the matter should be pressed but Professor O'Rahilly believed it was a matter for the Bishops of Ireland to discuss and condemn him

as it was an ecclesiastical matter. The matter was left to the report of the meeting, which the Bishop would read.

Councillor J. O'Leary then raised an issue which I felt aa embarrassment as I sat listening. He claimed that the *Cork Examiner* had actually been palliating the violence of the Crown Forces taking place in the city. He felt there was every good reason to suspect that the burning of the city had been premeditated for some time and that the Dillon's Cross ambush was an excuse but he felt the *Examiner* could have been taken a stronger tone. The Lord Mayor was a bit snide when he said it would be taking too much notice of the *Examiner* to criticise it. For a long time the people in charge of the newspaper, the Crosbies, were without the confidence of the public or their elected representatives. The City Council had manifest proof that the confidence of the county was increasingly with them.

It is true to say that there was increasing tension between the republicans and the Crosbies. Many of the republicans that I met did not really understand that you did not have to agree with the politics of the owner of the newspaper that you worked for. Jobs were jobs for young struggling reporters. Anyway, things became very grave the following year when the IRA actually conducted a bomb attack on the *Examiner* officers. I later found out that this operation had been carried out by Mark Wickham's B Company if the 1st Battalion of the 1st Cork City Brigade of the IRA. In fact, Mark Wickham's father owned the Primus stove shop at 8 Merchants Quay, which was a company 'headquarters' and it was around this shop that I had seen crowds of military on Saturday night.

But attacking a newspaper, however much one disagrees with its political stand is not good politics and does not win support. One of the things that disillusioned me entirely

was when some of the *Examiner* staff were attacked in May of the following year, just before the Truce. I knew Stephen Dorman, who worked in the readers and composers' department of the newspaper. Readers had to read our copy and check for typographical mistakes and so on. Stephen was about my own age, and the son of a well-known Cork musician and not a bad musician himself. I had left Cork at this time but I picked up the facts because the shooting actually happened in Douglas Street, where Cousin William lived.

Stephen had been on the night shift and left the offices about 3 a.m. on May 23 with Chris Walsh, Fred Murphy and a man called Collins, who I did not know. They were walking home and had passed the top of Nicholas Street to walk down Douglas Street when a bomb was thrown and they came under revolver fire. Stephen took the main impact of the blast. Chris was badly wounded while the other two escaped with minor cuts and bruises. People came running out of their houses and a Father Murphy, the administrator of the nearby St Finbarr's School came to help. The wounded men were taken down the road to the South Infirmary and Stephen had his leg amputated but he died at noon the next day. Chris Walsh recovered.

The witnesses agreed that the attack seemed to have been carried out by the Black and Tans. Now as far as I knew, none of the four had any connection with the IRA. Indeed, the republicans did not put out any statement that the men were either members of their organisation nor did they claim responsibility for the attack on the grounds that the men were involved with the occupying forces.

Anyway, embarrassed by the verbal attack on the *Examiner* (I was still young), I left the meeting that Sunday. I think that MacCarthy, the

Town Clerk, shot me a sympathetic glance. A lot was still going on. I gathered there had been a sub committee meeting, which agreed that, as the City Hall has been burnt down, the nearby school would not reopen until after the Christmas holiday and its rooms used for the city corporation employees. The Lord Mayor assured everyone that city corporation employees would be paid during the next week.

That afternoon, a messenger came to the office with the daily statement from the military. A Major Eastwood, as spokesman for the 17th Brigade, in charge of the city's so called 'security' would issue a few figures daily. He said that five arrests had been made. I wondered whether one of them was supposed to be me but the number of people I had seen being hauled in by the RIC and military that night made me smile wryly at the figure. What caused a chuckle throughout the office was the statement that 'No shots were fired by the troops'. What of the Delaney family in Blackrock? But then, they were Auxies or Black and Tans - policemen and not military, so there was a semantic escape from the reality. There were, to my certain knowledge, several people, including firemen, who had been shot and wounded by the RIC and military. There had been looting and we must admit it, not merely by the Auxies and military, but by a few poor, unfortunates, who seized the opportunity of a lifetime.

By Monday the Cork Gas Company had, at least, turned the gas back on in the city. The insurance companies were in a quandary. Sixty business, premises were completely gutted, some five square acres of the city destroyed, and several million pounds worth of damage. A statement was put out saying that nothing would be paid out, as the companies were not sure that the fires were a cause of riots.

If they could prove rioting then they would not have to pay out insurance money.

The English Labour Party had sent a Commission to Ireland to investigate Crown Force reprisals and had been on their way back to London. Now William Lunn MP and John Lawson MP, two of their number, arrived in Cork, only to receive threats from the Auxiliaries. However, they did meet with locals and I told Lunn in a meeting of what I had seen. On Tuesday, in London, they put out a statement: Parliamentary members of the Labour Commission who visited Cork yesterday are convinced that the fires were the work of Crown Forces.' The following year, they published their findings as *Who Burnt Cork?*

A debate raged in the Westminster House of Commons on the Monday. The Tory Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Hamar Greenwood shocked the people of Cork, even those hardened to the duplicity of English politicians. He claimed that the fires had been set by the citizens of Cork; that they had gone round blowing up and destroying their own city. It was his contention, he said, that the forces of the Crown had saved Cork from absolute destruction! In retrospect, it should not have been surprising from a man who, at a time when Irish Coroners' Inquests had been regularly returning charges of murder against the Crown Forces, claimed he knew of only once such claim. And this man was to be one of the British team during the Treaty negotiations!

The Lord Mayor, O'Callaghan, and leading members of the City Corporation, immediately wired Sir Hamar Greenwood and members of the Government stating that, on behalf of the entire city, they most emphatically repudiate the vile suggestion that Cork City was burned by any section of the citizens. In the name of truth, justice, civilisation, we demand impartial

civilian inquiry into circumstances of city's destruction. Quite willing to submit evidence before any international tribunal of Englishmen like Bentinck, Henderson, Kenworthy and Cecil.'

Demands for an inquiry came from all directions, the Cork Employers' Federation, the Unionist Cork Chamber of Commerce and others. It was decided that Major General Strickland would hold a private military inquiry, excluding press, lawyers and anyone else of matter. T.P O'Connor in Westminster demanded why the Attorney General, Denis Henry, persisted in the denial that the burning of Cork was the result of a military reprisal. Was he about to take action against the newspapers in Ireland, which had plainly reported that it was the result of such a reprisal? Henry burbled that he had to have notice of such a question and was immediately supported by a Colonel Croft, an MP, who asked if the Rt. Hon. Gentleman (the Attorney General) would remember that the newspapers were just as irresponsible and those who raised such a question. Chuckles all round. English complacency had ensured the 'whore of all parliaments' was satisfied.

Strickland's inquiry was held in secret on December 18. Who knows what the inquiry found? Macready later admitted that 'it gave greater scope for rebel propaganda'. I read recently in General Crozier's book (*Ireland For Ever*, London, 1932) that the report was immediately suppressed In the public interest' once the politicians examined it. I did hear that a company of Auxiliaries were later withdrawn from Cork and one of their senior officers, a few weeks later, shot himself on Wimbledon Common in London. I can't vouch for the truth of that. But - I know what I saw. That event had a marked affect on my life.

It was on the Monday evening that I had a message asking me to call

by at a certain time at Nora and Sheila Wallace's shop among the smoking ruins, in St Augustine's Street. Now, I have said, many of the reporters on the *Examiner* were supporters of Sinn Fein. In 1919, I had been recruited by fellow Cork journalist Frank Gallagher, who was working on the dissemination of information under Erskine Childers and producing the *Irish Bulletin* giving news from the Irish side of the struggle. As well as English, it was produced in French and Spanish, and widely circulated. A cause of embarrassment to the British who made frequent efforts to suppress it as well as issuing, from time to time, forged *Irish Bulletin* in an attempt to discredit it. I used to send bits and pieces to it. The IRA brigade headquarters was actually run from the Wallace sisters' shop so I was not surprised to see Florence O'Donoghue there. He was the brigade's intelligence officer and I'd had dealings with him before. He was straightforward. He wanted me to take some first hand accounts to Dublin, to Gallagher who was then based there.

The world needed to know the truth, especially in the light of Sir Hamar Greenwood's lies. I had some days off due and so I left Cork on Wednesday, December 15. I did not realise that it would be many years before I saw the city again and then it produced so many sad and bitter memories, that I have never gone back for any length of time, I saw Frank Gallagher and was there when he passed the papers on the facts to Desmond Fitzgerald, the Dail Eireann's Minister for Propaganda.

A few days later, still in Dublin, I was arrested by the DMP at Kingsbridge Railway Station (now Heuston Railway Station) on my way to Cork with some documents that, unimportant though they were, were deemed to be seditious. I was taken to Ship Street Barracks at Dublin Castle. I forget when it was, early in the New

Year, I think, I was joined in my cell by Father Dominic (*Dominic O'Connor, a Capuchin born in Cork in 1883, who was chaplain to Corks No 1 Brigade and also chaplain to the first two republican Lord Mayor's of Cork, MacCurtain and MacSwiney*). I was using a pseudonym, having been fixed up with some papers by Florrie O'Donoghue for my journey. I made the point of introducing myself quickly before Father Dominic expressed surprise at seeing me of all people there. He knew I was a young reporter on the *Examiner*.

Father Dominic had been arrested in the Church Street Friary. He was to remain in prison until he was released under the January, 1922, Amnesty. I thought him to be a great man; intellectual and far sighted; the antithesis of Bishop Cohan. Father Dominic even found Connolly's theoretical works stimulating and exciting, especially *Labour, Nationality and Religion*. I actually visited him in the USA when he was sent into exile by his Order because of his politics. He was sent to Bend, Oregon and died there not so long ago on October 17, 1935.

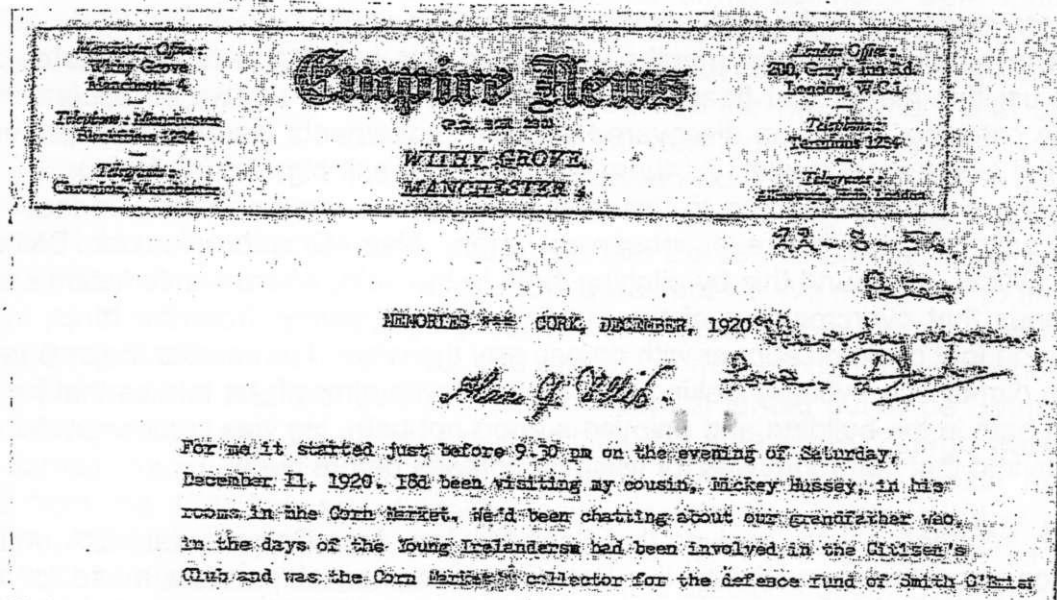
[The mss ends. The IRA to secure the release of another prisoner with whom he was being transported released Alan J. Ellis during a rescue. He never explained the details except that the rescue was successful and he was put on a foreign vessel, disguised as a Danish seaman. He made a standard joke that his papers were made out, with some irony, in the name of Hans Anderson. He landed in Liverpool and was passed on through contacts that secured him a job with false papers on the RMSP Demerara sailing on January 25 for the River Plate, in South America. 'AJ' (as he was certainly known later) worked as a journalist travelling to the USA and to the South Pacific, living in Nukualofa, in Tonga, before making his way to France

where he lived for a time in Marseilles, He arrived in London in the mid 1920s, married and made London his base, working for a variety of Fleet Street newspapers. His son, Peter, believes that he wrote this manuscript as a rough aide memoir because it is hurriedly typed with several typographical errors. It was never published. Indeed, it has never been published in its entirety save for information rewritten by Peter as 'The Destruction of Cork City' (Irish Democrat, December 1989) and 'Turbulent Irish Priest' (Irish Democrat, July 1992). An extract from the mss will appear in Peter's new book Eyewitness to Irish History, John Wiley & Co Inc, New York, 2004]

Notes

Strickland was no armchair general but a tough, experienced fighting man, who believed in leading his troops from the front. He had been twice wounded in the 1914-18 War. Eventually Lieutenant General Sir Edward Peter Strickland KCB, KBE, CMG, DSO, Croix de Guerre (France) Croix de Guerre (Belgium) Turkey's Medjidie Medal (3rd Class) and other awards. (1869-1951) was from an old English military family. Commissioned in the 2nd Battalion, Norfolk Regiment in 1888 he served in Burma, Egypt, Sudan, Nigeria, and the European (Great) War. In 1914 he had been Lt. Colonel of the Manchester Regiment and in 1915 promoted to Brigadier, commanding the Jullundur Brigade of the Lahore Division. Promoted Major General, 1st Division during the Somme battle in 1916. Created CB in 1917 he was given command of the Western Division of the Army of the Rhine in March, 1919. In November 1919, created KCB he was sent to command the 6th Division in Ireland and after British withdrawal was prompted Lt. General 1921-22, commanding the 2nd Division based at Aldershot in England, and created a KBE. He was confirmed in rank in 1926 as GOC British troops in Egypt until his retirement in May, 1931.

George Crosbie was the second son of Thomas Crosbie, who owned the Examiner in 1920. Born in Cork in 1864, educated at the Vincentian College, Patrick's Place, Cork, and then Tullabeg College, he qualified for the Irish Bar in 1890 but joined the staff of the Examiner and continued as a pressman and became chairman of the Press Association Ltd from May, 1910 to May, 1911. In 1909 he stood for the Irish Party in the parliamentary elections. He was a strong supporter of John Redmond. He was to become chairman of the board of directors of the Cork Examiner. He became a Free State senator in 1932. He died at his home at Knockrea Park, November 26, 1934. Jack Healy d. 1953



Signed draft of this report by Alan Ellis when given to his son Peter Berresford Ellis in 1956

Some 'Glorious Glosters' in Kiskeam.

The Auxiliaries who operated around Kiskeam during the War of Independence were from the Gloucester Regiment and some have given the following accounts of their experiences there in the Regiment's magazine over the years.

Ireland 1920-22

17th December 1920 the 1st Bn left Bhurtpore Barracks, Tidworth, by train and embarked at Southampton for Queenstown (Cork). By the 18th the Battalion was installed in Kilworth, Co. Cork with detachments at Moore Park (Fermoy) and Michelstown. Here they stayed until April 1921 when the Battalion moved to Kanturk with detachments at Newmarket and Banteer. The immediate surrounding countryside was fairly quiet but bands of IRA travelled from place to place billeting themselves on the inhabitants and laying ambushes for convoys or attacking police barracks. The operational role of the Battalion was to restore order in their area, arrest known rebels, and provide escorts for lorry convoys.

To implement this task the Battalion carried out cordons and searches and frequent day and night patrols. Such motor transport as was available was not suited for patrol operations and mobility was gained by the use of bicycles of which the Battalion had 500. These were preferred as they were silent and gave greater freedom of movement at night. The main problem was to avoid the civilian population who would pass the word around that the military were out and about. The Battalion Scout Platoon under Lieut. Nap Grazebrook, the IO, was very active and participated in most of the patrols sent out. Numerous arrests were made in the first 6 months and many arms caches were discovered. The most successful operation was at Kiskeam in May 1921.

Kishkeam, Ireland, 15th May 1921

By Lieut-Colonel G.W.V. Ladds
(Back Badge, December 1957)

The 28th were stationed in the workhouse at Kanturk, a small town in Co. Cork, not far from the Kerry border. For some months we shared this building with the inmates who lived above us; this meant that fleas kept dropping down upon us, we all became very adept at flea catching. We soon discovered that our movements were being reported to the IRA by the workhouse master. As there was only one exit big enough for our MT and one small door in the wall leading to the recreation field, it was impossible to leave the workhouse unknown to this ever observant man. Nap Grazebrook, our Battalion Intelligence Officer, got round this by pitching tents in the field, where we sometimes slept on the grounds that overcrowding of the building was unhealthy; from the tents, in the dark, a force on foot could disappear with no one any the wiser. I remember Major Beasley coming in to dinner one evening looking very pleased with himself; he told us that he had found a real bath in the building and enjoyed a good hot bath. He was somewhat deflated when he was told that bathroom was for washing corpses before burial.

In May 1921, information was received that Sean Moylan, Area Commandant IRA, with an active service gang had moved into our Battalion area, and plans were made for their capture, we knew where they were supposed to be but no detailed reconnaissance was

possible or the show would have been given away. The operation was under the command of Nap Grazebrook and the following officers took part, Nap Grazebrook, Armine Morris, Bertie Temple, Manley James, Vivian Ladds, and CSM Reece. Each officer or WO had a party of eight. The idea was that, having slept in the tents for some days, we were to move across country the first night, hide up in a wood for a day, and the next night surround three sides of the area in which the IRA were. The fourth side would be closed by cyclists coming from Kanturk. Each party was to start from a different point and converge on the centre, all buildings were to be searched and all men brought in. If shooting was heard, parties were to march to the sound of the guns, because one party alone might well be outnumbered. We slid silently out of the tents at 0100 hrs on 15th May 1921, having crossed the fields and climbed 98 Irish banks, we arrived at the location of the wood at about 0400 hrs, only to find that it had been chopped down! This was awkward as the only other cover was a barn on a slope in full view of the village of Boheboy. It would soon be light and so we took the barn, which was already occupied by cows. We managed to squeeze 60 officers and men and 4 Royal Irish Constabulary sergeants into this barn. We watched the inhabitants of the village go to Sunday Mass - I munched my biscuit and realised that this was my 22nd birthday. At about 12 noon the farmer who owned the barn decided to come and feed his cows. As he walked up the hill we wondered how to deal with the situation. As he opened the door and moved into the dark barn, hands seized him and he was told to keep quiet. We could not keep him long or he would be missed; and so the RIC told him that we knew exactly who he was and that he would be being watched and that if he said anything he and his family would suffer the direst consequences - he went off a very frightened man.

Night came at long last and we moved off across country again. Finally we reached our rendezvous and the parties made off to their appointed starting places from which they were to close in on two farms where we hoped to find the IRA. By this time the cyclists, under Sabbatella and J.H.F. Harvey, had arrived at their rendezvous too. From this point I can only tell about my own party.

Our final rendezvous was a farm which we surrounded. I knocked at the locked door which after much whispering was opened by an old man, who put up his hands in horror and said, "Be Jasus its the military" and ran back into the house, closely followed by yours truly and a corporal. We searched the old man's bed for arms, but none were found. After searching the ground floor we proceeded upstairs, where we found the farmer, aged about 40, his brother, aged about 35, and two sisters, aged about 25 and 30, all in the same bed. The corporal was horrified. We found nothing, but took the two farmers with us just in case. As we were climbing a bank near the farm we were greeted by rifle fire, very heavy by Irish standards, I think now that it might have been our own cyclists. We then heard firing from another farm, where we found Armine Morris and two parties in a defensive position. He told us that the IRA were about and that Bertie Temple had been fired upon with a revolver at almost point-blank range, but he was not hit. We moved off to the right of the farm - by this time it was getting light. We found Grazebrook, Temple and his party searching some bushes. I heard a shout and one of the men brought in a prisoner, armed with a loaded revolver and two Mills bombs - this person turned out to be Sean Moylan; later we rounded up 14 of the gang. On searching the area an RIC sergt. walking with Manley James, found a cache of arms containing a Hotchkiss gun which had been captured from the 17th Lancers at Mallow some months previously, another revolver, ammunition, telephone apparatus, and a cheque for £115 IRA pay. After all this we marched back to Kishkeam, where we were glad to find transport under Captain Halford to help us back to Kanturk with the prisoners. Soon after this the inmates of the workhouse

were moved to another workhouse and we had the building to ourselves; much creosote was used.

Note: Sean Moylan, just before his capture, had been promoted commander of the newly formed IRA 2nd North Cork Brigade. In civil life he was a building contractor at Newmarket and an MP for NE Cork. He was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment, but as an MP he was released under a truce a few months later and took part in the treaty talks. He remained in de Valera's Fianna Fail party and went on to become Minister for Agriculture. He died in office last month. Among the papers captured at Kishkeam were many secret codes, orders of battle, nominal rolls of the IRA men, etc. (R.M. Grazebrook). For the remainder of 1921 the Battalion continued its routine of patrolling, and as the "peace talks" progressed, some normality returned to the area. The final order of the day issued in January 1922 by General Strickland, CO of the 6th Division:

"The time has come for the 6th Division, constituted for service in the South of Ireland, is about to be broken up. We have had 2 years of severe strain and exceptional hard work. You have been called upon to perform the most difficult, dangerous and repugnant duties, in fact the most difficult and unpleasant that soldiers can be called upon to carry out.

You have been provoked beyond endurance but your discipline has stood the test, and throughout these trying times, you have shown the most admirable restraint, good nature and impartiality. In so doing you have upheld the name of the British Army and that of your own Unit. On leaving this Division you have the great satisfaction of knowing that your duty has been nobly done. You have fought with clean hands, and though in many cases you have inspired fear yet it has been mingled with a feeling of respect

In spite of hard and strenuous duties, leaving little time for regular training, yet some of you are now better trained than before by reason of the valuable experiences you have gained, which will stand you in good stead when you are at liberty to carry out normal training. The Division, in spite of all its difficulties, has maintained a high standard of discipline, smartness, and turn-out on which you are greatly to be congratulated. I much regret losing you all from my Command, and I offer you my deep gratitude for your discipline, loyal and unstinted support, and for your high soldiering qualities. You may well feel proud that you have emerged from these trials with the reputation you have rightly earned.

I wish you all the very best of luck.

*E.P. Strickland
Lieutenant-General
Commanding 6th Division."*

The Battalion arrived back in Tidworth on 3rd Feb. 1922 and on 27th March 1922 left for Beuthen in Upper Silesia.

Ireland - 50 years ago

A personal memory by A.H. Richards, 1st Battalion
(Back Badge, 1972)

December 1920, Tidworth and the majority of the Battalion were on annual Christmas leave from which we were recalled. Our destination was Kilworth Camp, Co. Cork. The main road, Fermoy to Michelstown, went right through the camp, our own quarters being

on one side and the IRA "cage" on the other side. Movable barriers were placed at each end of the dividing road and were manned at all times. We had not been in the camp many nights when there was an alarm. It was thought that there was an attack taking place on the perimeter. It was in fact a false alarm, the enemy consisting of a number of donkeys one of which, I believe, was killed by Lewis gun fire. The main hardship experienced during the first few weeks was the fact that no money was available for pay. Subsequently the PRI issued chits to be exchanged at the Navy and Army Canteen Board shop, this was before the advent of the NAAFI. There was very little to change the chits for however. We were virtually confined to camp since we were right in the wilds with nowhere to go. Our main duties consisted of main guard and "cage" guard over 48-hour periods. It was quite a relief to go out on stunts, as we called the operations. We were able to scrounge cups of tea and an occasional meal at lonely farmhouses. The move to Kanturk came as a very welcome relief. Here we occupied the workhouse, and what a filthy hole it was. There were no kitchens, lavatories or wash-places. Field kitchens, Sawyer stoves and Aldershot ovens came into their own. Rations in those days were poor compared with today's standards. Only choice, "take it, or leave it." Field latrines had to be dug fairly frequently and buckets were issued for washing. There were no lights in the long barrack-like room. The only lighting we had was candles, not issued I might add, but paid for out of our own pockets. There were no beds, so we slept on the bare boards until we left in February 1922. Bathing took place in the river Andula which ran through the village. There was no canteen but the PRI did set up a shop but all that was available were cigarettes and chocolate biscuits. The only place that we could go to relax in Kanturk was the local pub in the market place. The locals were quite affable and we drank with them, even though we knew that most of them were at least IRA sympathisers, but in the main they were friendly. The main night operations consisted of patrolling the railway lines or guarding bridges and searching farmhouses. The IRA often blew holes in the road to prevent our movements but this was overcome by carrying long steel girders on the Crossley tenders and which were placed across the holes. At any time of the day or night we might suddenly be alerted and the order of the day was Bondook, Bandolier and Bike and away we went. The bicycles were the great heavy things from World War One and extremely tiring. Whatever time of day or night we sallied forth, the "conchies" would start up and the element of surprise was lost. I am pleased to recall that the Battalion suffered only one fatal casualty during the tour, in the person of Drummer Marquis, from the Channel Islands, who was a close friend of mine. He was accidentally killed by a member of our own unit who was in the turret of the armoured car whilst on an operation and interfered with the machine gun without authority.

The Moylan operation recalls vivid memories. I was one of the 58 other ranks and was in the section with CSM Breezer Reece, DCM. The section was commanded, I think, by Lt. Morris who was normally Transport Officer. As we approached the objective through a narrow lane I am sure that Moylan fired a pistol at Reece at point blank range but missed. At Moylan's Court Martial at Cork I feel sure he was sentenced to death but the Armistice came just in time to save him and he was released. He actually came to Kanturk and sought out CSM Reece for a friendly chat with him and others including myself. We gained the impression that he had been a sergeant in the Machine Gun Corps during the war in France.

At last operations came to an end and we thankfully returned to Tidworth to await posting to Germany. At this time we lost our Regimental numbers and collected our new Army numbers. Mine changed from 26570 to 5172577.

AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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An answer to revisionists - Eamon O'Cuiv and others launch Sean Moylan's Memoir of the War of Independence

A death in Newmarket

Death of Cornelius Regan

At the last Parliamentary Election two local men, Michael Barry (Redmondite) and P. Guiney (O'Brienite) contested North Cork Parliamentary division, with the result that Guiney was returned to Parliament. The results of the Election left behind them a feeling of partisan bitterness amongst the supporters of the candidates in that electoral fight, which manifested itself in frequent occurrences of revolver shooting, and in Newmarket, on fair and market days, became the scene of political squabbles between the respective adherents. The fact that both candidates resided in Newmarket only served to concentrate the political energies and bickerings very much in and around that place.

Thursday, the 26th May 1910, being a Roman Catholic holiday (*Corpus Christi*) and the occasion of a calf market in the town of Newmarket, numbers of country people came into the town, and amongst them were Redmondites and O'Brienites. During the day some minor encounters between the two factions took place, but nothing of a serious nature occurred with which the police, as on previous occasions, were not able to cope effectually. The available police forces consisted of 1 Head Constable, 1 Sergeant, and 6 constables, armed with truncheons only.

About 6.30 p.m. the Head Constable was informed that fighting with sticks was proceeding in New Street. He hastened to the scene, and after a time succeeded in restoring order. He remained with his men on duty in the streets, and matters were comparatively quiet until about 9 p. m., when, as darkness set in, the partisans, primed with drink, grew stronger and more daring, and instead of being found in scattered groups they quickly concentrated, and formed two large opposing crowds, but the police kept hem apart. About this time some of the O'Brienites threw stones at their opponents- striking one of them on the head. The police attempted to drive the O'Brienites back. Revolver firing, which was previously desultory, now became general, bullets could be heard whizzing past, fusillades of stones and bottles came from both sides, and several of the police were struck, but none seriously injured.

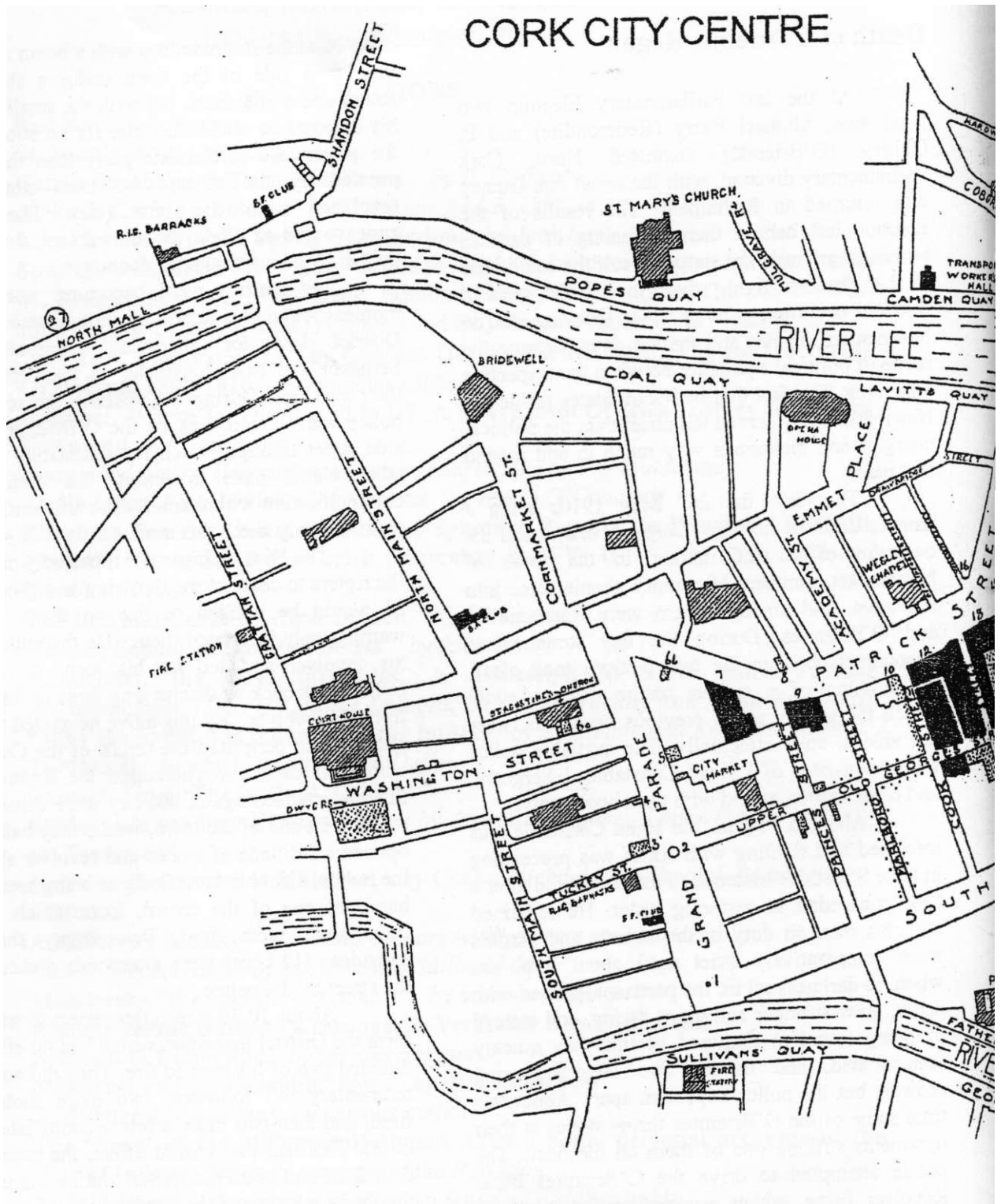
When District Inspector Price arrived on the scene about 9.30 p.m. he found two large opposing crowds, one in Church Street and the other in New Street, and affairs looked very serious. He collected his men and attempted to

drive back the Redmondites with a baton charge to their own side of the town under a shower of stones and some shots, but with the small force at his disposal he could do little, for no sooner than the police had forced one party than they were pressed by the other, who used stones and revolvers from the rere (sic). The police endeavoured to elude the showers of stones and bottles by taking shelter in doorways.

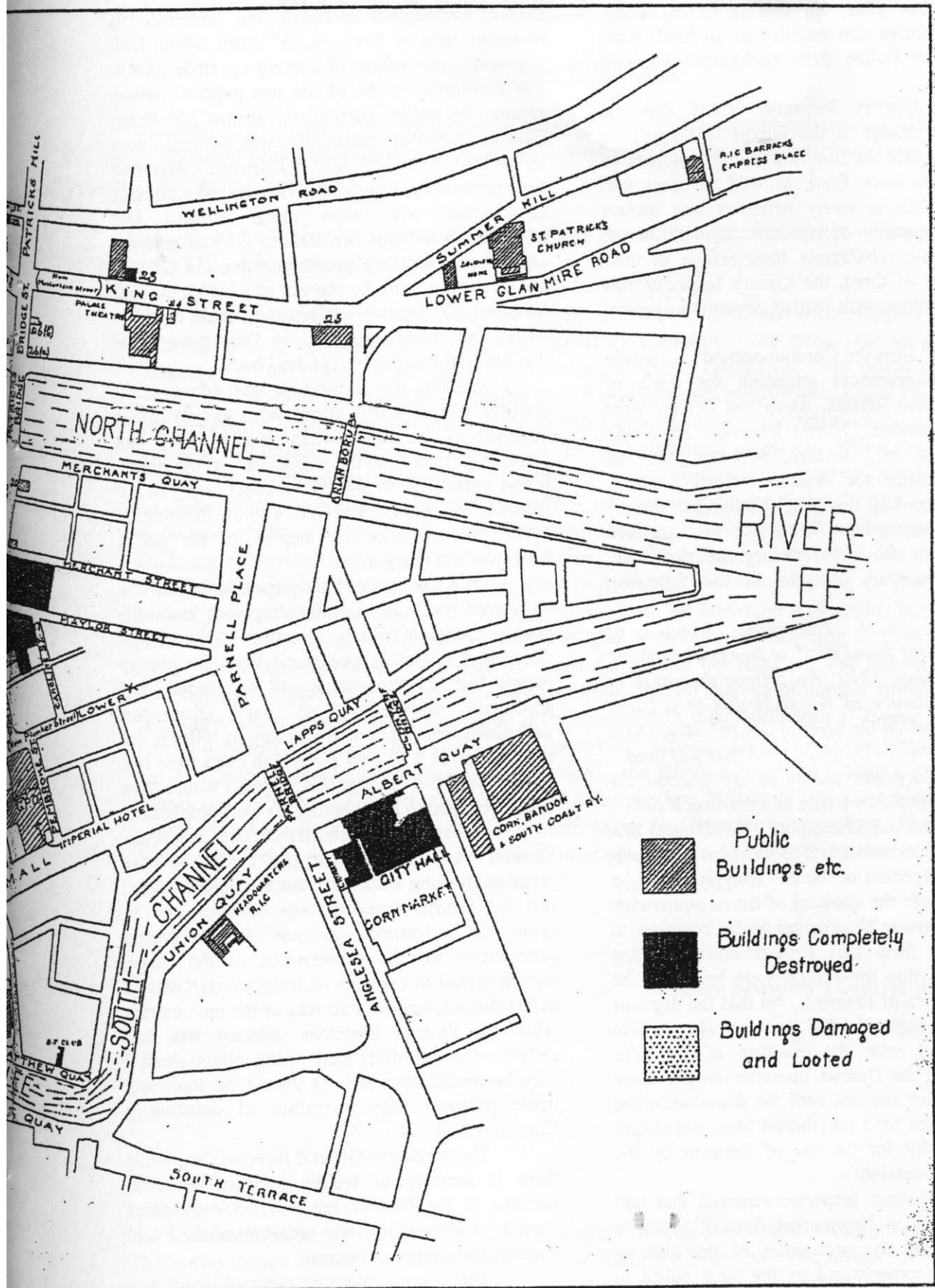
As matters were becoming worse each moment, strenuous action became necessary. The District Inspector accordingly despatched a Sergeant and two Constables to the barrack for their carbines. During the absence the remaining police were forced back by the O'Brienites past a side street through which the Constable with the rifles would have to return, this cutting off communication with them. Stones and bottles were passing freely about this time.




The District Inspector repeatedly called on the rioters to cease stone-throwing and shooting or he would be obliged to fire on them, but the warning only infuriated them. He thereupon drew his revolver and led on his men, driving the O'Brienites back by discharging three or four shots from his revolver. By this move he gained the side street which permitted the return of the Constable with their carbines. Thereupon the Redmondites fiercely attacked again, but they were driven back to the west end of the town, where they halted and opened a fusillade of stones and revolver shots on the police, a double-barrelled gun being seen in the hands of one of the crowd, from which two or three shots were fired. Two empty shot gun cartridges (12 bore) were afterwards picked up in the street by the police.

About 10.30 p.m. after repeated warnings from the District Inspector, which had no effect, he directed two of his men to fire. They did so, and a momentary lull followed; two more shots were fired, and then two more a few seconds later - six in all. This had the desired effect, the crowd was dislodged and scattered. After routing the crowds, the body of Cornelius Regan, labourer, age 22 years, was found lying on the street, about 70 yards from where the police fired. A bullet papered to have struck him in the forehead above the right temple shattering it, and a lacerated wound several inches long ran backwards. He was not dead when found, and was taken by the police to the home of Mrs. Collins, his employer, where he died at 1.10 a.m. He was a Redmondite and engaged with the rioters at the time he was shot. For fifteen or



BURNING OF CORK -11/12th DECEMBER, 1920



-  Public Buildings etc.
-  Buildings Completely Destroyed
-  Buildings Damaged and Looted

twenty minutes after the finding of the body, stones and bottles and missiles of all kinds were thrown at the police from backyards and over ditches.

The District Inspector stated that the condition of things in the village was appalling during the course of this riot. Some hundreds of revolver shots were fired, as well as some gun shots; the glass in many windows was broken though the majority of windows were shuttered; the respectable inhabitants took refuge in their houses, some of them, the County Inspector was informed, waiting with loaded firearms to protect their homes.

On 1st June the Coroner opened the Inquest into the circumstances attending the death of Regan, at which Messrs. Barry and Guiney were legally represented. District Inspector Price was represented by Mr. Beytagh, Solicitor. After an inquiry - lasting six days, at which 7 police witnesses, including the District Inspector, and 11 civilians, including John Forde, who was wounded by gunshot in the street during the riot, were examined, the Jury brought in the following verdict: -

"The said Cornelius Ragan, of Newmarket, was found dead at Newmarket on the 27th day of May, 1910. We believe the cause of death was fracture of the skull due to a bullet wound received on the night of the 26th May, 1910, and we do not know by whom the bullet was fired."

The Jury was unable to say whether the injury was inflicted by a rifle or a revolver bullet.

On the conclusion of the Inquest the County Inspector was asked to furnish a full report as to the occurrences of the 26th May, in which he should deal with the question of the non-provision of an extra force at Newmarket on the occasion, in view of the facts that considerable ill-feeling existed there, that the people were known to be prone to the use of firearms, and that the day was both a market day and a R.C. holyday. He was also asked to deal with the question of the non-appearance of the District Inspector on the scene until a late hour and not until the disturbance had been in progress for a lengthened time, and also as to the necessity for the use of firearms by the police on the occasion.

The District Inspector reported that calf fairs were held in Newmarket from 1st April to July, and up to the occurrence of this riot no difficulty was experienced by the local police in preserving the peace, and as the ill-will engendered by the election was believed to be very much on the wane the police had no apprehension of a renewal of violence and no special precautions were taken to augment the small force at Newmarket. The

District Inspector attributes the outbreak to meetings held in Cork on 22nd May, which had, apparently, the effect of stirring up strife afresh. The combined action of the two political parties against the police, particularly against Mr. Price, Distract Inspector, personally, was brought about by Mr Patrick Guiney, M.P. (O'Brienite), who, two days previously, headed and encouraged a number of persons who were using violence and intimidation towards Mr. Brown, Official receiver on a local Chancery property, when the District had to restore order by the use of a baton. On that occasion Mr. Guiney advised the people to strike where they wished and told the District Inspector that he would walk over his dead body.

During the Inquest it was admitted by civilian witnesses that stones were thrown in the direction of the police when no rival party was there, and at the time the police fired on the rioters it was impossible to live on the street owing to the fusillade of stones and the use of firearms, a condition of things unexampled in the police history of a country town.

The County Inspector reported that he was convinced that the District Inspector took the proper course in finally resorting to the use of firearms. The rioting took place when the country people had left the village and was sudden and absolutely unexpected, so much that two policemen from Meelin were allowed to leave for their station at 8.30 p.m. Even if an extra force had been provided it is clear that they too would have been permitted to leave before the riot commenced.

In all the circumstance the inspector-General was of the opinion that the police were justified in using their firearms, but he considered that the District inspector was betrayed into an error of judgement in not taking greater precautions for the preservation of the peace, having regard to the state of feeling which existed in the district, and he also was of the opinion that when the District Inspector attention was first called to the disorderly state of the village about 7 p.m. he should have at once visited the scene and made personal inquiry instead of deputing a Constable to do so.

The Inspector-General directed that, while there is acerbity of feeling between the rival sections in the Newmarket area, an extra force should be present on the occasion of fairs and markets and similar gatherings.

The County Inspector reported that it was satisfactory to relate that there was no ill-feeling against the police following the events of 26th May, and that it was commonly rumoured and believed that Regan was shot with a revolver fired by one of his own party at the police. R.I.C.

MILLSTREET ITEMS

MORE FLEETING VISITORS

In an earlier publication ("A Millstreet Medley") we published the comments on Millstreet by Daniel Beaufort when he passed through on 13th August 1788. He was particularly impressed by the Inn and gave it top marks.

His wife had a somewhat different view after she passed through. She writes of her visit in her diary of 1810. After seeing Macroom:

"...as soon as our Horses were ready we again set forward but were soon stopped by the breaking of a Strap, which supported our unwieldy Caravan - the tying this up a cord delayed us so long that we saw the Country only for about Two Miles - we could discern little in the Twilight, but crowds of Footmen, & Horsemen returning from a great Funeral - & these gentry though some of them were pretty Topsy we were not sorry to meet, as there very few Habitations along the road. When we had advanced about Six Miles, our Cord broke & we were now quite aground, & in the dark - this fortunately happened near almost the only Cabin we had pass for many a mile - we had our Lamps lighted, and with the assistance of the poor people we were again patched up - and at past 8, we arrived, with much apprehension, that we should obtain neither Beds, or dinner, as we had heard at the Ovens of four English Gentlemen having gone to Millstreet that morning - & we feared the funeral folks would have devoured all the food however we had a very plentiful Supper, as good Beds as the House afforded, we were obliged to wait in the morning to have a new Strap put to support the Caravan and we walked a part of the road we had passed in the dark the night before, just behind the Town is a great, brown, barren Mountain called Clara Mountain which appears quite near, and a little further on is a Gentleman's House, on the Top of a pretty, planted Hill - This is Mr. Leader's House. He has a large fortune, but has just lost his Son, a worthy young Clergyman - the whole face of the Country is rough, heathy and Stoney - and so it continues for 8 miles further. Millstreet is a very poor Town consisting of one long ill built street, not a well looking House in the whole place. The Inn, is but shabby - the people very civil - Williams nice new Plaid was stolen from the Parlour, & the wrangle about it, delayed us half an hour. " (4/10/1810)

Mary Beaufort's Diaries in TCD.

Ms. 4036

August 1823.

"7th. Started in the gig with Nick Beecher at eleven, in order to be time enough to catch the Killarney coach at Mill Street Arrived at Lord Kenmare's at four. The dinner very good, and Lady Kenmare very pleasing."

The Journal of Thomas Moore,

PIGOT'S

DIRECTORY OF

MILLSTREET, 1824

In the county of Cork, is distant 115 miles south west of Dublin, 29 west north west of Cork, 17 and a half west south west of Mallow, and 11 north west of Macroom. It is a smart little town, and a considerable thoroughfare between the counties of Cork and Kerry. It has a handsome church, of which the Rev. J. C. Mongan is the vicar, and the Roman Catholics have also an excellent chapel. The barracks accommodate two companies of foot, and a market house will shortly be erected under the direction of Captain Wallis. The linen manufacture has been introduced here, and is carried on by Nicholas Leader, Esq., in the vicinity of the town. Mill-street, being built on an eminence, commands a beautiful and extensive prospect of the surrounding country, which is luxuriant and richly varied. Coal mines are worked at no great distance, and, it is hoped, they will prove a source of considerable profit to the undertakers, as well as a relief to the labouring class of society. No market is kept, though there is a patent for one on Friday. Fairs are held on the first of March, the first and 12th of June, the first and 12th of September, and the first and 12th of December.

POST OFFICE - Post Mistress, Arabella Ellis. Mails from Dublin and Cork arrive at half-past one every day, and are despatched at twenty minutes past eleven every morning

GENTRY AND CLERGY

Cotter William, esq. Flintfield
Foley Rev. Jeremiah, Drishanebeg
Leader John, esq. Keal
Leader Nicholas, esq.
Leader William, esq. Mount Leader
McCarthy Daniel, esq. Church-hill
McCarthy Denis, senr. esq. Coomlagane
McCarthy Denis, esq. Rathroe
McCarthy Jeremiah, esq. Rathduane
McCarthy T. esq. Dirih
Mongan Rev. J.C. Vicar of Drishane
O'Sullivan Daniel, P.P. Mill-street
Wallis Capt. Henry, Drishane castle

Wallis Cooke, esq. Mine-hill
Wallis Henry, esq. Island-cottage
**MERCHANTS, TRADESMEN,
& c**

Academies

Collin Jeremiah
Collins Patrick
Leader John
McCarthy John
Mahony James
O'Callaghan John
Stack William

Apothecary

O'Connell Denis

Bakers

Brown John
Corkeran Jeremiah
Harty John
Kelleher Bartholomew
Mahony Jeremiah
Rourke Timothy
Sullivan Cornelius
Sullivan Elizabeth

Boot and Shoe Makers

Buckley Daniel
Moynihan Daniel
Murphy James
Reardon Denis
Sullivan Cornelius
Sullivan Timothy

Stone Masons and Builders

Barrett Edmond
Barrett Richard
Corkran Timothy
Danahy Denis
Green John
Hagin William
M'Carthy Timothy
O'Bryan Daniel
O'Leary Denis
Quinlan John

Tailors

Coleman Timothy
Danahy Andrew
Fitzgerald William
Forrest William
Keleher Jeremiah
Moynihan Timothy
O'Sullivan Michael
Reardon Jeremiah
Shea Peter

Carpenters & Wheelwrights &c

Dundon Edmond
Dundon John
Featherstone John
Fitzpatrick Cornelius
Galvin Michael
Keleher Daniel
Keleher Denis
Keleher Timothy
Murphy William
O'Connor Daniel
Sullivan Cornelius

Coopers

Sullivan Denis
Sullivan Denis junr.

Spirits Stores and Public Houses

Barry Abigail, (spirits store only)
Brown John
Cronin Daniel
Corkeran Jeremiah
Corkeran Timothy
Harty John
Keleher Daniel
McCarthy Timothy
McSwiney Connell
McSwiney John
Mahony William
Murphy John
O'Sullivan Denis
Radley Thomas

Grocers, Spirits Dealers &c.

Buckley John
O'Sullivan Denis

Inns and Hotels

Buckley John
Ellis Thomas

Linen Manufacturers

Leader Nicholas Dromagh

Linen Drapers

Barry Abigail
Murphy James, (& spirit & leather dealer)

Reardon Catherine
Rourke Timothy
Sullivan Cornelius

Nail Makers

Almon William
Fitzgerald Maurice
O'Callaghan Thomas
O'Leary Timothy

Painters & Glaziers

Foster Robert
O'Leary Daniel

Saddlers

Sutton Robert
Whelan Patrick

Smiths and Farriers

Burros Stephen, Drishane
Long Daniel
Long Denis
Moynihan Jeremiah
O'Leary Denis
Regan Patrick
Swiney Daniel

Coaches

Cork,

the Royal mail from the Post Office, at quarter past eleven every day, through Macroom

Tralee,

the Royal mail from the Post Office half past one every day, through Killarney

SLATER'S DIRECTORY
OF MILLSTREET, 1846

A SMALL market town, in the parish of Drishane, barony of West Muskerry, county of Cork, is 196 miles S.W. from Dublin, 37 W.N.W. from Cork, 22 E. from Killarney, 18 W.S.W. from Mallow, 13 N.W. from Macroom, and 11 S.W. by S. from Kanturk; situated on the main line of thoroughfare between the counties of Cork and Kerry, upon an eminence commanding an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, which is luxuriant and pleasantly varied. In consequence of the gradual decline of the linen manufacture, and the falling off of the market, this place has descended from its grade of a market town to little better than an inconsiderable village. Captain Wallis, of Drishane Castle, is lord of the manor. The magistrates meet in petty sessions every Friday at the court-house, a small structure, underneath which is the bridewell. The coal mines wrought in the neighbourhood find occupation for numbers of the industrious class. The places of worship are the parish church, a rather handsome structure, and a very neat Roman Catholic chapel. The charities consist of a dispensary, a convent school for girls, a national school for boys. There is a patent for a market to be held on Friday, but none has been for some time kept. Fairs, March 1st and 13th, June 1st and 13th, September 1st and 13th, and December 1st and 13th. Population in 1841, 2,162.

POST OFFICE, Main street, Robert Wynn, Post Master. - Letters from Dublin, the North and North-West of Ireland, and from England, arrive (from Cork) every afternoon at one, & are despatched every forenoon at a quarter before eleven. - Letters from Tralee and the County of Kerry arrive every forenoon at a quarter before eleven, and are despatched every afternoon at one

Gentry and Clergy

Fitzpatrick, Patrick, P.P. and V.G.
 Coomlagane
 Leader Henry, Esq. Greenfield
 McCarthy Denis, Esq. Rathroe
 M'Carthy Eugene, Esq. (barrister)
 Rathroe
 M'Carthy Jeremiah, Esq.
 Rathdwane
 M'Carthy John, Esq. Flintfield
 McMahan Rev. Matthias, c.c.
 Coomlagane
 Mongan Rev. John Charless, Esq.
 Aultmont
 Nash James, Esq. Tullig
 O'Leary John M'Carthy, Esq.
 Coomlagane
 O'Sullivan Rev. Daniel, c.c.
 Coomlagane
 O'Sullivan Denis, Esq. Liskehane
 Smith John, Esq. Liskehane
 Wallis Capt. Henry, Drishane
 Castle

Academies and Schools

Convent School (girls),
 Coomlagane - conducted by the
 Rev. Mother Teresa Barry
 M'Carthy John, Coomlagane
 Mahony James, Main st
 National School (boys),
 Coomlagane - John M'Carthy,
 master
 O'Callaghan John, Main st

Coopers

Scannell Timothy, Main st
 Sullivan Jeremiah, Main st

Grocers and dealers in sundries

Andrea Margaret, Main st
 Callagher Owen, Main st
 Harding Cornelius, Main st
 Kelly Jeremiah, Main st
 Keleher Daniel Main st
 Keleher Edward, Main st
 Moynihan Timothy, Main st
 Murphy James, Main st
 Sheehan Timothy, Main st
 Toomy Jeremiah, Main st
 Vanstant Francis, Main st

Hotels (see also Public Houses)

Victoria Hotel, Timothy Horgan,
 Main st
Wallis Arms Hotel Fras. Vanstant,
 Main st

Ironmongers

Mahony William, Main st
 Vanstant Francis, Main st
 Linen and woollen drapers
 Andrea Margaret, Main st
 Harty Maurice, Main st
 Murphy Cornelius, Main st ,
 O'Connell Catherine, Main st
 Sullivan Timothy, Main st

Toomy John Main st
 Vanstant Francis, Main st

Nail makers

Almon William, Main st
 Finnigin Timothy, Main st
 Fitzgerald Maurice, Main st
 Foley Denis, Main st
 Green Peter, Main st
 O' Callaghan Denis, Main st
Physicians & surgeons
 O'Connell Denis, Flint field
 Leader John, Keal House
 Orpin William, Willow brook
 Ryder Philip, Old Tan Yard

Bakers

Andrea Margaret, Main st
 Barry John, Main st
 Cleary Cornelius, Main st
 Justice Robert, Main st
 Keleher Daniel, Main st
 M'Carthy Thaddeus , Main st
 Murphy Cornelius, Main st
 Murphy Patrick, Main st
Boot and shoe makers
 Harding John, Main st
 Harty Maurice, Main st
 M'Carthy Charles, Main st
 M'Carthy John, Main st
 Mahony Timothy, Main st
 Sheehan Patrick, Main st
 Sheehan Timothy, Main st
 Sullivan Timothy, Main st
 Vanstant Francis, Main st

Public houses

Browe John, Main st
 Buckley Daniel, Main st
 Harding Cornelius, Main st
 Kelly Jeremiah. Main st
 M'Auliffe John, Main st
 Moynihan John, Main st
 Muiphy Patrick, Main st
 O'Sullivan Elizabeth, Main st
 O'Sullivan Timothy, Main st
 Sweeney Daniel, Main st
 Wynn Richard, Main st

Saddlers

Callaghan Denis, Main st
 Murphy Timothy, Main st

Smiths and farriers

Buckley Daniel, Main st
 Long Daniel, Main st
 Long Denis, Main st
 Mogenhan Jeremiah, Main st
 Radley Patrick, Main st
 Radley Richard, Main st
 Sweeney Daniel, Main st
Stone masons and builders
 Barrett Edmond, Main st
 Barrett Richard, Main st
 Danehy Denis, Main st
 Green John, Main st
 Leary Denis, Chapel lane

Leary Humphrey, Main st
Leary James, Main st
M'Carthy Timothy, Main st
O'Callaghan Timothy, Main st

Surgeons,

See Physicians and Surgeons

Tailors

Danehy Andrew, Chapel lane
Fitzgerald Maurice, Chapel lane
Keleher John, Main st
O'Sullivan Humphrey, Main st
O'Sullivan Michael, Main st
Reardon Daniel, Main st
Reardon Timothy, Main st
Sullivan Michael, Main st

Builders

See Stone masons and Builders

Butchers

Corkoran Daniel, Main st
Hennessy Thomas, Main st
Mahony Timothy, Main st
Mantle Joseph, Main st
Mantle Thomas, Main st
Murphy Michael, Main st
Sullivan Owen, Main st

Carpenters and Wheelwrights

Bryan Patrick, Main st
Deneen Timothy, Main st
Dudond John, Main st
Fitzpatrick James, Old Tan yard
Galavin John, Main st
Galavin Michael, Main st
Keleher Daniel, Main st
Keleher Denis, Main st
Keleher Jeremiah, Main st
Keleher Thaddeus, Main st
Mahony William, Main st
Murphy Cornelius, Coomlagane
O'Sullivan Cornelius, Main st

Wheelwrights

See Carpenters & Wheelwrights

Woollen drapers

See Linen and Woollen drapers

Miscellaneous

M'Auliffe Timothy, dyer, Main st
Mongan Charles, architect,
Aultmont
O'Donnell Edwd. Land agent,
Coolagane
O'Donnell Herbert, miller, Mill-st
Mill
O'Sullivan Timothy, Coolagane
Webb Henry, apothecary, Main st
Wynn Robt. Coach and car agent,
Main st

Places of worship

And their Ministers

Established Church, Church Hill -
Rev. John Charles Mongan, vicar.
Roman Catholic Chapel,
Coomlagane - Very Rev. Patrick
Fitzgerald, parish priest and vicar-

general; Rev. Matthias M'Mahon
and Rev. Denis O'Sullivan, curate.

Public Institutions, &c

Barrack, Main street - James
Anderson, *barrack sergeant*
Bridewell, Main st - William
Clarke
Constabulary Station - Main st -
John Boot, *acting constable*
Dispensary and Fever Ward, Main
st - Philip Ryder, *attending*
physician, Old Tan-yard
Stamp Office, Main st - Cornelius
O'Sullivan, *distributor*

Coaches and cars

To Cork, the *Royal Mail* (from
Tralee) calls at the Wallis' Arms,
every day at half past twelve - and
a *Car*, from the Post Office, every
morning at six; both go through
Macroom

To Tralee, the *Royal Mail* (from
Cork) calls at the Wallis' Arms,
every morning at a quarter before
eleven.

Carriers

To Cork, Mathew Coonahan,
Thomas Sutton and Daniel
Sweeney, from their houses, every
Monday

SLATERS'S
DIRECTORY OF
MILLSTREET
1870-71

A small market town, in the parish
of Drishane, barony of West
Muskerry, county of Cork is 196
s.w. from Dublin, 37 w.n.w Cork,
22 e. from Killarney, 18 w.s.w.
from Mallow, 13 n.w. from
Macroom and 11 s.w. by s. from
Kanturk; situated on the main line
of thoroughfare between the
counties of Cork and Kerry, upon
an eminence commanding an
extensive prospect of the
surrounding country, which is
luxuriantly and pleasantly varied.
One mile from the town is a station
on the Killarney section of the
Great Southern and Western
railway. In consequence of the
decline of the linen manufacture,
and the falling off of the market,
this place has descended from its
grade of a market town to little
more than an inconsiderable
village. The magistrates meet in
petty sessions every alternate
Monday at the courthouse - a

small structure, underneath which
is the bridewell. The places of
worship are the parish church and
a very neat Roman Catholic
chapel. The charities consist of a
dispensary, a convent school for
girls, and a national school for
boys. There is a patent for a market
to be held on Friday, but none has
been for some time kept. Fairs,
march 1st and 13th, June 1st and
13th, Septembers 1st and 13th and
December 1st and 13th. Fairs are
also held on the first day of each
month. Population in 1851, 1,501,
and in 1861, 1,440.

Post Office, Main st, Philip

Howlett, *Post Master* - Letters
from all parts arrive (from
Mallow) at five morning, and are
despatched thereto at five minutes
past eight evening. *Money Order*
Office and Savings Bank.

Gentry & Clergy

Barrett Mr Thomas, Liskahane
Cronin Mr James B. Millstreet
Cronin John, Esq. Ploverfield
Horgan Rev. Wm P.P.

Coomlagane

Howard Mr. Henry, Glounleigh
Howard John, Esq. Brook park
Leader Henry, Esq. M.D. Kale
house

Leader Mr Wm Glounleigh
M'Carthy Jno. Esq. J.P. & D.L.
Rathdwane

M'Carthy John, Esq. Rathroe
M'Cartie Charles D. Esq.

Ardnageehy

Murphy Mr John, Knocknagalane
Nash Thomas G. Esq. Tullig
House

Norman Rev. Edward, Willow
Brook House

O'Callaghan Cornelius C. Esq.
(attorney), Duariglin Castle

O'Connell John, Esq. Altimont

O'Connell Mr. Joseph Lyravecane
O'Connell Mrs. Teresa, Flintfield
House

O'Leary John M'Carthy, Esq. J.P.
& D.L. Coomlagane

Wallis Mrs. O.W. Drishane castle

Academies & Schools

Convent School (girls),

Coomlagane - conducted by Mrs.
O'Callaghan

Mahony James (classical), Mill st
National School (boys)

Coomlagane - Timothy O'Connor
and Jeremiah O'Keeffe, masters

Bakers

Cooper James, Millstreet
 Justice John, Millstreet
 Justice Robert, Millstreet
 Reardon Michael, Millstreet
 Sullivan Jeremiah D. Millstreet
 Sullivan Jeremiah J. Millstreet
 Vanstant Margt. Millstreet

Linen and Woollen Drapers

Andrea Augustus, Millstreet
 Connell Mary, Millstreet
 Cooper James, Millstreet
 Lynch Jeremiah, Millstreet
 O'Connell James, Millstreet
 O'Connor James, Millstreet
 Toomy Jeremiah, Millstreet

Nail Makers

Fitzgerald Maurice, Millstreet
 Fitzgerald Maurice & Son,
 Millstreet
 O'Callaghan Thomas, Millstreet

Physicians, &c

Leader John, Keal House

Leather Sellers

Moynihan Julia, Millstreet
 Sullivan Jeremiah T. Millstreet

Bank

National Bank (Branch)
 draws on Head Office, London -
 Main st

Boot & Shoe Makers

Connor Cornelius, Millstreet
 Cronin Daniel, Millstreet
 Leary Daniel, Millstreet
 M'Sweeney George, Millstreet
 Moynihan Patrick, Millstreet
 Sheehan Michael, Millstreet
 Smith James, Millstreet
 Sullivan Jeremiah T. Millstreet
 Sullivan John T. Millstreet
 Sullivan Patrick, Millstreet
 Butchers
 Hennessy Thomas, Millstreet
 Moynihan Jeremiah, Millstreet
 Moynihan John, Millstreet

Carpenters & Wheelwrights

Buckley Patrick, Millstreet
 Connor Patrick, Millstreet
 Keleher Patrick, Millstreet
 Moynihan Michael, Millstreet
 O'Brien Patrick, Millstreet
 O'Riordan Patrick, Millstreet
 Reardon Cornelius, Millstreet
 Riordan O. Millstreet
 Sullivan Denis, Millstreet
 Sullivan Joseph (&turner),
 Millstreet

Smiths & Farriers

Buckley John, Millstreet
 Casey Francis, Millstreet
 Radley Patrick, Millstreet
 Radley Thomas, Millstreet
 Reardon John, Millstreet

Stonemasons & Builders

Dancy Denis, Millstreet
 Denehey Thomas, Millstreet
 Leary Humphrey, Millstreet
 O'Callaghan Jeremiah, Millstreet

Tailors

Daly John, Millstreet
 Danehey Denis, Millstreet
 Hickey Cornelius, Millstreet
 Moynihan John, Millstreet

Grocers & Dealers in Sundries

*Marked thus * are also Spirit
 dealers*

Andrea Augustus, Millstreet
 *Buckley Patrick, Millstreet
 Connell Mary, Millstreet
 *Harding Cornelius, Millstreet
 *Hegarty Jeremiah, Millstreet
 Howlett, Philip, Millstreet
 Justice Robert, Millstreet
 Lenihan Mary, Millstreet
 *Pomroy Thomas, Millstreet
 Reardon Michael, Millstreet
 Sullivan Jeremiah J. Millstreet
 *Sullivan Jeremiah T. Millstreet
 Sullivan Mary, Millstreet
 Vanstant Margaret, Millstreet

Harness Makers

Murphy Michael, Millstreet
 Murphy Thomas, Millstreet
 Sullivan Daniel, Millstreet

Hotels

(See also Public Houses)

Railway, Jeremiah Lynch,
 Millstreet
 Wallis' Arms Hotel, Margaret
 Vanstant, Millstreet
 Wallis' Arms Hotel, Michael
 O'Callaghan, Millstreet

Ironmongers

Andrea Augustus, Millstreet
 Hegarty John, Millstreet
 Murphy Cornelius D. Millstreet
 Riordan Cornelius, Millstreet
 Sullivan Denis, Millstreet
 Sullivan Jeremiah D. Millstreet

Places of Worship**and their Ministers**

Episcopal Church, Church hill,
 Rev. Edward Norman, vicar
 Roman Catholic Chapel,
 Coomlagane, Rev. William
 Horgan, P.P.

Barrack, Main street,

James Kennedy, barrack sergeant

Constabulary Station, Main st.

James Guider, head constable

Court House, Main st.

Michael Sherin, clerk of petty
 sessions;

Richard Armstrong, summons
 server, and process server for the
 East Riding; William Flynn,
 process server for the West
 Riding

Dispensary and Fever Ward,

Main st.

John Leader, attending physician.

Stamp Office, Main st.

Philip Howlett, distributor

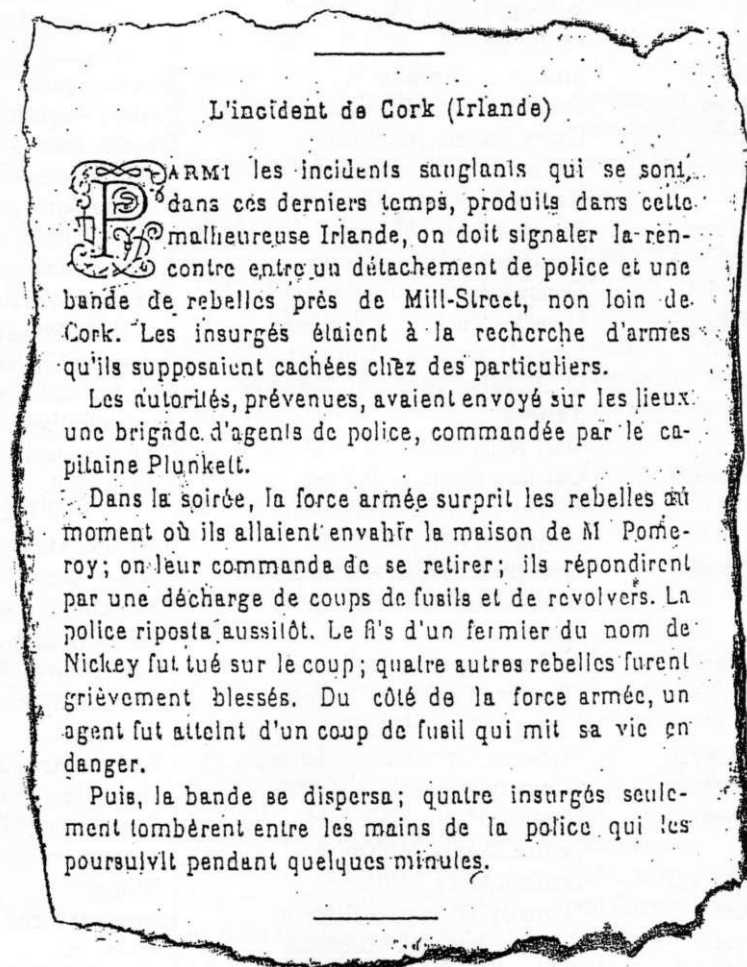
FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS FROM THE AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**"With Michael Collins In The Fight For Irish Independence"
 by Batt O'Connor T.D.**

**"An Answer To Revisionists"
 Eamon O'Cuiv T.D. and others launch "Sean Moylan in his own words:
 His memoir of the Irish War of Independence"**

PARIS READS ABOUT MILLSTREET

As we have documented previously the Millstreet area was renowned during the Land War for its commitment to the Land League and the unusual situation where the Parish Priest, Canon Griffin, was a vigorous and articulate opponent of the League. Its reputation spread overseas and a popular Paris magazine reported on an incident as follows accompanied by a very stylised illustration (next page) which relied heavily on the artist's imagination:



Translation:

Cork Incident (Ireland)

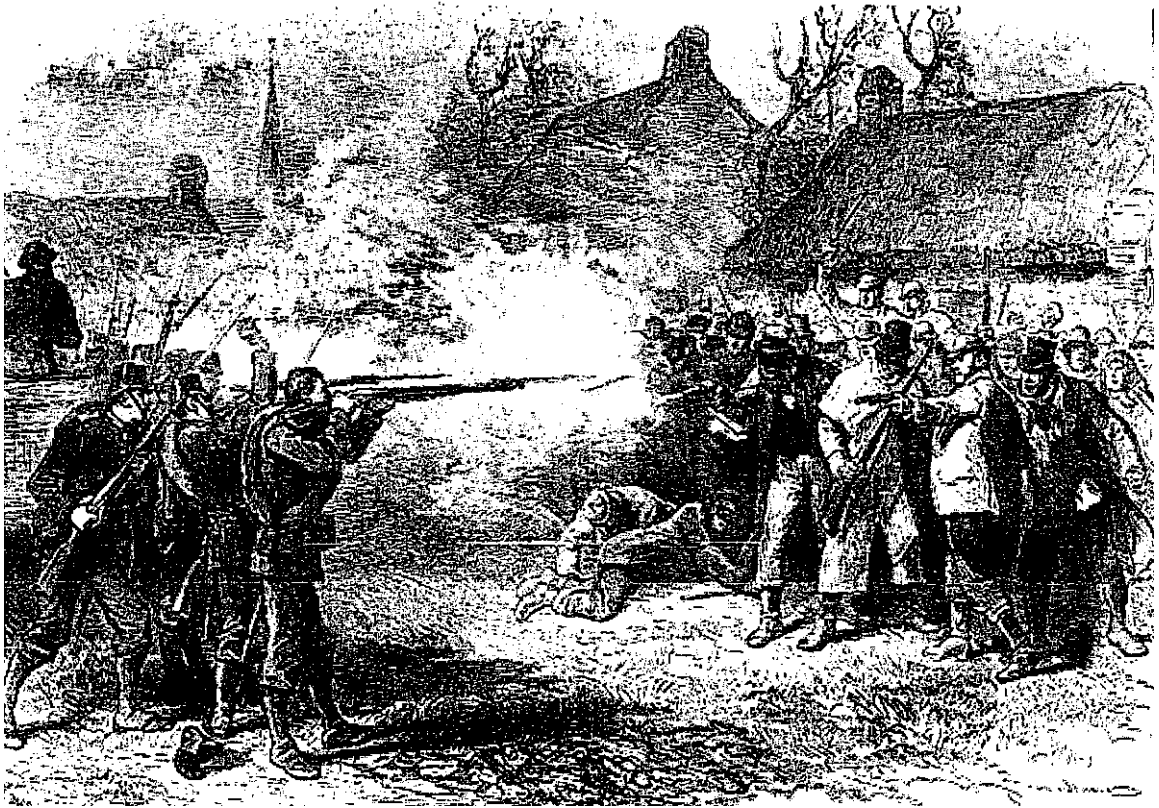
Among the bloody events which have occurred in recent times, in unfortunate Ireland, we would like to highlight the encounter between a squad of police and a band of rebels near Millstreet, not far from Cork. The insurgents were looking for firearms, which they believed to be hidden in a house there.

The authorities, being forewarned, had sent a squad of policemen to the place, commanded by Captain Plunkett.

In the evening, the armed force surprised the rebels at the moment they were going to enter the house of Mr. Pomeroy; they were ordered to retreat; they replied with a discharge of rifles and revolvers. The police replied immediately in like fashion. The son of a farmer named Hickey was killed on the spot; four other rebels were seriously wounded. On the police side, a policeman received a rifle bullet that put his life in danger.

Then, the band dispersed; after a short pursuit only four insurgents fell into the hands of the police.

("Le Monde Illustre", Paris, 10 December 1881)



Irlande. Engagement entre les Fenians (Moonlighters) et la police à Millstreet, près Cork.
 Engagement between the Fenians (Moonlighters) and the police at Millstreet, near Cork[graphic]
 Dessin de M. G. Janet, d'après le croquis de M. Kremer.

Bibliothèque Nationale François Mitterand, Paris.

*

Maude. Engagement entre les Fenians (Moonlighters) et la police a Millstreet, presCork.
 Engagement between the Fenians (Moonlighters) and the police at Millstreet, near Cork[graphic]
 Dessin de M. G. Janet, d'après le croquis de M. Kremer.
 Bibliothèque Nationale François Mitterand, Paris.

**PUBLICATIONS ON MILLSTREET BY
 THE AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

- Evidence to the Parnell Commission** *by Jeremiah Hegarty, Canon Griffin and
 Dr Tanner MP*
- Notes on the history of Millstreet** *by Canon Michael Costello and Padraig
 O'Maidin*
- A Millstreet Medley** *by various authors with rediscovered material by
 Canon Sheehan and Eoghan Ruadh O'Suilleabhain*
- Millstreet - "the cockpit of Ireland "** *by various authors*
- Aubane versus Oxford - a response to Professor Roy Foster and
 Bernard O'Donoghue** *by various authors*
- Millstreet - a "considerable" town** *by various authors*
- A Millstreet Miscellany** *by various authors*
- The 'Boys' of the Millstreet Battalion Area - Some
 personal accounts of the War of Independence** *by veterans of the Battalion*

A REJECTED PETITION

To His Excellency

Earl Cowper Knight of the Garter

Lord Lieutenant General and

General Governor of Ireland

The humble petition of Mary Kelleher of Millstreet in the County of Cork, married woman, humbly prays Your Excellency's merciful consideration to the following facts:—

1. Your petitioner Mary Keleher saith that she is the wife of Denis D. Keleher who is at present undergoing a sentence of twelve months imprisonment in the County gaol, Cork, passed on him at the Cork Spring Assizes 1881.

2. Your said petitioner further saith that she is the mother of six very young children, and at the time her husband was so sentenced, he was carrying on the business of a licensed publican in the town of Millstreet aforesaid. That after her husband had been convicted Your petitioner had endeavoured to carry on the business as best she could, so as to keep herself and her little children out of the Workhouse, and that by her own industry and efforts she succeeded up to this in an orderly and well conducted manner and without any breach of the licensing laws to conduct her public house and to make as much as barely supported herself and her family, but unfortunately when your petitioner in the present month of October applied at Millstreet petty sessions for the annual certificate pursuant to the licensing Act, she found she was opposed by the Constabulary who stated to the Magistrates that her license had become forfeited by reason of her husband being convicted of a misdemeanour and the magistrates accordingly refused to sign her certificate, the result being that the license is now lost and your petitioner has no means left of supporting herself and her children.

3. Your petitioner saith that since she has been deprived of her license, her friends have agreed to help her to get a farm of land and have also promised to assist in stocking it, provided she could get any person to work and manage it for her, but your petitioner feels that encumbered as she is with a young family and having no person to depend upon, it would be useless for her to undertake farming without the assistance of her husband.

4. Your petitioner saith that her husband is now in gaol nearly seven months, and that if he is kept imprisoned for the full term, she and her family will be shortly obliged to go into the workhouse as they have now no means of support. And your petitioner saith that if her husband is now released she would provide most solvent bail in any reasonable amount for his good Conduct.

Therefore Your petitioner most humbly prays that your Excellency may be pleased as an act of mercy to release the said Denis D. Keleher to his wife and family and your petitioner shall henceforth ever pray —

I sign the above petition to His Excellency, on behalf of Mrs. Kelliher as I believe Denis D Kelleher was a victim to the duplicity of Others, And I have ascertained that his Conduct in the County prison is good.

Arthur Canon S Griffin Parish Priest Vicar Forane

J. Foran Catholic Curate Millstreet County Cork

John O'Leary Catholic Curate Boherbee County Cork

C. O'Sullivan, Catholic Curate Millstreet

John Tuomy Parish Priest Dromtariffe County Cork

M. McMahan Parish Priest Boherbee County Cork

Thomas Q [] Catholic Curate Dromtariffe County Cork

From my knowledge of the facts of the case & the present quiet of the Town I can earnestly recommend the prayer of this Petition to the kind consideration of His Excellency

Charles Moriarty, Doctor of Divinity

Dean of Ardfert

Drishane Rectory

Millstreet: County Cork

*

The Under Secretary

Dublin Castle

Millstreet

16.11.81

I do not recommend any remission of Keleher's sentence. He was convicted of constant and persistent intimidation in its worst form, and by his conduct succeeded in ruining the trade & prospects of Mr. Hegarty of this town. It is almost impossible to convict prisoners charged with this offence and I think it is prejudicial to the interests of law & order, if prisoners convicted of an offence such as this are discharged before completing their sentence, especially when it has not been suggested that the punishment inflicted was not excessive viz. 12 months Imprisonment without Hard Labour —

T.O. Plunkett, Resident Magistrate

*

A GLIMPSE OF "THE BARD"

The following is a glimpse of 'The Bard' from '*Letters and Leaders of my Day*' by Tim Healy, K.C. MP which was drawn to my attention by Niall O'Siochain. 'The Bard' was a well known hero of the Land War and a biography of him is long overdue.

Chapter XXXVI

Tory Collapse (1904-9)

When Wyndham's Land Purchase Act (1903) became law, the *Freeman* and Dillon launched what Davitt described as "a determined campaign" against it; Dillon prophesied it would lead to "national bankruptcy."

That autumn O'Brien resigned from the Party as a protest against the "official" attitude of Redmond and Dillon towards the Act. I thought O'Brien's policy sound, and although he had ceased to be friendly to me I supported him in the House of Commons. Meanwhile, a new portent flamed into the Irish political sky in the shape of Murphy's halfpenny *Independent*. This revolutionized the situation and ultimately destroyed both the parliamentary party and the *Freeman*.

I wrote Maurice:

Chapelizod,

9th

October,

1904.

"Murphy intends to make the new paper a "news" paper, and neutral until it commands circulation and development. Davitt told him last week that he would contribute signed articles for one or two issues, and showed himself friendly. He said that the reason O'Brien resigned was because Redmond refused to call a meeting of the "Directory," or Party, to expel Dillon and himself for breach of discipline!

O'Brien thought his resignation would flabbergast Redmond, who was delighted with it.

I dined last night with W. F. Bailey at the Shelbourne Hotel. Sir Anthony MacDonnell was there, and from his defence of Dunraven's bantling to Horace Plunkett who was also present, I could see that *The Times* allegation that he is responsible for it, is not unfounded."

Sexton controlled the *Freeman* and had steadily minimized the benefits to accrue from Land Purchase. These benefits, of course, have since been diminished by the increase in rates and taxes, which followed upon the Great War. Yet how could O'Brien in 1903 have foreseen the European conflict 10 years later? Today, while farmers complain of losses, not a perch of land is allowed to be taken by the peasant without envious eyes being turned on the

new owner. The farming interest is treated by some as being distressed, and by others of their class who have no land as if every bog were a Golconda!

To vindicate O'Brien's policy, his colleague, D. D. Sheehan, M.P. for Mid-Cork (who afterwards served in the Great War and lost two sons in the struggle), resigned his seat and challenged opposition.

Redmond had been cowed by criticism of the price he had exacted from tenants on his estate in Co. Wexford. The *Freeman* published an account (previously submitted to Redmond), acknowledging that for some farms (without reckoning bonus) he got 241 years' purchase. This delivered him into the hands of those who accused him of "setting a head-line" to the landlords for high prices. Dillon's and Davitt's opposition to understandings with the Tories (then in office) was unchangeable. O'Brien, therefore, dared them to run a candidate against Sheehan in Mid-Cork. No one took up the challenge, and Sheehan was returned unopposed.

To celebrate this victory, O'Brien gave a banquet in Millstreet. when he rose to propose the victor's health the door was flung open by the hotel-keeper, with the words: "Gentlemen, the Bard!"

Then he led an unknown ancient to the head of the table.

The incomer was inclined to reminiscence, and told O'Brien that he was John Sullivan, "the Bard" who had been a leader of "Moonlighters" in 1887. He had served 15 years' penal servitude for attacks on "land-grabbers." His plan was, before a crime was committed, to visit the nearest town, simulate drunkenness and get locked up by the police.

He thus, while his gang was operating, secured a complete *alibi*. Yet he was betrayed in the end by one of his confederates, and was convicted before Judge Holmes at Tipperary Assizes. There he was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude on two counts, not to run concurrently. He bore the prospect of thirty years' penal servitude without flinching, and from the dock made this comment:

"My Lord, I will devote my time in prison to an essay on the reform of the Royal Irish Constabulary!"

The "Bard" sent in many petitions for a reconsideration of his sentence, but Judge Holmes endorsed each of them with a recital of his misdeeds, and certified that he should never be allowed freedom until he completed his thirty years' sentences. Still, the longest day comes to an end. When the first fifteen years expired Lord Aberdeen's second viceroyalty in Ireland began. Millstreet moonlighting and Canon Griffin's evidence for *The Times* had become vague memories, so the Bard's release was permitted.

When he appeared at the dinner he said to O'Brien, "I've a great deal to thank you for, sir." "Why?" asked William. "Because your paper was a great consolation to me in jail every Saturday." "I didn't know it was allowed inside

Mountjoy," was the answer. "Well, no," said the Bard, "and for my first year or two I could not get it. Then I began to think how I could have relief, and hit on my second-in-command in Millstreet. I slipped out a letter ordering him to join up as a warder in the prison service, but I knew it would take time to get him promoted to Mountjoy. Yet his character was good, and for the last 10 years he was over me. So I was able to get your paper every Saturday."

The Bard's parish priest, Canon Griffin, was the only ecclesiastic in Ireland amongst 4,000 who openly took sides against the Nationalists.

MORE PUBLICATIONS FROM THE SOCIETY

Spotlights On Irish History

Brendan Clifford.

Includes chapters on the Battles of Knocknanoss and Knockbrack, Edmund Burke, The Famine, The Civil War, John Philpot Curran, Daniel O'Connell and Roy Foster's approach to history.

The 'Cork Free Press' In The Context Of The Parnell Split: The Restructuring Of Ireland, 1890-1910

Brendan Clifford

Kilmichael: the false surrender. A discussion by Peter Hart, Padraig O'Cuanachain, D. RO'Connor Lysaght, Dr Brian Murphy and Meda Ryan with "Why the ballot was followed by the bullet"

by Jack Lane and Brendan Clifford.

Thomas Davis by Charles Gavan Duffy

Extracts from 'The Nation', 1842-44.

"AUBANITY" ENTERS THE LANGUAGE

In the December 2003 issue of 'Books Ireland', Ireland's premier book review magazine, there was a review by Tony Jordan of our pamphlet "*Aubane versus Oxford - a response of Professor Roy Foster and Bernard O'Donoghue*". It was headed "Aubanity" and being a new word to the English language, I suggested that the author had the right, and the duty, to define it. It turned out that it was the Editor of the magazine, Jeremy Addis, who had coined the word and he explained it as follows:

"Aubanity.

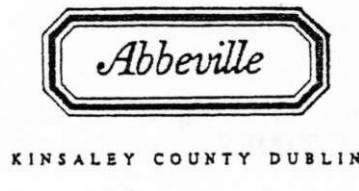
Tony Jordan tells me he's being blamed for coining, and I must plead guilty to save his reputation. Aubanity of course is the urbane and cosmopolitan spirit by which those in the lesser provinces show an interest and responsibility in matters of mundane moment (the broad rather than narrow sense of mundane), as once memorably evinced by *The Skibbereen Eagle*. I'm submitting it to the OED. (Oxford English Dictionary)."

(16 December 2003).

CORRESPONDENCE

CHARLES HAUGHEY

I sent Charles Haughey a copy of 'Sean Moylan in his own words - his memoir of the Irish War of Independence' suggesting that he might review it and he replied as follows:



Jack Lane, Esq.,
PRO, Aubane Historical Society,
Aubane,
Millstreet,
Co. Cork.

2nd September 2003

Dear Jack Lane,

Thank you very much for sending me a copy of "Sean Moylan: in his own words".

I knew Sean Moylan and admired him greatly and am very happy to have this memoir by him.

I regret that I would not wish to accept your kind invitation to review the book.

With kindest regards and again many thanks,

Yours sincerely,

AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Aubane, Millstreet, Co. Cork.

"He who cannot call on three thousand years is living from hand to mouth." (Goethe)
jacklaneaubane@hotmail.com

23rd September 2003

Dear Senator Mansergh,

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE IRISH TIMES

I have just read your introductory piece to the regular contributions you will be making to The Irish Times (20th September 2003).

You say in the course of your musings on the Irish Times itself that *"Like Le Monde, The Irish Times has been governed by a trust, rather than a wealthy individual (though perhaps the Major was both), to protect its independence."*

Independent of what? The Irish Times Trust was unique in that an individual, Major McDowell, had ultimate control of it and is its President for Life. There is no comparison whatever with Le Monde which is run by its staff. A Trust controlled by an individual to ensure its independence is an oxymoronic concept in the normal understanding of things. But it is very appropriate indeed in the case of The Irish Times because it has always prided itself on being independent - of Irish society.

Major McDowell made sure of this as is evident from the attached letter which outlines the arrangements made at his specific request to have instructions from Downing St. on the running of the paper. This was always the case informally but Major McDowell felt the need to formalise the relationship in the most explicit way possible. He thereby ensured that his paper remained independent of the 'niggers'.

Are we to assume you will also maintain this unique form of independence in your association with the paper and ensure its reputation is maintained?

Yours sincerely,

Jack Lane

PS. For more background on our relationship with The Irish Times I attach a book this Society published a few years ago on Elizabeth Bowen's espionage, which I hope you will find of interest.

SECRET & PERSONAL



BRITISH EMBASSY,
DUBLIN.

2 October, 1969

Dear Kelvin,

Your letter of September 24th - Major McDowell and No. 10 Downing Street.

2. I had McDowell to lunch today. It is all about something he mentioned to me before, but now he is hotter under the collar about it.

3. McDowell is one of the five (Protestant) owners of the Irish Times, and he and his associates are increasingly concerned about the line the paper is taking under its present (Protestant, Belfast-born) Editor, Gageby, whom he described as a very fine journalist, an excellent man, but on Northern questions a renegade or white nigger. And apart from Gageby's editorial influence, there is difficulty lower down, whereby sometimes unauthorised items appear and authorised items are left out.

4. So far (except for last item) nothing new. But McDowell went on to say that he now felt that a certain degree of guidance, in respect of which lines were helpful and which unhelpful, might be acceptable to himself and one or two of his friends on the Board; this was what he had had in mind in telephoning to No.10.

5. Oddly enough I had had McDowell in mind in certain conversations I had in London a fortnight ago. His present approach requires rather careful handling and I shall discuss it in London next week. I am writing this letter merely in case you wish to brief No. 10 and to assure them that we will do what we can to exploit this opening. I am destroying the correspondence.

A.G. Gilchrist
A.G. GILCHRIST

W.K.K. White, Esq.,
Western European Department,
Foreign & Commonwealth Office,
LONDON S.W.1.

SECRET & PERSONAL

5 November 2003

**Seanad Éireann
Baile Átha Cliath, 2**

Mr. Jack Lane,
Aubane Historical Society,
Aubane,
Millstreet,
Co. Cork.

Dear Mr. Lane,

Thank you for your booklet co-authored with Brendan Clifford, which I read with interest. I am well aware of the Major's intervention in 1969, and strongly disapprove of it. However, the *Irish Times* was edited by Douglas Gageby (son-in-law of Sean Lester) for many years thereafter, in the spirit of Protestant Nationalism, with which I presume you have little argument. I do not regard the *Irish Times* of today, even if I often disagree with it, as anti-national, and I took up the offer of a weekly column with the Taoiseach's encouragement.

I have a kindlier, though not uncritical, view of Elizabeth Bowen, and I enclose a talk I gave on the subject at Farahy Church, of which I am a trustee, which may better explain where I am coming from.

While you have done some service in printing a couple of Elizabeth Bowen's wartime reports, I am not persuaded by your interpretation of them or her. One can have endless debates about identity. She was by law an Irish citizen, and I don't think it is up to any individual to try to deprive anyone, no matter what role their ancestors played, of their Irish heritage, particularly when she herself contributed something positive as a writer. No one chooses to be brought back to be buried in a country which they hate, and anyone is capable, particularly when ill or under stress, of making comments which do not reflect their considered position or their past life. She kept coming back to Ireland, even after Bowenscourt was sold, and, as against one statement claiming to hate Ireland, there are dozens where she identifies herself as Irish. She was, I would freely acknowledge, in old age increasingly right-wing, and no doubt upset by the demolition of Bowenscourt, which like Coole Park would have been a great visitor attraction today. I will have to differ on your view that this was no loss to the area.

She explained the reasons for and defended Irish neutrality, so I'm not sure what major grounds for complaint there are. While there were undoubtedly tensions, and political and economic pressures mainly caused by Churchill and later David Gray, de Valera defined Ireland's position in 1941 as 'a friendly neutral', and that was broadly in Britain's interest as well. It seems to me that the other way of looking at it is that she was in a position of influence in Britain and basically well disposed to Ireland. I accept she can be criticised for not being open about her activities. Espionage is frankly a somewhat melodramatic description to apply to opinion-sounding reports which contained no State secrets, no security matters, and which would have caused little stir if published in a newspaper or journal. She was in fact a journalist, and if shows. You are probably also aware that the wartime Irish intelligence agencies worked very closely with their British and American counterparts, in a manner that in a certain way helped protect Irish neutrality. The Ministry of Information was not such one agency, being more concerned with public relations, and influencing public opinion, and public opinion is what her reports were about. Its aim in Ireland was, as I have said, 'a friendly neutrality'.

I naturally do not for one moment accept the implied aspersions on my father, who between the 1930s and the 1960s met with and was respected by Eamon de Valera and Sean Mac Bride (who told me so personally), and other Irish politicians and civil servants, and who in all his myriad published writings, should you ever wish to read any of them, had the most sympathetic interpretations of Irish Nationalism, notwithstanding his background. He was certainly a major influence on me. He published one of his first books on *The Irish Free State* in 1934 and a much more critical companion volume on *The Government of Northern Ireland* in 1936. His wartime membership of the British civil service which he left in 1947 was temporary, was open public knowledge, and I have recently read that he cleared joining the Ministry of Information beforehand with Joe Walshe, Secretary of the Department of External Affairs. Irish people mainly resident in England at the time had to contribute like everyone else in some way to the war effort, and, as his published diaries show from long before the war, he felt strongly about the dictatorships, and broadcast to that effect from Cork's RE studio long before the war.

I have just returned from a visit to Israel, Jordan and the occupied territories, and in Jerusalem visited the Holocaust Museum. The analysis in the pamphlet of the lead-up to the Second World War is highly revisionist, and, while certainly other countries made serious mistakes, most people would regard as preposterous the notion that a uniquely egoist Great Britain rather than Hitler was responsible for the Second World War, having swallowed up Austria, Czechoslovakia on the way to doing the same to Poland. It would be a bit like blaming the RUC and the Gardai for the Omagh bomb, because of real or alleged sins of omission.

While aware of some of the deep passions that existed in Co. Cork in the past, I don't believe we should be doggedly pursuing old antagonisms today but instead trying to heal them, while understanding and appreciating their causes. As I have written about Tim Healy vis-a-vis Parnell, if one wants to attack the Ascendancy why pick on someone talented, who through her writing earned some credit for Ireland?

Excommunicating someone like Elizabeth Bowen does not help create confidence among the Unionist population that a united Ireland would be genuinely open to all traditions. While you might say Northern Protestants are different from those who were Anglo-Saxon in the South, they look to the tolerance of minorities here. In any case with the advent of a multicultural Ireland, it is very obvious that any single paradigm of what it is to be Irish is no longer tenable, though that does not diminish the importance of some of the central strands of Irish life.

I am glad that the Aubane Historical Society has published the memoirs of Sean Moylan. I quoted extensively from them having consulted them in the National Library, at the Sean Moylan Commemoration in Kishkeam in 2002, which is included in my forthcoming book being published next week by Mercier in Cork *The Legacy of History for making peace in Ireland*, They put into perspective what he said during the Treaty debate.

With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Martin Mansergh.

AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Aubane, Millstreet, Co. Cork.

"He who cannot call on three thousand years is living from hand to mouth." (Goethe)

jacklaneaubane@hotmail.com

26 November 2003

Dear Senator Mansergh,

Thank you for your letter of 5 November 2003 in which you do not defend your comparison of the Irish Times Trust to Le Monde against my objections to it.

Regarding the points which you bring up:

1. I do not understand your description of our account of the 2nd World war as 'highly revisionist'. It is a consistent development of the Fianna Fail position at the time. I suppose you mean that it is not the Churchillian view,
2. 'Friendly neutrality' was the only kind of neutrality open to de Valera, as neutrality friendly to Germany was all that was open to Switzerland, each being surrounded by the overwhelming military power of one of the belligerents.
3. We did not suggest that Britain was 'uniquely egotist'. But it was uniquely powerful and uniquely pretentious. It marginalised the League of Nations so that the British Empire should be the leading force in the world. It prevented France from disabling Germany in the post-1918 arrangement, even though its propaganda apparatus had been telling the world for five years that the unified German state was the fundamental source of evil in the world.

And having humiliated and plundered Germany in 1919, it later brought it on as a counterweight to France, in accordance with its balance-of-power strategy towards Europe. It connived at the secret re-arming of Germany in the 1920s but would not agree to formal revision of the Versailles Treaty, which would have strengthened the Weimar democracy, and then it allowed Hitler to break the Versailles conditions openly, and facilitated the open re-arming of the Nazi regime in breach of the Versailles system.

I did not know that the RUC or the Gardai had this kind of relationship with the Omagh atrocities.

4. The fact that Elizabeth Bowen was a journalist in no way conflicts with her being a spy. Espionage is a kind of journalism. Secret journalism in the service of a foreign state, such as she engaged in during the war, is espionage. The great bulk of her secret reports have been destroyed. One of her biographers estimates that there were hundreds of them, sent approximately every fortnight for some years, and discovered that on at least one occasion, she went to Whitehall to deliver verbally a report she considered too sensitive to put on paper. A mere handful of her written reports survived by oversight and found their way into the public record.

Roy Foster's assertion that she was not a spy because Ireland was within British sovereignty (being a member of the Commonwealth) makes more sense than a denial by a Fianna Failer, who

presumably holds that the Free State was an independent sovereignty, that what she did was not espionage. Your position treats Ireland in effect as a comic-opera state.

5. As to 'doggedly pursuing old passions' we included selections from Bowen in a collection of North Cork writings (copy enclosed). This was the first time anything by Bowen had been published in North Cork, where she was utterly unknown. In doing so we remarked that she was really an English writer. This remark was picked up by the Irish Times and denounced as racist. The defamation was repeated by others of the Dublin literati. I doubt that we would have given Bowen another thought but for the witch hunt. Your remarks about excommunication should be directed elsewhere.

We did not pick on her because she was Ascendancy any more than Tim Healy picked on Parnell because he was Ascendancy. Parnell was in great part what Healy had made him. Healy destroyed him because he treated the Party with contempt and was prepared to break the Liberal alliance over a personal matter.

6. The 'sprit of Protestant nationalism' in the Irish Times took the form, in the sensitive years of the early 1970s, of a kind of venom directed against the Ulster Unionists, both in the editorials and in the journalism of the new intake from the Peoples Democracy.

We really do not require lessons about the need for a conception of things which includes the Ulster Protestants. We did our best at the outset of the present round of the Northern conflict to get politicians of all tendencies to understand that the Ulster Protestants had the characteristics of a distinct people, that they could neither be crushed nor outwitted and that in the end an accommodation would have to be made with them, and better sooner rather than later.

But they have as little concern with Elizabeth Bowen as the people of North Cork have. And the spinning of Irish history in the Ascendancy interest has not impressed them at all.

7. Your view of your father is a personal matter and it would be out of place to discuss it as a mere fact of history. In general, the writing of history in line with some policy of the moment leads to bad history.

8. As for Bowen being buried in Farahy, she no doubt always regarded her family's Cromwellian demesne, what was left of it, as one of those places that was forever England and therefore an appropriate place to be buried.

9. She was 'by law an Irish citizen' because of the inclusive definition of Irish citizenship in the Irish Constitutions which has as much meaning as the fact that, by law, I and thousands of others in Ireland are British subjects because we were born before 1948.

But perhaps I am mistaken, and she took out an Irish passport when that became possible, and applied to the Irish state in 1948 for permission to be enrolled as a Commander Of The Most Excellent Order Of The British Empire (Motto: *For God and the Empire*).

Yours sincerely,

Jack Lane

