

*"Millstreet -
the cockpit of Ireland"*

Aubane Historical Society



**"MILLSTREET-
THE
COCKPIT
OF
IRELAND"**

**ISBN I 903497 05 1
Aubane Historical Society
Aubane, Millstreet, Co. Cork, 2002.**

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This is another collection of miscellaneous items relating to Millstreet over a period that crosses three centuries with the major part consisting of an almost verbatim report of a meeting in Millstreet on 3 April 1910 by the leading members of the All-for-Ireland League (AIL), William O'Brien, D D Sheehan, Maurice Healy and others. They outline their policies of the day and the philosophy of the AIL along with trenchant views on their opponents, nationally and locally. It is an interesting mixture of local and national politics of the time. Maurice Healy's speech is of particular interest to Millstreet readers as he was obviously very familiar with Millstreet in an earlier period when it was, as he says, "the cockpit of Ireland" in the national struggle. The collection includes accounts by four visitors who provide very interesting descriptions of the day to day life in the town on various occasions. Some of the activities have not changed much across centuries. I am grateful to Monsignor Manning, P.P. VG., for his translation of the lament for Diarmuid McCarthy of Rathduane and the introduction to it from the 'Eigse' magazine of 1939. This lament was published in 'Seanchas Duthalla' in 1991 with very useful background information on the McCarthys of Rathroe and Rathduane by Der Kiely. There is also a poem on how the town received the Earl Spencer on 5 August 1884 when he visited the 'disturbed areas' of Kerry which illustrates very well the attitude of the people to the government of the day in the middle of the Land War.

Jack Lane

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FOUR VISITORS TO MILLSTREET

Philip Luckombe (d. 1803) in 1783.

This account was published in 1783 by Luckombe who was a printer and publisher. I doubt if he actually made the tour of Ireland that he claimed to write about. The account about the tour in this area is almost a word for word repetition of descriptions from the histories of Cork and Kerry published over thirty years earlier by the Rev. Charles Smith. I have a suspicion that Luckombe simply plagiarised from Smith with some minimal updating.

There are some descriptions that do not ring true, e.g., one does not go over mountains from Millstreet to Killarney. There may be other aspects that readers will detect as odd. This adds to the suspicion that he is not giving a first-hand account. A map of Ireland that he included in his book is reproduced on page 44.

He says that after visiting Cloghroe he went on to Ballyally and:

"From thence we set out for Mill-street, through a country rough and uncultivated, with the Boggra mountains to the north, and the Muskerry mountains before us. A dreary prospect! Here we leave Macroomp on the south, about six miles, from which is Caum Carrig, (i.e. a crooked rock) a rugged hill, which must be passed over before one arrives at Mill-street. On the left the eye is entertained with various prospects of the Kerry mountains above-mentioned: the last of the range, to the north, is a lofty cone called Clara-hill: at the foot of it is Mount-Leader, a good house and plantations. On the left is Kilmeedy, a small castle now in ruins, near which was a redoubt for half a foot company. North of Kilmeedy about one mile is Mill-street, the last village of any consequence in this part of the barony; the new turnpike road from Cork to Kerry runs through it, being carried over the Boggra Mountain; a new barrack, and some manufactures in the linen trade set up here, will soon make it a place of some note. About a mile to the east, is Drishane, an high castle; near the castle is a new handsome house.

From Mill-street we proceeded on the new turnpike road over the mountains that divide Cork from Kerry, to Glenflesk, which till of late years was deemed impossible. From thence the river Flesk accompanied us to Killarney."

"A Tour through Ireland wherein The Present State of the Kingdom is considered etc. etc." (1783)

An anonymous traveller in 1804.

The following extract is from a book by a traveller who passed through on the 26th of August 1804 having walked from Killarney. It has been suggested that his account is anonymous because he was afraid of the reaction to what he wrote about the country. He was clearly uncomfortable and nervous among the 'natives' even though there is no good reason given why he should have been so - as is clear from the account of his visit to Millstreet. But his head was full of the accepted English notions of the 'sanguinary' Irish and that was stronger than the reality of his experiences.

"Next morning, Sunday, we set out on foot for Mill-street, before six o'clock; intending to reach that place in time for church at twelve. But the day being sultry, and the distance greater than we believed, sixteen Irish or twenty-one English miles frequent restings became necessary; and it was full eight hours before we arrived at the end of our walk: alas! too late for church, of which the service seemed to have been hurried over with its usual rapidity. On the road we met multitudes of Catholics going to matins, neatly dressed, having their beads and crucifixes suspended at their sides. Can these decent people be the sanguinary rebels who delight in massacre, and seek to turn things upside down? With respect to the establishment, or any other denomination of religion, there seems to pervade a melancholy lukewarmness. There is no church on the road or near it, all the way from Killarney to Mill-street. Neither is any difference apparent, except amongst the Catholics, betwixt Saturday and Sunday; some being employed in burning lime, some cutting turf, some thatching their houses, others sewing or knitting at their doors, and all whistling or singing.

At an inn, about halfway betwixt the two towns, I got a crust of bread and a jug of goat's milk, which was taken from the animal at the parlour door. At a little distance from the road, I saw children running about in a state of perfect nakedness.

At Mill-street I had a cheap and delicious breakfast, but was again cheated by the waiter. The street of this village resembled a fair or market, as the Catholic Sunday was over, and the people was assembled in companies, chatting together, decently dressed, and behaving with great decorum. The women were dressed in neat muslin caps, and cloaks made of cloth: the dress of both men and women were decent; and their general behaviour and relaxation grave, and suited to the day.

The priest, a respectable looking man, who resembled a foreigner, was going from house to house, and chatting with the people, by whom he seemed to be respected and beloved. Some of the shops were open, and an Irish catechism appeared in the window of some of them. These people are either belied as to their atrocity of character, or they must be the deepest of deceivers.

No chaise was to be had, and, as there was to be an inspection of cavalry next day, it was impossible to obtain riding horses. I accordingly engaged a car,

which cost me ten shillings and sixpence, and two shillings and eight-pence for the keep of the horse. There being no church service in the afternoon, and the inn being full of merry company, I was once more compelled to violate the evening of the Sabbath, especially as I was anxious to be with my own folk on the next. We drove on to Mallow, as quick as a post-chaise could carry us, that is to say, at the rate of three and a half Irish miles an hour: the fellow running all the way by the side of his cart with prodigious speed and indefatigableness, and never stopping on the road, except at the whiskey houses, which it is part of an Irishman's principles not to pass. Under a hill, five miles from Mill-street, was a picturesque group of about one hundred and fifty peasants, who were playing at a game called HURL, which consists in striking a ball high in the air with wooden clubs flattened like spoons. Others were rolling a large stone; a bagpipe was enlivening the scene with his music; and the women, who were spectators, were dealing out porter to the parties. No rudeness of any kind seemed to be going forward.

The sun set on the distant mountain. The darkness advanced, and we had still a great way to go. Serious alarms began to take possession of my mind, as I had been particularly warned never to travel in the dark. The moon rose in great majesty, but our road lay through several dark avenues of trees, which her beams were unable to penetrate. In one of these, a fellow made an attempt to push our driver under the car. I began to be distrustful of the driver himself, and my state of mind was by no means enviable. At length we arrived at the environs of Mallow, where we met a cart full of drunken men and women, one of whom made a blow with his shelelah at our car, but happily missed his aim. We arrived at our Inn at ten o'clock; and the landlord dissuaded me from taking a chaise to Fermoy to meet the Cork mail. I remained in Mallow all night, and next morning found the driver gone with the change of the note with which I had entrusted him."

"Journal of a tour in Ireland etc. etc. performed in 1804" (1806)

Lewis Dillwyn (1778-1855) in 1809.

Lewis Dillwyn was a Naturalist specialising in botany who ran a pottery business in Swansea. He did a tour of Ireland in 1809 with some friends and his diary gives a good account of his travels with a lot of observations on plants and herbs. He passed through Millstreet on his way from Killarney to Mallow and gives an interesting account of an afternoon in the town and a morning at the Inn.

"Thursday, July 27".

Millstreet is a small town or rather village which has nothing to boast of except the best Inn that we have met with in any of the small Irish Towns, & we were told that 50 years ago it was reckoned the best in the whole kingdom. Here as

in every other town and village there is a Barrack for two or three Companies of Infantry, it having been found that no law can be at all enforced in Ireland without the assistance of a Bayonet

We were a good deal diverted with the pranks of a recruiting party, one of whom dressed as a Zany chased the crowd around about with a cushion which was suspended by a long string, from the end of a stick, & the remainder of the party were fitted out to Burlesque a military band. The cymbal man with a pair of Pewter Plates, & the time Drummer with an old Tin Kettle had their faces sooted & were ornamented to imitate the Duke of York's Blacks, & the appearance of the rest of the band was equally ridiculous & absurd.

They afterwards made a Dance in the Street but our Boots told me that they got no recruits & added "we an't gulled so aisy".

In the Evening we dispatched a messenger to Mallow with orders to bring a chaise tomorrow, & being a good deal fatigued retired to bed soon after 8.

Friday July 28th.

Such a Flight of Hawks and Pigeons in the shape of Counsel & their clients arrived at the Inn on their way from the Tralee Assizes that we were obliged to admit three of the former into our sitting room, & and as the morning was too wet for walking they served to make it pass very pleasantly.

The servant maid whose arrival at Killarney under military escort I have before mentioned also arrived here on her return protected by a King's messenger & a party of the 1st Dragoon Guards. She is a pretty young Girl & seemed delighted with the idea that the Murderer on her evidence would suffer for his crimes next morning. He is to be hung with Murphy the Murderer of Mr. Tisdale who whilst on his Trial struck one of the Evidences from the Dock & appeared so hardened after having received sentence as to have shocked the whole court.

His body is to be given for Inspection to the County Hospital which in this Country is more dreaded than hanging & even this monster has petitioned to be allowed a Christian Burial!

The chaise for which we had sent to Mallow arrived soon after 12 & enabled us to proceed on our journey at 2 o'clock.

The country thro which we passed till we arrived within the 4 miles of Mallow is very tame but it then becomes woody & is far more beautiful, & the ruins of a large castle called Drumanscane which is said once to have been very strong forms a handsome object from the road.

It was about 1/2 past 6 when we reached Mallow & therefore so late that when we had finished Dinner that as my cold was a good deal troublesome I did not think it provident to venture out.

It seems to be a rather long & good Town but the Kings Arms at which we quartered & which is the finest Inn, is not half so clean or comfortable as that at Millstreet."

Manuscript 967 in Trinity College Dublin.

Jonathan Binns in 1835.

Jonathan Binns was a farmer and cattle breeder from Lancashire who toured the country in late 1835 and travelled via Millstreet from Killarney. Because of his background and his interest in agriculture and its improvement he took a lot more interest in the countryside than he did of towns so he has little to say about Millstreet itself. He also took a keen interest in the land situation and realised it was not a tenable system and proposed a reform that was similar to that which was implemented as a result of the Land War about three generations later.

"From Killarney to Millstreet, in the county of Cork, I travelled in an open car with an elderly gentleman before mentioned, whom I discovered to be, not a clergyman, but a landowner going to receive the rents of his estates in the county of Tipperary. I found him, notwithstanding the infirmity of deafness with which he was afflicted, an agreeable, communicative companion, and well acquainted with the country through which we passed.

After leaving Killarney, the character of the country for a few miles is very fruitful and pleasing. To the south of the road, the river Flesk passes through a valley of good land, and, receiving the mountain waters for about ten miles east of Killarney, flows into the lower lake near Ross Island. Several old churches and castles adorn and diversify the scenery. The Cloghreen Mountain is an interesting object. It seemed to be a series of immense steps or right angled indentures, ascending as far as the mist, which enveloped the upper part of this and the Killarney range of hills, allowed us to see. The Paps, also, two finely rounded hills meeting at the bases, are seen to the right, having each a cairn at the summit.

Before reaching Millstreet I met a regular Irish funeral procession, the first I had seen. The horse which drew the car containing the coffin, was led by a man. The vehicle had the appearance of a triumphal car. The canopy was painted in gaudy colours, and decorated with curtains; one female mourner sat at the head, and another at the foot of the coffin, venting their real or fictitious sorrow in loud lamentations. The car was followed by several women on foot, with handkerchiefs in their hands, "keening" as they went along - their faces expressive of agony and grief, which, by the way, the great exertion necessary to effect the discordant wail, would be sufficient to produce. Several cars, and from twenty to thirty horsemen,

completed the procession. I did not observe any suits of black, nor is it a general custom to put on mourning in following a corpse to the grave; even in Dublin funerals are frequently attended by as many as twenty cars, the only persons in mourning being those in the coach immediately following the coffin, and sometimes not even those. The spectacle was new to me and extremely interesting, as the peculiar customs of different countries cannot fail to be; but though interesting, the loud and dismal cries which form an indispensable and prominent part of the ceremony, were productive of a degree of horror which I shall not attempt to describe. They were so thoroughly inconsistent with the silence and the gravity which I have always felt to be due, not merely to the inanimate relics of man, but to the abstract and solemn idea of death. The "consummate kingliness" of this vast power should not be profaned by the shrill yellings of hired mourners. The custom, however, has the sanction of antiquity to recommend it. "The antiquity of this custom," says Mr. Wright, in his *Scenes in Ireland*, "not only in Ireland but amongst the Romans, Greeks, and Hebrews is indisputable. 'The mourners go about the streets,' has an obvious reference to persons analogous to the professional keeners of Ireland. The Romans had their 'praeficae mulieres,' who, 'with dishevelled locks,' led on the melancholy parade of death; and Homer frequently alludes to this ceremony, in describing the last rites of his most courageous heroes:-

*'The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.'*

And again

*'Alternately, they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.'*

The funeral oration, or song, was anciently composed by the bard who dwelt in the hall of the chieftains, and contained in its elegiac numbers a catalogue of the virtues of the deceased: 'O why did he die, who had so many sons and fair daughters? O why did he die, who was lord of the hill, and the dale, and the golden valley' &c; such wild effusions formerly, and even now, constitute the verbal portion of the elegiac lamentation, called 'The Irish cry.'"

My companion and I parted at Millstreet, where I learned that his name was Hodgson, that he lived at Bantry, and had estates there as well as in Limerick. One advantage attributed by him to absenteeism, struck me as somewhat ingenious: he said that proprietors, by living away from their estates, see the improvements of other countries, and import them to their own districts. This would be a valid defence of absenteeism, provided absenteeism was merely temporary, or that the majority of the absentees, which is certainly not the case, feel the interest ascribed to them by Mr. Hodgson, and exert themselves, as he implied, to improving the conditions of their country and its inhabitants. Some of the bog near Bantry bay, he told me, lets for only fourpence an acre. Bad landlords, he observed, were the means of making bad tenants: the former considering themselves everything, the tenants nothing. The system (he added) pursued by too many of them, tends directly

to the destruction of the tenants, being often actually the cause of their death. A wiser policy - the inculcation of improved agriculture - would be found to operate as beneficially for the landlord as for the tenant. The property of the one would be augmented - perhaps not always nominally, but invariably in reality: - and both the physical and moral conditions of the other would be ameliorated.

The Kerry sheep are curious-looking animals: many of them having been very lately shorn (though late in December) had no wool except a large tuft on each cheek. I observed sheep in a similar condition on the mountains of Lough Conn, and learnt that it was a common practice in those parts of the country to shear them twice a year. They are greatly inferior to the breeds on most of the mountains of England and Scotland. It is for the sake of the wool that farmers keep a few sheep; the fleece weighs about 2lb., and sells for Is. per lb. As we proceeded, we frequently passed droves of fat pigs on their way for embarkation at Cork; some men driving two or three, others a score or two of these animals. The pigs in Kerry have not been improved, as in most parts of Ireland; they still remain a long-eared, narrow-backed, long-legged race, probably as bad a breed as any in the world. The expense of the Irishman travelling forty or fifty miles with his pigs is a mere trifle; a pennyworth or two of bread, and a draught of buttermilk, is all he requires, by way of food; and as for lodging, he is glad to creep into an outhouse of any kind with his pig, which has long been his cabin-companion. He can make no better use of his time or talents than in accompanying his favourite to Cork. The animal, having been so well tutored at home, is no trouble on the road.

The scenery around Millstreet is romantic and pleasant, and, if time allowed, I should have enjoyed a day's ramble in the vicinity. The road passes through the rugged hills of Carrigugulla, famous alike for slate-quarries, and the scene of dreadful encounters of the White Boys in 1822 and 1823; and thence through the hills of Muskerry to Macroom on the Shullane river. The population of Macroom is about 2000."

"The Miseries and Beauties of Ireland" by Jonathan Binns, Volume II, 1837.

A MILLSTREET MEDLEY

Aubane Historical Society.

Three visitors to Millstreet

Scenes from Aubane School

The Boyhood of Martin Luther

Mr Rubie's trees

Some English works by Eoghan Ruadh

"We're fighting now for Christianity!"

Notes on Millstreet

Brennan on the ... Butter Road?

Extracts on Millstreet

1. Daniel Beaufort

2. John Christian Curwen

3. Bernard H Becker

Michael Casey

Canon Sheehan

Eoghan Ruadh

'Sliabh Ruadh'

Canon Browne

Terence O'Hanlon

Guy's Almanac for 1914

CAOINE AR DÍARMUID MAC CÁRCAIS
Ó RÁD DUBÁIN, A BÍ 'NA ÉANNUIGE IME I SCORCAIS
A MÁTAR DO DEIN

Seo bliúire as an leictir do cuir Caitlín Ní Dúacalla a' triall ar easaictóir Éigse i dtéanna an leagam* seo de Caoine Díarmuid mic Éogain:—

"Deir Seán Ua Caóla go poudairt an tsean-dean gur tuine de Clann Cárcais Ráe, Dubáin a bí caillte. Is i Rád Dubáin a bí comnuide ar Díarmuid mac Éogain na Tuinne (Cárcas doo ead é) timpal ceitne ficio bliain ó som. Bí a mhac, Seán Mac Cárcais, ann 'na diaid sin, agus tá sgealta as na sean-aoine fós go stopfaí an traen do leat slige roir Sráio a' Mhuilinn agus an Rád Mór. Bí cigearnas na tócaige timpal acu trát do réir dealtraim—mar a'beir an dean a'beir an'aoine—acé bí a' scothac agus a' maoin tráigte nuair a fuair Seán Mac Cárcais an oirdreac. Bí clann eile den muincir céanna i Lios na gCeann, seacé míle siar ón Rád Mór; agus bí cigearnas tócaige na Mainse as clann eile.

Nuair a bí an dean as as caoine a mic cuimnis sí (alc vii-alc x) ar an mbrón eile a bí as goilleamaint uirce—go raib Mháire 'ngean Éogain pósta as fear a bí 'na droc-ceann sí. Tá Clac Duaille Uige trí míle, nó mar sm, ar an tcead ceas de Sráio a' Mhuilinn, ar an slige go dtí Maí Cromca.

Is é cunnas a fuair Seán Ua Caóla ar an tcionóisc ná gur cuaid Diarmuid Mac Cárcais lá i gcomharas aoine uaisle eile as cluide fiafra i gCorcais. Tós a' capall ceann agus caic Díarmuid dá dhruin i gceinne pálae ar ceab an bócair. Marbhigeas ar an lécair é. Nuair a cuata a mátar i Rád Dubáin san, o'imeis sí gac comgar agus aiciorra tar 'Muisire' agus 'comgar na gCuraigte' gur síois sí tús an córraib i gCorcais, mar ar dein sí an caoine os a' cionn."

I.†

I Mo cara a' s mo rún tu,
Is dá mbeifed fo tócais
Ní mustarc ná túrann
Ná stoca beag-úda
S Do deas ortá mar cúram;

*Tá leaganacs eile i gcló i néigse, I, lé. 22, lé. 90.

†Cois Seán Ua Caóla agus Caitlín Ní Dúacalla agus easaictóir Éigse deic 'na gcomnuide i dtéanna ó céile, agus cois an dean a'beir an'aoine le Seán a'beir an slige na fírinne (deannaic 'Dá lena hanam), ní raib an a' scothac uil i gcomhairle le céile i dtéanna roinici a'clannacs. Tá dá b' an bí an an

THE LAMENT FOR DIARMAID MAC CÁRTHAIGH

from Rath Dubhain who was a butter merchant in Cork
HIS MOTHER MADE THE LAMENT

This is a part of the letter that Caitlin Ni Bhuachalla sent to the editor of *Eigse* along with with this version of the lament for Diarmaid Mac Eoghain:-

"Sean Ua Cadhla says that the old lady told him that it was one of the MacCarthaigh of Rath Dubhain who was dead. Diarmaid Mac Eoghain na Tuinne (he was a McCarthy) was living in Rath Dubhain about eighty years ago. His son, Sean Mac Carthaigh was living there later and the old people still tell stories of the train stopping for him halfway between Sraid an Mhuilinn and Rath Mhor. It would seem that at one time they were lords of the surrounding countryside - as the woman mentions in her lament - but their lordship and their wealth had dwindled away by the time that Sean Mac Carthaigh inherited the property. There was another branch of the same family in Lios na gCeann, seven miles west of Rath Mhor and still another family had lordship over the district of Cois Mainge.

When this woman was lamenting her son, she recalled (verses VII - X) another great sorrow that she had. Maire, the daughter of Eoghan, was married to one who treated her badly. Cloch Bhuaille Beag is about three miles east of Sraid an Mhuilinn on the way to Magh Chromtha.

The account that Sean Ua Cadhla got of the accident was that Diarmaid Mac Carthaigh went in the company of other nobles to a stag-hunt in Cork. His horse took fright and threw Diarmaid from the saddle against a paling on the road-side. He was killed right there. When his mother in Rath Dubhain heard that, she took every short-cut over 'Muisire' and 'eomhgar na gCurraighthe' until she reached the house where he was being waked in Cork where she made this lament over him."

I.

- 1 My friend and my dear love,
if you had been in your own district,
they wouldn't be talking of worsted thread nor spinning wheel
nor of delicate stockings
- 5 - these are not things that would concern them -;

ΠΙ ΘΗΑΛΛΑ ΑΓΥΣ ΗΑ CAÛLA

Δετ 'οιρ δοεαρα δαδ' εμήςης υοιδ,
 Δγε φηρ Δγ υόιρτις,
 Δγε μηδ Δγ λιόιρτις
 Τεαετ εμ υο εόιρτε (?),
 10 Δ μαρκαίς ηα σὺλ ηγλας.

II.

Μο γράδ' Δ'β μο εμάνη εμ
 Δγυς ανησὺο Δ μηλεαδ' εμ
 Δγε πάλ' Δ Ρυοαίρε
 Μαρ Δ γηάεαδ' φηρ'ηε
 15 Δγυς φιαδ' υά ελυιό' Δα—
 Ίαν υία ι γεμάρ υοιδ
 Παρ λεαγφαδ' φυννεαμ' λεατ
 Δ μαρκαίς αν ιαρηαηηη γλαίς ι

III.

Μο γράδ' ις μο εαίσε—
 20 Τά ηα μηδ' όγα Δγ σιοσμαρηαίς
 Υε ειονη Δ ράδ' γυρ οίλεαδ' εμ :
 Υά ηγδατοίς βιύο Μυισίρε
 Δγυς κοηγάρ ηα γευρραίστε
 Δγυς γαε ελίγε υάρ τυγασ-βα,
 25 Υάδ' ρό-μόρ μ' αμής-βα
 Ηάηδ' φάλλεα ηα λιοβαίρ' ιαο ι

IV.

Μο γράδ' ις μο εμάνη εμ,
 Ις ρό-δρεδ' Δ ηεααδ' υιιτ'
 Ίο μβεαδ' υόιρε υά ηγλαηαδ' ροηατ,
 30 φάλλαι υά ηγεαλαδ' ροηατ,
 Σύιρτε υά λεαεαδ' ροηατ,
 Δγ εαδαιρε μηδ' αδαίλε λιοτ,
 Σεαεαδ' εμ υείτ' αν αν αίστε σεο

εαγδατόια ροιηηε εεαρευίστε υο υέαηαμ' αβ Δ βευαηη φόηη. Δρ εαγλα
 λέεόηαι υο εμ' αμυόα, αηιέαε, γεόβεαρ εαγαιρε ηηε ηα ηόεαίηυ σεο υ'αση
 Δεαηύ εάδαεεαε υάη υεηηεαδ' αν εέαχ ηα λάηηεγαιβηε.

- 7. υόιρτις] "υαδ'εαίς" ις.
- 8. Δγ λιόιρτις] "αν Δ ηγυαίηηιόδ" ις. (cf. είγση Ι, λ. 25, line 66—lc. 91, line 23).
- 9. εόιρτε] "εααεα" ις.
- 13. πάλ' Δ Ρυοαίρε] "πάηε Ρυοαίρε" ις.
- 14. φηρ'ηε] recte φηεαηηαίς ?
- 16-18. ις λέοιρ ηά φηι ηα λίηε σεο βα εεαετ' αγαιηη.
- 26. ηάηδ' φάλλεα] "ηάη φάλλεα" ις. 31. Σύιρτε] sic ις.
- 32. λιοτ] "λιτ" ις. (=λεατ). 33. αίστε] "αίσε" ις.

but the roads would be packed
with men screaming
and women wailing
coming to your court,
10 O rider of the bright eyes !

II.

My love and my sweetheart,
it is there the evil spell was put on you,
at Paile a' Rudaire,
where men gather
15 at the game of stag-hunting -
without God's company
and where your strength would melt away,
O rider of the green iron

III.

My love and my treasured one,
20 the young women are whispering
because I told them that I reared you;
If they had gone by way of Musherá,
and the short-cut of the Curraighthe
and all the paths that I travelled
25 I would strongly suspect
that they would be found to be helpless.

IV.

My love and my sweetheart,
how greatly did I expect
that pathways would be cleared for you
30 and walls being limed for you
and carpets being spread out before you
bringing a woman home with you,
instead of you being in this condition

CAOINE AR ÚIARMUÍO MAC CÁRÉAIḂ

101R BUARÉAI SASANNAIS
 35 AḂUS CLANNA CEAMURÓCE
 AC UALAC CEACRAIR
 AS FÁSÁILT NA CATRAE—
 SO RAID MAIC ASÁIDSE
 Ó RAMISEAS ÉADARAID
 40 O DÍ SÉ U'EAḂDA ORU—
 ACC RÍ NA FAIRSEMGE !

V.

MO ḂRÁD IS MO CAISCE TU,
 IS UÁ MBÉAD ASAM TEACCAIRE
 NÓ COISÍDE MEANMNAE
 45 A CRAḂAD COIS MAMGE SIAR,
 IS MÓ DEÁN DREA MASCALAC
 AḂUS MARCAC DREA CEAMMASAC
 LE N-A N-IALLAICI DEARḂA
 AḂUS A MBÉALDACAÍ AIRḂO
 50 A' CRAḂAD 'ḂUS A' CARRAC ORC
 DO DAMPFAEAD TEMA ÉREASA AMAC
 A' FÁSÁILT NA CATRAE.

VI.

MO ḂRÁD IS MO CUMANN TU,
 55 O CÁNNA CÚ AS UUL CUN LUISTE
 SEARR-SE COMḂAR SLISTE,
 AḂUS NÁ DEARḂAD TIS NA CROISE :
 SLAOID AR AN UÁ DRUMNEALL
 AḂUS AR ÚIARMUÍO MAC EOGAIN NA TUINNE.
 60 'SÉ UUDAIRC A UCEACCAIRE LIOMSA
 SO RAID A SCUITO ÉADARIS NUA SAN CUMAD,
 A'S SO RAID A SRIANCA BRISTE
 A'S A N-IALLAICI SAN SIORCA,
 AḂUS SUR IMIS A N-EACA AR DUILE
 65 CUN FIANCAIS FÉNA CPOCAID,
 AḂUS NÁ RAID AN ḂADA 'NA N-IONAD
 DO CUIRFEAD IAD I DḂUIRAN
 I SCÓIR AN FIAOARIS 'S A' CLUICE !

34. BUARÉAI] sic lḂ. ("Dúir nú" san uá leasgare-uile).
 41. Is ar éigin acá an líne seo ar ceac ceamur.
 50. CRAḂAD] sic lḂ. ("Craic" as amlaoid Ó LoingsiḂ, Éigse, I, 24, líne 28).
 54-68] Is léir gur as laḂaire le uinne éigin uá raib láicreac aḂus a hí
 cun imeac acá mácair Úiarmuía ango. Ueallróó an eḂéal ná raib puinn
 measa aici ar an leacsgéal oo fuair sí ón "uá drumneall."

among Saxon boors
35 and the offspring of traders,
a load carried by four men
leaving the city.
My thanks to you,
since I happened to come among you
40 since I was in need
only for the King of bounty !

V.

My love and my treasured one,
If only I had a messenger
or a lively runner
45 who could travel back to Cois Mainge,
it is many a beautiful stately lady
and many a powerful and beautiful rider
with red saddles
and silver bridles
50 who would be making their way towards you..
They would knock sparks out of the road
leaving the city.

VI.

My love and my sweetheart,
55 since you are going to your rest,
take the short-cut,
and don't forget Tig na Croise :
Call on the two ladies
and on Diarmuid Mac Eoghain na Tuinne.
60 What their messenger said to me was
that their new dress was shapeless
and that their bridles were broken
and that their saddles had no waist-bands
and that their horses had taken fright
65 and gone wild into the mountains
and that they had no blacksmith
who could put them into shape
for the hunt and its contest!

ní Únacadalla agus Ua Caóla

VII.

Mo cara tu is mo stór,
70 A Máire deas 'ngean Eogain
Ná raib beas ná mór
Is bí sa mhúla cóir :
Do stopaó ná fia ná ngnó,
Na leandáí suas den spórc,
75 Agus na capaill do díoó sa d'fóó,
Ag éisteaó le fuam do ceoil
Marom soidim foíthair.
Sa máca a' crúó na mbó.

VIII.

Mo gráó tu a's mo cumann,
80 A gatham na gathnaíse díse,
A drúscáir na saille,
Agus a búglac an me,
Náx cámeaó riam agus-sa
(Agus má cámeaó, níox tuiseas)
85 Cum gur cuardaís-se uam cum suróce
Ase bun Cloó Duailé Díse.
So oí Maicé Síu na Circe
Do cuirfeáó srian leo cúislinn
A' riam agus a' fume
90 Agus a' cur na seisreaó cum suróce,
Is ná fuigfeáó féim 'm' ionaó
Aóó sáspan an lemb.
Do tóspáó sé an t-m de'n cúisinn
Agus tusa ro suróce ag an tceine,
95 Agus cuirfeáó na cearca cum nroce.

IX.

Mo cara is mo ciall tu,
A's do gadaó sé den tsrian ort,
A's o'fuir naoi n-iall ort,
A's den mároé i moiaró sin ;
100 Níox imsis-se riam é
So d'fuaras-sa a riam ort
Ar an leadaóó car éis bliadó' ort.

87. Maicé Síu] nó "Maicé Síu" ?
99. i moiaró sin] sic [s. ("na díal' ban," nó "na díal' sin" is coit-
lanta i n'Ueasínimáin).

VII.

70 My friend and my dear one,
sweet Mary, daughter of Eoghan,
who wasn't too big or too small
but was in the right shape :
men used to stop work
and children used to stop play
75 and the horses used stop on their ground
to listen to the sound of your singing
on a beautiful autumn morning
in the yard as you milked the cows.

VIII.

80 My love and my sweetheart,
O calf of the calfless cow,
O remnant of bounty
and juice of the butter
who never complained to me
(or if complained, I didn't understand)
85 until you left me to settle
at the foot of Cloch Bhuaile Beag
to Maiti Sin na Circe.
He would put the bridle around your side
as you did the work and the kneading
90 and arranged the team of horses for the ploughing,
All that you got in place of me
was the children's saucepan.
He used remove the cream from the milk-churn
as you sat by the fire
95 and he used arrange for the hatching of the hens.

IX.

100 My love and my wisdom,
he used beat you with his bridle
and with his nine-string whip
and then with a stick ;
You never told me about it
until I found the marks on you
in bed after a year

CAOINE AR DÍARMUÍD MAC CÁRTAÍ

X.

Mo ghrá is mo taisce tu !
 Tugas fíde dó bainne duit,
 105 Tard cun dairte duit,
 Lasaird cun fúinte duit—
 Mo mallaét in' ionad duit,
 Ní ro-stóc ná ic iocálainn,
 Ná i tceinceán na teine istig,
 110 Act ro croide agus ro cuibleanna
 Ad iarraid do ciornuigte,
 A bodais a' tomblais !

XI.

Mo cara tu is mo máoin,
 A's do téigead do licir go cnuinn
 115 Go párlimint an Ríog
 A's go Corcaig na seolta síos,
 Mar a bfuigead do tesctaire ice p'fian,
 Mar a mbíod do cómrád cnuinn,
 A dal[c]a síl agus a máoin.

XII.

120 Mo cara is mo máoin,
 A's bfuirist dom do dailte 'cur síos,
 Siar go Ciarráige an ghrinn
 Tar n-ais aniar arís,
 125 Go pobal Cuilinn Uí Caoimh
 A's go n-áicín na meacán m'ín
 A's go Drisedín an caisleáin doird,
 A's go Ptoctus call a' truin
 A's go Rát Cuthaill an ghrinn
 A's go Sord Breac na líos,
 130 agus a' Duailé Mór le n-a caoid—
 Do dearmadas duit a' cur síos
 agus fillim ar ais arís
 ar Orom na Dó Duibe.

106. lasaird] sic ls. (= losaird).

107. mallaét] "mullaét" ls.

111. do] "tu" ls.

113-139. (alc xi—alc xv). AS CAOINE DÍARMUÍD RÉIM ACÁ AN MÍLEAM
 FÁSATA AR SO AMAD.

118. cnuinn] "cnuinn" ls.

124. Cuilinn] "Cuilinn" ls.

125. áicín] "áicín" ls.

128. Cuthaill] "Cuthaill" ls.

129. líos] "líos" ls.

130. mór] "mór" ls.

X.

My love and my treasure !
I gave you twenty milch cows
105 and a bull for bulling cows,
kneading-troughs for kneading.
Instead, my kindness to you has been turned into a curse,
not in your herd or your haggard,
or in your work by the fireside
110 but in your heart and pulse
seeking to put you under a spell.
You churl! full of bitterness !

XI.

My friend and my treasure,
your letter used certainly arrive
115 at the Royal Parliament
and to Cork, of the ships with sails lowered down
where your messenger was given wine and food
and where your conversation was serious,
my dear child and treasure.

XII.

120 My love and my treasure,
I can easily name you townlands
back to fun-loving Kerry
and back again
to the people of Cuilinn Ui Chaoimh
125 and from there to Athan of the sweet saplings
and to Drishane of the high tower
and to Prothus, hollow of the elder tree
and to Rath Chumhaill of the fun
and to Gort Breac of the rocks
130 with its Buaille Mor beside it -
I forgot to mention to you
and I come back again
to Drom na Bo Duibhe.

NI BUACALLA AGUS UA CAOLA

XIII.

- MO CARA A'S MO LAOS TU,
 135 AGUS RAZGAR LIOM FÉINIS
 SO DRISEÁN SOLTHAR
 A' CAISLEÁIN SÍE-SÍL
 IS BREAGTA I N-ÉIRINN
 DÁ MBÉAD CUAN ÉISY ANN.
 140 MARA D'FUIL SAN FÉIN ANN,
 TÁ ANN MIL BUIDE AGUS CÉIR DEAD
 AGUS CRUICNEADT 'NA SLAODAIU
 TÁN DRÁGAIU A CÉILE ;
 AGUS MAR DÁRR·AR SAC DON RUO
 145 SO D'FUIL SÉ NAOMTA I

XIV.

- MO CARA IS MO RÚN TU I
 DÉARFAD LIOM TU
 SO DRISEÁIN CUTHRA
 AN CAISLEÁIN CÚINNIS—
 150 CAORA CUTHRA,
 MEAS SO GLÚME,
 DA BOGA 'BÚIRTIS
 MAIDIN BOG DRÚETA
 AD IARRAID A SCRÚETA I

XV.

- MO GRAD A'S MO CUMANN TU I
 IS RÓ-MÓR M'ATHRAS, A CUMAINN,
 SUR RÚIMIN, ISEAL CLOCHAR
 ADÁ AR AN UTAOID SOIR DEN ROILIS
 SURAB É DO ROSA CUN LUISTE.

O SEÁN UA CAOLA, ac-máigistoir scoile i
 sCUILEANN UÍ CAOIMH, Co. CONCAIGE, A FUAIREAS
 É SO. SGRIOB SEISEAN SIOS É O SEÁN-DEAL
 DE Muintir CATASAIŞ A FUAIR BÁS SA
 tSráidbáile céadna tamall de blianta ó shin.

CAITLÍN NÍ BUACALLA.

136. DRISEÁN] "DRISEÁIN" ls. [TÁ DÁ DRISEÁN I N-LICE A CÉILO ANN ;
 AC DÁ MB' IS AN DÁ CÉANN A DEAD I SCÉIST ANNO NÁC "SOLTHARA" DEAD ANN
 DÁN ÁIC SO D'FUIL "SOLTHAR" SA LÍNE SEO ?]
 149. CÚINNIS] sic ÉISSE, I, 26, líne 71 ; "CUMANSAIŞ" ls.
 151. MEAS] sic ÉISSE, I, 26, líne 75 ; "MASC" ls.
 152. BÚIRTIS] sic ÉISSE, I, 26, líne 76 ; "BUAREAIŞ" ls.
 153. DRÚETA] sic ÉISSE, I, 26, líne 77 ; "DRÚETAIS" ls.

XIII.

My friend and my loved one !
135 you will come with me
to beautiful Drishane
of the bright castle,
more beautiful than any place in Ireland
even one with a harbour teeming with fish.
140 Although (Drishane) hasn't this,
it has sweet honey and bees' wax
and rich treasures of wheat
each richer than one another ;
Above all else
145 it is holy !

XIV.

My friend and my treaure !
I will take you with me
to sweet Drishane
of the cornered castle
150 of sweet berries
knee-height fruit,
gentle cows bellowing
on a sweet dewy morning
seeking to be milked !

XV.

155 My love and my sweet one !
I greatly suspect, my dear one,
that a small stony chamber
on the eastern side of the graveyard
will be chosen as your resting-place.

I got this from Sean O Cadhla, ex-schoolmaster from Cuileann Ui Chaoimh, Co. Cork. He took it down from an old woman of the Casey family who died in the same townland some years ago.

Caitlin Ni Bhuachalla

The Cork

The Order of the Besses was that no person with a Cork Accent should be elected. "The Cork Accent" will now help in saving Ireland from the Deeds of the Irish Cause, Betrayed the Irish Farmers, and have converted the Ir-

VOL. I.—NO. 80.

MONDAY, APRIL 4,

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for PARCELS POST. Umbrellas returned same day As Received.



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The Cork Accent,

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1910.

AN UNANSWERED INDICTMENT

Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon were well advised when they announced through the columns of the "Freeman's Journal" that they would deliver no pronouncements at Tipperary or Athlone yesterday. The only definite statement which can be extracted from their speeches is that they still intend

maintained provisions injurious to Ireland. As they would insist on the giving of a straight issue, which would compel the Irish Party to vote for or against Ireland, the Government recognised that they were masters of the situation, while they were regarded with contempt by the antics of Mr. Redmond and his followers. Mr. Lloyd George requested Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy to discuss the alterations in the Budget which they demanded with him. They stated at the whole of the extra taxation in Ireland should go, and that land purchase should be restored on Wyndham terms as well. In order to obtain these conditions, all that was required was that Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon should meet Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy, and signify their willingness to support splendid concessions which they had demanded for Ireland. The whole difficulty would then be at an end. But Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon point-blank refused the request of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as they are now seeking to throw dust in the eyes of the public by pretending that their action was dictated by their desire to keep the Veto question to the front. Mr. Redmond states that it is an absolute failure at Mr. Dillon and he had rejected the establishment of land purchase. We assert it is an absolute truth. Mr. O'Brien's not accustomed to make statements which chapter and verse cannot be produced. It would be well for Mr. Redmond if the same could be said for him. But that the Government, in addition to constructing their Budget, were prepared to restore land purchase on Wyndham terms, is a fact which can never be questioned. The evidence on this point is conclusive. But it is evident from his denial that Mr. Redmond is subtle of the glaring wrong he has done to 400,000 Irish tenants. Mr. Dillon and he have proved themselves to be their worst enemies. They have robbed them of an incalculable boon while they were willing to let the Irish people crushed to the earth by taxation rather than give their assent to the concessions which had been won by Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy. In the face of the conduct it is no wonder that they were

was acting on his behalf, and a special organiser was sent down with instructions to spare no expense in working up the meeting. With all this documentary evidence extant, Mr. Dillon instructed the "Freeman" to deny that the meeting was got up at his request, or that he ever harboured the intention of making a political pronouncement on the occasion. Such is the respect for truth entertained by "honest John Dillon" and the organ which he has led to ruin. It is only from T. P. O'Connor's cablegrams to the "Chicago Tribune" that we can get a glimpse at the true inwardness of the relations between the Irish Party and the Government, and can understand the real motives which underlie the manoeuvres of Messrs. Redmond and Dillon. In the 'steak of these messages to hand, Mr. O'Connor confesses the abject failure of Mr. Redmond's attempt to force the Government to deal with the Veto question before they passed the Budget. "Sir Edward Grey and the reform section finally were routed," Mr. O'Connor wrote, "by the result of the Radicals, but Grey returned to the fight and insisted on pushing forward the Budget irrespective of the hostility of the Irish. Grey ultimately won, bringing the Cabinet almost solidly over to his views. "In the meantime Redmond has a large backing among many of the Radical speakers and newspapers for the policy of no Veto no Budget, but this backing probably will disappear when the Liberals are brought face to face with the decision of their leaders with a threat to break up the Ministry and the prospect of an immediate general election. The rupture means, of course, the breaking of the Liberal forces to a disastrous extent in Great Britain. It also means the loss of both the Budget and the Veto and also the postponement of many reforms, including Home Rule, for some years." Could there be a more complete and humiliating admission of the utter defeat of Mr. Redmond's tactics? Mr. Redmond's cry was "No Veto, no Budget," he proclaimed that if the Government did not adopt this policy the Irish Party would reject it from office, and he

sperous country in the true sense of the term until she ceases to be the shuttled between the battledores in the game of English party politics. With kind regards—Yours very sincerely, an old friend, H. MACNAUGHTON-JONES. The following verses from Dr. Macnaughton-Jones' tribute to Moore, which was written in 1906, will show how thoroughly he sympathises with the new spirit which is abroad in Ireland to-day, and will prove how anxiously he desires the union of all classes and creeds, which it is the object of the All-for-Ireland movement to make a living reality:—
Ah, sons of old Ireland, will patriot warning
Unheeded pass by like the dew on the hills,
Or glints from the sunrise that usher the morning
And heralds the hope that day's coming
fulfill?
For like the strands of a hempen rope
binding
Each other in union together in strength
That baffles for ever all hope of unwinding,
United will Erin prove Victor at length.
O, Erin, arouse thee! cast clamour and
tion
Aside as unworthy the sons of to-day,
The chains of the past only shackle your
tion,
"United We Stand" be your watchword
to-day.
The All-for-Ireland League made a good start yesterday when meetings for the purpose of forming branches of the organisation were held in Millstreet, Bandon and Beaufort. In each case the proceedings were most successful, and the spirit displayed by the people was all that could be desired. During the recent election campaign it was remarked from every hand that a fire and enthusiasm prevailed throughout the country which was called "the brave days of old." The public showed that they were all in to the grant of the

repeat the reception submitted through the district, the amount contorted with free tickets to the day's "E" representative from number districts. is to be in ten 31 town of 3 then, could come from right from necessary to form in another this account are r glorious Hitherto his also p whiner, a drummed West Lim to assume other Hitherto bogus claim Tipperary. Every the in 1906, will show how thoroughly he sympathises with the new spirit which is abroad in Ireland to-day, and will prove how anxiously he desires the union of all classes and creeds, which it is the object of the All-for-Ireland movement to make a living reality:—



K Accent.

It should be allowed near the platform of the Molly Maguire Conven-
e Degrading Thralldom of an Incompetent Clique, who have Ruined
he Irish Party into the despised tail of British Liberalism.

APRIL 4, 1910.

ONE HALF-PENNY.

repeat the experiment. The nature of the reception which he got in Tipperary can be submitted to one or two decisive tests. A special train was run from Cork, and, although two bands were hired for the occasion, the number of people who could be induced to travel to Tipperary did not amount to fifty all told. Of this scanty contingent, at least thirty were provided with free tickets. Mr G Crosbie, Mr J Dillon, T C, and others were seen handing tickets to every one who applied for them. In the same way, it was announced in Saturday's "Examiner" that "a very large representative contingent" would go to Tipperary from Mitchelstown, besides "a large number of farmers from the surrounding districts." The open lying of such reports is to be found in the fact that there were not ten Molly Maguire votes recorded in the town of Mitchelstown last January. Where, then, could "the representative contingent" come from? But to prove what a downright fraud the whole thing is, it is only necessary to glance at a report of a meeting to form a Molly Maguire branch reported in another part of the "Examiner." In this account only the names of two local men are mentioned, and one of these is the notorious Mr Skinner, whose influence in Mitchelstown is a minor quantity. There is also present Mr J P O'Connor, the organizer, who only a few weeks ago was drummed out of the office he held in the West Limerick Executive. We are entitled to assume that the contingents from the other districts were of the same shadowy and bogus character, and that the stage army at Tipperary was nothing better than a sham.

Every address presented to Mr Redmond, in the cases where we know the facts, can be proved to be bogus and fraudulent. An address was to be presented to Mr Redmond from Limerick County Council. But when a special meeting of that body was summoned for Saturday for the purpose of authorizing this course, a quorum could not be got to attend, and the few who turned up had no shadow of right to take any steps

men. One of the first bodies which will have to be taken in hand is the Cork District Council, and men such as Mr P Bradley, Mr T Corcoran and Mr Kiely must be taught that they will no longer be allowed to bring discredit on the Council. The conduct of these men on Thursday last was simply disgraceful. Nobody minds what they say about the All-for-Ireland League or the men who are supporting it; but it is a serious matter that mere parasites and renegades should attempt to speak for any section of the Nationalists of Cork. Mr Bradley crept into public life as a supporter of the Land and Labour Association, and he is now utilising his position to vilify the men and disrupt the organisation to which he owes his political existence. As to Mr T Corcoran, the way in which he has turned his coat deprives him of all claim to respect. It is to be hoped the Rural District Council will treat with contempt the proceedings of the Molly Maguire gang after the adjournment had been carried last Thursday. It is an outrage that a beaten and baffled minority should seek to hold the Council up to odium and ridicule. But for the future these men must be taught to know their place, and their pretence to speak for the people must be sternly put down.

THE great lack among us at the present time is lack of moral courage. Mr Bradley, who speaks for nobody, who has lent himself to the basest attempt at corruption, and who has betrayed the organisation to which he belonged, has the audacity to speak at public boards as if he had the smallest claim to voice the feelings of the people. That sham should be put an end to, and there ought to be plenty of men in the District Council to tell Mr Bradley what they think of him, and to ask him, for instance, where he got the gold with which he sought to corrupt Mr Florence O'Sullivan. There are not half a dozen men all told on public boards of the county of the stamp of Mr Bradley and Mr Corcoran, and yet these tools of the Molly Maguires keep themselves constantly in evidence, and from the space they occupy in the newspapers they would think they speak

THE ALL-FOR-IRELAND LEAGUE.

MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION IN MILLSTREET.

EXPOSURE OF MR DILLON'S REGARD FOR TRUTH.

SPLENDID SPEECHES OF MESSRS O'BRIEN, HEALY, SHEEHAN, AND GUINEY, M.P.S.

WHAT THE NEW MOVEMENT WILL DO FOR THE COUNTRY.

Never did the inspired lines of Davis apply with more truth and even with more prophetic force than to-day, when he wrote of another crisis in our history—

Oh, see your quailing tyrant run
To courteous lies and crafty agents;
His terror, lest Dungannon's sun
Should rise again with raptier radiance

But that Dungannon's sun is again rising is, thank Heaven, everywhere evident. Yesterday's demonstration in the heart of Cork is another proof that the intelligence of the people is uninfluenced by all the wiles of the place-hunters and by the tortuous ways of others of whom it is hard to speak with patience. But the schoolmaster has been abroad in the land, and the attempt this time will fail. Indeed, the spirit of Davis seems to be hovering over the land at present, and the determination of all seems to

into the town! These were in charge of Head Constable O'Connor, but there was no need for their services, as the proceedings were harmonious from beginning to end.

The Chairman (Mr M. Howard), said if it were not for Mr O'Brien, and the Messrs Healy and Mr Sheehan they would have had the infamous Budget, and Ireland would have had to dance to the old tune—"Sold again." (Applause). A great many had doubled their subscription to that mutual benefit society, the Irish Party for services rendered, but the services must be private and not public; for the only service rendered was that in regard to the iniquitous Budget and the stopping of land purchase. (Laughter and cheers). But they would

A POEM ON MILLSTREET

The following poem was written about Millstreet on 5 August 1884 to celebrate how the town dealt with the visit of the then Lord Lieutenant, the Earl Spencer (an ancestor of Lady Diana). As the person responsible for many deaths, executions and the use of the law against the people generally he was given a unique reception in that the town closed down on the day of his visit and was festooned with banners and posters supporting the resistance to the government. This was regarded by the Home Rule leaders as the perfect type of demonstration, being effective and within the law. However, he was received by Canon Griffin with whom he dined. The poem opens with the kind of reception that the Earl would have expected, then the reception he got and contrasts Canon Griffin's actions with the traditional relationship of the priests and the people.

MILLSTREET

August 5

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ,
For the belted hero comes,
Who rules the land with strong but gentle sway,
Hide all trace of the green,
Let no crownless harps be seen
On your banners when they flout the skies today.

Let the maiden and the wife,
And the child so new to life,
The old man bent with labour and with years,
And the young man brave and gay,
Fill the happy streets to-day.
And greet their foreign master with their cheers.

Let the widow lone and old,
Mourning for the heart that's cold,
All her sorrow with her weeds cast aside;
And the Widow-maker great,
As he prances down the street,
With the smile that lit her lips when a bride.

At the beating of the drum,
Let the childless mother come
And strew the brightest flowers upon his way;
Let the orphans dry their tears,
And with happy childish cheers
The Orphan-maker welcome here today.

Hark! I hear the ringing sound
As of hoofs upon the ground,
And swords are gleaming brightly in the sun,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,
For the belted hero comes -
A more than royal welcome hath he won.

But a silence like the grave,
And the banners bright that wave
Display the golden harp without the crown;
And beneath their folds of green
Must the Saxon pass, I wean,
As with gloomy brow he passes through the town.

And not a kindly word is said,
But mutterings deep instead,
And the wail of the widow for her son,
Is there no one here to give,
Shall our ruler not receive,
The more than royal welcome he hath won?

Lo! a door is opened wide,
And a Soggarth stands inside,
And he clasps the Castle Earl by the hand;
And I thought of all the years
When the priest by Castle Peers
Was hunted like a wolf throughout the land.

Ah! his only comrades then
Were the brave frieze-coated men,
'Twas often on the rugged mountain side
That they watched his lone retreat;
Sure they starved that he might eat,
And for their Soggarth's sake they gladly died.

But those years have passed away,
And the priests are free to-day;
Still on the peasant's head the price is set,
And, *mavroon*, we've lived to see -
Paha! 'tis only Canon G-,
The priests, thank God! are with the people yet.

"United Ireland", 13th. September 1884.

MILLSTREET-THE COCKPIT OF IRELAND

The following report of a meeting in Millstreet on 3 April, 1910, by the AIL is a most interesting description of the politics of the time seasoned with uninhibited references by the speakers to their opponents. In our publications we always try, as much as possible, to let people speak for themselves and it is fortunate that this report allows us to see so clearly what was said on this occasion.

The background, briefly, to the meeting is that the Irish Party held the balance of power in Westminster after the General Election of January 1910. A very deep division within the Irish Party that had existed for some years came to a head on how to take advantage of this situation. The mainstream Home Rule Party, the United Irish League, had misgivings about the Irish tenant farmers taking full advantage of the Land Acts and acquiring their land. This seems incredible to-day but they feared that if that grievance was solved the Irish national issue would be solved and they would be redundant. They ended up supporting the Liberal Government of the day in suspending the operation of the Land Act! They thought the solution of the land issue would be the end of the national movement; the AIL believed the solution of the land issue would be the basis of a whole new national movement.

In 1910 the Liberal Government planned a very radical budget that would include a heavy land tax. This was quite justifiable in England as it meant a tax on great landlords and estates but it was totally inappropriate to apply a similar tax to Irish tenant farmers who had just acquired their land and were now paying annuities for the privilege of owning their own land! Yet the Irish Party were prepared to support it and appear very radical at the expense of the Irish tenants. The AIL thought this was crazy policy.

Another major point of difference was the attitude towards Protestants and the problem in the North of Ireland. The Irish Party had become synonymous with the Ancient Order of Hibernians (AOH), or the 'Molly Maguires' led by Joe Devlin, which was a Catholic reaction to the Orange Order and which heightened the sectarian divide. The AIL wanted 'Conciliation, Conference and Consent' as the basis of relations between Orange and Green and thereby avoid a divided country. They looked forward, as the reporter did at this meeting in Millstreet, to the victory of the Orange *and* Green, not Green or Orange *over* each other. The AIL eventually lost this battle and Partition was the result.

This meeting was effectively the launch of a new campaign with echoes of Parnell's 'New Departure' of a generation earlier, that was hoped would spread throughout the country and topple the Home Rule party and thereby ensure an independent approach at Westminster, the completing of land purchase, new relations between all creeds and classes in Ireland and ensure a National Parliament in Dublin as quickly as possible.

The General election results of 1910 show that Millstreet and Cork were all for the AIL policy then, by destroying Redmond and the Home Rule party in the city and county, but Ireland as a whole was not. It waited until 1918 to follow suit.

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THE
ALL-FOR-IRELAND LEAGUE

MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION IN MILLSTREET

EXPOSURE OF MR DILLON'S REGARD FOR TRUTH

**SPLENDID SPEECHES OF MESSRS O'BRIEN, HEALY, SHEEHAN, AND
GUINEY, M P'S.**

WHAT THE NEW MOVEMENT WILL DO FOR THE COUNTRY

Never did the lines of Davis apply with more truth and even with more prophetic force than to-day, when he wrote -

*Oh, to see your quailing tyrant run
To courteous lies and crafty agents ;
His terror, lest Dungannon's sun
Should rise again with rapier radiance.*

But that Dungannon's sun is again rising is, thank Heaven, everywhere evident. Yesterday's demonstration in the heart of rebel Cork is another proof that the intelligence of the people is uninfluenced by all the wiles of the place-hunters and by the tortuous ways of others of whom it is hard to speak with patience. But the schoolmaster has been abroad in the land, and the attempt this time will fail. Indeed, the spirit of Davis seems to be hovering over the land at present, and the determination of all seems to be that Orange and Green will carry the day. To those in a position to know, it seems surprising that Mr. O'Brien should have been so successful in allaying the hoary religious prejudice and distrust, which has been too long allowed to keep Irishmen apart. The men of historic Millstreet showed yesterday that they welcome the help of their fellow-countrymen of all creeds and classes in the working out of their country's destiny, and, indeed the spectacle was an inspiring one.

Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy, with Alderman Forde, motored from Cork : while Mr. Sheehan, M P., and several friends went via Macroom, where he was joined by a contingent. On the way to Millstreet the contingent everywhere

received a most cordial reception, not alone by the men but by the women and the children at each labourer's cottage and farm houses on the wayside, handkerchiefs and aprons were waved with wishes for God speed. Everywhere Mr. O'Brien and Mr Healy passed, groups of people had gathered anxious to catch a glimpse of one who had done so much for them, and cheers were given and hats respectfully raised. On reaching Millstreet, he received a great ovation, the car in which he was driven having great difficulty getting through the surging mass of people. Mr O'Brien was in excellent form, and he struck a note that the audience well appreciated, when he said, "Our work will not consist in the manufacture of bogus resolutions of confidence in ourselves."

Amongst the others present were :-

Kanturk - M Lucey, J Sheehan, P Barry, E Lynch, L O'Callaghan, Patrick O'Keefe, Michael Hayes.

Knocknagree I L L A. - Patrick D Breen, R D C. Chairman ; Con O'Sullivan, Secretary ; P J Cronin, Assistant Secretary ; D Murphy, D Dennehy, P Slattery, Vice-Chairman. M D Murphy, D M'Sweeney, D O'Leary, E. Murphy, D. Cremin, C Lynch, M Daly, D. Buckley, J M'Sweeney, etc., etc.

Umeraboy - Michael Fitzgerald, Daniel P O'Connor, P O'Connor, M O'Sullivan, T Rearden, T O'Connor, J D Sheehan, J Buckley, D Sullivan, D Twomey, D Mahony, T Clifford, the Misses Lizzie O'Connor, Ellie Sheehan, Nora Cremin, Mary Buckley, and Mary Cremin.

Clondrohid - P Riordan, Treasurer ; C O'Shea, President; Wm Creedon, T Carroll, C Riordan, M Finnegan, F Buckley, TimHerlihy, M Kelleher, F O'Leary, Ml. Quinlan, T Sweeney, James Buckley, M Buckley, J Lyhane, W Creedon, F Creedon, Tim Herlihy, and John Riordan, General Secretary I L L A.

Newmarket - Patrick Guiney, M P ; Patrick M Angland, R D C : Denis O'Callaghan, J P, R D C : Philip Walsh, R D C : Cornelius Sullivan, R D C : John Horgan, Thomas Cronin (junr), Timothy Hickey (junr), Charles M'Carthy, John Forde, Jeremiah Shine, Andrew Murphy, Patrick (Copsefield).

Kerry County - Ben Murphy, Renasup ; William Fitzgerald, Renasup, John Leary, Lisheen : Jeremiah Linehan, Lisheen, John Daly, Renasup, Pat Daly, Renasup, John Hickey, Rathmore ; Michael Crowley, Rathmore.

Macroom L and L A - William Murphy, U D C : J Duggan, R D C : D M'Sweeney, C Cronin, D O'Leary, H Desmond, J Ring, J O'Shea, D O'Shea, M O'Keefe, J O'Leary, D O'Mahony, C Regan, Joe O'Brien, Edward Murphy, D O'Callaghan, M Hanlan, E O'Leary.

Macroom - J Riordan, Ml. Connors, T O'Shea, J Mullane.

Clondrohid L A L A - John Riordan (hon sec), P Riordan, J Carroll, W Creedon, H Finnegan, J Carroll, T Herlihy, Jas Lyhane, R Howard, R Hanning.

Lyre Band and Contingent - Messrs J E Murphy, T P Horgan, J R O'Sullivan, C J Buckley, Jerh O'Callaghan, Joe O'Callaghan, P Linehan, Noah M'Carthy, J McCarthy, J McCarthy, C M'Carthy, P O'Sullivan, J O'Sullivan, J Scannell, P Scannell, W Dunne, J Dunne, J Philpot, Luke Philpot, J O'Shea, E Twomey, P Twomey, M O'Callaghan, Champion 4-mile All Ireland G A A : E O'Sullivan, P Cronin, Seaghan Hurley, Padraig Ua Briain, Seaghan Ua Briain, Siam Ua Briain, John Dunne, Richard Walsh, C O'Brien, Dominick O'Brien, Aod Ua Briain, Tim O'Callaghan, J O'Connor, D O'Connell, C Murphy.

(The names of the Millstreet people present have been held over.)

Amongst those on the platform were -

Messrs. Wm O'Brien, M P ; M Healy M P ; P Guiney, M P ; D D Sheehan, M P ; J C Forde (Aid), Cork ; Ml Howard, Millstreet; J Buckley, R D C, do ; D Kelleher, R D C.

There were some twenty police drafted into the town. These were in charge of Head Constable O'Connor, but there was no need for their services, as the proceedings were harmonious from beginning to end. The Chairman, (Mr Ml Howard), said if it were not for Mr O'Brien, and the Messrs Healy and Sheehan they would have had the infamous budget, and Ireland would have had to dance to the old tune - "Sold again." (Applause). A great many had doubled their subscriptions to that mutual benefit society, the Irish Party for services rendered, but the services must be private and not public, for the only service rendered was that in regard to the iniquitous Budget and the stopping of land purchase. (Laughter and cheers). But they would double their subscriptions to the All-for-Ireland League for the services rendered by Messrs. O'Brien and Healy. (Cheers).

MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH

Mr O'Brien, M P., who was received with loud cheers, said -

I have come here to Millstreet because it is the first opportunity I have had of expressing to the men of Mid-Cork my gratitude and the admiration, and the wonder of every true-hearted Irishman for the historic and magnificent battle that you fought and won at the last General Election. (Cheers). Our brave friend, Mr Pat Guiney - (cheers) - and his gallant men of Duhallow - (cheers) - fought and won a glorious battle also, but, I think, he and they will be the first to admit that, perhaps, no men in Ireland ever fought against such terrific odds, as did the men of Mid-Cork, and in spite of all the odds and all the influences, they won a victory that will live for ever in the history of democratic liberty in Ireland. (Loud cheers). There is really no more saddening, no more disgraceful

incident in Irish annals, than the deed set that was made on Mr Sheehan in Mid-Cork - (hear, hear) - the perfect ferocity and savagery - the sheer personal malignity with which it was fought, without the shadow of justification of any kind, either political or religious, to hunt down and exterminate a man, who, beyond all question of doubt, has done more for the farmers and labourers of Ireland than the whole of the seventy members of the Irish Party put together, if they were all rolled up into one, from their leader down to Mr Goosey Roche, and you could not well go much lower. (Cheers and laughter).

The most wonderful thing of all was that the farmers in combination with the faithful and unpurchasable labourers of Mid-Cork fought and won this fight, without organisation and without funds, in the teeth of unnatural alliances and influences, which it sickens honest Irish hearts *to* think of. (Hear, hear). In spite of all, you won that historic fight, and I am inclined to think that if the new campaign of extermination, with which Mr T P O'Connor threatens us, is to come off at all, Mid-Cork *will* be the very last corner in this magnificent country of ours, where the *carpet* baggers, or the Mollies - (groans) - will ever care to show their noses again. But this time, at all events, if they are in a mood for another fight, they will find us ready for them. (Loud cheers). We will never run the risk again of meeting loaded blunderbusses with empty hands. (Cheers). They will find us the next time with a newspaper of our own - (Cheers for the "Free Press") - with an irresistible organisation of our own, and with a national fund of our own - (cheers) - and I promise you the moment these gentlemen realise that for the future the strong hand will be on our side, and the war chest will be on our side, you will be amazed to see how many of them you will have searching their hearts and discovering that they were all along advocates of the principles of the AH-for-Ireland-Lea[gue, which will henceforth reign supreme, wherever Irishmen with honest hands and hearts, and heads are assembled to do battle for Ireland's future. (Cheers).

Well, we have not only changed the venue ourselves to-day, from the Parliament of Westminster to the hills of Ireland, but we have succeeded also in forcing our opponents to come back to Erin. (Cheers and laughter). We have forced them to recognise that it is here at home in Ireland, that they are bound to give an account of their stewardship to the people who are their masters - or, at least, who were once their masters, and will soon be their masters again. (Cheers). I was in some hope that the two meetings they are holding to-day, in Athlone, and in Tipperary, they would at long last, like honest men, let Ireland know if they do or do not mean to force the Budget on Ireland. (Hear, hear).

A couple of weeks ago, Mr Dillon publicly called for a meeting in Athlone for the special purpose of listening to "an important announcement" from him to-day. He published that proclamation without even going through the form of consulting the Irish Party as to what this important proclamation of his was to be. But he graciously consented that his trusted leader, Mr Redmond, should make the same pronouncement on the same day. (Laughter and ironical cheers). Accordingly, for the past couple of weeks they had their organisers roaming around, flogging a dead horse for the occasion - drumming up crowds to listen

to the "important announcement" from the orators and working up all sorts of bogus addresses and resolutions of unbounded confidence and newspaper puff and special trains - the whole thing being a desperate effort to galvanise into some semblance of enthusiasm a country that they know is slipping away from them, and is sick of their play-acting and incapacity. (Cheers).

It all looked very warlike, but the day after our AH-for-Ireland meeting, a singular thing happened. They once more suddenly dropped the policy of fight for the policy of funk. (Cheers and laughter). They had a paragraph inserted in the "Freeman" that there would be no important pronouncement made at all; that Mr Dillon never said there would, that it was all some mysterious mistake. (Derisive laughter). But we never heard a word about the mistake until the Cork meeting had first knocked the stuffing out of the warriors. (Renewed cheers and laughter). When we are now told that Mr Dillon never asked for the Athlone meeting to listen to his important announcement, I respectfully answer that until he honestly denies it under his own name, or publishes his letter to the Dean of Athlone, I don't believe a word of it, neither will any intelligent man in the country believe a word. (Hear, hear). The only thing I do quite believe is that they will have nothing in the least important to announce to-day - nothing except the usual humdrum and blather. (Cheers and laughter). Will Mr Dillon be horrified if I suggest that there is not a man in this crowd who would give a pipeful of tobacco to know what his important pronouncement is. (Cheers and "True for you."). The only pronouncement of any importance to Irishmen that Mr Dillon could now make would be that he has patriotically cleared out of public life altogether. (Loud cheers). Because, however excellent his intentions may have been - whether it be his fault or only his misfortune - it is perfectly certain that he has been the means of doing more mischief to the cause of Ireland and the Irish people, than any other living man. (Renewed cheers).

For the past six years he has had the Irish Party and its leader, and the whole country absolutely under his thumb. (Hear, hear). He has had the wire-pulling of the Press, he has had all the funds and all the organisation at his beck and call. (Hear, hear). And the net result is that only has he not advanced the cause of Ireland by one inch by his asinine policy of kicking up a row, but he has been the principal obstacle to the most magnificent opportunity Ireland ever had of completing the abolition of landlordism before this time, of completing the reinstatement of evicted tenants, which has been so sadly delayed, of completing the instalment of the faithful labourers of Ireland in happy homes ; and of uniting every creed and class of the Irish population in a movement that would already have us a legislature of our own in full session in Dublin. (Loud cheers). He was the evil genius that had wrecked all that. (Hear, hear). Let him now only acknowledge to his own conscience the lamentable and disastrous failure of his policy of kicking up a row. Let him now give the opposite policy an equally fair chance, and he will be doing the most patriotic and most useful work of his life. (Cheers). He will, in fact, be doing the only thing that terminates with credit a public life that has hitherto been one unbroken failure. (Hear, hear). Let him not block the way like a dog in a manger, unable to do anything himself and unwilling to let anybody else do anything. (Cheers). Let him only give the All-

for-Ireland programme for the next six years the same fair field and fair play he has had himself since the Swinford Revolt of 1903, and I promise him that if within that time we fail to destroy the last vestiges of landlordism and to bring us an Irish Legislature of our own, I promise him that if those next six years are as barren for Ireland as the Swinford revolt has been, that I for one will not stand in the way of his coming back victoriously and kicking up rows until the day of his death, without any interference from me. (Cheers). There is an easy road to unity if he honestly wants it. His retirement from the scene is the only practical or patriotic service he can now render to Ireland, and if he and the sinister Molly Maguire influence, by which he is sustained, were once removed from the mastery of the Irish Party there would not be the smallest difficulty in rallying all the best men in the Irish Party, including possibly its leader, into a genuine and universal unity, which would make Ireland the absolute mistress of her destinies. (Cheers).

I make bold to tell you that if you want any important announcement to-day, you won't have it in Athlone or Tipperary, but you will take to heart the far more important pronouncement of our mighty AH-for-Ireland meeting in Cork last Thursday - (cheers) - which made it clear to all men that the Irish part of the Budget Ireland will not have, and that if representatives of Ireland dare to carry out their promise to pass the Budget without the alteration of a comma, so much the worse for the representatives of Ireland - (cheers) - because it will be their last act of power as the servants of the Irish people. (Cheers). Up to a month ago beyond a doubt the country did stand in a most deadly peril of being saddled with this Budget by the act of her own representatives. (Cheers). But if I am not mistaken, whatever Mr Redmond and his friends now do, Ireland is saved from the Budget, or, at least from that portion of the Budget which proposed to heap an additional load of taxation upon the shoulders of Ireland. (Cheers).

As I mentioned in Cork the other day, when Mr Healy and myself were invited by the Government to state what Ireland demanded, we stated that she demanded two things, and would be content with nothing else. First, that every shilling of taxation proposed to be levied on Ireland should be dropped; and secondly, that the present suspension of land purchase should be put an end to, and that we should be restored to the old terms on which half the land of Ireland was purchased in five years and restored for the purposes of the Labourers Act, as well as of the farmers. (Loud cheers). I stated, and nobody has attempted to contradict me, that there was every hope and prospect of those two concessions being made to us. (Cheers). But the Government of course, stated that these concessions could only be carried through the House of Commons if Mr Redmond and his friends would consent to join us in our demands. They refused to associate themselves with us -(groans) - and the "Freeman" confesses the fact that these terms were divulged to the Irish Party, and glories in the fact that the Irish Party refused to associate themselves with us either. (Renewed groans). They preferred disunion and strife and hatred. Mr Dillon would not hear of the proposal of Mr Lloyd George, that they should meet Mr Healy and myself to agree in accepting those concessions - because it was solely in reference to those

concessions that we were to meet: for, of course, there is not a shadow of truth in the grotesque assertion of the "Freeman" that it was to enable Mr Lloyd George to force any general reunion between us and the Irish Party.

The result of their refusal was that Ireland lost the opportunity of gaining a profit of, at least, £1,000,000 a year by the transaction, and of strengthening the position of the Home Rule Government at the same time. (Groans). Was there ever such folly? Was there ever such a crime against a country? (Hear, hear). And it is the men who refused, even for Ireland's sake, to meet two of their fellow-countrymen who, to put it at its lowest, represent 500,000 of the truest Nationalists that walk the earth. It is these men, who, I have no doubt, will play the hypocrites at Athlone and Tipperary to-day, and pose as the only true and self-sacrificing apostles of unity in Ireland. (Ironical laughter and cheers). Well, no doubt, the difficulties of the Government have been enormously increased, owing to Mr Redmond's revelations - an utterly false and misleading revelation - in his speech at Liverpool, as to what happened in the interviews between Mr Lloyd George, Mr Healy and myself: and, still more to the fact that Mr Redmond's friends could not be induced to join in making the demand for those concessions - the demand of a united Ireland. (Groans).

But if only the Government will take a tip from my humble self, they will boldly take the responsibility of making those concessions themselves, whether Mr Redmond's friends like it or not. (Cheers). They will honestly drop Ireland out of the Budget, as far as additional taxation goes and restore Land Purchase. (Cheers). And if they do, whatever may be Mr Dillon's important pronouncement in Athlone today, I defy Mr Redmond and his friends to vote against the Government, or to turn them out of office on their pettifogging little point as to the order of procedure as to the Veto resolutions. (Cheers). They would humbly obey the Government Whip, and then claim the credit of the concessions for themselves. The absolutely crazy position taken up by Mr Redmond or his masters is this, that upon all the substantial points for Ireland - the release from over-taxation and the restoration of Land Purchase - they have publicly announced they are not in the least concerned, and are ready to swallow it all without the alteration of a comma. (Groans). But they are staking everything for Ireland and themselves upon being more Radical and Socialist than the English Radicals and Socialists themselves, of whose strength we have just got a specimen at the Mid-Glamorganshire election. They are staking everything for Ireland upon the proposal to put a pistol to the King's head and force him to squelch the House of Lords, after England had just declared at the polls that it was the Lords and not the Radicals who were right about the Budget. (Cheers).

That is an insane and impossible attitude, (Hear, hear). And if the Government only show a stiff upper lip, and stand by those concessions to Ireland, which I have mentioned, they need have no more dread of the fulminations of Mr Dillon from the Great Gun of Athlone to-day, than if that historic piece of artillery were only loaded with stirabout. (Cheers and laughter).

However, who else is in any doubt as to the future, we know where we stand ; and we know thoroughly well that all the interests of Ireland - for the present and the future - are at stake in the triumph of the principles we are struggling for. (Cheers). We don't seek to force our principles down the throat of anybody. (Hear, hear). All the talk about our carrying on any campaign of aggression throughout the country at the General Election is a falsehood and a fraud, which has simply been invented for swindling the country out of subscriptions on false pretences. Our work has to be the work of time and patience. (Hear, hear).

We are not going to carry on any campaign of aggression in any part of the country that is satisfied with the Budgeteers and the place-hunters and the Molly Maguires. (Groans). Let them, by all means, have their folly out. (Hear, hear). We are not going to court or coerce them. Let them by all means enjoy to their hearts' content any poor little demonstration their organisers can flog together for them. (Hear, hear). Let them indite whole volumes, whole libraries, of those elaborately-engineered addresses and resolutions of unbounded confidence, which nobody in this island ever reads or believes in, least of all the men who receive them. (Hear, hear). Our own work will not be manufacture of bogus addresses but will be substantial and living work for our people's happiness and freedom. (Cheers).

Within the next few months we will build up within the boundaries of this magnificent city and county of ours an organisation that will give inspiration and enthusiasm to our youth, that will command the respect of young and old, of gentle and simple, by the purity of our aims, by the reality and solid sense of a programme that commends itself to the understanding of every Irishman who can see beyond his nose as to our country's future - (loud cheers) - while on the other side there is nothing except a programme of ruined opportunities of broken promises, and of prophecies which have invariably ended in ridicule and contempt. (Hear, hear). It is all a mere question of patience and steadfastness on our own part. (Cheers). The model organisation we will set up here in Cork must perforce by the very laws of nature eventually overspread all Ireland. (Cheers). Because it is the only ark or ship that can float in the deluge of chaos and anarchy with which the Molly Maguires have submerged the cause of Ireland today. (Cheers).

The majority of the people in three of the Irish provinces may be still for some time longer dragooned into silence by the organisers and their tied Press, but I say it with a solemn sense of responsibility for my words that the moment that men in Ireland, aye, and in the Irish Party themselves muster up the moral courage to say in public what they are already consistently saying in private to me and to my friends, the reign of the Molly Maguires is at an end for ever and we will have the whole country welded together in the greatest national combination that ever Irish eyes beheld. (Loud and continued cheers).

Mr D Murphy proposed and Mr Buckley seconded the following resolutions, which passed with acclamation : -

"That we hereby approve and endorse the programme of the All-for-Ireland League, as expounded at the great meeting in the City Hall, Cork, on Thursday last, and we now formally establish a branch to safeguard and advance Irish rights, to advocate the policy of National Reconciliation, and to protect the local interests of the people in every regard and respect."

"That we cordially welcome into the new movement men of every creed and class who believe in National self-Government, the speedy transfer of the soil to the cultivating tenants, and the relentless opposition to over-taxation of every kind."

"That we believe the claims of the evicted tenants have been sadly neglected, particularly by the Estates Commissioners, who have failed to honestly administer the provisions of the Land Act of 1903, or the Evicted Tenants Act of 1907."

"That there are many bona-fide evicted tenants in this district where claims have been recognised and admitted for years, but who seem to be as far off as ever from restoration to happy and comfortable homes; that we pledge ourselves in the All-for-Ireland League to use very means to speed the restoration of all deserving evicted tenants, and to exercise every legitimate pressure to compel the Estates Commissioners to acquire the untenanted lands of the country for distribution amongst the evicted tenants, small farmers, and industrious labourers."

MR. SHEEHAN'S SPEECH

Mr D D Sheehan, who received a most enthusiastic welcome, said -

My first words must be words of gratitude and thanks to the electors of Mid-Cork who so recently at the polls routed, as my friend, the chairman, has said, the Molly Maguires out of this constituency - (A Voice - "And did it well, too") - and while I thank the electors of the town of Millstreet and the district around who in a special manner rallied round me on that day, and who gave me at the polls here a four to one majority, you will, I am sure pardon me if I pay a special tribute of my appreciation and of my regard to the women and young girls of Millstreet who, when our enemies sought to capture this historic fortress, stood their ground like men, if I may say so - (cheers and laughter) - and routed the shoneens from Macroom and the Dublin importation with an utter and ignoble rout. (Cheers). The new lord who reigns over the Park - (laughter and cries of "Down with Conneen Maol") - had such an experience of eggs on that occasion that I am told the very mention of them ever since sends him into a fit of shivering panic. (Laughter).

This gentleman for some months before the election was going through the country as if Millstreet and Mid-Cork was a pocket borough, and to be run and rigged in the interests of his friends. Now, there was nothing too foul, nothing too infamous for that gentleman to say or suggest regarding myself. But I believe the manhood of Mid-Cork gave him a taste of their quality at the polls, and I beg leave to give him warning from this platform to-day that he only

received a foretaste of what is in store for him - (hear, hear) - because I tell him that the day of reckoning and retribution is at hand, and that the time will come when my friends and I will put to the test as to whether it is he or we who the more rightly or more correctly represent the popular feelings, the National worth and the independence of the constituency. (A Voice - "You are better known here than he is."). Whilst we shall carry the banner of high National hope bravely forward, we shall also carry forward a campaign of purity in local public life, and I say to-day we have a rod in pickle for men of the stamp of Corney O'Callaghan, and the other shoneens and renegades like him ; who on every critical occasion of national life turned their coats just as quickly as the chameleon changes its coat to consort with the colour around it.

You have in the masterly and eloquent address of Mr O'Brien - (cheers) - you have had in the national purpose the national aims of our new movement clearly and well started. You had a clear outline given as to the programme of straightforward aims which we have kept before us, and you have on the other side a statement as to the national perfidy and betrayal of the national interests on the part of those who claim to represent the public life in Ireland. Wherever this new League is well and firmly established, there we will protect the rights of the people from the aggression and intolerance of petty parish snobs and of pinch-beck tyrants, who, because they may get a seat on the bench on the County or District Council, seem to think they can ride roughshod over the people. (A Voice - "Some of them won't be there long more.")

My friends, we have not broken down one tyranny in public life in our generation in order to allow another and a worse form of local tyranny to be imposed upon us in the guise of a mongrel nationality. Hence it is that I say in this new movement we will make unflinching war upon all the imposture and fraud which would degrade and disgrace our civic life, and which would demoralise our local administration. Let those men who have been seeking through base and unworthy motives to hunt us from the public life in Ireland, let them see that in this movement we will bring them face to face with the issue at the next election, and we will let them see whether it is they represent the popular feeling of their respective districts, or whether it is we who are trying to fight for the nation's rights and for straightforward principles in public life. While we shall make the national aims and objectives the supreme consideration and the supreme concern of our league, we shall also make it a torch to purify our public life from all the hypocrisy and humbug which, I am sorry to say, plays so large a part in local administration at the present day.

Now, my friends, bear this well in mind that even in the morning, if we have national self-Government, it would be no success unless we had capable, honest, local administration, and I may go even further, and say that national reconciliation, bringing together all creeds and classes, and sinking all these racial differences and sectarian prejudices which kept large classes of the Irish people apart in the past - I will go further, and I say that that must not be confined to the higher field of politics alone - that it must enter into the work-a-day life and work-a-day struggles of the people, and we know that every honest

and every capable and every educated man can't become a member of Parliament, but we know that there is in the public life of the country careers that can be opened up for every man of intellectuality of intelligence of honesty and worth, who is prepared to take his stand with the people. Now, this movement will afford a platform for all men of that type, and we will, particularly, open up careers for men of constructive capacity, and for men of real national worth.

Barriers of sectarian hate, and petty local jealousies must be removed, and in future we must take a broader and better view of national affairs. We must not ask whether the one qualification for public life in Ireland is whether a man be a descendant of the Firbolgs or of the Firmonians, or of the Ormondes, or of the Cromwellians - (hear, hear) - or what the colour of his clothes on Sunday may be. What we will require in him is whether he is fitted for public work, whether he shares in the aspirations of the people, and is ready to serve the interests of the community. Now, while we wish a revolution, and while we shall succeed in carrying a revolution in the national life of Ireland, we shall also advocate a policy of a more generous and more tolerant national duty in local affairs.

I was asked whether the All-for-Ireland was going to capture the organisation with which I have been all my public life associated. Perhaps, I may say that the objects and work of the Land and Labour Association must go as it has been going on for years past - must now go on side by side with the All-for-Ireland League, co-operating and commingling together for all purposes, whether local or national, and it will be my own earnest hope and wish, that the labourers, to serve their ends and to preserve themselves from aggression that/ they shall maintain their movement intact: nevertheless, they shall give steadily and constant support to the new movement. There are many things in which the two movements can co-operate together, and strengthen and sustain one another. I hope to see the two working together. Many of those men who find their way into public boards, and who, once they get there, use their positions not for the meal of the country, but to further their own selfish ends, and to get jobs for their friends, will, at the next election, go right about face in public life. (Cheers).

Continuing, Mr Sheehan said that for the past seven or eight years in that town, there had been felt the need for an independent, honest, local movement. It could not be in the nature of things that a chairman of a branch of the United Irish League who himself becomes a rancher and a grabber of untenanted land, is not very likely to be a very great champion of the claims of the evicted tenants to the untenanted land, and is not likely to be very active in putting thrifty labourers upon the soil, and in colonising the country with labourers, whose energy directed towards improving the their own land, would help in nation building here, rather than in building up the fabric of nations abroad.

It might be asked, if that gentleman came forward, how at one time he advocated that the Drishane untenanted land should be distributed amongst the people of Millstreet, but now, somehow or other, he got possession of it himself.

(Cries of "Down with Conneen Maol."). It might be asked how he came between the people and the land ; it might be asked, furthermore, how that man can assist in reducing the rents of the poor, wronged tenants in the town of Millstreet when the first act he did himself was to increase the rents of the poor widows in the houses he got over.

The people of Millstreet, or of towns situated as Millstreet, can get no fair play from a branch of any movement which is officered and controlled in this manner. Every object for which they made any fight there in Millstreet was in the teeth of the opposition of that man. When they found to prevent the Mount Leader estate from being sold out this man kept aloof from their platform, and gave them no assistance whatever in their fight. That day they gave the people a movement which will be their very own - a movement open to every man - and he trusted that as a result of that movement they should soon see the evicted tenants of the parish of Millstreet, and of the constituencies which border on the town - that they shall soon see them happily settled in comfortable and decent homes of their own, and that men like their old friend, the Bard, and like Mr McCarthy, of Coolekerrane, and a number of others will in a very short time be able to see themselves again restored to their homes and insured in happiness for the future. That movement would speedily secure for them their domestic National Parliamentary legislature, and would bring about such a glorious condition of affairs in Ireland that each man shall reside in peace with his neighbour, resting under the shadow of his own vine and fig tree. (Cheers).

MR. HEALY'S SPEECH

Mr Maurice Healy, M P, who was received with cheers, said I am very glad, indeed, to stand face to face once more with the honest people of the Millstreet district. I did not come here to-day because I thought I could add very much to the eloquent statement which Mr O'Brien has laid before you. I came here because I thought it my duty to stand by his side, and to take my part in the first battle of the new campaign. And let me say in the first place that I think Mr O'Brien has exercised his usual good judgement in selecting a good battleground. You showed what you could do in January last. On that occasion you struck a blow which resounded not only throughout the Co. of Cork, but through one end of Ireland to the other - a blow for freedom, a blow for right, a blow for justice, and a blow for honesty. (Cheers).

But it was not the first time that Millstreet stood forward in the fight for Irish freedom. You know that twenty or twenty-five years ago Millstreet was the cockpit of Ireland. It was here that the struggle against landlordism commenced. It was here that it was fought, a fierce and bitter fight. Then, in those days, when there was a fight - a real fight - the men of Millstreet showed what they were made of. If there is one spot in the whole county of Cork in which true hearts and stout arms were to be found, Millstreet then showed what they could do.

To-day when a new campaign is being commenced, and when Mr O'Brien was inaugurating a new departure I don't think there is any place in the four corners of Ireland which he could have more properly selected than

this good town of Millstreet. But you know the first thing to say in this business is that we are inaugurating a new fight and a new campaign, that fight and that campaign should never have been forced upon us.

We had to fight twenty-five years ago for freedom, for the right to live, because twenty-five years ago we were fighting, as I will say, our natural enemies ; we were fighting the foreign oppressor and the local oppressor, our English rulers and our landlord oppressors, and for thirty years Ireland carried on that bitter contest against landlordism. But that fight was over five years ago, because their landlords capitulated : they handed in their gun : they admitted that landlordism should cease, and they admitted that the tenants should become the owners of their holdings and they met in conference representatives of the tenants, and they agreed that a great measure should be passed, the magna charta of the Irish tenant, and they called upon the English legislature to register an Act of Parliament which would for ever embody the rights of Irish tenants, and which would for ever declare landlordism should be wiped out and pass away.

I ask you now why is not that Land Act working to-day, and why should one come here to-day and open a new campaign and organise a fresh movement. For our movement is not against the landlord ; our movement is against the English Treasury, and you know whatever we said to the landlords we had, at any rate, this advantage that when we were dealing with them, we could meet them face to face, and fight them on their own ground ; we could tackle them in the rent office ; we could face the agent and the bailiff, and meet them face to face, and we did meet them and fight them and vanquish them.

You know that the English Treasury is like a great spider ensconced in a big web situated in Downing street, but having its tentacles, its legs and arms spread amongst us determined to work and strive until every pound of our money is sucked from us, and until the very blood in our veins is exhausted and no life is left in us. It was easy to fight the landlords, but now they had to fight the Irish Party which was itself arrayed against them, because by a diabolical cunning the English Treasury had succeeded in enlisting at its side not out natural enemies, and not their natural allies, but it has succeeded in enlisting on its side the very forces that the Irish people sent into Parliament to fight the battle for us. Our most dangerous opponents to-day are now Mr Dillon, Mr Redmond and Mr Devlin and the Molly Maguires.

If in this year 1910 we find that land purchase has been suspended and landlordism revived, if we find the Irish tenant thrown back into the bad things which existed ten years ago, we have to blame for it not the landlords, not the English Parliament, but those very men whom Ireland sent into the House of Commons to fight their battle, aye, the Irish Party themselves. It is a lamentable state of things that the old organisation in which we have trusted has gone over to the enemy ; the Irish Party has enrolled itself under the banner of the English Treasury.

We want a new organisation and we come here to found it. In this you have already shown your mettle, and what we are doing in Cork will be initiated in every county in Ireland. We are determined to undo the evil work to which the Irish Party lent itself in putting an end to the Land Purchase Act of 1903. Moreover, we want to prevent passing into law that nefarious Budget that will assist the English Treasury to rob and plunder the Irish people.

A fortnight ago Mr Redmond admitted in a speech he made in Manchester, that if only he lifted his little finger he could get Lloyd George to modify every single clause in the Budget that did any harm to Ireland. (A Voice - "Down with Lloyd George."). No, but down with the men who helped Lloyd George. He is an Englishman and his first duty is to England, but what about the Irishmen who insist on robbing and plundering Ireland? These are the guilty men : these are the culprits. (Cheers).

But, thanks be to God, there are men in Ireland who will tolerate no such injustice - thank God. O'Brien is here to stand by the rights of Ireland. (Cheers). This is the last rally : this is the last campaign which you will have to embark upon. If the rest of Ireland rallies to the new League as Cork did, and Millstreet does today, then we can soon lay down our arms, conscious that we have won for Ireland her national rights, won peace and prosperity for every class of our people - that we will be able to cease from the agitation which has engrossed our energies for so long, conscious that we have been able to hand down to our posterity a free and regenerated Ireland. (Cheers).

We are holding over a full report of Mr Guiney's speech to our next issue.
("The Cork Accent", April 4th, 1910)

GREAT MEETING IN MILLSTREET

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

O'Riordan, J Duggan, D D Murphy, J D Dennehy, W Murphy, J Mahony, F Meany, M Horgan, J Cronin, D Dineen, J O'Connor, Cors Kelleher, Denis Sullivan, Danl Kelleher, Denis Kelleher, Edward Kelleher, J Bradley, W Radley.

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

Dromtariffe I L and L A - Denis Riordan, P Riordan, J Kelleher, T Kelleher, P O'Sullivan, F Buckley, P Bradley, C Riordan, J Galvin, J Riordan, C Cronin, T J Kelleher, Daniel Sheehan, John O'Connor.

MR GUINEY' S SPEECH

Mr P Guiney, M P, M C C, who got a most a most enthusiastic greeting, said they were there that day to ask the people of Millstreet to establish a branch of the AH-for-Ireland League. For some years past they were struggling along without an organisation with which to vent their grievances. The All-for Ireland League was a movement whose officers would come out and espouse the claims of those who deserved to have their grievances redressed. The example they were setting there that day would be followed before a month was over by every town and village in Cork county where they would have established a branch of the All-for-Ireland League. When they had established branches they would work to reinstate the hundreds of evicted tenants in the county. (Cheers).

Through the lapse of the United Irish League out of over 1,100 applicants for reinstatement in Cork county, only 196 had been reinstated. That showed that the Estates Commissioners had been lacking in their duty. But, with the help of God and their organisation, before twelve months had passed every bona-fide evicted tenant in the county will be reinstated. The Estates Commissioners had promised 121 more out of the 1,100 that they would reinstate them as soon as they could acquire land. But when they got the chance to purchase the land of Drishane did they do it? Did they try to acquire Leader's land at Dromagh? The people would make them do their duty. In the past they have only been lavishly spending money in the law courts in trying to acquire land which they knew they couldn't acquire. They spent thousands of pounds in trying to acquire the Becher lands, which they knew they could not acquire, while there were up to their own door in Drishane lands they could have for the asking and Mr Leader was only too anxious to sell his lands. The Estates Commissioners didn't acquire them because they were the tools of the so-called Irish Party and the latter knew that if they reinstated every bona-fide evicted tenant in Ireland they would be only depriving Mr Redmond and Mr Dillon and the other members of the Molly Maguire brigade of an excuse when they go to America collecting. When they go there - and he spoke with experience, because he had actually seen them do it in America - their cry was, "If you don't give us the sinews of war we can't reinstate the evicted tenants of Ireland." No, they keep the unfortunate evicted tenants dangling on a string and use them as a bait when they go to America to raise funds. Some of these men seem to think that if the evicted tenants were comfortably settled in their homes they would not have this excuse. (Cries of

"Down with the Downing street bum"). As sure as Mr Flynn was gone for ever from North Cork, so sure would the rule of the Molly Maguires disappear in Cork County. In mentioning the name of the man who was misrepresenting them in the County Council, he was afraid he was doing him too much honour. As one of his colleagues, he should say he had never lost an opportunity, and had never missed a meeting where he could by his vote injure the cause of Ireland. It was not a fortnight ago since he cast his vote in favour of overtaxing Ireland by a further one million a year. If he had the interests of the people at heart he would not be grazing some of the ranches of Drishane. No, and if he were a patriot at heart he would say to the people of Millstreet, "Go and acquire the grazing ranch of Drishane and I will help you get it." But what he said was, "Go and get the grazing ranch of Drishane and I will help you get it, but I will help myself better than you." (Laughter.)

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

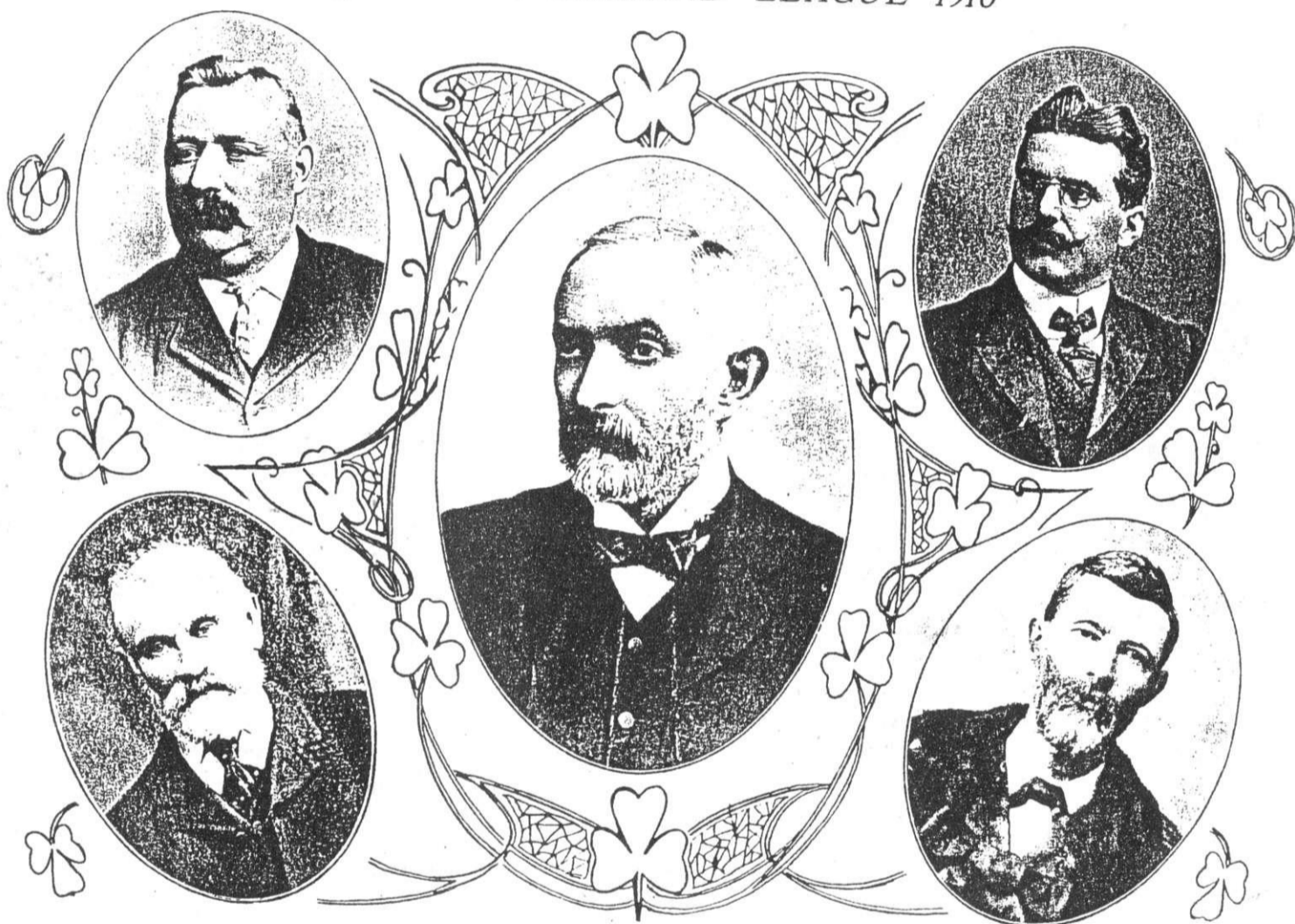
*"Great, glorious, and free
First flower of the earth
And first gem of the sea."*

Mr D D Sheehan proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman. In seconding the vote of thanks, Mr O'Brien said -

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

("Cork Accent", 5th April, 1910)

ALL-FOR-IRELAND LEAGUE 1910



P. GUINEY, M.P.
NORTH CORK.

J. GILHOOLY, M.P.
WEST CORK.

MAURICE HEALY, M.P.

D. D. SHEEHAN, M.P.
MID. CORK.

E. CREAN, M.P.
SOUTH-EAST CORK.



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