

A MILLSTREET MEDLEY

*Philip Rubie, Canon Sheehan, Michael Casey, Guy's
Almanac, Bernard H. Becker, Aubane School, John
Christian Curwen, Daniel Beaufort, Eoghan Rúadh
O'Suilleabháin, Canon Browne, Millstreet Town,
Molly Casey's Charms, William Brennan, The
Butter Road, 'We're Fighting now for Christianity!'
Millstreet Inn, Nano Nagle, Martin Luther, etc.*

A
MILLSTREET
MEDLEY

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This is a collection of various items from many different sources that I think will be of interest to people in the Millstreet and the North Cork area generally. Some of it is original material and most of it has not seen the light of day for many, many years.

A lot of people have helped in putting this together and some of these are referred to in the relevant parts of the pamphlet. However, there are others who have also helped in many different ways over the years and I would like to take this opportunity to thank them and in particular, Seanie Radley, Michael Casey, Mary Cronin, Kevin O'Byrne, Sean Sheehan and Tim Cadogan. Their interest and generosity in sharing their extensive knowledge of local history is much appreciated.

I must also thank our ever-active Secretary Noreen Kelleher for all her efforts in keeping the show on the road.

Jack Lane

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THREE VISITORS TO MILLSTREET

1. DANIEL A. BEAUFORT (1739-1821)

Daniel Beaufort was Protestant clergyman who took a keen interest in geography and cartography and is best remembered for a map of Ireland he published in 1792. He was an inveterate traveller who could not resist being on the move and travelled all over Britain and Ireland. He spent so much time travelling that he seems to have created financial problems for himself and this may have hindered his advancement in his Church. He visited about 800 towns cities and villages in various tours. He was also the Egon Ronay of his day and took a particular interest in the state of the Inns he visited. He sometimes appears to visit a town just to see what the Inn was like. On the way into Millstreet on the 13th August 1788 he noted in his diary "Meet great quantities of Butter going to Cork" and went on to describe his visit to the Inn as follows:

" Millstreet is a small village, the houses mostly slated, w.a barracks for 2 Companies of foot - a sergeant of it entertained us half an hour with an act. of his campaigns in America. Mrs. Cotter keeps an excellent Inn - where we had a very elegant dinner, very cheap -

She has two large turfstacks - one 105 yards long - Here we met Mr. Cadwell & Mr Walsh - who had dined & also slept here - Mun & Will set out to climb the top of Claraghill but they nearly lost their dinner though they went but half way up on end. This day some rain -"

(From MSS. 4033 in Trinity College)

His friends on this visit were probably his son, William, and maybe his brother-in-law. Beaufort produced quality league tables of the Inns he visited during each tour and what survives of this table for the trip that included Millstreet is reproduced on the next page. The Millstreet Inn got top marks, an 'Excellent' rating. Only one other in Ireland, that in Dundalk, got a similar rating. That was during another tour. And only one other, that in Carlisle, got a similar rating in Britain. Therefore we can confidently say that the Millstreet Inn was one of the very best in Ireland and Britain. So, take a bow Mrs. Cotter, wherever you might be!

IRELAND, North, West and South, July-September, 1788:

Dublin (Man of War inn-large, dirty and ill-attended), Drogheda, Collon, Drogheda, Marley, Dunleer, Castlebellingham, Dundalk, Ravensdale, Dundalk, Carlingford, Narrow Water, Warrenpoint, Rostrevor, Warrenpoint, Newry, Markethill, Armagh, Charlemont, Killyman, Cookstown, Gortin, Newtonstewart, Strabane, Urney, Lifford, Urney, (ride about mountains, Lifford and back three times), Killygordon, Urney, Lifford, Cavan and back, Newtownstewart, Erginagh, Omagh, Clogher (very bad inn), Augher, Falkland, Monaghan, Rockcorry, Dromore, Cootehill, Bailieborough, Moynalty, Kells, Allenstown, Castletowndelvin (Tighe's Arms, good little inn), Killucan, Gaybrook, Kilbeggan (very good inn), Clara (no inn), Ballycumber (no inn), Ferbane (middling inn), Shannonbridge (supposed bad), Ballinasloe (very good), Kilconnell, Loughrea (execrable inn), Oranmore (two inns), Galway (very good), Kinvara (poor inn), Corcomroe, Corofin (very wretched), Ennis (very bad), Clare, Dromoiand, Quinn Abbey, Sixmilebridge (little, poor, decent, plain), Limerick, Castleconnel, Foxhall, Newport, Killaloe (very poor, a cabin), O'Brien's Bridge, Doonass, Limerick, Adare (small, middling), Croom (none), Kilmallock (most execrable), Charieville (looks well), Buttevant (miserable), Mallow (very good), Millstreet (excellent inn), Killarney (one very good—Hamilton; one middling—Coffey), Milltown (very bad), Castlemaine (none), Dingle (very poor), Tralee (pretty good), the Spa, Ardfert, strand of bay and Sackville House, Tralee, Elmgrove, Arbelas, round hills and back to Arbelas, Elmgrove, Castlemaine, Milltown, Killorglin, Beaufort, Dunloe Castle, Killarney, Kenmare (very poor), Blackwater and back, Priest's Leap, Bantry, Drumoleague, Dunmanway (new inn), Enniskeen (middling), Bandon (good), Inishannon (good), Kinsale, Charlesfort and Compass Hill, back to Kinsale, Tigsassen and back, Cork (King's Arms on Potato Quay), Cobh, back to Cork district, Fota, Glanmire, Riverstown and back, Carrigtohill, Middleton, Rathconry and back, Rostellan, Castlemay, Cloyne, Ballycotton Strand, Castlemartyr, Youghal, Tallow1,114 miles

(Remainder of this Travel Journal is lost)

(From "The Hopeful Traveller" by Cyril C. Ellison, 1987)

2. JOHN CHRISTIAN CURWEN, MP

John Curwen (1756-1828) came from a Manx family, was a Whig MP for nearly 40 years and a friend of Edmund Burke until he fell out with him over the French Revolution. He was a cousin of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer on the 'Bounty'. He was a pioneering agriculturist and was awarded a silver medal by the Irish Farming Society. To follow up this interest in agriculture he toured Ireland in 1813 and gave very readable descriptions of the places he passed through. He was a somewhat unusual English traveller in that he saw beyond the usual evidence of poverty and what was considered superstition and backwardness in the people. At one point he remarked that:

"The Irish peasant, however, though poor in what the world calls riches, possesses that in his cabin which the mines of Peru could not furnish, a warmth of heart, an overflowing of the kindest domestic affections and of the purest joys of life."

He came via Killarney to Millstreet and wrote the following account in Macroom.

*

Macroom, 13/9/1813.

"At a short distance from Killarney we overtook an Irish car with a coffin fixed upon it; escorted by two attendants mounted on the same horse; a style differing much from the usual custom of the country; on our passing the riders inquired the hour, expecting, most probably, to be met by friends of the deceased. There seems great predilection in this country for particular burial places; the poorest people are occasionally carried great distances for internment. Mucross Abbey is highly esteemed, and venerated for its sanctity, and many are brought great distances to be there deposited.

Twelve miles from Killarney is the residence of a gentleman who appeared to be a most spirited and successful improver. Lime appears to be liberally applied in this neighbourhood; we saw one or two kilns on a good construction. Most of the country to Mill-street is poorly cultivated; the soil is light, and the crops appear to be very different. On approaching Mill-street there is a little planting, which greatly embellishes the spot, and had a very pleasing effect after the naked country through which we had passed.

A short distance from Mill-street we were met by a considerable cavalcade attending a funeral from Kinsale. The hearse differed in its construction from ours. The platform had a lofty top covering, supported by four posts at the angles; the sides were open, and exposed the coffin to view. On passing the hearse we were struck with the sight of a female figure lying on the platform, with her arm thrown over the coffin, and her face covered with a black scarf. We sympathised in the affliction which seemed to be expressed.

is a pitiful spectacle to witness the last solemn rites; the last expression of regard and respect to those we value, consigned to mercenaries. The heart-felt tear of affection is demanded to mingle with the dust, as it descends in the grave, of a beloved relation or friend!

On reaching the inn we found the hearse was removing the body of a Miss O'Donoghue, to Mucross Abbey, there to repose with her illustrious ancestors. The female mourner was her servant, and the deep affliction in which she appeared on our meeting the funeral, we were told, was entirely assumed, and was mere acting; for that in passing through the town she had been seated on the coffin, and was said to have been laughing and diverting herself with some of the attendants. Though but a moment before I had felt great commiseration for this woman's sufferings, and a wish for the power of alleviating them, yet when undeceived, I was as sorry to find they were not real

The Welsh pay the most respect of any people in the empire to the memory of departed friends; they annually dress up and decorate the graves of the deceased, and visit them on the anniversary of the day on which the soul fled the earth, strewing flowers, and calling to remembrance the most endearing and interesting circumstances relative to those whom they have loved, and whose loss in unaffected plaints they mourn. I never visited a church-yard in Wales without feeling a pleasurable melancholy, free from the disgust and horror which the mansions of the dead, in most other places, are calculated to inspire. Little can be offered in favour of our English church-yards, and still less of those observed in this country. The neglect here is totally scandalous, and a manifest reproach to the responsible parties. Can the clergyman's horse or cow be seen scrambling over, and trampling down, the grave which cover the bosoms of our fellow-creatures, for the purpose of gathering a scanty repast, without calling forth sensations repulsive to our feelings of humanity? It is a practice as revolting to every sense of propriety in the living, as it is a desertion of duty and want of respect to the dead.

It was a fair day at Mill-street, which necessarily thronged it with people and cattle. We had been much amused on seeing several instances of two or three men with monstrous cudgels, driving to the fair a couple of lean sheep or goats; the price of which would, perhaps, not much exceed their expenses. The condition of the stock exposed for sale corresponded with the miserable culture of the country. We met a military butcher conveying to slaughter, what he called, "a fat mutton"; in any other place his compliment on the condition of the animal might have passed as a reproach, for the poor beast was but skin and bone.

We had ten miles to travel hither after breakfast, having then come sixteen from Killarney. Great improvements have been made, and are now making, on all this line of road, which will considerably shorten the distance.

The country to Macroom is very hilly; at two miles from the town we began to descend, and, as we reached a lower level, the valley became richer in soil, and better attended to in point of cultivation. Many of the cabins have gardens attached to them, and the chidden were employed in gathering from the road the fallen manure; an indication of industry we had not before seen, and which evidently bespoke a desire for improvement."

(From "Observations on the State of Ireland principally directed to its Agriculture and Rural Population; in a series of letters written during a tour through that country". Volume 1. London 1818. John Christian Curwen, Esq. MP.)

("History Ireland" Vol. 5/1, Spring 1997.)

3. BERNARD H. BECKER

Bernard Becker was a leading journalist of the Liberal daily paper, the "Daily News" and as its 'Special Commissioner" he did a tour of Ireland in the winter of 1880 and republished his articles in book form called 'Disturbed Ireland - being letters written during the winter of 1880-81.'" The Land War was beginning to develop rapidly and Mr. Becker saw 'terrorism' increasing. He travelled from Mallow via Millstreet to Tralee from where, on December 8th, 1880 he sent the following account of his visit to Millstreet:

"Perhaps, however, the spot of all others in which the sharpest contrast occurs between the old life of Ireland and that brought about by "improving" landlords and tenants is the hamlet of Millstreet, situate on the line of railway between this town and Mallow, once a kind of Irish Tunbridge Wells, and famous for the 'Rakes of Mallow," who are immortalised in verse. When Mallow was the farthest south-western outpost of civilisation it is possible that the "rakes" who converged upon that pretty spot from the surrounding country "ranted" "roared" and "drank" to the extent that the poet has credited them withal. But they are gone now, these rakes, and Mallow appears to get on very well without them.

It is remarkable for its pretty villas, and for a comfortable hotel, kept by a self-made man, who has risen from the ranks into prosperity by sheer industry and foresight. Millstreet is a very different kind of place from Mallow. The latter has the beautiful Blackwater to give it beauty; but Millstreet is chiefly remarkable as the locale of the mill which gives it a name; as the habitation of the Rev. Canon Griffin, a Roman Catholic of high culture, who, unlike some of the priesthood, abjures the Land League and all its works; an as the spot on which "Ould Ireland" and New Ireland meet face to face.

The hamlet is mainly divided between two proprietors. That part known as the McCarthy O'Leary property is mainly composed of filthy hovels of the worst Irish type - is, in fact rather a gigantic piggery than a dwelling-place for human beings. The houses are not so small as the mountain cabins of Mayo or the seaside dens of Connemara, but they are small enough, crowded with inhabitants, and filthy beyond the belief of those who know not the western half of Ireland. It is hardly possible, nor would it be worth while, to inquire into the cause which have made one half of Millstreet an opprobrium and the other half a model hamlet. I simply record what I see - filth and swinishness on the left hand, order, neatness, and cleanliness on the right.

The white houses, the trim streets of the townlet, are on the Wallace property, which is at present, and will be for some little time to come, in the hands of the Court of Chancery. Skilfully administered for several years past, the Wallace property is very well known in these parts for the success with which its management has been attended. One of the principal tenants of this thriving estate is Mr Jeremiah Hegarty, whose peculiar position towards his landlord affords a curious instance of the working of the present land laws of Ireland. To begin with Mr Hegarty holds about eight hundred acres as a tenant farmer, without a lease or any guarantee against being turned off by his landlords at any time, except the natural goodwill and joint interest of the landlord and tenant. He has of course the Act of 1870 in his favour, but inasmuch as his "improvements" have extended over a long number of years, it is almost certain that if a series of deaths should bring the property into needy or unscrupulous hands Mr Hegarty might be removed from his farm, at

great loss to himself, despite the compensation that would be awarded him, and on which the landlord would assuredly make a good profit. It might be thought hardly likely that any landlord would be mad enough to disestablish a tenant of eight hundred acres of land who pays his rent with commendable punctuality; but as such things, and things even more foolish, have been done during the present year, it is not agreeable to think of the risk run by an improving tenant in county Cork, and an improving tenant Mr Hegarty assuredly is.

It is a curious illustration of that difference between English and Irish farming which makes the agrarian question so difficult for Englishmen to understand that Mr Hegarty, who may be accepted as a type of Irish farmer, possessed by advanced ideas, conducts his operations successfully and profitably by almost exactly reversing the proportions of tillage and pasture existing in Mr Clare Read's famous farm at Honingham Thorpe. On the particular farms of Mr Read's here referred to, the quantity of pasture is about one eighth or ninth of the whole. On Mr Hegarty's farms, for he has more than one to make up his total of eight hundred acres, there is exactly one-ninth under tillage to eight-ninths of pasture.

This will not at first strike the English eye as any great thing in the way of reclamation; but it must be recollected that in this part of Ireland it is no small matter to obtain good pasture. One of the first sights the eye becomes accustomed to is the long bent or sedge, shooting rankly up among the sweeter grass, and telling surely of land overcharged with water. There is no escape from the fact that Ireland as a country is cursed with defective natural drainage. The fall of the greater rivers is so slight that they meander hither and thither in "S's," as they say here, and only require a little surplus on the average rainfall to overflow the more valuable land. And it is astonishing how quickly good land left untilled reverts to its primeval condition, or, in the expressive language of the country, "goes back to the bog." This has been shown in many cases.

There is, for instance, a not small portion of Lord Inchiquin's and Lord Kenmare's land, which has been allowed by the tenants to gradually go back to the sedge, if not to bog, for the want of not keeping drains clear and putting on lime. A curious instance of the effect of not liming the land is supplied on one of the fields newly reclaimed by Mr Hegarty. Owing either to the supply of lime running short, for the moment, or the carelessness of his men, a patch of recently drained land was left without lime which was liberally bestowed on the rest of the field. The forgotten patch can be seen from afar by the tufts of sedge sprouting from it. Mr. Hegarty's eight hundred acres are, saving one or two little lots, divided between the Millstreet farm and the mountain farm of Lackdotia, for the goodwill whereof the incoming paid the outgoing tenants 560l. before he began the work of thorough reclamation. His success on the hillside has been remarkable. This season he has taken out potatoes from eight acres at the rate of 20l. per acre, and the triumph of his method has been equally great in other crops - to wit, oats, mangolds, and turnips.

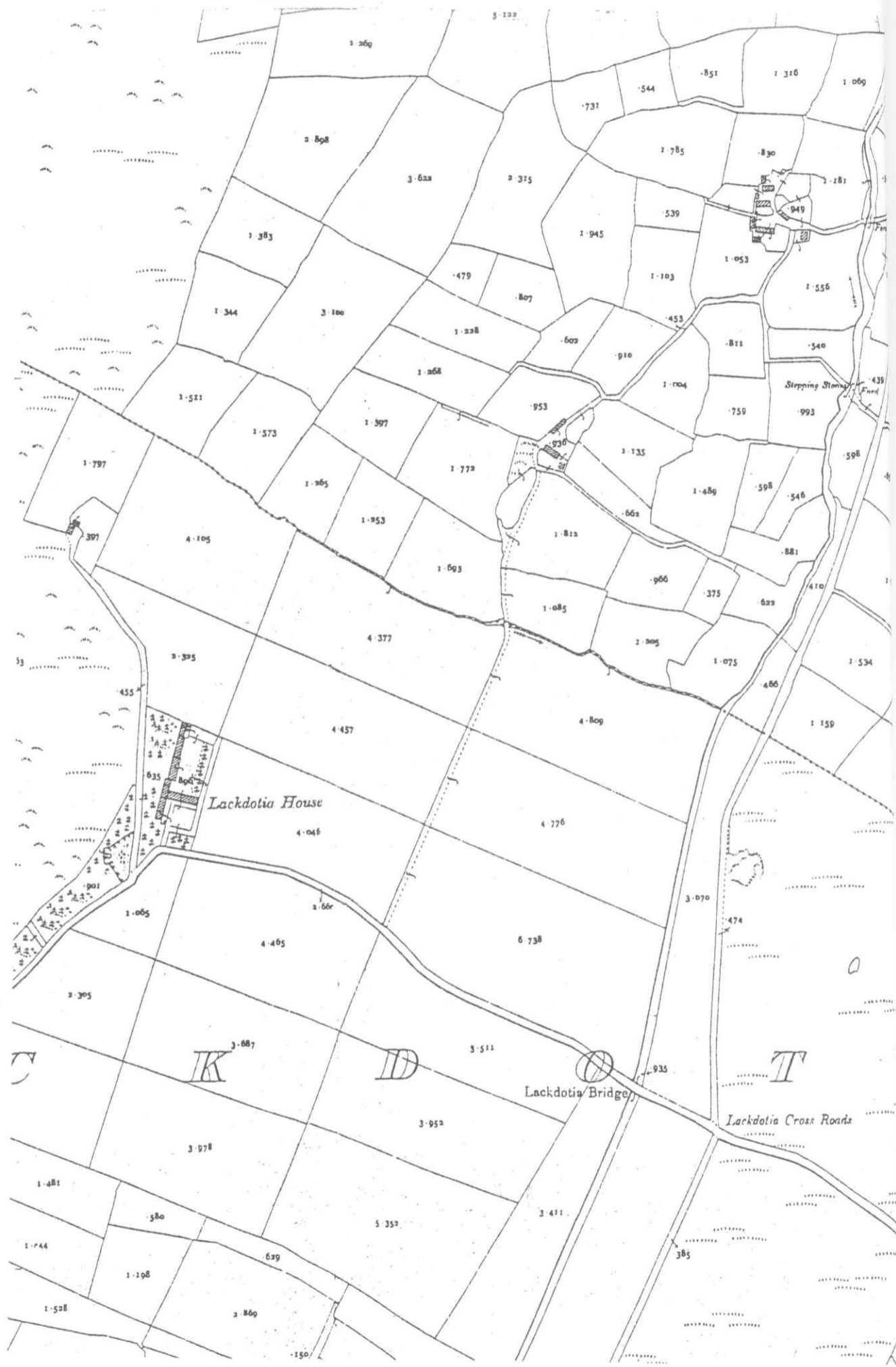
It is needless to remind agricultural readers that the artificial feeding of cattle is still in its infancy in the west and south-west of Ireland. The various kinds of cake - oil, cotton, and nut - and cattle "spices" make up the fenugreek seed and other condiments, are, if not unknown, quite unused by all but a few gentleman farmers, of whom I shall in another letter have more to say. The old-fashioned notion was to rear cattle, turn them loose on the mountain, and sell them off to be finished in the Meaths or elsewhere. On the Millstreet farm, however, root-crops are largely used for feeding, and the beasts are kept more under cover than is common here. All this means, of course, large outlay, and the farmer has

expended not less than six thousand pounds in building, and in draining and liming four hundred acres of the eight he occupies. He was, like Canon Griffin, one of the first to recognise the necessity for changing the potato seed, and imported "champions" before other people thought of it, and while they were growing potatoes not much bigger than marbles, and hardly fit to feed pigs upon, he was getting crops of fine tubers. In draining the portion of his farm near the river, he has found himself obliged to employ stone drains, the attempts previously made with tile having failed significantly; and it may be added that his attempts, now shown to be successful, to drain the flat land near the river Oughbane were derided by neighbouring agriculturists, who could not see that if the land did not slope sufficiently towards the natural drainage the artificial drains may be made to do so. His farm-buildings, machinery for threshing, etc., are an agreeable sight. In building, concrete has been largely used, especially in the cow-houses and feeding stalls, and the generic effect of this large farm in County Cork is that of a well-managed business, every detail of which is familiar to its head.

It can hardly be thought extraordinary that farmers like Mr Hegarty, even on a smaller scale, are anxious for a good, sound Land Bill. They, with all good feeling towards their present landlords, cannot avoid recognising that as the law stands the work of their life may be taken from them by any accident of succession. Despite the Land Bill of 1870, they are harassed by a sense of insecurity. Monetary payment for the work of their best years would not compensate them for the loss of the holdings, the value of which has been created by their own intelligent work. In England farmers of this type would assuredly have a lease, and their Irish brethren hold that schemes for the gradual acquirement of land by tenants should be accompanied by the "Three F's," and extended over fifty instead of thirty five years. The latter plan would, they think, be of little use to the present tenant, as it would practically raise his rent too far, and thus prevent him doing his best by the land. Great force is given to these opinions by evidence in my possession, that, although a great deal of land has been reclaimed within the last fifty years, a large proportion is running barren for want of means on the farmers' part to cultivate it properly.

The panic among all classes connected with "landlordism" is on the increase. All who can conveniently leave county Kerry are doing so. If I go for a drive with one of those proscribed by the grogshop-keepers of Castleisland the muzzle of a double-barrelled carbine peeps ominously from the 'weir of the car. Meanwhile all enterprise and development of the country is arrested. The North Kerry Railway, connecting this town to Limerick, will, I believe be opened next week, 'despite of foes,' but other undertakings are for the moment paralysed. This is the more to be regretted, as Tralee is a rising place. After a desperate struggle against the inertness of Western Ireland on the subject of pure water, the uncongenial element has been introduced so skilfully and with so much fall that a jet can be thrown over any house in Tralee. The last new idea is a train to Fenit Without, six miles down the bay. Up to the present time vessels have been brought to Tralee by a ship canal, but it is now sought to construct a railway running on to a pier, the elbow of which should be formed by Great Camphire Island. The cost of the railway will be 45,000l, of which 30,000l is guaranteed by the county, and a large part of the balance taken up by the town. The pier is a far more serious business, depending on the Board of Works; but all attention is diverted from this and other important subjects by the terrorism which has, only just recently, extended to the county of Kerry."

(From "Disturbed Ireland: being letters written during the winter of 1880-81" by Bernard H. Becker of the "Daily News")



NOTE ON BECKER'S REPORT

The farm in Lackdotia in this account was centred on Lackdotia House and is now owned by John 'Densie' Buckley. My grandmother was 'in service' there in Hegarty's time. Some of the work described by Becker is still clearly visible and there is a particularly good view of the layout of the fields from the Millstreet Country Park and the road leading to it along by Musherá. Most are laid out in rectangular shapes. See the extract from the Ordnance Survey map on opposite page where the farm takes up the lower half of the page and the layout is in contrast to the nearby farms in Aubane at the top of the page. All fields have stone ditches topped by double rows of whitethorn bushes and gates with piers in each. Mr. Hegarty also ensured that a new road went right through the farm and by the farmyard rather than take the direction originally planned to serve a large number of houses further back in Lackdotia.

It will probably come as something of a surprise to readers familiar with the situation in Millstreet in the 1880s to see Jeremiah Hegarty described as an insecure and vulnerable man. He was one of the richest and most powerful men in the area but Mr Becker is right in a theoretical or purely legal sense. Mr Hegarty had undoubtedly developed connections and influence that would surely have protected him from the possible fate that Becker feared for him - his eviction.

But it is strange that Becker, a leading Liberal journalist of his day, does not seem to appreciate that if Mr Hegarty was insecure in a theoretical sense the vast numbers of tenant farmers in the countryside and the town tenants such as those of the 'piggery' in Millstreet were insecure in a very real sense and evictions were commonplace. This was surely a matter worth noting and elaborating on. Despite his selectivity in dealing with the issue of insecurity Becker was nevertheless focusing on the basic issue of the day and what was causing the Land War and the 'terrorism' that so horrified him. It was this insecurity that was clearly preventing all kinds of social development. Mr Hegarty's own problems that developed later were due basically to the perception that he had become an instrument rather than a victim of the systematic insecurity that was so all pervasive.

In focusing on the insecurity of the land arrangements Becker put his finger on the nub of the great issue of the day. However, with his mindset, it was no doubt impossible for him to see that the 'terrorism' was a method of last resort to obtain security and fair play in the use of the land and thereby the means of bringing security and prosperity to the country. As with so many English commentators on Ireland, then and now, he tends to get cause and effect badly mixed up when it comes to Ireland.

Jack Lane

**"Evidence to the Parnell Commission
by Jeremiah Hegarty, Canon Griffin and Dr. Tanner MP."
Published by the Aubane Historical Society.**

SCENES FROM AUBANE SCHOOL

as witnessed by Michael Casey

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

A Tragedy in One Act

- Setting: A classroom in Aubane School.
- Scene: A large map of the world adorns one wall. On another hangs a picture of Brian Boru. He is seen against a background of green hills, a cross in one hand and a sword in the other and is addressing his army before Clontarf. On the mantelpiece behind teacher's table is a large odd shaped bottle with a rubber tube attached which is given to pupils with a tendency to tears. Another innovation on display is a crown, shaped from some wire meshing to which is attached two goats' horns. Those crowned with this headgear usually have to march around the classroom driven by two other pupils armed with long rods which initiation is seen to have some connection with subsequent career of the wearer. An open cupboard door reveals a thick leather strap and several canes now in semi-retirement. Latest addition to teacher's arsenal and to which he has presently transferred his affection is a round piece of timber modelled on a police baton, though somewhat shorter, so as to give greater mobility at close range. Has string at one end and can be attached to educator's waistband when he is on active service and is referred to as my 'wattle'.
- Teacher:* A stout man with sometimes flushed face, has strong dislikes which does not exclude Vikings.
- Pupils: Are about to start history lesson, some already have the word 'ASAL' written with puce marker on their foreheads. This is obviously to assist them with early self-analysis.
- Time: About the year 1940.
- Teacher: "Let me hear everybody recite Brian Boru's address to his army before the battle of Clontarf"
- Pupils: (in solemn tones)
- "Stand you now for Erin's glory
Stand you now for Erin's cause
Long you've groaned beneath the rigour
Of the Northmen's savage laws"

Teacher: (Suddenly pointing finger)

"You there, stand up, you seem more interested in something outside the window. Now tell me where Brian Boru is buried?"

Pupil: (Standing up, is silent but stares intensely at picture and at map as if seeking clues or prompt)

Teacher: (His hand moves towards the 'wattle').
"Now for the last time."

(Boy sitting behind pupil whispers "in a hole in the ground")

Pupil: "In a hole in the ground, Sir!"

CURTAIN

MEMORIES OF DUNKIRK AND HOW MY LIFE WAS SAVED (OR THE ANATOMY OF A SCHOOL)

In the stalemate following the above debacle, during which the British Press sold it to the world as another great victory, the theatre of war then switched to the not unwelcome and not infertile ground of Aubane school.

Corcoran, of whose existence there can be little doubt, and who also did not like Germans staged a re-run of the action according to the best publicised accounts. In that room, now given up to more sedentary pursuits, the children were packed in a bent line across the floor portraying the English army wading out to the waiting transports, covered by a barrage of machine-gun fire from English battleships and manned by Corcoran himself.

Standing in front of us with flushed face as he took aim with a large tongs, firing salvoes over our heads through the window out into Jack Donoughue's field where he created havoc among the ordinary Germans. He bestrode the Channel like a Colossus that day - 'His finest hour/ But why will mortals meddle with the Gods? What was meant to be instructive was not appreciated by everyone.

Standing at one end of the semi-circle I couldn't resist the temptation of winking at a fellow at the other end who was caught smirking. Mercifully, Corcoran dropped the tongs but grabbed a bunch of large keys off the table, gave him such a clobbering on the head marking him well, then rushed down the line towards me though I swear he couldn't have seen me; but fate intervened as a girl with fright fell in a dead faint across his feet which frightened everyone including Corcoran himself. Three or four strong fellows in which I made sure to be included were ordered to take her out to the yard

where under his supervision we fanned her with our jackets until she came round in about ten minutes. Dunkirk was over but life still went on under the lion's paw of egotistical dysfunctional mentors who relied on the cane to supplement the "growing pains" of defenceless schoolchildren of times past

Educational methods ranged from the artless to the asinine; the favourite endearment of the Assistant Mistress here was "You donkey!" With individuality being suppressed to a dead level of conformity, your choices were mute rebellion or total submission. Not surprisingly, the system turned out a lot of young people with a lack of self confidence, with limited horizons and in the limited opportunities of the time to be expressed in emigration or low level work.

The toleration of a harsh school environment in a country enjoying a recently won independence, itself conceived from lofty Gaelic ideals and a yet more recent Constitution put in place, seemed only to have solidified the prevailing mindset of Church and civil authority that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, a dictum to be followed vigorously by most educationalists of the time. But with the passage of time, the erosion of class barriers and in a more critical climate of evaluation, authority itself came to be weighed and found wanting; light has been shed into dark corners and privilege no longer guarantees immunity; but the ghosts still linger, what is beyond belief is beyond relief. If the popular fiction that schooldays were happy days is correct then the facts assert that happiness is not always a laughing matter.

Michael Casey.

* the Headmaster, Timothy Corcoran.

**"Aubane School and its Roll Books"
by Jack Lane**

from the Aubane Historical Society.

THE BOYHOOD OF MARTIN LUTHER

by
Canon Sheehan

This is an unfinished story by Canon Sheehan that, as far as I know, was never published until a few months ago. It is a 'factional' account of Martin Luther's childhood and obviously intended for children. We don't know the context in which it was written or what plans Sheehan had for it but it is clearly a first draft of part of a larger work.

Its theme is typical of Sheehan's broad humanitarianism and in keeping with his efforts through the All-for-Ireland-League to build a religiously inclusive nationality. It is not fanciful to assume that he may have meant this work of his to be a children's introduction to Martin Luther and it is quite extraordinary that it has taken so long for it to see the light of day.

Jack Lane

Foreword

Our hero does not need an introduction. He is long known to you, and to many hundreds who have gone before you. History speaks of him well and ill. Divines have preached of him as saint and sinner. He has been written about, talked about, praised and abused, blessed and cursed, damned and canonized for the past 400 years, and his name is Martin Luther. Quaint old Mart! We still bless him, some of us, we still curse him, more of us, for we are all good Christians. We don't know what the Mahomedans think of him, but that does not trouble him now. He was born in Germany. His forefathers were born there, so he naturally followed first and he made his entry at Eisleben on the 10th November 1483.

His Arrival.

There was great excitement in the little town of Eisleben. All the bells were ringing. The boys were shouting and cheering and all the dogs were barking and the women old and young were waving all kinds of garments out of the windows. The Dean of the Cathedral school hurried after the boys down the street with his long coat streaming behind, and then came the Organist who ran after the Dean and gave him a sound slap on the back shouting "Hullo Dean, what is all this row about?" "Have you not heard" said the Dean "Old Hans Luther's wife presented him with a son this morning" - "Hurrah" cried the Organist " We will go down and cheer him up, and after a few bumpers of good old lager beer he may recover from the shock". So they soon arrived at the house and found old Hans alone in his sitting room gazing very sadly at the fire. "Good luck to you Hans old fellow, how is the Frau and the baby? We came to drink their health and a welcome to the new arrival, and to cheer you up." They talked a lot and drank a lot, and had quite a jolly time. Then the two old friends went home arm in arm and Hans went to his bed in pretty good humour with all the world.

The days passed on quickly and the youngster was thriving, so Hans thought it time to have him christened. He had forgotten to enter the birth in the family Bible, and the child was over 3 weeks old before his parents thought of marking time for him. He was baptised on St. Martin's Day and therefore got the name of Martin. That evening there was a very jolly party in the house in honour of the event. Songs were sung and many toasts drunk over and over even the health of the family cat and her new brood of kittens were not forgotten. When the liquor was consumed the visitors departed, the house was quiet again only for the usual howling of the youngster which did not trouble the deep sleep of his father.

The lisping days of childhood quickly passed away and Martin got stronger and very troublesome. He got tired of cradle life and one day he suddenly crossed the Rubicon by indignantly smashing on the floor the new feeding bottle that was pressed on him and kicked his doll round the room. He soon got into pantaloons and then into knickers and grew up rapidly so when 7 years old he was quite a lively active boy and swaggered round the house full of fun and mischief and proud of his new knickers. He was not easy to manage and one day he found his father's knife and learned to whittle and he was caught trying it on the furniture to his sorrow as the old man lost his temper and broke a nice new cane on his hindquarters.

When 10 years old he was sent to school. He enjoyed the school and the games at playtime with the other boys who all liked him. They were taught singing the old ballad songs in chorus and Mart learned to whistle them better than most of the boys as he had a fine ear for music. The school was beside the Dean's house and the garden. The Dean taught the most of the classes and Mart learned his Latin and arithmetic and the practice of medicine with healing herbs. In return for his teaching Old Hans agreed to mend the Dean's ironware and to shoe his mare free of charge.

The Dean's garden was large, full of fruit trees of all kinds and the boys were not allowed to go there, but Mart one day after his lessons ventured in and strolled around. He saw some fine peaches on a tree up against the wall and went straight to inspect them. Now these peaches were the Dean's special favorites. He had with constant care brought them to perfection and he loved them and watched over their growing with delight. Mart stood gazing at them for a while and he felt a warm tingling in his stomach. So carelessly whistling one of Hans Sach's ballad songs he went to the tree and quickly transferred half a dozen to his pockets. The Dean's terrier dog was basking in the sun nearby must have especially hated this tune, or perhaps he loved to guard his master's property, jumped up for Mart who quickly dashed for the wall and climbed over leaving in the frenzied dog's teeth a large piece from his pantaloons. This remnant the trusty animal brought home to his master and Mart got his mother to insert a patch in the gap of some other material. The Dean of course missed his fine peaches and cursed the rising generation.

Next day in the classroom Mart was at the blackboard with his chalk making a fool of Euclid and a diagram on the back of his pants caught the eye of the Dean who guessed that he had the piece to match. Being a man of alacrity and speedy conclusions he had the astonished Mart across his knees in a moment and though his strap was heavy he hit that patch every time. Poor Mart was very sore after this interview and though he was not sorry that he ate the peaches, as they were delicious, he was very sorry that he whistled and vowed he would never do so again.

I have not seen this anecdote in any of the biographies of this celebrated man, so perhaps I have the honour of first giving it to a greedy world of admirers.

Old Mr. Luther was a man of excellent parts and his veneration for religion and sacred history was extreme. His friend the Kapelmaister who lived over the way under the wing of the fine old Church would often drop in on an evening bringing a sheaf of manuscripts of the Old Testament in Latin and together with pipes and the gently stimulating lager beer they would read and talk to a late hour over these marvellous olden stories. Mart was always an eager listener to the old folks as all the boys knew Latin in those days and he was greatly taken with the curious incidents and anecdotes narrated in the Bible.

One evening the subject of their discourse was Joseph and his cruel brethren. The story touched our Mart deeply and he slept on it. The next day he presented himself to his father with his mother's best patchwork quilt folded toga fashion around him and he requested to be dropped down the well at the bottom of the garden. His father was just then busy doctoring a favorite corn and disliked interruption but on Mart repeating his request with the hope of being taken into captivity by some wandering gypsies the old man got cross and called his wife. When the good dame saw her fancy quilt in such company her spirits rose and she would be Joseph felt so sore after the interview that he forgot to eat his supper that night.

However, being a lad of elastic temperament he was up early the next morning, had a very pleasant all round day and in the evening again listened intently to the Choirmaster slowly and reverently reading the story of Abraham's sacrifice and the saving of his son Isaac. He had to repeat it all over again for Mart. It is extraordinary what an effect it had on him. He did not go to sleep for a long time that night and then his dreams were wonderful. He dreamed that his father took him up on the hill covered with shrubs and trees and there they found the rosy faced Choirmaster sitting with his back to a tree with supplies of cold meat and bottles of beer ready for them. So they had a jolly good lunch and Hans drank so much of the strong beer that he got excited he took the big carving knife in his hand and ran for Mart vowing that now he would chop him into mincemeat. He chased poor Mart and called him to stop, but at this moment a big black ram rushed out from the bushes and gave Hans a tremendous puck from behind driving him right against the poor Choirmaster into whose fat paunch he plunged the knife. So Mart escaped and mounted the ram and rode away happy for home.

Next morning he told his parents at breakfast the very funny dream he had. They enjoyed the way Mart told it and Hans said he must tell it to the Choirmaster in the evening at supper. Mart was pleased with himself and all that day he was very busy and at noon with the help of two servants he got his father's prize ram, a wicked beast, into the yard. They tied him to the gate and Mart made up a heap of sticks and straw. He then set it on fire and when it was blazing to his fancy he went to the workshop and told his father that he was ready. "Ready for what?" asked Mr Luther. "I am ready for the sacrifice like Isaac" proudly replied Mart. "So now father come on with your knife for the fire is alight." The old man took off his spectacles and eyed his son sharply but seeing him take off his clothes he seized his stick and went for Mart. The ram in his struggles at the gate had got loose and half blinded by the smoke was savage. He rushed for old Hans in a couple of bounds, hit him with full force a tergo, pitching him right across the blazing straw but he escaped the burning.

When the old man was released, singed a little, he went into the house and tackled Mrs Luther -"That boy is going to the Devil." "Poor boy" said she "it is these Bible stories that are so exciting him," "By Jehosaphat" said Mr Luther "I'll give him Bible exercise enough to worry him." So later on he called Mart. "Mart, my son" said he "thou art a hopeful youth and the early budding of a love for Scripture lore betokens a great future for thee so you will stay indoors all day and study hard as I want you to find out for me what relation was Lot's wife to Abraham and when the days of Higher Criticism arrive thy name shall be held in honour." Whether Mart ever traced this odd line of genealogy to the satisfaction of his parent is not recorded. He complains however, of the harsh treatment he received from his parents at his early age. The one flogged him, the other whipped him impartially so the honours were divided so that Mart grew up humbleminded and dutiful. Yet often in his later years does he speak in very touching words of the sweet intercourse with his father and mother in their happy home.

He was now sent to a regular school and learned for the first time the true meaning of education. He did not like school. He honestly confesses as much. He says that the schoolmasters were tyrants and the schools were worse than jails. They flogged declensions and configurations into him and every evening they flogged him again lest he might forget the flogging he got in the morning. His back was scored like a chessboard and all the masters had a turn at him. He says he never learned much from them and he was anxious to get away from this type of society. So at the age of 15 he left home without the consent of his parents and went to Eisenach to start life on his own account. He began as a charity scholar going from house to house teaching all he knew and getting food and lodging in return and having, as we are told, a good sweet voice he succeeded in charming some old ladies who were very kind to him. They got him into a good seminary where he had very different masters from those with whom he was previously acquainted. They were learned and good men who did not even speak harshly to him but coaxed knowledge into him accompanied with apple tart and fine rich puddings. Mart evidently thought that he had pleasant quarters here and as he was always hungry he was glad to get good food though not enough of it and he also had a good bed to sleep on - rather a hard one indeed but things were better for him all round. The worst of it was that besides lessons and long lectures he had to get up very early, to get to bed before sunset, to work at very many jobs all round the house and he was dead tired before he got to bed.

The worst of it was that he was under the eye of the Sacristan all the time and he was a very sharp taskmaster. This Sacristan, named Albertus, was a long thin specimen of a monk with a keen nose and seemed to take pleasure in making poor Mart do every kind *of* job in scrubbing and washing and digging so that Mart was all pains and aches by bedtime and he often cursed the early bell to rise after a few hours sleep. He began to hate the Sacristan but he liked the old Abbot who often patted his head and called him a *good* boy and told him that in a short time he would be free of hard work and commence studies in a room for himself.

So Mart worked on and one day the Abbot called him to his room, examine him and was surprised by his intelligence. So Mart was given a small room upstairs which had a view of the large garden and field and contained a small collection of books all in Latin. Mart was happy in the new room but he had too many visits from the monks who dropped in to chat with him and especially his enemy the Sacristan who always found

fault with him. His dress he said was dirty, his table was soiled with ink, the room was not cleaned and his singing was a nuisance as bad as the cats.

One day Mart caught a little mouse in his room and kept him in his desk. The Sacristan came in as usual and was looking around poking his long nose into every corner. He came over near Mart and while he was looking over the books on the high shelf Mart opened his desk, caught the mouse, and quietly slipped him into the pocket of the big coat which Albertus wore. When he left the room Mart silently opened the door and listened. The Bell rang for prayers, all the monks went into the Chapel and Mart went also.

They were not long there when the Sacristan put his hand into his pocket for his Hymnbook then let out a yell, jumped up and ran out to the corridor. Some of the monks went out after him to see what happened and found him stripping off his long cloak, then shaking it and using very bad words. They asked him what was up and before he had time to answer out jumped the mouse and ran off behind the wainscot.

(MSS ends)

(From The Irish Political Review', October 2000)

**"Canon Sheehan - a turbulent priest"
by Brendan Clifford.**

**"The 'Cork Free Press' in the context of the
Parnell Split: the restructuring of Ireland,
1890-1910"
by Brendan Clifford.**

Published by the Aubane Historical Society.

County of York } of Whittier, N.H. No. 1000. That I have
do hereby certify as correct, to be printed within
the year 1839, on the first of the month of
November, the Parish of, Middlebury, from and
for the Parish of, Middlebury, New York.
2000 Acres, for 1000 Acres, 500 Acres, 500 Acres, for
2000 Acres, for 1000 Acres, 1000 Acres, 1000 Acres
1000 Acres, for 1000 Acres, 1000 Acres, 1000 Acres
in writing to the said Landlord, or owner or owners
of said ground, and under whom I immediately
have or his heirs or assigns, upon Twenty Days of the
last of November to the State, through
Whittier, N.H.

James Ferguson at York
this 20th day of March 1839
John Parsons 1839

Applicants and Land about in New York
as in last page

MR. RUBIE'S TREES

Philip Rubie acquired a large area of Aubane in the 1830s and held it for over 20 years. Most of it is now owned by John Joe O'Donoghue. One of the schemes he took advantage of was that of securing ownership of the trees he planted from any claims by the head landlord, Abraham Morris. This Morris was either the same or a very near relation of the Abraham Morris that arranged the killing of Art O'Leary near Carriganima on the 4th of May 1773 - a classic example of the Penal Laws in operation. The ownership of the trees was established by swearing a declaration before the Justice of the Peace for the county on the number he had planted for the previous year. On the opposite page is a copy of his original declaration with a transcription below of which trees and how many he had planted. I have not been able to decipher some words.

f

Some of the trees are still growing today at Aubane Cross and around parts of the field known as the 'Lawn' in front of the now unoccupied 'Aubane Cottage' built by Rubie. The total amount planted in one year seems a bit incredible, over 26,000. He also made a claim for what he had also planted in Gortavehy. Others in the Drishane district who claimed similar rights were: Richard Pomeroy for Claraghill, John Herbert Orpen for Cloughoulabeg, Richard Peard for Coole, Charles O'Hara for Curralie, Owen McCarthy for Rathduane and Gortavehy, Jeremiah Eugene McCarthy for Rathduane and the Rev. John Charles Mangan for Tullig (Altamont).

<i>County of Cork</i>	<i>(I, Philip Rubie do swear that I have planted or caused to be planted within twelve calendar months last past on the lands of Aubane in the parish of Millstreet by me from and under Abraham Morris Esq. the following trees viz. 200 silver firs, 8,000 alders, 500 ash, 5,000 scotch firs, 3,000 larch firs, 1,500 spruces, 1,000 willows, 6,000 Quicks*, 1,000 sycamore trees and that I have given notice in writing to the head landlord or owner or owners of said ground (and under whom I immediately deliver on his her or their agent twenty days at the least previous to the date hereof.</i>
<i>Philip Rubie</i>	<i>Sworn before me at Cork this 20th day of March 1839 John ? JP Co. of Cork</i>
<i>Produced and read aloud in open court as in last page.</i>	

*thorn quicks, young whitethorn plants

Sources: 'A Register of Trees', Ref.: ID. 1. 25, in the National Archives.
'Journal of the Cork Archaeological and Historical Society', 1976.

SOME ENGLISH WORKS BY EOGHAN RUADH

We are planning to publish a collection and translation of Eoghan Ruadh's Aislings and hope to do likewise with his other poems. He was the greatest of Gaelic lyric poets. Though he basically despised English he found it useful on a few occasions to write some poems and other works in that language. It was usually to gain some favour - his freedom in the case of Rodney's Glory, advertise his hedge school, gain employment or other favours from female acquaintances, etc. Some of these are reproduced below with titles of others whose translations are not to hand. Some of the words are unusual either through being no longer known or not correctly transcribed when translated. It is surprising that he wrote so much in English and they are interesting as an indication of his experiences and acquaintances. They are not his greatest works of art and cannot be in any way compared to his Gaelic poetry but very enjoyable nonetheless.

RODNEY'S GLORY

(To the tune of "Princess Royal")

Give ear, ye British hearts of gold,
That e'er disdain to be controlled,
Good news to you I will unfold,
'Tis of brave Rodney's glory,
Who always bore a noble heart,
And from his colours ne'er would start,
But always took his country's part
Against each foe who dared t'oppose
Or blast the bloom of England's Rose,
So now observe my story.

'Twas in the year of Eighty Two,
The Frenchmen know full well 'tis true,
Brave Rodney did their fleet subdue,
Not far from old Fort Royal,
Full early by the morning's light,
The proud De Grasse appeared in sight,
And thought brave Rodney to affright,
With colours spread at each mast-head,
Long pendants, too, both white and red,
A signal for engagement

Our Admiral then he gave command,
That each should at his station stand
"Now, for the sake of Old England,
We'll show them British valour."
Then we the British Flag displayed,
No tortures could our hearts invade,

Both sides began to cannonade,
Their mighty shot we valued not,
We plied our "Irish pills" so hot,
Which put them in confusion.

This made the Frenchmen to combine,
And draw their shipping in a line,
To sink our fleet was their design,
But they were far mistaken;
Broadside for broadside we let fly,
Till they in hundreds bleeding lie,
The seas were all of crimson dye
Full deep we stood in human blood,
Surrounded by a scarlet flood,
But still we fought courageous.

So loud our cannons that the roar
Re-echoed round the Indian shore,
Both ships and rigging suffered sore,
We kept such constant firing;
Our guns did roar and smoke did rise,
And clouds of sulphur veiled the skies,
Which filled De Grasse with wild surprise;
Both Rodney's guns and Paddy's sons
Make echo shake were'er they come,
They fear no French or Spaniards.

From morning's dawn to fall of night,
We did maintain this bloody fight,
Being still regardless of their might,
We fought like Irish heroes.
Though on the deck did bleeding lie
Many of our men in agony,
We resolved to conquer or die
To gain the glorious victory,
And would rather suffer to sink or die
Than offer to surrender.

So well our quarters we maintained,
Five captured ships we have obtained,
And thousands of their men were slain,
During this hot engagement;
Our British metal flew like hail,
Until at length the French turned tail,
Drew in their colours and made sail
In deep distress, as you may guess,
And when they got in readiness
They sailed down to Port Royal.

Now may prosperity attend,
Brave Rodney and his Irishmen,
And may he never want a friend
While he shall reign commander;
Success to our Irish officers,
Seamen old and jolly tars,
Who like darling sons of Mars
Take delight in the fight
And vindicate bold England's right
And die for Erin's glory.

EOGHAN RUADH TO FR. NED FITZGERALD.

Reverend Sir - Please to publish from the altar of your holy Mass
That I will open school at Knocknagree Cross,
Where the tender babes will be well off,
For it's there I'll teach them their Criss Cross;
Reverend Sir, you will by experience find,
All my endeavours to please mankind,
For it's there I will teach them how to read and write;
The Catechism I will explain
To each young nymph and noble swain,
With all young ladies I'll engage
To forward them with speed and care,
With book-keeping and mensuration,
Euclid's Elements and Navigation,
With Trigonometry and sound gauging,
And English Grammar with rhyme and reason.
With the grown up youths I'll first agree,
To instruct them well in the Rule of Three;
Such of them as are well able,
The cube root of me will learn,
Such as are of a tractable genius,
With compass and rule I will teach them,
Bills bonds and informations,
Summons, warrants, supersedes,
Judgement tickets good,
Leases receipts in full,
And releases, short accounts,
With rhyme and reason,
And sweet love letters for the ladies.

✱

COLONEL CRONIN'S COHORTS

(LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRONIN OF THE KILLARNEY INDEPENDENT
LIGHTHORSE)

(To the tune of "Princess Royal")

You sacred Heliconian choir
That often tuned the vocal lyre,
With glowing heat my brain inspire
And deign to chime in chorus
For to depict this blissful train
That nobly joined with might and main,
And strenuously with bravery
To ease our ways did interpose
And cow all rude intruding foes,
Led by brave Colonel Cronin!

5th verse:

Twould puzzle Pope or Dryden quite
Did they but view these bands aright
Their panegyric to indite...

[Evidently Cronin's response was unsatisfactory to Eoghan, and the
lampoon he consequently composed led to the attack and the injury
from which he died. No record of the lampoon.]

*

IN PRAISE OF MR. AND MRS. ALDWORTH

(To the tune of "Princess Royal")

Thalia, the Muse of Mirth
In lyric strains is now alert,
She will in rhyme sublime desert
To congratulate bright Aldworth;
With his brilliant spouse, that beauty rare,
Whose features are supremely fair,
Encircled by the Graces gay,
And to display each blooming ray
Ten thousand Cupids round her play,
With virtuous grace adorning.

The harpsichord, guitar and flute,
The spinnet and the thrilling lute,
All notes in alt and sharps acute,
She plays with admiration.
Her genius height (sic) sublimely soars
In learning and the limning (?) lore,
Her parts excel Peruvian ore,

Great Darner's store and ten times more
Than the riches of the Grand Seigneur,
She's the flower of all the nation.

Loud huzzas and music high
And sound of trumpets reach the sky
And flags of peace in air to fly
To welcome home those darlings
Whose merit met with laurel rays (sic)
In charity and virtuous days,
They surely are Dame Nature's pride,
The orphans' guide, who ne'er denied
To see the poor with alms supplied
In raiment, food and sterling.

Tuneful birds their notes convey,
And warble on each verdant spray,
The fishes in the water play
Without dissimulation.
Their shrubberies, the rarest seen,
Embellished with each evergreen,
Here curious trees their bloom disclose,
And Floras chose to take repose
In Anns Grove where sweet odour flows,
To proclaim their consolation.

The goddess Hebe shares her youth
In this place with rays (sic) uncouth;
Her golden age reigns in truth
To complete their consummation.
Here Bellona is robed in white,
Here Vitula views delight,
The Paphian Queen and Juno's theme
With the gods convene to deck the scene
And Anns Grove for their seat ordain
To unite in exultation.

Their extraction high I need not name,
Refulgent lines of Thebe supreme,
That waft(ed) on the wings of fame
By bard and antiquarians.
Nobles great who gained renown
And blended with the British crown
Friends unto their countries' cause
Without applause . . .
In English and in Irish laws,
And never create variance.

May halcyon days, and ease and health
A blooming, sweet peace and mirth

Grace divine and shining of wealth
Make my theme exalted.
May the Father, Son and Holy Ghost
In every island, clime and coast
Protect and aid this happy pair
That's kind, sincere and debonair;
Which all Ireland do revere,
And thus we'll toast those darlings.

(From 'New Ireland', September 1916)

IN PRAISE OF MISS WILKINSON

Fond Muse now exhale a prosperous gale
and pity your craving object,
Attend and inspire with prolific fire
your candid and loyal subject
In grand lofty lays to varnish the praise
of her whom I lately ventured
To picture and name the darling of fame
and source of the graces centred.

Divine lovely fair whose mild charming air
entranced and severely wounded
With transfixing darts and languishing hearts
of them whom your arts confounded
Tho' blunt is my skill, still real is my will
benignly consent with candour
To favour my theme and politic theme (sic)
attending with raving ardour.

Her long curling hair in ringlets most fair
dispreads and it neatly scatters
The Oreal (?) dew, its texture and hue
has bound in amusing fetters
All wooers that spy and truly descry
the beautiful type and prospect
Which gazes revere beyond all compare
so noble is her frame and aspect.

Her optical glance doth thousands entrance
with a crowd of enchanting charms
Attending with grace all over her face
to rove and convene in swarms
The lily and rose do jointly disclose
their brightness and glowing verdure
To deck and befriend her cheeks they contend
inspired with fond zeal and ardour.

Ambrosial sips distil from her lips,
her teeth are both white and even,
Her vital breath that banishes death
odorous sweets are given.
Her swan-coloured neck doth torture and wreck
all hapless and rash adorers
Who pine and despair when viewing the fair
condoling the fate of lovers.

She's grand and supreme by birth blood and name
endowed with each rare perfection
She's courteous and kind, to virtue inclined,
the parent of mild affection;
She's noble and great, genteel and complete,
the offspring of real valour
A neat slender waist avers she is chaste,
she's modest in gait and manner.

My genius is weak; my muse is grown late,
the subject at once outreaches
My effort and skill, the maze of my gill,
that faintly attempt those sketches
In truth to proclaim Miss Wilkinson's fame
and beautiful gay composure
Sweet Nellie by name is the source of my theme
concluded this said enclosure.

(By Fiachra Eilgeach, or Risteard O Foghludha, in the 'Irish
Tribune', June 4, 1926.)

AN ALLITERATIVE ADVERTISEMENT

Saturday, the 16th of September, 1769, will be sold or set up for sale, at Skibereen, the robust horse Spanker, the property of Thomas O'Donnell, Esq. A strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, sinewy, safe, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, spunky, well-skinned, sized, and shaped; a sorrel steed of superlative symmetry, styled Spanker, and a snip square-sided, slender-shouldered, smart-sighted, with a small star, and steps singularly stately; free from strain, sprain, spasms, string-halt, stranguary, sciatica, staggers, scaling (?), solander, surfeit, seams, scouring, strangle, strenuous swelling, soreness, scratches, splint, squint, squirt, scruff, scales, scurp, scars, scabs, scabbed sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling gait or symptoms of sickness of any sort. He is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, nor saddle-backed, shell-toothed, shaby-coated, surbated, skin-scabbed, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped, and is sound in the sword-point, and stifle-joint, has

neither sick-spleen, sleeping-evil, set-fast, or snaggle-tooth, nor suppression of urine, sand-creaks, swelling-sheath, subcutaneous sores, or shattered hoofs, is not sour, sulky, slow, surly, stubborn, or sullen in temper, neither shy, sly, nor skittish, slow, sluggish, nor stupid. He never slips, stripes, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, swells, snivels, snibbles, snuffles, smarts, stumbles, or stocks in his stall or stable, and scarcely or seldom sweats, has a showy, skittish switch tail or stern, and a safe set of shoes to stride on. He can feed on stubble, sheaf-oats, straw, sedges, and Scotch grass, carries sixteen stone on his stroke with surprising speed over a six-foot sod or stone wall. His sire was the sly, sober Sydus on a sister of Spindle Shanks by Sampson and Sporter, son of Sparkler, who won the Sweepstake and Subscription Plate last season at Sligo. His selling price is sixty-six pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence sterling.

All the words of the following are not to hand:

TO MISS GODSILL

"Through Sunville Grove I chanced to rove
One evening late admiring..."

TO MISS LYNCH

"You tribe of Castalia, those charming lasses ..."
(55 lines)

TO NEANS NI GHLASAIN

"Fond Muse, condescend to assist me, I pray..."
(40 lines)

**REPLY TO AUTHOR OF "LET THE FARMER PRAISE HIS
GROUNDS AS THE HUNTSMAN DOES HIS HOUNDS"**

"The cry of sweet-lipt hounds ..."
(75 lines)

(All the above from "Eoghan Ruadh O Suilleabhain",
by Risteard O Foghludha, 1937)

MOLLY CASEY'S CHARMS

A few years ago, Sean Buckley from Kilcorney ("Sean the Hall") told me about some manuscript collections in Mount Melleray Abbey that had been deposited there by a Sean O'Buachalla from Rathcoole who was almost certainly a direct ancestor of Sean himself. The collection consists of two manuscripts of miscellaneous items that were written down by this Sean O'Buachalla and sewn together by him in two leather covered books. He was, among other things, a teacher of some sort and travelled around nearby counties in the course of his work. He was probably a fairly typical hedge-school teacher. Irish was his first language and the best recorded material, and the most valuable, is the Irish poetry he recorded.

An Irish scholar from Waterford, Padraig O'Machain, has published an index to the Manuscripts on behalf of the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies and this is now available on the Internet at: <http://www.isos.dcu.ie>

It's worth noting that the contemporary Sean has deposited the papers of his father, Liam O'Buachalla, who founded Kilcorney Feis, in the Cork Archives Institute. These are also very interesting for their cultural and historical content.

There are a number of works by Eoghan Ruadh O'Suilleabhain in the Mount Melleray collection and one of these is a full version of 'Molly Casey's Charms'. Some months ago I went to Mount Melleray Abbey and the Cistercian monks there very kindly facilitated me and Angela Clifford in copying the words of this work from the manuscript. It was quite amazing to see the work that O'Buachalla had put into creating the manuscript and ensuring that it could survive in a usable state for so long - since the early 1840s.

As with all manuscripts there were problems in deciphering words and some may have been transcribed completely wrong by us. As English was not the writer's first language there are misspellings of some words (which I have left in). In most cases the misspelling takes the form of using the spelling of a similar sounding word, e.g., 'waste' for 'waist', 'dear' for 'deer', 'two' for 'too', etc. A curious thing is that the misspellings are mostly in simple words and not in those that might be expected to be more difficult for him. Like Eoghan Ruadh himself he probably looked on writing and speaking in English as a nuisance and a necessary evil and not deserving of serious treatment. He may also have written down these English items in a hurry and for these reasons did not give them the same attention as he did to the others, which is very understandable.

For me, the point of a work like 'Molly Casey's Charms' is that, apart from its metre and wonderful images, it gives a non Gaelic reader some idea of what Eoghan Ruadh could create in his own language when he could do this in a medium he despised and considered vulgar.

MOLLY CAISEYS CHARMS

I

One evening late it was my fate
To meet a charming creature
Whose airy gait and nice portrait
Excels both art and nature
Her curling hair in ringlets fair
Down to her waste doeth dangle
The white and rose united foes
Her beautiful cheeks bespangle
Her rolling glancing sparkling eyes
Each gazer's heart at once surprise
And binds a train of love-sick swains
In Cupid's close entralling chains
Whoever views her lovely face
That's bedecked with youth and grace
Must every hour proclaim the power
Of Molly Casey's charms
She is complete nice and sedate
She is neither proud nor hawty
She is mild she is meek kind and discreet
Abhorring all that's naughty
Her neatest brows you must allow
Are arched and far asunder
That I revere such beauty rare
Who should admire or wonder
It's in her downy face the graces meet
And sporting Cupid daily greets
Her curious teeth all in a row
Are whiter than the driven snow
Her breath like balm distilled for use
Ethereal flavours doith diffuse
Her ambrosial sips bedew her lips
Which I must kiss or perish

II

When e'er she sings the valies ring
Melodiously resounding
Her vocal notes which she devotes
To please the choir surrounding
On verdant spray each bird display
Their tuneful lays in consort
With her sweet voice which me rejoice
Though clad in sable covert
Her dimpled chin is fitly neat
Her swanny neck decrees my fate

Unless she deigns more kind to prove
I am doomed a sacrifice to love
Nor do I much regret my fall
Being her beautiful shining thrall
Without disdain please ease my pain
That wrecks your loyal lover

III

Her pliant hand at her command
On linen draws the flowers
The nimble deer that skips with fear
Through woods and shady bowers
Are plainly seen as on the green
When chased by hounds and hunters
The well rigged ship that neatly skips
When o'er the main she ventures
Her spy breast as yet untouched
On her crystal bosom couch'ed
Her slender waste denotes her mind
That's chastely bent and well inclined
Between her milky thighs there springs
A mine more rich than diamond rings
Her eyes are strait her feet complete
Her frame is neatly mounted
Enchanting fair who did ensnare
My heart that aches with anguish
Pull out the dart that caused the smart
True which I pine and languish
My darling jewel be not too cruel
But ease your slave tormented
Whose diet is moan sob sigh and groan
By grief and sorrow vented
You charming maid be not so coy
Consent and yield congenial joy
Prolong my life prevent my death
And you should catch my latest breath
My future days will I devote
To sound your praise on e'ry note
Or if I am lost my ghastly ghost
Shall haunt you night and morning

*Scriptum per John Buckley
March the 12th 1843*

(Manuscript No, 7 in the Mount Melleray Collection)

WE'RE FIGHTING NOW FOR CHRISTIANITY!

(Air: "Killaloe")

When Britain declared war on Germany in August 1914 it began a series of events that made the period since then one of the bloodiest in history and many of today's wars are the working out of events set in motion by that war. The British war propaganda became a model of the 'big lie' that has been developed to justify all kinds of unjustifiable wars since. This anonymous song is a wonderful, spirited satire on one episode in this propaganda.

I

Sez John Bull to Pat one day, as he came along the way,
I'd like to tell you all about the war,
For as I boss 'the show,' small Nations all should know,
The causes that I'm really fighting for;
Well I found that Kaiser Bill was an anti-bilious pill,
I couldn't stand his 'swank' and vanity,
So I started making war, and when they asked 'What for?'
I say I'm out for Christianity!

Chorus:

For all the little Nations,
And all my poor relations, for every grade of real humanity!
I've the Jingoos, Japs and Jews,
And the Kaffirs and Hindoos,
They're fighting now for Christianity!

II

I've got every class and clan, I've got every race of man,
From Esquimaux to foolish Irishmen,
There's Arabs, Jews and Japs, and some flat-nosed negro chaps,
Who'll prove to all that I'll be boss again;
Mike O'Leary from Macroom, and Sheikh Haffi from Khartoum,
Have enlisted in the cause of sanity,
There's the Gurkhas and the Sikhs, and the Mongos and the Mikes,
All fighting now for Christianity!

Chorus:

III

There's Dagos and Fijies, and now I've got Chinese,
There's Cannibals and Hottentots galore,
There's men from God knows where, with feathers in their hair,
To stop the Hun from landing on our shore;
So Pat my cordial friend, I'd like the war to end,
Or else 'twill drive me to insanity,
'Tis for 'Faith and Fatherland,' that all the Allies stand,
For we're fighting now for Christianity!

Chorus:

IV

I've Freemasons on my side, who you know are true and tried,
You've heard of Viviani on the sly,
Who tried to stop the sun, if he couldn't stop the Hun,
And put the stars from shining in the sky;
'Tis a just and blessed war, tho' slaughter I abhor,
For I couldn't 'stick' the Kaiser's vanity,
So Pat my gallant son, now's the time to get your gun,
For we're fighting now for Christianity!

Chorus:

"Sliabh Ruadh"

'Kilmichael: the false surrender'
a discussion by

*Peter Hart, Pádraig O'Cuanachain, D. R. O'Connor Lysaght, Dr
Brian Murphy and Meda Ryan*

with

**"Why the ballot was
followed by the bullet"**

by

Jack Lane and Brendan Clifford.

NOTES BY CANON BROWNE

I. THOUGHTS ON THE BICENTENARY OF THE FIRST FOUNDATION OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER IN COVE LANE ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1775, IN CORK CITY.

II. ALSO ITEMS OF INTEREST IN REGARD TO MILLSTREET PARISH.

The Presbytery, Millstreet Parish, 1976.

The Sisters of the Presentation came to Millstreet on May 27th., 1840, 136 years ago. God alone knows their influence for grace and goodness and their uplifting of an oppressed people during all that time. Our minds go back to the birth of their foundress, Nano Nagle, in Ballygriffin near Mallow 260 years ago. Her family would have been regarded as well-to-do by the standards of the time. Her grand-uncle was Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of James I, but his family lost property, land, prestige and all hope of parliamentary preferment because of their religion. Her mother, Ann Matthews, was a cousin of Fr. Matthew who became renowned for his campaign for temperance. Nano, through the Matthew Nagle marriage, was a cousin of Edmund Burke, MP at Westminster.

Nano Nagle and her sister Ann were educated in Paris until Nano reached the age of twenty eight years of age when they both returned to Ireland. There is no doubt that she experience the culture shock that many missionaries undergo in the third world today. I myself have been witness of many wilting and wavering and failing in nervous and physical health in spite of their own best efforts, when surrounded by poverty, wretchedness, ignorance and undernourishment. The two sisters, Nano and Ann exchanged the freedom and refinement of Paris and French society for a world of persecution, Mass-rocks, hedge-schools, soup-kitchens, imprisonment, banishment and death. Readers of 'Mo Sceal Fein' by Canon Peadar O'Leary, will recall that as a small boy he saw the heads of offenders still on spikes on the summit of Macroom Castle.

Nano returned to Paris and entered a Convent, but the "voice of the Irish" as in the case of St. Patrick, recalled her at the age of thirty one to begin a school in a mud-walled cabin in Cork city in 1754. This was a dangerous undertaking as no school might be opened or any Christian burial permitted without the authority of the Protestant Bishop. However, the grace of God, her own strong purpose, her unflagging zeal, her innate tact and discretion together with financial help from her brother and family enabled her to establish several schools in Cork city in the twenty one years following 1754, until the first Convent was established in Cove Lane in 1775. Without the help of a few companions she daily visited those schools and also tended the needs of the sick and dying. On Christmas Eve, 1775, she and her companions took possession of the first Convent of Presentation Sisters in Cove Lane in Cork city.

The first school of the Presentation Order in the Kerry diocese was founded in Killarney in 1793. Bishop Moylan had been Vicar-General of Cork and was Bishop of Kerry in 1793. He returned as Bishop of Cork to succeed Bishop Butler.

In the year 1820 the Parish priest of Millstreet, Father Muldowney, was in failing health and decided to retire if his successor would contribute twenty five pounds to his maintenance. Father Fitzpatrick, a native of Dromtariffe, had been Parish Priest of Sneem and had moved into the more important centre of Kenmare at this time. The population then of the Kenmare Parish was about sixteen and a half thousand (16,500). It is now reduced to about 3,000. At first, Fr. Fitzpatrick offered great reluctance to come to Millstreet when offered the Parish as he believed he would be unable to pay the subsidy of 25 pounds to Fr. Muldowney. Eventually he accepted and set out on horseback, with his breviary in his hand and a bed, chair and table and some books following in a common cart. He was welcomed by the Church of Ireland Minister in Millstreet and lodged with him for some time until he got accommodation in the area called the Priest's Cross at the present day, mid-way between Millstreet town and Drishane Convent. Eventually the priests came to live opposite the present Catholic Church in the part of the town called the West End.

What of the Parish of Millstreet in those days?

It is difficult to arrive at a definite figure in regard to the population of Millstreet, Cullen and Ballydaly. The earliest Parish register kept in the presbytery is that of Births and Baptisms. It begins on the December 4, 1853, that is six years after the Great Famine of 1847. The Marriage register begins on January, 1855. There is an entry of 181 births and baptisms for the year 1854. We have now a population of 4,200 and an average of 70 baptisms every year. A calculated guess would be that the population of Millstreet, Ballydaly and Cullen would have been about 11,000. I have examined Parish registers in other parishes where they dated from 1820 and found that the famine of 1847 made an enormous reduction in the number of births - for instance, Kenmare had an entry of 420 for 1845. Three years afterwards it is only 256, and of course it never recovered. It is now about sixty. The only Catholic Church in Millstreet at this time stood where the presbytery garage stands today, between the presbytery gate and the Convent gate. It was a low thatched structure. The roof collapsed in the year 1838, and the priest and congregation moved to the new church which was still incomplete.

When the girls' and boys' school had been built, Fr. Fitzpatrick went in person to Killarney, interviewed Bishop Egan and asked for the Presentation Sisters. Four sisters came to Millstreet: Sister Clare Barry, Sister Joseph Prendergast, Sister Francis McCarthy, a novice named Sister Teresa Doyle, and began immediately to teach art, music, embroidery, lace-making as well as the usual subjects of a Primary School. In the town alone there were two Souper schools, so the Sisters first concern was for the strengthening of the children's faith and their religious education. This was done in both schools where religious education was given for an hour after Mass on Sundays. The pupil attendance in the Convent in those days was 400. During the Famine years the Sisters were outstanding in the care of the needy, sick and dying to the detriment of their own health. Evidence of this can be seen in their little cemetery. As the years went by the community increased in numbers. The first postulant was a niece of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator. Another was a sister of Michael Doheny, the Fenian leader. Today the Sisters number 19, and through the years the Sisters have upheld the tradition of their holy Foundress by attending to the spiritual and material needs of the children entrusted to their care.

The boys' school was erected where the present cinema stands. This cinema has become a furniture store. The McCarthy-O'Leary family proved to be great benefactors of the people by providing sites. It is interesting to note that the McCarthy O'Leary endowment of thirty six pounds a year to pay the teachers of both schools has been paid every year for the past 136 years, but of course the value of the endowment has depreciated very much.

A plaque has been erected to the memory of Father Fitzpatrick P.P. of Drishane and J.V.F. of the Catholic Church, Millstreet. It records that he died on March 6, 1865 in his 78th year and in the 56th of his priesthood. From this it appears he was very young when ordained as a priest, and still very young when P.P. of Sneem from which he was given the responsible appointment of the huge parish of Kenmare with a population of sixteen thousand and a half. As the plaque tells us, he was 45 years in Millstreet, he was perhaps the youngest parish priest ever appointed to Millstreet, only 32 years old.

With the erection of the Millstreet Church, the bell dated 1838, was made at Meeling, Newmarket, and for the first time since the Penal laws, it rang out from the church built by Fr. Fitzpatrick. We are glad and proud to still have a relative of Fr. Fitzpatrick, his great grand-nephew, Mr. Maurice Linehan who lives in Main Street, as one of our parishioners. The first public procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the town was in 1854 to honour the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed lady and has continued each year to honour the Feast of Corpus Christi. The Baptismal font you see in the Sanctuary is here since the foundation and it too was made in Meeling, Newmarket. The nails used in the school building were all made in Millstreet town.

The only education available for Catholics in Millstreet had been the "Hedge-schools." The following is a list of the well-known schools:

1. In John Cronin's farm in Claramore where Paddy Collins was the teacher.
2. In Mullaghroe, Cullen, where Donal O'Sullivan taught. This hedge-school ceased in 1859.
3. Bill Desmond taught in Ballydaly until 1863 when the present school called Rathduane school was built.
4. Edmond Walsh, the poet, taught in Mill Road near Millstreet town.
5. Dan Buckley of Toorbone taught in Gortavehy.

The most renowned teacher of those days in Millstreet was Garibaldi O'Sullivan who was buried in Drishane graveyard. He taught in the following schools:

- a) Dromsicane, b) Coolakerane, c) Kilmedy Castle, d) Cloghoulamore where he taught up to his death in his mud-walled cabin, e) Gortavehy. During all those years Garibaldi O'Sullivan taught Christian Doctrine in Irish in the Church.

The following is a list of the local industries of those years (1820 - 1850).

1. There was a tannery in John Twomey's and Mrs- Singleton's land fiftirpresent Tanyard area.
2. In the Tanyard meadow there was an ale and porter brewery established in 1835 and producing one thousand tierces a year.
3. There were four extensive flour mills. The town grew around the mill in Mill Lane.
4. Bricks were made in Pat Murphy's field in Dooneen.
5. A large mill was in operation for crushing corn near Dromsicane bridge, and a small mill in Cloughoolamore.
6. Before the Land League the town had three hundred shoemakers.
7. There were three lime-kilns in Drishane.
8. Whiskey was distilled at Denis Kelleher's in Lacadota until the year of the Great Famine in 1847.
9. Michael Twomey learned his trade of weaving in England and established a weaving industry in Tullig.

The tanneries declined during Grattan's Parliament when the continental countries developed their own tanneries.

Canon Patrick Browne, P.P.

Post-script. Father Fitzpatrick left a condensed and closely written account of the salient events of his time in Millstreet in the vacant pages at the end of his breviary. This has served as a source for many items in this document.

"NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF MILLSTREET"

by

Canon Michael Costello

and

Pádraig Ó'Maidín

Published by the

Aubane Historical Society

BRENNAN ON THE BUTTER ROAD?

I recently came across this interesting account of the death of Ireland's most well known highwayman. The event may have occurred in 1812. I am reprinting it for what it's worth:

"When Daniel O'Connell was a rising young barrister, winning his early laurels on the Munster Circuit, he never travelled the roads of the South without his loaded pistols. This precaution he took in order to be able to defend himself if held up on the way from one assize town to another by Willie Brennan or any of his band...There is no record that O'Connell ever encountered Brennan on the highway. It was, however, a close friend of the Liberator - a Kerry solicitor named Jeremiah O'Connor - who killed the highwayman eventually we are told. The fatal hold-up took place on the main road between Millstreet and Killarney, at a lonely spot called Lisnabable. The solicitor was driving home from Dublin, and had reached Lisnabable, when suddenly from a wayside quarry sprang the robber, masked and armed. Covering the traveller with a blunderbuss, he called upon him to 'Stand and deliver' without delay.

What would any of us have done if we had been in Jeremiah O'Connor's shoes at that critical moment? With the business end of a loaded blunderbuss a yard or two from one's nose, and the finger of a highwayman on the trigger, the stoutest-hearted among us would realise the wisdom of the old proverb that says, "self preservation is the first law of nature" and would proceed to act upon it with promptness.

What did Jeremiah O'Connor do? Calling his nimble wit into action, he cried out: "Hold hard there a second with your gun; here's my purse." Thrown off his guard, the robber lowered his blunderbuss and advanced to take the booty. But instead of a purse it was a pistol O'Connor whipped from his pocket, and the next instant Willie Brennan was writhing in his death agony, shot through the breast.

This account of the death of the famous highwayman of the Kilworth Mountains was related by Daniel O'Connell to his secretary and biographer, O'Neill Daunt, to whom on one occasion he pointed out the exact spot where Brennan fell. On the other hand, a tradition still survives in County Tipperary that Brennan was captured by the military, tried and hanged at Clonmel; and that his body now moulders in a forgotten grave in the old churchyard of Kilcrumper, between Kilworth and Fermoy.

Which of these accounts is true? One or the other of them must be wrong; for if Willie Brennan was shot dead in Kerry, he could not have been hanged in Clonmel."

(From "The Highwayman in Irish History" by Terence O'Hanlon, 1932.)

GUY'S
CORK ALMANAC
County & City Directory
1914.

A COMPLETE HANDBOOK OF LOCAL INFORMATION.
FORTYFIRST YEAR OF ISSUE.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

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CHANGES RECEIVED DURING PRINTING.

INDEXES to Advertisers—General Contents—Census Returns—County Towns, Villages and Post Offices—City Streets, Terraces, &c.

INSURANCE COUPON.

MAPS—Distance Map South of Ireland; Map City Cork; Railway Map South of Ireland.
CALENDAR, with Tides, Rising and Setting Sun and Moon, Lighting up Time, &c.

GENERAL INFORMATION—Commercial Stamp and other Duties—Property and Income Tax—Leases—Estate Duty—Legacy and Succession Duties—Land Value Duties—Landlord and Tenant—Statutes of Limitations—Wills—Shops Act, 1912, &c.

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POSTAL RATES AND REGULATIONS, Post Offices in Ireland, Despatch of Mails, City Sub-Offices, Post Office Telephone Service City and County—Foreign Money and British Equivalents, &c.

RAILWAYS and Map, Steamships, Trams, Car Fares, Registered Motor Cars, Garages, &c.

FAIRS AND MARKETS IN MUNSTER, Calendar of Fairs for Year, Market Towns, and Early Closing Days.

BANKS, Customs and Excise, Board of Trade, Consuls, District Registrars, &c.

CLASSIFIED LISTS of Clergy, University College, Colleges and Schools, Agricultural and Technical Schools, Barristers, Solicitors, Medical and Surgical Profession, Civil Engineers, &c., with qualifications.

DIRECTORS of Local Limited Liability Companies.

INSTITUTIONS—Hospitals, Benevolent Associations, Clubs, Societies, Associations, Sports, &c.

MILITARY, NAVAL, CONSTABULARY, &c.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT COUNCILS and Committees—County, Rural and Urban Districts.

RATES AND TAXES—County, City and County Town, Rate Collectors, &c.

MAGISTRATES—City and County Establishments, Peers, &c., Members of Parliament, Succession of City Mayors and High Sheriffs.

INSURANCE OFFICES AND AGENTS.

CLASSIFIED BUSINESS DIRECTORY, with telephone numbers, &c.

POSTAL DIRECTORY COUNTY CORK, with Principal Residents, Traders, Landholders, and every information of importance in a condensed form.

CITY AND SUBURBAN STREET and ALPHABETICAL DIRECTORIES.

[A complete Alphabetical Directory of Townlands, &c. (Ordnance Survey names) of County—6d paper, 1s cloth; or bound as a supplement with Almanac, 1s 6d cloth.]

CORK:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GUY & CO. LTD.,
70, PATRICK STREET.

Population County and City, Valuation, etc.

POPULATION AND DIVISIONS OF COUNTY AND CITY.

Under the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898, the County is divided into 32 Electoral Divisions, each represented by an elected member in the County Council. There are 18 Rural District Councils in County, and the Rural District Councillors (two for each District Electoral Division) are also Guardians of the Poor. The County Borough of Cork, and the Urban District Councils of Clonakilty, Fermoy, Kinsale, Macroom, Mallow, Midleton, Queenstown, Skibbereen, and Youghal, elect Guardians to the Poor Law Boards of their respective districts.

For the purpose of holding General Sessions of the Peace the County is divided into East and West Ridings, and contains twenty-three baronies, as follows:—**East Riding**—Barretts, Barrymore, Condons and Clongibbon, Cork, Duhallow, Fermoy, Imokilly, Kerricurrihy, Kinalea, Kinnatalloon, Kinsale, Muskerry East (pt), and Orrery and Kilmore. **West Riding**—Bantry, Bear, Carbery East E.D., Carbery East W.D., Carbery West E.D., Carbery West W.D., Courceys, Ibane and Barryroe, Kinalmeaky, Muskerry East (pt), and Muskerry West.

POPULATION—County—1901, 404,611; 1911, 392,104 (decrease, 12,507). Religious Professions (1911)—Catholics, 288,455; Prot. Episcopalians, 22,992; Presbyterians, 1,038; Methodists, 2,047; others, 899.

Area of County, 1,854,509 stat acres, including 10,793 acres under the larger rivers and tideways. Inhabitant houses, 71,097.

City—Municipal Borough—1901, 76,122; 1911, 76,673. Religious Professions (1911)—Catholics, 67,816; Prot. Episcopalians, 6,576; Presbyterians, 912; Methodists, 643; Jews, 340; Baptists, 71; Society of Friends, 44; Congregationalists, 41; Lutherans, 38; Brethren, 31; Salvation Army, 16; others, 101.

IRISH SPEAKING (County and City)—1901—Irish and English, 104,649; Irish only, 1,067. 1911, Irish and English, 83,340; Irish only, 558.

PARLIAMENTARY DIVISIONS (9 members, under the Redistribution of Seats Act, 1885)—East Division (pop. 43,264); Mid (pop. 41,226); North (pop. 42,744); North East (pop. 44,272); South (pop. 38,941); South East (pop. 39,634); West (pop. 39,588). Cork Parliamentary Borough (2 members), 102,455.

CORK COUNTY COUNCIL (under the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898)—Ballincollig, 10,770; Ballydehob, 9,487; Ballyhooly, 9,136; Bandon, 9,543; Banteer, 8,867; Bantry, 10,192;

Bere, 8,985; Blackrock, 15,354; Blarney, 10,003; Boherboy, 8,864; Charleville, 10,461; Clonakilty, 9,395; Cloyne, 8,893; Dunmanway, 9,123; Fermoy, 11,225; Inchigeela, 9,553; Kanturk, 9,791; Kinsale, 9,271; Macroom, 9,142; Mallow, 10,383; Midleton, 9,467; Mitchelstown, 9,710; Monkstown, 10,731; Newmarket, 9,210; Queenstown, 11,604; Rosscarbery, 9,755; Skibbereen, 9,206; Schull, 9,052; Timoleague, 8,798; Warrenscourt, 9,415; Watergrasshill, 9,656; Youghal, 9,888.

RURAL COUNTY DISTRICTS (under the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898) and **POOR LAW UNIONS**—Bandon, 16,888; Bantry, 12,733; Castletown, 10,393; Charleville, 3,990; Clonakilty, 14,667; Cork, 49,576; Dunmanway, 12,273; Fermoy, 13,170; Kanturk, 22,299; Kinsale, 11,641; Macroom, 12,701; Mallow, 16,764; Midleton, 16,440; Millstreet, 10,180; Mitchelstown, 8,552; Schull, 8,643; Skibbereen, 20,455; Youghal, 4,193.

URBAN DISTRICTS (under the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898)—Clonakilty pop. 2,961; Fermoy, 6,863; Kinsale, 4,020; Macroom, 2,717; Mallow, 4,452; Midleton, 3,182; Queenstown, 8,209; Skibbereen, 3,021; and Youghal, 5,648.

Townships under the Towns Improvement (Ireland) Act, 1854—Bandon, 3,122; Bantry, 3,159. Address Town Clerk.

VALUATION COUNTY CORK, 1913-14.

	Valuation, 1913-14.		Product of a Rate of a Penny in the £.			Valuation, 1913-14.		Product of a Rate of a Penny in the £.	
	£	s.	£	s. d.		£	s.	£	s. d.
<i>Rural Districts—</i>									
Bandon	75,241	4	313	10 1	Mitchelstown (t) ..	32,940	7	137	5 0
Bantry	24,441	9	101	16 9	Skibbereen	43,682	19	182	0 3
Castletown	12,873	19	53	12 10	Skull	15,854	16	66	1 3
Charleville	20,809	10	86	14 2	Youghal (No. 1) ..	26,396	2	109	19 8
Clonakilty	46,714	5	194	12 10	<i>Urban Districts—</i>				
Cork	191,629	3	798	9 1	Clonakilty	5,444	12	22	13 0
Dunmanway	34,888	10	145	7 4	Fermoy	11,406	5	47	10 6
Fermoy	95,300	5	397	1 8	Kinsale	5,819	0	24	4 11
Kanturk	73,735	11	328	1 4	Macroom	5,622	15	23	8 7
Kinsale	55,999	8	233	6 7	Mallow	11,062	10	49	16 10
Macroom	61,691	8	257	0 11	Midleton	6,531	0	27	4 3
Mallow	97,117	12	404	13 2	Queenstown	23,808	4	90	4 0
Midleton	91,128	11	379	14 1	Skibbereen	6,211	17	25	17 8
Millstreet	27,429	10	114	5 10	Youghal	12,253	12	51	1 2
					Total County	1,121,634	4	4,674	14 6

STANDARD RATE IN THE £

	Poor Rate		Co. Cess.			Poor Rate		Co. Cess.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
<i>Rural Districts—</i>									
Bandon	1	3¼	1	9	Millstreet	2	4½	2	0
Bantry	2	2¼	2	4½	Mitchelstown No. 1	1	5½	1	9½
Castletown	3	0¼	2	6¼	Skibbereen	2	1½	2	3 1
Charleville	2	1¼	1	9¼	Schull	2	3½	3	2½
Clonakilty	1	8¼	1	9¼	Youghal No. 1 ..	1	11½	1	11½
Cork	2	6¼	2	0¼	<i>Urban Districts—</i>				
Dunmanway	1	10¼	1	11¼	Clonakilty	1	8¼	1	10¼
Fermoy	1	4¼	1	9¼	Fermoy	1	6¼	0	7¼
Kanturk	2	2¼	1	11¼	Kinsale	1	0¼	1	6¼
Kinsale	1	0¼	1	7	Queenstown	2	6¼	0	7¼
Macroom	2	1¼	1	11	Youghal	1	11½	1	11¼
Mallow	1	8¼	1	8¼	<i>County Borough of Cork</i>	2	6¼	1	3¼
Midleton	1	8¼	2	0					

Postal Directory County Cork.

Millstreet.

Millstreet.

(Pop 1,069.)

Market town, post, money order and telegraph office

Postmistress—Miss H Dennehy

Conveyances—Millstreet a station Tralee and Killarney by G S & W ry; four trains to and from Cork daily
Stationmaster—William Ryan

Parliamentary divs Mid & North Cork

County Electoral divs Banteer and Boherboy.

RURAL DISTRICT COUNCIL AND BOARD OF GUARDIANS OF MILLSTREET.

(See also Special List)

Chairman Council—P D Breen, J P

Vice-chairman—T J Burton

Chairman Guardians—J J Hickey, J P

Clerk—J S O'Connor

Master House—John J Murphy

Matron—Mrs J Riordan

Dispensary and Registration districts of Millstreet and Cullen

Med officer and Regr, Millstreet—

Dr R R Leader, J P

Med officer and Regr, Cullen—

Dr Michael McCarthy

District Nurses—Mrs K Ring,

Miss M Murphy, Miss H Murphy

Veterinary Inspector—J J Pomeroy

PETTY SESSIONS COURT.

Petty Sessions held 2nd and 4th Mondays in month. Quar Sess dists of Macroom, Mallow, and Kanturk

Clerk Petty Sess—R T Pomeroy

CONSTABULARY.

(District of Macroom)

Constabulary station—

Millstreet—Sergt Patk Mulcahy

COMMISSIONERS AFFIDAVITS

Richard T Pomeroy, C P S

DISTRICT REGISTRAR OF MARRIAGES.

J S O'Connor; J M Murphy, assist.

BANK.

National Bank Ltd—Manager,

J E O'Connor; teller, J Cribben;

accountant, J O Daish

CHURCHES.

Church Ireland—Rev W W

Stewart, B A, rector, Dromtarriff

R Catholic—(Drishane)—Very Rev

John Canon Casey, V F, P P; Revs

P Buckley, M Scanlan and T J Lyne,

curates

R Catholic—(Dromtarriff)—Rev P

White, P P; Rev William Aherne, C C

CONVENTS.

Presentation Convent—Rev.

Mother, Mrs Aloysius Walsh

Sisters of the Holy Infant Jesus

(Les Dames de St Maur), Drishane—

Rev Mother St Claire; Med Officer,

M P Desmond, M D

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.

J N Smith, Altamount

SCHOOLS.

National—head teachers

Millstreet—William O'Riordan

Convent—Presentation Nuns

P L U—Mrs J Duggan

Cubane—Timothy Corcoran;

Miss M O'Shea

Cloghboola—James Dennehy;

Miss E Murphy

Rathduane—P Moynihan; Mrs

J Dinneen

Fairs and Markets—6 Jan, 1st of

every other month; 1 Mar and 1 Sept

being horses, cattle, and sheep. Pig

market previous day. If first of

month falls on Saturday, fair held

on following Monday. Pig market

previous day. Market day, Friday.

Calf market every Monday during

season

RESIDENTS.

Aherne Rev Wm, C C, Dromtarriff

Buckley Rev P, C C, Drishane

Casey Very Rev John Canon,

V F, P P, Millstreet

Casey W C, J P, M C C, Ardnageeha

house

Corkery Jerh J, D C, Coomlogane

Cribben J, teller Nat bank

Crowley Corns, Liscahane hse

Daish J O, acct Nat bank

Dennehy Miss H, postmistress

Desmond M P, M D

Enright Daniel, phar chemist

Finucane G, Gurrane house

Hegarty J P, J P, Main street

Howard Joseph, assist co surv

Howard M, J P, Brookpark

Kelleher Matthew, Mountleader

Leader Richard Radley, M D, J P,

Westbourne

Leader Colonel N, Keale house

Linehan Daniel, J P, M C C, Main st

Lyne Rev T J, C C, Drishane

McCarthy Jerome, steward,

Drishane castle

McCarthy Michl, M D, Derragh

McCarthy M, Coolemore

Murphy D D, relieving officer

Murphy Timy, presscorrespo'nt

Murphy J J, master workhouse

O'Callaghan C, J P, Altamount

house

O'Connor J S, clerk D C

O'Connor John E, mgr Nat bank

O'Connor Jerh, relieving officer

O'Riordan P, Tullig house

O'Riordan William, nat teacher

O'Sullivan J D, D C, Claraghatlea

Pomeroy Jas, D C, Knockcáhill

Pomeroy N, Claraghmore

Pomeroy Richard T, C P S,

Willowbrook

Pomeroy J J, V S, Willowbrook

Ryan William, stationmaster

Scanlan Rev M, C C, Drishane

Smith J N, Altamount

St Claire, Rev Mother Sisters

of the Holy Infant Jesus,

Drishane

Stewart Rev W W, B A, Drom-

tarriff rectory

Walsh Mrs Aloysius, Rev

Mother Presentation convent

Physician and Surgeon.

Desmond M P

Pharmaceutical Chemist.

Enright Daniel

Veterinary Surgeon.

Pomeroy J J, M R C V S

Hotels.

Howard J Vanstan Mrs

O'Callaghan P

Library.

Carnegie Free Library

Industries.

Drishane Sawing Mills, Lime

Works, and Knitting Works

—Proprietors—Convent Les

Dames de St Maur

Auctioneer and Valuer.

Crowley Cornelius C

Bakers.

Carmody Patk Murphy Jno D

Crowley Denis Potts J

Justice Robert

Billposters.

Kelliher W J, Mill lane

O'Mahony James, Mill lane

Blacksmiths.

Hickey Andw J Riordan John

Radley John Sullivan Jas

Radley Wm

Boot Warehouse.

O'MAHONY J J

Boot and Shoe Makers.

Corkery Patk Kiely Denis

Cronin Danl Moynihan D J

Cronin Michl Murphy Corns

Cronin Patk O'Connor Corns

Hickey J L O'Leary Daniel

Kelleher D O'Riordan D

Kiely Daniel O'Sullivan T J

Brewers' Agents.

LINEHAN Mrs H, Main street

Murray Michael & Co

Builders.

Buckley Michl McCarthy Danl,

Callaghan Timy Rathduane

Duggan Daniel O'Leary Danl,

Adrivale

Carpenters.

Buckley M Healy C

Duggan D Riordan T

Postal Directory County Cork.

Millstreet—contd.

Cattle Dealers. Crowley B Crowley Denis Crowley Corns	Harnessmakers. Murphy Jerh O'Sullivan Patk Murphy Thos	Singleton Michl J, Church hill Kearney Mrs, Knockane Morrissy John, Knockane Electoral div. Keale
China and Glass Warehouse O'MAHONY J J	Lodging-house Keepers. Buckley Corns Hickey A J Buckley D P Kiely James Buckley Michl McSweeney K Carrol Tathy Murphy Thos Crowley Barth Radley M T	Cronin John J, Ploverfield Cronin Mrs J J, Gorteenafinogue Hickey Mrs, Lisnashearhane Leader Thos, Lisnashearhane Leary D, Gorteenafinogue McSweeney Wm, Flintfield Murphy Timothy, Cleanrath O'Connor Denis, Dromsicane O'Mahony John, Flintfield hse Riordan F J, Dromsicane Sheehan Cornelius, Cleanrath
Coachbuilders. Buckley D P Hickey Andrew	Marine Store and Licensed Dealers. Calvey Anthy Ring Jeremiah	PARISH DRISHANE. Electoral div. Caherbarnagh. Geran Daniel, Ballydaly Murphy D J, D C, Ballydaly Murphy John J, Knockagallane Nunan Ben, Coolanarney Nunan Denis, Coolanarney Riordan Mrs, Ballydaly Electoral div. Coomlogane.
Coal Merchants. Dennehy M J Murphy M J Hegarty J P O'MAHONY J J	Newsagents. Corkery P Kiely W Cronin C Riordan J	Buckley Patk, Ballyvouskill Buckley P, Carrigacoleen Condon P J, Ballynatona Corkery John, Annagloor Creedon P J, Ballynatona Dennehy Denis, Cloghboola- more Dennéhy Denis J, Cloghboola- more
Coopers. Corcoran Michl Murphy John	Photographer. Cronin Cornelius J, Main street	Duggan Daniel, Claraghatlea Meany T, Gurraneduff Murphy Eugene, Coolykeerane Murphy J J, Coomlogane Murphy John, Coomlogane Pomeroy Nicholas, Claraghmore Shea Patrick, Carrigacoleen Sullivan J, Ballynatona Twomey Jeremiah, Kilmeeady Williams J, Ballynatona Electoral div. Drishane.
Creameries. Kilcorney Creamery Co Millstreet Creamery — J P Hegarty, prop	Press Correspondent. Dennehy Jas T Murphy Timothy	Barrett John, Tullig Barrett Miss Kate, Liscabane Buckley Daniel, Liscabane Buckley John, D C, Liscabane Corkery Timothy, Liscahan Doody M, Dooneens Hartnett D, Liscraagh Hartnett Miss M, Dooneens Hennessy Thomas, Millstreet Hickey Andrew D, Millstreet Hickey Daniel, Tooreenbane Kelleher Clement, Tooreenbane Kelleher Timy, Tooreenbane Kelleher Jeremiah, Cockhill Kelleher Patrick, Cockhill Kelleher Patrick, Dooneens Kelleher Timothy, Cockhill Linehan Cornelius, Dooneens Linehan Mrs Hannah, Tullig Meany John, Cooleenaree
Drapers and Haberdashers. Andrae Margt Griffin Thos J Barrett Richd Harding H Cooper John O'Connor H Corkery Margt O'Riordan M Dennehy Ellen Tangney D	Stationers. Andrae Miss M Lenihan Danl Corkery P J O'Connor H Cronin Corns O'MAHONY J J Harding Miss N Riordan J	
Dressmakers. Corkery J Murphy Nora Dinneen Mrs J O'Sullivan H Murphy M O'Sullivan E	Tailors and Outfitters. Carroll T B Manly J Dineen J O'Connor John Lehane John O'Sullivan Tim	
Dyers' Agent. O'MAHONY J J	Vintners. (Also Grocers.) Buckley C Moynihan B Buckley Denis T Moynihan H Buckley James Murphy John D Buckley Hanna Murphy Ml J Buckley M Murphy Mrs E Cotter P Murphy Thos Crowley Margt Murray Michl Daly John Nicholson J Dennehy M J O'Callaghan P Dennehy P G O'Keeffe H Duggan A O'Keeffe Julia Hickey D A O'Shea John C Hickey A J O'Sullivan J Howard Joseph O'Sullivan T J Kelleher Cors Price Helena Kiely Mary Rahilly Daniel Linehan H Riordan John J McSweeney K Vanston K Meade Margt	
Egg Merchants. Buckley M Linehan D O'MAHONY J J	Victuallers. Hennessy Thos O'Mahony J T Moynihan J J	
Grocers & Provision Dealers Andrae Margt Lenihan D Buckley Michl Moynihan Mrs Buckley Miss Murphy Mrs M Carmody Patk Murphy Susan Corkery P J O'Leary Nano Creedon Miss N O'Leary Margt Cronin Corns O'MAHONY J J Crowley Corns Potts J Hickey Miss H Riordan Jerh	Weavers. Connell Timy Ring Jeremiah	
Farriers. Hickey Andrew O'Sullivan Jas Radley John Riordan John Radley Wm	Landholders. PARISH CULLEN. Electoral div. Derragh. O'Connor Cornelius, Duarrigle Shine John, Churchhill	
Hairdressers. Dinneen T O'Sullivan Patk		
Horse Dealers. Crowley Batt and Sons Crowley Bros Crowley Cornelius and Sons		
House Furnishers & Hardware Merchants. Andrae M Hegarty J P Corkery P J Lenihan D Crowley D Murphy M Dennehy P G O'MAHONY J J Harding N		

Millstreet— contd

O'Callaghan Corns, J P, Altamount house
O'Callaghan Corns, Sunnyside house
O'Mahony John, Cockhill
O'Sullivan D, Cloghboolabeg
O'Sullivan D J, Cloghboolabeg
O'Sullivan Thomas, Liscreagh house
Pomeroy R T, Willowbrook
Riordan D, Coolemore
Shea John, Cockhill
Shea Timothy, Cloghboolabeg
Sullivan Corns, Drominahilla
Electoral div. Rathcool.
Barrett Anthony, Killowen
Creedon D, Rathcoole
Crowley Timothy, Drishanebeg
Hickey Andrew, Killowen
Kelleher James, Drishanebeg
McCarthy Justin, Rathcoole

Millstreet Rural District Council.

Chairman—Patrick D Breen, J P, M C C
Vice-Chairman—Timothy J Burton
Clerk of Council—Joseph S O'Connor
Clerk of Pensions Committee—T J O'Sullivan,
Main street, Millstreet

ELECTED COUNCILLORS.

Caherbarnagh—
Denis J Murphy, Ballydaly
James D F O'Sullivan, Caherbarnagh
Coomlogane—
Jeremiah J Corkery, Coomlogane
James Denis O'Sullivan, Claraghatlea
Crinnaloo—
Patrick J O'Callaghan, Carragraigue
Denis Twohig, Gortnaclogh
Cullen—
John J Hickey, J P, Lisnaboy
Mortimer O'Sullivan, Meenagloherane
Derragh—
W C Casey, J P, M C C, Ardnageehahse, Millstreet
Daniel FitzGerald, Ardnageeha
Doonasleen—
William Daniel O'Keeffe, Urraghilmore
Timothy D O'Keeffe, Knocknageehy
Drishane—
John Buckley, Liscahane
Daniel Linehan, J P, M C C, Main st, Millstreet
Keale—
Timothy Burton, Minehill
Patrick J Breen, Rathroe
Kilcorney—
Michael Howard, J P, Brookpark
David Bourke, Horsemount
Knocknagree—
Patrick D Breen, J P, M C C, Knocknagree
William O'Keeffe, Lyredaowen
Rathcool—
James Pomeroy, Knockcahill
Patrick Hallidan, Rathcoole
Skagh—
Cornelius Cashman, Knockacarracoosh
Patrick Leader, Knockacarracoosh

CO-OPTED MEMBERS.

John O'Shea, Cockhill
John E O'Sullivan, Meenagloherane.
Matthew Murphy, Coolykerane

Millstreet Union.

Chairman—J J Hickey, J P
Vice-Chairman—C Cashman
Deputy Vice-Chairman—Patrick Leader
Clerk of Union—J S O'Connor
Assistant Clerk of Union—J F O'Connor
Medical Officer of House—Richd R Leader, M D
Master of House—John J Murphy
Matron—Mrs Julia Riordan
Infirmary Nurse—Miss Kate Lenahan
Dispensary Medical Officers (*see* page 43)
Veterinary Inspector—Jerome J Pomeroy, vs,
Willowbrook, Millstreet
Relieving Officers—D D Murphy, J O'Connor
Solicitor to Board—J J Lenahan, Kanturk
Local Government Board Officers—
Inspector—Robert Fitzpatrick
Medical Inspector—Dr C J McCormack
Auditor—Richard Bourke

AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Aubane, Millstreet, Co. Cork

Secretary: Noreen Kelleher, tel. 029 70 360

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